

# IMMORTALITY,

AND

## OUR EMPLOYMENTS HEREAFTER.

WITH

WHAT A HUNDRED SPIRITS, GOOD AND EVIL,  
SAY OF THEIR DWELLING PLACES.

BY

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STONE OF SPIRITUALISM," "BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY  
FACE TO FACE," "PARKER MEMORIAL HALL  
LECTURES," ETC., ETC.

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The belief in a world of spirits, and of the intercourse with men—  
these being the cardinal truths of Spiritualism—is the only belief that  
has always and everywhere prevailed.

DR. EUGENE CROWELL.

Am I to live on after my body is dead? Then it concerns me to  
know where. What answer comes to me from the land beyond?

M. A. (OXON.)

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MARY M. PEEBLES,  
*A TRUE WOMAN,*  
AND  
A DEVOTED CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

## PREFACE.

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GIVE us details—details and accurate delineations of life in the Spirit World!—is the constant appeal of thoughtful minds. Death is approaching. Whither—oh, whither! Shall I know my friends beyond the tomb? Will they know me? What is their present condition, and what their occupations?

Too long, perhaps, have we listened to generalities and vague imaginations touching that so-called shadowy realm of existence whither we are hastening.

When a traveler starts out for some distant country, it is not enough for him to know that he must cross some stormy ocean, but he asks, “What is the distance to those foreign countries? What is the character of the climate? What modes of living distinguish the inhabitants, and what preparation will I need to make for comfort and success in that far-away country?” If this be true of the earthly traveler, how much more important are inquiries and a right understanding relative to the journey across the River of Death; the conditions and modes of life in the World of Spirits? These are pressing questions! And as travelers return to tell us of the countries they have visited, so spirits return from different spheres and golden zones, describing their homes and their employments.

In this volume the Spirits, differing as they may, are allowed to speak for themselves. Though sometimes condensing and modifying their language, I have carefully preserved the essential ideas



embodied in their messages. And in the last chapter I have given a *résumé* of their teachings without the mention of the names of the controlling intelligences.

I send this volume forth with my prayers and best wishes, hoping it may answer the soul questions of many earnest inquirers, and inspire to an active faith in the glorious realities of our Heavenly Home, and to earnest labors for the upbuilding of the Spiritual Kingdom on earth.

J. M. P.

HAMMONTON, N. J., 1879.

## INTRODUCTION.

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WE stand to-day on the border land between two eternities — one past and full of treasured histories and multiplied experiences; the other, future, teeming with possibilities which await us, and fraught with destinies whose moral grandeur we desire to fathom. Souls, allied to God, are eternal. We embrace in our present memory and knowledge but a fragment of life's past careers. The future, too, is a page we have scarcely opened. Its prophecies are golden. As the past yields up its vast treasures, the future becomes more easily interpreted. Events flow in an orderly succession. The accumulations of past time yield their wealth to the uncounted years. The cycles of growth repeat themselves for ever upon higher planes of expression. The soul is ever a questioner. From its earliest recorded experiences it has interrogated itself and the surrounding universe for a solution of the mystery of its being and the momentous changes that necessarily await it.

The earliest literature of any people is *sacred* literature. The most exhaustive inquiries of the greatest minds of every age and nation have been inquiries pertaining to man's moral relations and the soul's future destiny. The religious literature of the race approaches nearest the character of immortality of all its mental products. When other books are forgotten, the *sacred* books continue a perennial fountain of thought and inspiration. This is true of Egypt, India, Babylon, and all the countries of the Orient. The

ethics and religious teachings of Gautama Buddha exert a profounder influence over five hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants than all the other literature in the East, save the moral teachings of Confucius.

The lyric songs of the prophets of Israel exert a sweeter influence on the hearts of struggling and sorrowing millions than do the epics of Homer or Virgil. And what name imparts to us so much of obedience to the divine law, of devotion to principle, of love and sweetness and mercy, as that of Jesus Christ? What character among the pure and great equals his as a moral magnet to draw the world toward the good and beautiful, and to inspire the millions with hope and childlike trust? The victories of the primitive Christians, inspired by Jesus Christ, were the victories of peace and love. Before Constantine's day the Christian religion was a lamb; afterward it became an aggressive lion. Now it is a tomb, comparatively cold and voiceless!

When we consider that it is as natural for men to think, to reason, as to breathe, how reasonable, then, these ever-recurring inquiries: Whence did man originate? What is he in his essential being? And what is to be his future and final destiny? To go deeper, and get, if possible, to the foundation, What is matter? What is the nature of that spirit substance which constitutes the spiritual body? And what is the soul, that potentialized portion of the infinite Over-Soul, that thinks, wills, reasons, and aspires after immortality?

". . . Nor yet to all

These prophecies and hints are given;  
Only as signals, sparsely set,  
Along the battlements of Heaven.

Yet some day, every waiting soul  
Shall see the mists slow rolling back,  
And, freed from clogs of earth and sin,  
Walk calmly up the shining track!"

Are the planetary worlds that stud the firmament inhabited? and

if so, are they morally related to us, and do they psychologically affect us? What shall we be in the far-distant æons? Upon what shall we subsist, and what shall be our employments during the measureless years of eternity?

If the moon is already dead, as Proctor teaches — if planets and satellites have their births and deaths, are there not then funeral processions among the stars? All change, negatively considered, is death. The Seer sees in every pulse-beat change and waste — hears in every tremulous step the measured march of death. Every tick of the clock tells of the sufferings and strugglings of departed souls!

The seemingly dead tree of winter buds and blossoms in the spring-time. The Egyptian wheat, retaining the vitalizing life principle, lived and waved again though buried in darkness for thousands of years. But will the thinking soul live? — live individualized — live to know and be known — live in immortal freshness and beauty after the body dies and is laid quietly away in the grave?



# IMMORTALITY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

"I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the world are latent in any iota of the world;

I do not doubt that exteriors have their interiors — and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice; . . .

Did you think Life was so well provided for — and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?"

WHITMAN.

LIFE in some of its manifestations is everywhere. In polar glaciers, in tropic sands, and in the profoundest ocean depths, the life-principle is expressed in organic forms. The vitality of seeds belonging to the pre-glacial period has been clearly demonstrated.

The raspberry seed is very tenacious of life. Three raspberry plants were raised from seeds found in the stomach of a man whose skeleton form had been discovered thirty feet below the surface of the earth, at the bottom of a burial-mound, opened near Dorchester, England. With this body had been buried some coins of the Emperor Hadrian, from which, according to the testimony of Dr. Lindley and Professor Winchell, of the Michigan University, we are justified in assuming that these seeds had retained their vitality some 1,700 years; and if so, why not, under similar conditions, 17,000 years, or even a much longer period?

It is stated by Lord Lindsay that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he was permitted to assist in unrolling a mummy, the embalmers of which evidently understood the uses of ozone. The hieroglyphical writings upon the sarcophagus containing this embalmed form showed it to be about 3,000 years old. Examining the mummied body after it was unwrapped, there was found in one of the closed hands a bulb, which, when planted in a suitable situation, grew and bloomed out into a beautiful dahlia-like flower.

None can reasonably doubt that there is growing in England at this present time wheat, the grains of which were obtained from the foldings in the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, there deposited more than 4,000 years since. Professor Agassiz fully credited this account; while Dr. Carpenter, the distinguished English physiologist, gives it full indorsement by saying, "there is really no limit to the latent vitality of seeds."

Each individual, by virtue of cerebral organization, conceives and studies the universe from his own moral plane of thought. To Hans Christian Andersen the world was so aflame with love, and the moral universe so aglow with the symbols of Divine life and wisdom, that he saw good *in*, and immortality *for*, everything. Aware that seeds hidden from the sunshine for long periods break away from their cell-life, and put forth the tender blade, — aware that the insect and the house-fly outside of sheltering walls, becoming first dull, then seemingly dead, revive when warmed by the summer's sun, — aware that the dormouse lives with sealed mouth several months of the year; that the live toad found in the center of a block of stone, and exhibited in the London Crystal Palace, must have existed there for centuries, and that the corn which had quietly slept in the tombs of Egypt for 4,000 years could be made to grow, — aware, as was the poet Andersen of all these marvelous phenomena in nature, he thus breathed his thoughts under the heading — "The Miracle."

## "THE MIRACLE.

"From a pyramid in the desert's sand  
 A mummy was brought to Denmark's land—  
 The hieroglyphic inscription told  
 That the body embalmed was three thousand years old.  
 It was the corpse of a mighty queen;—  
 Examining it, they found between  
 Her closed fingers a corn of wheat;  
 So well preserved was this little seed,  
 That, being sown, it put forth its blade,  
 Its delicate stem of a light-green shade,  
 The ear got filled with ripening corn,  
 Full-grown through sunshine and light of the morn.

"That wonderful power in a corn so small—  
 It is a lesson to each and all.  
 Three thousand years did not quench its germ—  
 It teaches our faith to be strong and firm,  
 When out of that husk a new plant could be born  
 To ripen in sunshine and dew from the sky,  
 Then, human soul, thou spark from on high,  
 Thou art immortal as thy great Sire  
 Whose praise is sung by the angel-choir!  
 The husk, the body is buried deep,  
 And friends will go to the tomb and weep;  
 But thou shalt move on, on wings so free—  
 For thine is the life of eternity.  
 That wonderful power of so small a seed—  
 The miracle seen in that corn of wheat,  
 It puzzles the mind; but still it is done  
 By the Author of Life, the Eternal One."

It is an open question whether atheism be possible. When Proclus pronounced that great word, Causation; when Plato wrote of the Divine Logos; when Tyndall dilates on the Potency in nature, Spencer upon the Unknowable, Zimmermann upon Intelligent Force, and Emerson upon the Absolute Over-Soul, they mean God—that Divine Presence upon whose pulsing, loving bosom is the soul's rest for ever. Why then so much useless, and often bitter, disputation when words at most are but the shadowy symbols of ideas?

It would seem to me like a paltry idling away of time to prove that, as a mortal being, I had an earthly father. Quite possibly I could not prove it. The evidence would be utterly beyond my reach. Still, I conscientiously believe it. And



so, by parity of reasoning, do I just as conscientiously believe that my spiritual nature had a Heavenly Father.

The existence of space is no more a matter of necessity to my understanding than the existence of God. Thinking from the conscious Ego—the I am of Myself—I require no subtle trains of logic to demonstrate, to know that God is, and that God governs this orderly universe by immutable law.

Primal truths are axiomatic. It is a want of intuition and moral perception that necessitates so many processes of reasoning.

Full of trust, I consciously see God, the *Divine Energy*, everywhere, — pulsating in the growing corn, purpling in the vineyard, blushing in the peach, smiling in the sunshine, and awing us as we gaze into infinite depths filled with stars, circling suns, and systems of universes.

There is no conflict between science and religion, since they present two aspects of the same cosmos: one treating of the quality of being, the other treating of its quantitative distribution. The real conflict is between science and sectarian theology; and the chasm deepens. The mere scientist, ever cold and semi-blind, sees but half the universe — the material side — the shell. With this he experiments. And the little knowledge he thus obtains rests, after all, upon faith, — *faith* in his five senses, and faith in the precision of his investigations.

Can the telescope penetrate infinity? Can the physicist explain the mechanism by which the heliotrope turns to the sun, or the marvelous chemistry by which the turbot assumes the color of the ground over which it swims? Can the microscope detect grief in the brain, or the stethoscope sound the depths of human aspirations? Did the scalpel ever discover a thought in the convolutions of the cranial cavity? Can love be measured with a rod, or hope weighed in a pair of scales? The soul and all its mental operations — the *soul* and all the spiritual forces connected therewith — are utterly beyond the scope of the physical sciences.

All organic life begins in a simple cell. Every organized structure is but an aggregation of these cells; and not only the specific form which the aggregate assumes, but the distinctive character of each component cell depends upon a soul-germ or pre-existing type which embodies the *genius* or *idea* of which the material structure is, plus the influences of the environment, the expression.

"A single elementary atom," says that prince of modern philosophers, Professor Balfour Stewart, "is a truly immortal being, and enjoys the privilege of remaining unaltered by the powerful blows that can be dealt against it."

No solid thinker believes in the destructibility of either matter or spirit. The conservation of spiritual energies is as true as the demonstrated conservation of forces.

The soul being a living force, is necessarily immortal. It is the visible and phenomenal forms and qualities only that change. The celestial angels ever see these elementary atoms, — these conscious monads that exist in the golden splendor of their underived immortality. Infilled with pure spirit, — aflame with the divine life, — these monads, these "firsts" of things, vibrate, rotate, repel, unite, form organic relations, and, in obedience to the laws of universal order, take on an ultimate expression by becoming incarnated in a material form.

Consciousness is coëval and coördinate with life. What we commonly consider our soul is not, logically speaking, ours; but we are its. The soul — a potentialized and individualized portion of the Over-Soul, God — is the man. Life is the aro-mal garment of the spirit, and its most immediate vehicle of expression. The spiritual is the real, the permanent, and each mortal is in the spirit world now, though veiled from its surpassing glories by the material organism. The Divine Order prescribes the descent of the soul into a mortal body, and by that descent the spiritual perceptions become temporarily dimmed; they are folded away, as it were, in a casket, and lie in a state of partial inaction during the night-season of

earthly unfoldment, preparatory to the splendors of a new cycle of wakefulness and unobscured lucidity.

Absence of consciousness is no proof of non-existence, inasmuch as sleep and wakefulness are alternating *states* of the thinking man; and these states should not be confounded with the subject to which they relate. The individual who becomes blind from a cataract upon the eye is still in the same world. Traveling, even into foreign countries, does not help him to the light; but remove the film, and he readily perceives that the light is all around him. The spiritual senses are so eclipsed, so bleared with the material, that we do not see the spiritual world that bathes and enfolds us like a crystal ocean.

Electricity, light, magnetism, interstellar ether, — *these* are only the etherealized envelopes and elastic vehicles of spiritual forces. Certain conditions develop or bring into outward expression their potentialities. And *laws*, so called, are the deific methods, the defined order in which the Divine Presence operates. Essential Spirit alone interpermeates and constitutes the qualities of all things. There are no abstract qualities, — that is to say, qualities abstracted from their substances. They inhere in them. Strength is not outside of the being that exercises it. Acid properties do not exist apart from the substances containing them. So love, goodness, truth, are not abstract powers, but necessary attributes that inhere in the very constitution of every sentient being, whether man or angel. Accordingly, men and women are spirits now. They live and walk in the spirit world, though encased in mortal clothing; their sensations, qualities, and all their higher emotions, are also spiritual, yet veiled for the present under the vested disguise of matter.

It will be admitted that extension, divisibility, and inertia are among the principal attributes of matter. But be this as it may, matter at most is only the unreal, shadowy shell of things — the passive or statical condition for the action of force. It serves as the limiting wall for the utilization of spiritual energies. It is the background upon which the panorama of

creation is projected. It is the agent of reaction, as the counterpoise to action, without which equilibrium and the perpetuity of movement would be impossible.

The theory that force is an attribute of matter is disproved by the fact of inertia. It cannot change its state. It will ultimately be shown, I believe, that *inertia* is the sole attribute of matter, while the other properties usually ascribed to it are simply secondary qualities which inertia involves. Force, therefore, is the antithesis of matter, not simply one of its attributes. *Will* is the single attribute of force, and will is self-determining, — not motion, but the antecedent of motion, and the antithesis of inertia.

“All that we can affirm of matter,” says the learned Clerk Maxwell, “is that it is the recipient of impulse and of energy.” And yet materialists, and doubtless the majority of ordinary men, have come to think from their long familiarity with matter that physical forms constitute the only real, that matter is more permanent and substantial than spirit. This is a fatal mistake. Few will dispute that the concrete forms of matter, when reduced to the last analysis, are little more than a filmy appearance, an illusion that dazzles to blind.

Take a bit of the hardest granite rock. “How solid, how firm and substantial,” you say. Let us see. I pass it into the hands of the chemist. He applies to it a most intense heat, and it becomes a fiery liquid; increasing the heat, it becomes a fleecy, limpid fluid; augmenting it still, it is transformed into a gaseous mist lighter than air; continue to intensify the heat, and it utterly vanishes from sight. There, O mistaken materialist, is your matter, your hard granite rock, composed of mica, feldspar, and quartz, driven to a liquid — to a fluid — to gaseous mist — driven from sight — vanished — gone! And so with everything that the hand can touch, the physical eye see, the senses cognize.

Analysis resolves the seen into the unseen, and the dulled senses pale away before our deeper spiritual nature which recognizes the invisible and enduring reality.

“What do you know of angels and spirits, or even of spirit,

*per se?*" said a very self-contained Secularist to me in England.

As much, sir, in all probability, as you know about matter, was my reply; and especially when matter, through analysis, is transformed into a state of invisibility.

"But matter and material things may be seen, handled, felt, and actually tested by the senses."

And so may spirits, when, by the law of materialization, they desire to demonstrate a future existence.

"I've never seen anything of the kind."

That is quite probable. And then, possibly, you have not seen the Brahmans in their burning-ghauts; the Parsees in their temples; the Pope in St. Peter's; nor *me*, with whom you converse. It is only the body you see.

"But I fancy (taking hold of my arm) that I feel and see *you*."

Nothing — *nothing* of the kind, sir. You only feel and see the shell, the vesture, the traveling-dress, in which I, the man, am at present attired. "Never do I tire," said Socrates, "of telling the wise man that the body is not the man."

"Very well; you must know that our knowledge depends upon our senses. And, as a man professing some knowledge of science, I accept the reality of nothing that I cannot demonstrate, — I believe nothing that I cannot see, hear, taste, weigh, or is in some manner made to appeal to my physical senses. And further, sir, I think, or, rather, I have an idea."

Stop — stop right there! You say you have an idea. Denying it for the moment, I propose to test you by your own method. You say you *think* — say that you have an *idea*. But I deny it *in toto*, and call upon you to prove it, — to demonstrate it by an appeal to any one, or all of my five natural senses. Bring out that "idea" of yours, and let me see it — let me hear it — taste it — feel it — or let me weigh it in a pair of scales! What is the color? what the shape? and what the density of that *idea* of yours? . . .

This system of reasoning, on the part of materialists, fails to convince the intellect or meet the noblest aspirations of the

human soul. Thinkers ought to understand, so it seems to me, that all laws, principles, aspirations, thoughts, ideas, and unseen forces are, while imponderable and invisible, allied to the spiritual realm of existence, the realm of the real, the perpetual, the permanent, and the immortal!

Mortal life is only an incident — a tremulous eddy in the cycling stream of time. We are the dead; human bodies are little more than graves. The departed, the invisible, are the truly living. The apostle of old denominated the body the "temple of God;" while an ancient prophet, writing under the divine afflatus, termed the soul "the candle of the Lord." This candle, this luminous spark of divinity, incarnated in the templed organism, manifests itself through the cranial organs, and shines out through the features. It takes cognizance of earthly things, gathers rich experiences, builds up and perfects the spiritual body, and, awaiting deliverance, is finally translated in the resurrection chariot to the world of spirits, the homes of the angels, the many-mansioned house of the Father.

"Among them cherub shapes of childhood glide;  
Maidens are there with waving locks of gold;  
And manhood in its glory and its pride,  
And age no longer old!

And he, the last that left us, whose young life —  
By laughing, promise-laden breezes driven —  
Disdained to meet the rude world's noisy strife,  
And sought the calm of Heaven, —

I'm sure I see him in his radiant rest,  
Among his angel kindred up on high,  
And honored as befits the latest guest  
They welcome to the sky.

Ours is the darkness; theirs the boundless day; —  
They drink true life; we draw the labored breath; —  
They have eternal sunshine on their way;  
We have the gloom of death.

Yet, nearing the cold river, I rejoice  
That when I pass its darkness and its roar,  
All these will welcome me with heart and voice  
Upon the further shore."

## CHAPTER II.

## DOUBTS AND HOPES.

"And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us the stone away from the door of the sepulchre?"

MARK xvi. 3.

"Yes, who? There it lies—hard, cold, inexorable; the stone of silence—the stone of utter, hopeless separation. Since the beginning of the world there it has been; no tears have melted it; no prayers pierced it. The children of men, surging and complaining in their anguish of bereavement, have dashed against it, only to melt hopelessly backward as a wave falls and goes back into the ocean. Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead inflexible silence. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased."

Mrs. H. B. STOWE.

"I go down to the grave with my son mourning," were the sorrowing words of a weeping patriarch, when bowed down with grief and broken in spirit. Dim and flickering in that distant period was the light of Judaism, and almost hopeless the despair of the Old Testament! "The Jewish religion," says Dean Stanley, "was characterized to a considerable extent by the dimness of its conceptions relating to a future life." Bishop Warburton admits that the ancient Israelites "had no well-defined faith in the immortality of the soul." Other distinguished scholars have been candid enough to confess that the Hebrew Scriptures give but little encouragement to the hope of a future state of existence. Their rewards and their threatened punishments were temporal. The tenor of the Israelitish promises was, "If ye are obedient, if ye keep my statutes, ye shall eat of the good of the land."

The following testimonies conclusively prove that the Jews had very little knowledge of a future life:

## 1. Dr. Campbell observes :

"It is plain that, in the Old Testament, *the most profound silence* is observed in regard to the state of the deceased, their joys or sorrows, happiness or misery."

## 2. Dr. Jahn says :

"We have not authority decidedly to say, that any other motives were held out to the ancient Hebrews to pursue the good and to avoid the evil, than those which were derived from *the rewards and punishments of THIS LIFE.*"

## 3. Professor Mayer writes :

"But it is evident to the careful reader, that, both in the Book of Job and in the Pentateuch, the divine judgment which is spoken of, is *always* a judgment which takes place *in this life*; and the rewards which are promised to the righteous, and the punishments that are threatened to the wicked, are such *only* as are rewarded *in the present state of being*. . . . The idea that God is the Judge of the world pervades them [the writings of Moses] everywhere; but it has *always* relation to this earthly existence."

It is very evident that while the great body of the Hebrews doubted, trembled, wept over the prospects of a future immortality, the Sadducees boldly declared that there was "neither angel nor spirit." Hear the wail, the sad refrain of those early biblical writers!

"The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

PSALMS cxv. 17.

"Man being in honor abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish."

PSALMS xlix. 12.

"For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten." — ECCLES. ix. 5, 10.

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." — JOB xiv. 7-12.

"His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."

PSALMS cxlvi. 4.

"They are dead, they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise."

ISAIAH.

"They shall be as though they had not been." — OBADIAH.

"Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

ECCLESIASTES.

"As the cloud is consumed and vanishes away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."

JOB.



"I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister. And where is now my hope? As for my hope, who shall see it?" — JOB.

"They sleep with their fathers." — MOSES.

"For that which befallth the sons of men befallth beasts; even one thing befallth them: as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. . . . All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth." — ECCLESIASTES.

Compare these chilling, forbidding, silence-in-the-tomb passages of Scripture with Roman resignation and Grecian confidence in a sublime immortality — in a home among the gods.

"When, therefore, death approaches a man, the mortal part of him, as it appears, dies, but the immortal part departs, safe and uncorrupted, having withdrawn itself from death." PLATO.

"As they who run a race are not crowned till they have conquered, so good men believe that the reward of virtue is not given till after death. . . . Not by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funerals of the good, but by hymns; for in ceasing to be numbered with mortals, they enter upon the heritage of a diviner life." PLUTARCH.

"If my body be overpressed, it must descend to the destined place; nevertheless my soul shall not descend, but, being a thing immortal, shall fly up to high heaven." HERACLITUS.

"The soul is most certainly immortal and imperishable, and our souls really exist in the world of spirits. Those who shall have sufficiently purified themselves by philosophy [religion], shall live hereafter in more beautiful mansions. . . . For the sake of these things, we should use every endeavor to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble and the hope is great. A man ought then to have confidence about his soul, if during this life he has made it beautiful with temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth; he waits for his entrance into the world of spirits as one who is ready to depart when destiny calls. I shall not remain, I shall depart. Do not say then that *Socrates* is buried; say that you bury my *body*." — SOCRATES.

"This," said Plato, "was the end of the best, the wisest, and most just of men, — a story which good men never read without tears."

"The origin of souls cannot be found upon earth, for there is nothing earthly in them. They have faculties which claim to be called divine, and which can never be shown to have come to man from any source but God. That nature in us which thinks, which knows, which lives, is celestial, and for that reason necessarily eternal. God himself can be represented only as a free Spirit separate from matter, seeing all things, and moving all things, himself ceaselessly working. Of this kind, from this nature, is the human soul. . . . It cannot be destroyed." He represents the aged Cato as exclaiming, "O happy day when I shall remove from this crowd of mortals, to go and join the divine assembly of great souls. Not only shall I meet again there the men who have lived Godlike on earth; I shall find again my son, to whom these aged hands have performed the duties which in the order of nature he should have rendered to me. His spirit has never quitted me. He departed, turning his eyes upon me and calling on me, for that place where he knew I should soon come. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is not that my heart was unfeeling, but I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be long." CICERO.

It was not to the realization of Brahman and Buddhist, to sturdy Roman and cultured Greek, that Jesus — as Paul taught — brought to light “life and immortality.” They had long walked in the shimmering shadows of this light. But Jesus brought it to light to those more sensuous Jews who “sat in the shadow of death;” brought it to light through phenomenal marvels and the practical exemplification of a most divine and spiritual life.

Illumined by the Christ-Spirit, highly inspirational, fellowshiped by angels, and standing upon the very pinnacle of that Hebrew Spiritualism which was foreshadowed by the prophets, Jesus conversed upon the mountain with Moses and Elias, each long in spirit-life. Aflame with divine truth, he had at his command a legion of angels; and after his crucifixion he appeared, identified himself, and walked about in his spirito-materialized body for forty days!

These spiritual wonders brought to light “life and immortality;” that is, the light and knowledge of a future existence to all those who witnessed his superhuman works. And oh, how glorious this light to the sad, the sick, and the dying! Belief in a future state is natural, and the Jews, previous to Jesus’ time, were not wholly without that light “that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

This mortal life, as compared with eternity, is but momentary — a brief series of changes — a lengthened dying. And is it not, after all, just as natural to die; and should it not be just as pleasant as to lay off the old garment when it becomes soiled and faded from wearing? The body at best is little more than a tattered raiment, and the evening of life ought to deepen on towards the inviting grave as quietly, serenely, as dusk fades and shades off into the darkness that precedes and prophesies of sunrise.

“We are not sad to see the gathered grain,  
Nor when their mellowed fruits the orchards cast,  
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast;  
We sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,  
Sinks where his islands of refreshments lie.”

## CHAPTER III.

## DEATH AND THE BRIDGING OF THE RIVER.

"Blessed is he, blessed are all men to whom the living wise God should grant those two everlasting powers, purity and immortality." MAZDA, IN THE AVESTA.

"At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks — from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper,  
Set open the doors, O Soul!" WHITMAN.

OUT of nothing nothing comes, is the common rendering of *ex nihilo nihil fit*; and there cannot be a plainer axiom. But if nothing cannot evolve or produce something the equivalent of substance, then the converse is equally true, that something cannot produce or become nothing. But man is something, and more — a conscious, thinking, rational being, yearning for a future life, and therefore immortal. Logic, then, is on the side of immortality.

"Beings," says Schiller, "live only in their becoming. Nature is spirit visible. Spirit is invisible nature; and living is spirit becoming manifest as nature."

Nature often moves by seemingly inverse methods. The decay of the dead leaf proves that there is a life-force within it. Men die as they grow, by degrees. Each white hair of the aged is a dead hair. Brain-cells are consumed in the process of thought. Each muscular or mental act is coincident with disorganizing dying cells; and dying cells prophesy of the becoming, of the living form, the conscious act. But from whence the brain-cell? It is fashioned from protoplasm by that mysterious principle called life, which domi-

nates the organism. Marvelous, indeed, are these methods of nature. Vegetable and animal processes are each essential to complete the cycle of living forces. Vegetable growth is a process whereby inorganic matter is made living. The animal structure builds its tissues from this prepared material, and in its voluntary activities consumes it again — causes it to die — and so returns it to the inorganic world. So the processes of thought involve the continual waste and death of the material vehicle. But the spiritual nature is supplied from another, a diviner fountain.

When counter-forces and outside influences, through a superior potency, overcome these internal attractive forces that strive to maintain intact a given form, said form changes, decomposes, and dies into higher manifestations of life, fulfilling in all probability some better purpose in the economy of existence.

The acorn during the dreary chilliness of autumn time dies off from the parent stem, — dies, falls to the earth, and is buried; but under the warming suns of spring, the swelling germ, the tender sapling, the towering oak, reveal the leafy life, the higher aim.

Nature is a conservative prophet. The frowning storm precludes the calm, and darkness the morning sunshine. Resurrections are all around us. And death is but a John-the-Baptist, crying of the coming Christ of immortality.

Form, life, consciousness, these are the triune steps under the overshadowing Consciousness of that presence which a German philosopher denominated the *Absolute*, and which Paul pronounced "*all and in all.*"

It may not be amiss here to state the different standpoints from which we occasionally view the subjects under consideration. There are, then, three methods of aspecting the principles and phenomena of existence.

First, we may view things in their *natural* order, or according to the method of *evolution*, which implies a procedure from the simple to the complex, from the low to the higher; secondly, the *logical* order, in which mind, idea, spirit, life, and

function take precedence of organization ; thirdly, the *celestial* order, which is the method of *involution*, or procedure from inmost to outermost, from the spiritual to the physical, from the perfect to the imperfect, and from organization to protoplasm. Hence when speaking from the celestial standpoint, we speak as though perfected forms are antecedent to all else ; and when speaking from the naturalistic standpoint, or viewing things in their natural order, as they appear to immediate observation, then we present them by a reverse method.

Generally considered, visible forms, beginning in the mineral, and advancing into the vegetable, perfect themselves in the animal.

Organic life, with voluntary motion, begins in the vegetable, advances into the animal, and perfects itself in the human.

Intelligent consciousness, as an expression of mind and reason, begins in the animal, advances into the human, and perfects itself in the spiritual. Unlike insects and animals, men are conscious of their consciousness ; while exalted spirits in the heavens are conscious not only of the earthly life they lived, but of their pre-existent states of being.

The ancient Assyrians pictured death under the form of an angel tall and majestic. The Hebrews adopted the symbol, calling this angel *Sammael*. Grave in appearance, and full of eyes, he carried a naked sword from which fell three drops, one paling the countenance, one destroying the vitality, and the other forcing physical decay. Drinking from the cup he bore in his right hand was termed "tasting the bitterness of death."

The more cold and sensuous of the ancient Romans represented death as a winged lad with sad dejected countenance, bearing an inverted torch, and a poor, torn disfigured butterfly lying at his feet.

The elder theologians, speaking and painting pen-pictures of death as the "king of terrors," and as that bourne from whence no traveler returns, often describe it as a grim, rattling skeleton with a scythe over its shoulder, madly travers-

ing the earth to mow down its teeming millions and consign them to judgment.

It is still occasionally described as a "fowler spreading his net," and as a ghostly knight riding upon a "pale horse." And here are a few specimens of the long-ago hymns sung at funerals.

The mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again.

And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom  
Until the eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.

The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Princess, this clay must be your bed  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry;  
Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

Such cheerless withering words, with the black drapery displayed upon funeral occasions, all increase rather than divest death of its gloom and chilliness. The Chinese mourn in white. Egyptians in Ptolemy's time, and the emotional Greeks of two thousand years ago, had truer and clearer conceptions of death and the future life than have many plodding sectarians in this nineteenth century.

"Thou art not dead," said the Grecian poet Proté when standing over the corpse of his friend; but "thou hast removed to a better place, to dwell in the Islands of the Blest among abundant banquets. There thou art delighted, tripping along the Elysian fields among soft flowers, and free too from every ill of the mortal life."

In the divine light of present inspirations and spiritual revelations there is no death, — only incarnations, changes, and ceaseless successions of births.

“On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

The poet Shelley tells of a Paradise-garden in which all sweetest flowers and all rare blossoms grew in perfect prime. This garden was tended by a wonderful spiritual lady, and all the flowers knew her and rejoiced in the influence that spread from her; their sweetness passed into her, and hers was reflected in their bloom and fragrance. Suddenly she died, says the poet, and soon the garden and flowers came to perceive that she had passed away, and began to droop and die too; roses and lilies withered away, the bright, sweet-scented Indian plants fell rotting in the mud, and the garden, once so fair, slowly changed into a foul, leafless wreck, or seemed to have done so, for as Shelley, with strange spiritual intuition, hints, that decay and death haply were “like all the rest a mockery.”

“What garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odors there,  
*In truth have never passed away,*  
*'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed! not they.”*

Seen in the light of the spiritual philosophy, and studied from the Mount of Vision, death is but a hyphen connecting the two worlds — is but a renunciation of the physical body — is but a flower-wreathed arch under which mortals march on one by one to the shining shores of immortality; or it may be compared to the rosebud that climbs up the shaded garden-wall to bloom on the sunward side.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The leaves may fall;  
The flowers may fade, and pass away, —  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our dear loved ones away,  
And then we *call* them — *dead*.

He leaves our hearts all desolate —  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

. . . . .  
But ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life, — *there are no Dead!*



## CHAPTER IV.

## FORE-GLEAMS OF THE FUTURE.

"My whole nature rushes onward with irresistible force toward a future and a better state of being. Shall I eat and drink only that I may hunger and thirst, and eat and drink again till the grave which yawns beneath me shall swallow me up? Shall I beget other beings in my own likeness that they, too, may eat, drink, and die, and leave others behind to follow their example? To what purpose this perpetually revolving circle — this everlasting repetition in which things are produced only to perish, and perish only to be again produced — this monster continually swallowing up itself? Never can this be my destiny, or that of the world. Something that is to endure must be brought forth in all these changes of the transitory and the perishable — something which may be carried forward safe and inviolate on the waves of time." FICHTE.

TAKE it to yourself; think of the last year, the last day, the last hour, the last moment, the last thought, and *that* thought annihilation! Oh, how the soul, mighty in her conscious grandeur, shrinks back from such a worse than meaningless destiny!

Forgetting God for the moment, I have to say of nature, if *she* has given us ideals never to be attained, and aspirations never to be realized, then let her be despised and hated; for nature, however potent, has no moral right to create in us deep, divine wants to live immortal, and then mock them — blast them with a resurrectionless death!

No one making pretensions to philosophical reasoning, talks nowadays of annihilation, of the transformation of substance into nothing, of the destruction of force, or of conscious life ultimating in death unconscious and eternal! The universe can know no loss. "No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated. The ripple of the ocean's surface, caused by a gentle breeze, or the still water which marks the more immediate track of a ponderous vessel gliding with scarcely expanded sails over its bosom, are equally indelible."

The most ingenious chemist, with crucible and compound blowpipe, has not been able to annihilate the minutest atom of matter. What then of the *Ego*, the I am, that thinks, wills, reasons, and aspires after the blissful glories of immortality?

"In the silver mines of Laurium," so says a late English journal, "among the refuse ore left by the ancient Greeks 2,000 years ago, the seed of a species of glaciium or poppy was found, which has slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the smelting ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaciium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany, but described by Plato and others."

Poppies of the age of Plato,  
 With your sunny golden flowers,  
 From two thousand years of slumber  
 Welcome to this world of ours.

Steadfast through the passing ages,  
 Safe beneath the sands of Time,  
 Changeless while all else was changing,  
 Ye had slept a sleep sublime.

Till the sun in royal splendor,  
 Breaking on your silent bliss,  
 Like the prince in fairy fable,  
 Gently roused you with a kiss —

Roused you to what wondrous changes!  
 Panting engines toil around,  
 Unknown blossoms gleam beside you,  
 Unknown races till the ground.

Is your heritage of wisdom  
 Fashioned for an earlier day,  
 Unless midst our new conditions,  
 Fitting things long passed away?

. . . . .

Plato's was an age of beauty,  
 Great in song and great in art;  
 Say, could Man achieve such triumph  
 Had not Nature borne her part?

Tell us, poppies, is it higher  
 Now than in that joyous time  
 When the giant poets chanted,  
 And the world was in its prime?

Essential spirit interpenetrates all substances, and is the life of all forms. Bacon is credited with saying that the kernels of nuts shrank and decayed after their spirits had left them. The fact, if it be such, is worthy of thought. There is certainly a soul-life in every thing. Let the child carefully place some seeds in a dark drawer, and when seventy years have benumbed his limbs, and silvered his hairs, if he plant them they will spring into vigorous life, and blossoming bear precious fruitage.

It is related by M. Jouanet, that in the year 1635 several Celtic tombs were discovered near Begorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick, with an aperture in each, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the friends who had buried them perhaps 1500 or 1700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful sun-flowers and clover-bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

"An acorn split into halves," says a modern writer, "and then examined with a powerful microscope, will reveal to the sight the would-have-been oak in miniature." The idea, the undeveloped spirit-tree, is there. "The permanence of spirit," says this same author, "may be further illustrated by the fact that, if you burn a rose, mingle the ashes with water, and lay them away into a quiet place, a scum will gradually gather upon the surface, and arrange itself into the form of the original flower." If this be true, it shows the persistence and potency of the spirit-form. The connecting link between spirit and matter, so far as scientists have been able to push their researches beyond mere physical appearances, has been denominated ether. Professor Tyndall, in treating of it, terms it "an all-pervading substance, more solid than gas, yet infinitely more attenuated and elastic." This ether-world, unseen to all save seers, is peopled with our departed loved ones.

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

It is beautiful to die. Tombs are symbols, telling that men have risen therefrom to the higher life.

The little jar is well enough to start the rose-slip in; but it must be transplanted into the garden to reach perfection. If all *knew* of a future existence as did the apostles of the past, or as do the seers of the present, they could see their friends move on graveward as resignedly as they see them start for the college, or for a pleasure-trip to Europe. Heaven is the parlor of which this material life is the basement, the university of which this is the primary school, the inner sanctuary of holiness of which this is the outer court. Our towns and cities are man-made, but over there is the New Jerusalem whose builder and maker is God.

The ideal is ever beyond us. "Oh," says the weary worker who drops his chisel before the marble, "I can imitate the natural object, but it does not answer my ideal; I want to achieve something better and nobler, and I can do it." "Oh," says the poet, "I can sing a still sweeter song." "Oh," says the philosopher, "there are more boundless depths of thought down which I can drop the plummet of my searching intellect." Man in this world is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond. Oh, deathless soul, why so sigh, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean. "Tell me not of a limitation," says the weary, broken heart, over the grave of its hopes. "Tell me not that this world is all," says the bereaved mother. "Tell me not that death is an eternal sleep," says the broken shadow of humanity. And feeling this great need of the soul, we cling to the Christ of the ages, cling to the golden visions of the prophets, cling to the present ministry of angels!

The faith of the trusting child in Wordsworth's poem is infinitely nearer the truth than many of the sermons of the present century. The poet meeting a little girl, asked,

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
 How many may you be?"  
 'How many? seven in all,' she said,  
 And *wondering* looked at me.  
  
 'And where are they, I pray you tell?'  
 She answered, 'Seven are we;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell;  
 And two are gone to sea;  
  
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
 My sister and my brother;  
 And in the churchyard cottage I  
 Dwell near them with my mother.'  
  
 'How many are you then?' said I,  
 If they two are in Heaven?'  
 The little Maid did still reply,  
 'O master! we are seven.  
  
 But they are dead, those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in Heaven!'  
 'Twas throwing words away: for *still*  
 The little Maid would have her will,  
 And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'"

To the heavenly-illuminated mind of this little child, the dead were still alive and counted as a part of the family. And none of us should refer to the dead as if they were not,—should never speak of them as buried,—never say we have lost them, nor tell how we *loved* them. But rather should we say, "They have passed to the higher life;" and, "*Oh, how we still love them!*" The door that John "saw opened in heaven" has never been shut.

The pains, spasms, and seeming anguish of the dying are only the efforts of the chained and imprisoned spirit to break away from its earthly coffin—the human body. It is beautiful to bury this casket in morning-time, just as the sun tips with gold the hills and the mountains. And it is in good keeping with the genius of the spiritual philosophy to put the loved one's chair at the table still, and also fragrant blossoms. The angels love flowers—white roses and white lilies—because they symbolize purity and holiness of life.

"And I sit and think, as the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,

I shall one day stand by the waters cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch the gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me."

## CHAPTER V.

## THE TESTIMONY OF SAINTS.

"When born, I died; and when I die I shall be born — born out of this death-land of darkness into the realm of real life." PILGRIM.

"The dusty house, wherein is shined  
The soul, is but the counterfeit  
Of that which shall be more refined  
And exquisite.

The light to which our night belongs  
Unfolds a day more broad and clear;  
Music but intimates the songs  
We do not hear.

When death shall come, and disallow  
These rough and ugly masks we wear,  
I think that we shall be as now,  
Only more fair." ALICE CAREY.

As the physical birth of the infant is death to the placenta-envelope, so birth into spirit-life involves the death and disintegration of the physical casket. And while this latter process is as natural as beautiful, it implies no disorganization of the spiritual body — no cessation of conscious existence.

Duality of being extends to human consciousness. The *inner* consciousness — related to the Infinite Consciousness of the universe, God — is never for a moment suspended. And just prior to, and during the change called dying, it often flames up the brightest.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said the eminent William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

The distinguished essayist, Montaigne, describing an accident that left him so senseless that he was taken up for dead, said on being restored, "Methought my life only hung upon

my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out and go. I was exquisitely happy."

The editor of the English Quarterly Review records of a friend who had been "rescued from drowning, that he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and he could see the sun shining through the water; while a quiet consciousness crept over him that his eyes were about to be closed upon it for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it. A pleasant sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave."

That able jurist, the late Judge Edmonds of New York, related to me the following of his Quaker friend, Isaac T. Hopper: "I was with him a good deal before he died. One day I left his residence about 4 o'clock; he was exceedingly feeble, but I thought he might survive several days, perhaps weeks. It was our regular séance evening, and at 8 o'clock we met to hold a circle. My daughter's hand was soon influenced, writing this: '*I am in the spirit-world. I. T. H.*'"

"Who is that?" inquired a gentleman present.

"It is the initials," replied the judge, "of Isaac T. Hopper; but it cannot be possible, as I left his house a few hours since, thinking he might survive several days or weeks."

The judge, throwing on his cloak, hastened to his Quaker friend's residence, when there lay the corpse, and the friends standing by weeping. Returning and re-forming the circle, the same hand was controlled to write:

*"I am in the spirit world; and I now understand what the apostle meant when he said we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. I have not slept—I have not been unconscious for a moment; but I have been changed—changing my mortal for my spiritual body—earth for heaven—I am happy beyond expression."*

Sweetly sings the poet:

"I rose like a mist from the mountain,  
When day walks abroad on the hills;  
I rose like a spray from the fountain,  
From life and its wearying ills.  
\* \* \* \* \*



"I have bathed in the heavenly river,  
 I have chanted the seraphic song;  
 And I walk abroad in my brightness,  
 Amid the celestial throng."

In natural death, the process is gradual. The extremities first grow chilly; then the feet become cold; and then the hands and arms, to the shoulders. The pulse continues to beat more feeble — the blood purples under the nails — the eye becomes dim, and the breathing more difficult, while a silvery aural emanation, rising mist-like from, gathers gently around and over the tremulous body. Spirit friends have already come to attend this higher birth. Often they bring garments white and glistening. The atmosphere is filled with electric particles bright and silvery. The moment of transition approaches. The stillness is holy and heavenly. Only friends, calm and loving, should be present. And now — *now* a slight tremor, and that ethereal life-thread, the silver cord, is severed, and the spiritual body is released from the physical tenement; something as the full-blown rose is unrolled out from the rose-bud and plucked from the parent stem.

When departing. Herbert, the poet, was asked in his seeming death-struggles, "Are you suffering?" and the response, almost with the last breath, was, "It is delightful; oh, so delightful!"

The English Keats, inquired of, a little before he crossed the crystal river, how he felt, replied in a feeble voice, "Better, my friend. I feel as though daisies were growing all over me."

The German Schiller, when passing to the better land, was asked concerning his feelings. "*Calmer and calmer,*" was the prompt reply.

When the soul of that poet-preacher, Rev. Charles Sincom, was departing, he looked up and said, "There is nothing but peace, *sweetest peace.*"

The Rev. J. W. Bailey, a Universalist minister whom I knew long and well, and knew to esteem and love, passed on several years since to the higher heavenly world. The

day before he passed he began to sing, and would sing for hours. Mrs. Bailey asked him, "Does it not tire you to sing so much?" "Oh, yes," said he; "but I'm so happy—happy, I can't help it." He then turned his eyes to his daughter Emma, and said, "Do not weep for your father, dear child, for he is going so happy—going home." One by one we pass away; pass to meet in the Father's mansion.

She says he then turned his eyes upward, and oh, how glorious they looked! They seemed illumined with heavenly light; but he stopped breathing. "I laid my hand upon his shoulder. He opened his eyes, and smiling upon me said, 'Why, I thought I had gone to the spirit world. I have seen over the river, and I can now see on both sides. It is beautiful on this side; but oh, glorious, glorious on the other! Why, I see Ellen! I see so many friends there, over the river, and they beckon, *beckon* to me. I see more, vastly more on that side than I do on this.'" Mrs. Bailey adds: "He then pressed my hand, said 'Do not grieve,' smiled, waved his hand, and passed on."

When a Progressive Friend of Philadelphia visited a Quaker family in Ohio a few years since, consisting of a father and lovely daughter, the latter pale and dying, he inquired of her if she knew her situation. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice of subdued and heavenly sweetness. A half hour passed, and she spoke, in the same melodious tone, "Father, I am cold." And the venerable man reclined by his dying child, endeavoring to restore warmth to her stiffening limbs; and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a subdued voice, "Dear father, dear father." "My child," said the sorrowing man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong." "Seest thou the thither shore?" "I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure." "Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?" "I hear them, father; as the voices of angels falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. *Her* voice, too, father; oh, I heard it then!" "Doth she speak

to thee?" "She speaketh in tones most heavenly." "Doth she smile?" "An angel smile, a calm and holy smile. But I am cold, cold, cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this death, father?" "It is death, Mary." "Thank God!" And as these sweet words died away upon her lips, her tranquil spirit went to revel in the celestial splendors of Heaven.

While holding the pastoral charge of a church in the city of Oswego, N. Y., I was a frequent visitor at the hospitable home of the Rev. S. J. May, Syracuse, N. Y. Royal-souled and spiritually-minded by nature, he was gentle and loving as a child. His life-path was often illumined by premonitions and visions. Recalling the dreamy yet really spiritual impressions of the past, relative to the early departure of his little brother with whom he had clasped hands, eaten, drank, and slept so sweetly, he says:

"There lay my beloved Edward dead, his eyes shut, his body cold, giving no replies to the tender things that were said to him, taking no notice of all that was being done to him or about him. I gave myself up to a passion of grief, not knowing the meaning of what I saw, but feeling that some awful change had come over him. When the room was darkened, and my father and mother were about to withdraw, I begged them to let me lie down with Edward. My importunity was so passionate that my parents were almost afraid, and quite too tender, to withstand it; so I was covered with a shawl, and laid by my dead brother. When left alone with him, I well remember how I kissed his cold cheeks and lips, pulled open his eyelids, begged him to speak to me, and finally cried myself to sleep.

"Most vivid is my recollection of the funeral, of the solemn procession to the burial-ground, and of the weeping of friends and relatives. When I saw them take the coffin from the carriage, and carry it off towards the tomb, I insisted upon seeing what they were going to do with Edward. So my uncle, Samuel May, took me in his arms, descended with me into the family vault, and showed me where they had put away my brother. Then he pointed out the little coffins in which were the remains of several of my brothers and sisters, who had lived and died before I was born, and the coffin in which my grandfather was laid eight years before.

"My kind uncle opened one of the coffins, and let me see how decayed the body had become, and told me that Edward's body would decay in like manner, and become like the dust of the earth; but while revealing to me these sad facts, he assured me most tenderly that all these departed ones were still living; that my dear brother's spirit was not in the coffin, but was clothed with another and more spiritual body, and living in heaven with God and the beautiful angels. I went home in a sort of maze, crying, and asking questions which human wisdom could not answer.

"I remember that my only brother Charles, then a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, tenderly took me to his room, lay down with me on his bed, and tried to comfort me and himself by telling me all that he imagined to be true about heaven, God,

angels, and loving spirits, assuring me again, as others had done, that Edward had gone to live in that blessed place, in that happy and glorious company.

"When night came I was put to bed, in the bed where I had so often slept with Edward. Sleep soon came to relieve my young spirit, wearied with grief and strange excitement, and in my dreams all that had been told me proved true. The ceiling of the room seemed to open, a glorious light burst in, and from the midst of it came down my lost brother, attended by a troop of child-angels. They left him, and he lay down beside me, as he used to do. He told me what a beautiful place heaven was, and how all the angels loved one another. There he lay till morning, when the ceiling above opened again, and the troop of angels came to bear him back to heaven. He kissed me, sent messages of love to father and mother, brother and sisters, and gladly rejoined the celestial company.

"So soon as I awoke and was dressed, I hurried down to tell the family what I had seen, and to give them the kisses and messages that dear Edward had sent them. The remarkable thing about this dream was, that it was many times repeated, that night after night I enjoyed the presence of my brother, that morning after morning I went down to the family with renewed assurances of love from the one who was gone.

"By degrees my grief abated; the loss of my brother was in some measure supplied by other playmates; new things attracted my attention and occupied my thoughts. But I have never forgotten my Edward; the events of his death and burial, and the heavenly vision, are all still vivid in my memory; and I believe the experience had great influence in awaking and fixing in my mind the full faith I have in the continuance of life after death,—a faith so strong that I do not believe more fully in the life that now is than in that which is to come."

In the early years of my ministry, I often met the Rev. D. K. Lee, originally of Kelloggsville, N. Y. Though naturally timid and quiet in spirit, he was earnest in preaching, and one of the excellent men of earth. These lines from his pen reveal his spirit:

"Let me go, let me go! for the mists of the night  
 From the wings of the morning are sweeping,  
 And the deserts are budding, and harvests are white,  
 It is time that I now should be reaping!  
 I have slumbered full long on my sickle, I fear,  
 Since around me the reapers were waking—  
 In the gleamings of twilight the shades disappear—  
 Let me go, for the morning is breaking!"

In the later years of his well-spent life he enjoyed the rich blessings of spirit communion. When dying, he exclaimed: "The children are coming—the beautiful children." The Rev. Mr. Bartholomew, in a very appropriate funeral discourse, referred to the opening of his spiritual sight in these words:

"I do not wonder that in his last moments a vision of children's faces was opened to his soul; I do not wonder that he should say, '*The children, the beautiful children,*

*don't you see them?* God sends his angels and ministering spirits to us in our trying hours, to bring us strength and comfort, and to fill us with their heavenly peace. He sends us such angels as the heart craves most to see. And I do not wonder that angel-children crowded around his dying-bed. There were the children that had gone up from this congregation to join the glorified in heaven; the children in whom he took such interest in life, whose hearts he moulded, and on whose minds he poured the light of truth; the children in whose plays and pastimes he had so often taken part: they came to him in his dying-hour to welcome him to their home above."

Many of the greatest and most gifted souls of earth were endowed with spiritual gifts. Socrates, Plato, Proclus, John the Apostle, Cicero, Plutarch, Tertullian, Bacon, Louis XVI., Baxter, Cowper, Glanville, Swedenborg, Joan of Arc, Ann Lee, George Fox, Johnson, Lessing, Gœthe, Kerner, Wesley, — *these*, and others, had visions of Heaven, visions of angels, visions of immortality!

How sweet this old hymn:

"We're going home! we've had visions bright  
Of that holy land, the world of light,  
When the long dark night of time is past,  
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;  
Where the weary soul no more shall roam,  
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;  
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,  
And the waves of bliss are flowing around;  
Oh, that beautiful home! that beautiful world!"

Spiritualism is not only a science and a philosophy, but in its highest definition it is a *religion* — a rational religion, harmonizing perfectly with the sublime teachings of the New Testament. Speaking of the noble and philanthropic James Arnold Whipple, the Rev. Adin Ballou says:

"In religion he was a liberalist, verging for years on scepticism, but afterwards confirmed by Spiritualism into the strongest assurance of man's future immortal existence. Even after embracing Spiritualism, he doubted the uses of prayer and personal exercises of pietistic devotion. But under the chastening discipline of sickness, he was fully drawn away from that externalism of feeling into the sphere of child-like docility, contrition, tender-hearted and confiding prayerfulness. It was a blessed unfoldment to him, his companion and friends. Meantime his spiritual vision was opened to behold bright, cheering, consoling spirits from the immortal world, who gathered around his dying-bed, and gave him a sweet welcome to the deathless mansions."

"I see things unutterable," said another dying servant of God. Elizabeth Drinker, a Quakeress, when dying, seemed

much supported above the last conflict, and with an animated countenance said, "Oh, the beauty! the excellent beauty! What a beautiful view I have of the hosts of heaven!"

Near Whitby, in Yorkshire, there lived a very conscientious man, named Sinclair. He had a family of children, and it was his great concern, and unceasing prayer, that they might be saved. Christopher, his son, when but twelve years old, felt a strong inclination for a seafaring life. Accordingly, he served an apprenticeship under the master of a ship; but soon afterwards had some of his ribs dislocated, a misfortune from which he never recovered.

His father told him that there was no expectation of his being restored, yet they wished to ease him of his pain. "Pain!" said this moral hero, "I have no pain; I am all in a flame of love."

Early in the morning of the day on which he died, he said to his father, "This has been the happiest night I have ever had; and now the blessed morning has come in which I shall go to Jesus." When his speech failed he smiled, and looked up to heaven. He then took hold of his father's hand, looked upwards, and seemed as though he would point to some object. He tried to speak, but could only say, "Oh, see! see!" Suddenly his face shone as if a divine ray of heavenly light rested upon him. This continued for more than five minutes, after which he exclaimed, "*I have seen Jesus and the angels.*"

His uncle, who had been sent for, came in at the time, and to him the dying young saint said, "I have seen heaven — the angels — I can speak no more." The uncle felt that there was a presence in that chamber beyond mortal creatures. He knelt down, and whilst praying that a convoy of angels might carry the disembodied spirit to Paradise, the happy soul passed through death triumphant home. For some days afterwards his friends talked to each other of the sudden appearance of the heavenly beam of light which they recognized just before the young man died, and of the awe, yet peaceful feeling, they had of a gracious spiritual presence.

The cold formalisms of theologians may, in a measure, do

to live by; but they will not stand the trying test of the dying-hour. Then, if never before, is the Spiritualism of the ages—the Spiritualism of the New Testament—the Spiritualism of prayer—the Spiritualism of hope and trust and knowledge, truly precious. Only a few weeks since, while standing by the bedside of a dying mother, who had long been blessed with the gift of clairvoyance, she exclaimed: “There—that band of angels are coming again; one brings a white robe. Do you not hear the song they sing? Oh, why do you cry so? why keep me from my dear ones? How light the room is! Do not say, ‘Good night,’ but wait a little, and we’ll say, ‘*Good morning.*’”

When Mrs. Pinkerton, a medium and spiritualist lecturer, was passing down into death’s rolling waves, she exclaimed, “This is a glorious doctrine to die by, friends; continue in the good work—it will be a great thing if you can only free a few from the shackles of theological dogmas.” She bade the unstable to stand fast, and exclaimed, in transports of rapture and delight, “This is the best day of my life; I hear the angels singing; I am happy, happy, happy!” To the skeptics present she said: “Doubt no more—I *know* there is a blessed, glorious, eternal life.” And while a few friends, by her request, sang,

“Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright spirits above,”

she clapped her hands, exclaiming, “Oh, hinder me not, for I want to go home. I’m going. I am almost over the river. The voyage is pleasant.”

Angels only know how deeply I am interested in the family history of Louis XVI., the kind-hearted Bourbon king. Beauchesne of Paris, writing of the unfortunate Louis’ son, the idolized prince, says:

“When the Dauphin, hardly eleven years of age, was lying sick upon his bed of rags, he exclaimed, ‘*I hear music! music.*’

“Gomin, surprised, asked him, ‘Where do you hear the music?’ ‘From on high.’ ‘How long since?’ ‘Since you have been on your knees. Don’t you hear it? Listen! listen!’ And the child raised his falling arm, and opened his large eyes, lighted up with ecstasy. His poor guardian, not wishing to destroy this sweet and heavenly illu-

sion set himself to listen also, with the pious desire of hearing what could not be heard.

"After some moments of attention, the child started again, his eyes glistened, and he exclaimed in an inexpressible transport, 'In the midst of all the voices I heard my mother's!'

"This word seemed, as it fell from the orphan's lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows expanded, and his countenance brightened up with that ray of serenity which gives assurance of deliverance or victory. With his eyes fixed upon a vision, his ear listening to the distant music of one of those concerts that human ear has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

"An instant afterwards the brilliancy of his eye became extinguished, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and an expression of sinking showed itself upon his face.

"Gomin observed him closely, and followed with an anxious eye every movement. His breathing was no longer painful; his eye alone seemed slowly to wander, looking from time to time towards the window. . . . Gomin asked him what it was he was looking at in that direction. The child looked at his guardian a moment, and although the question was repeated, he seemed not to understand it, and did not answer.

"Lasne came up from below to relieve Gomin; the latter went out, his heart oppressed, but not more anxious than on the evening before, for he did not expect an immediate termination. Lasne took his seat near the bed; the prince regarded him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy look. When he made a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he was, and if he wanted anything. The child said, 'Do you think that my sister has heard the music? How happy it would have made her?' Lasne was unable to answer. The eager and penetrating look, full of anguish, of the dying child darted towards the window. An exclamation of happiness escaped his lips; then, looking towards his guardian, he said, 'I have one thing to tell you.' . . . Lasne approached and took his hand; the little head of the prisoner fell upon his guardian's breast, who listened to him, but in vain. His last words had been spoken. God had spared the young martyr the agony of the dying rattle; God had kept for himself the last thought of the child. Lasne put his hand upon the heart of the child: the pure heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat. It was half past two o'clock in the afternoon."

When Mozart had given the finishing touches to his wonderful Requiem, his last and sweetest composition, he fell into a quiet and composed slumber. On awakening, he said to his daughter, "Come hither, my Emilie; my task is done; the Requiem is done — *my* Requiem is finished." "Oh, no," said the gentle girl, the tears filling her eyes; "you will be better now; let me go and bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," he replied, "I am beyond human aid; I am dying, and I look to Heaven's mercy only for aid. You spoke of refreshment — take these last notes of mine, sit down by my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have so long been my solace and delight." His daughter



complied, and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, sang the following:

“ Spirit, thy labor is o’er,  
 Thy earthly probation is run;  
 Thy steps are now bound for the unknown shore,  
 And the race of immortals began.

Spirit, look not on the strife,  
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret;  
 Pause not on the threshold of limitless life  
 To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit, no fetters can bind,  
 No wicked have power to molest;  
 There the weary like thee, the wretched, shall find  
 A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit, how bright is the road  
 For which thou art now on the wing!  
 Thy home — it will be with the angels of God,  
 Their loud Alleluias to sing.”

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment on the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turned from the instrument to meet the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and departed spirit left upon the features.

Reaching Paris by way of Egypt and Italy, from the East, on my way around the world, I met that distinguished author, statesman, and spiritualist, Victor Hugo, in Mrs. Hollis-Billings’ séance-rooms. He came out, weeping tears of gladness; for a loved son had held converse with a loving father. Like Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, like J. H. Fichte, the great German philosopher, Victor Hugo is a brave, outspoken spiritualist; and this accounts for his thrilling sentences and Heaven-inspired ideas relating to law and liberty, to death and the immortal life. Standing over the corpse of one he loves, he says:

“ I bless him in the great hereafter. In the name of the sorrows whereon he gently beamed, and of the shadows he smiled into sunshine; in the name of terrestrial things he once hoped for, and of celestial things which he now enjoys; in the name of all he loved, I bless him. I bless him in his youth, in his beauty, in his innocence, in his life, and in his death. I bless him in his white, sepulchral robes; in his home which he has left; in his coffin which his friends filled with flowers, and which God filled with stars.”

. . . . .

"The dead are invisible, but they are not absent. Let us be just to death. Let us not be ungrateful to death. It is not, as has been said, a ruin and a snare. It is an error to think that here in the darkness of the open grave all is lost to us. There everything is found again. The grave is a place of restitution; there the soul resumes the infinite, there it recovers its plenitude. There it re-enters on the possession of all its mysterious nature; it is set free from the body, from want, from its burden, from fatality. Death is the greatest of liberties; it is also the furthest progress. Death is a higher step for all who have lived upon its height. Dazzling and holy every one receives his increase, everything is transfigured in the light and by the light. He who has been no more than virtuous on earth becomes beautiful; he who has only been beautiful becomes sublime; and he who has only been sublime becomes good. Progress is for all! progress is eternal!"

In speaking at a Parisian party of *litterateurs* upon the subject of immortality, his face brightening up into a sun of transfigured beauty, he said:

"There are no occult forces; there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God. Man is an infinitely little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring form out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn—the dawn of an immortal morning!"

## CHAPTER VI.

THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND PERFECTION OF THE SPIRITUAL  
BODY.

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."—PAUL.

"Nor fear the grave, that door of heaven on earth;  
All changed and beautiful ye shall come forth,  
As from the cold dark cloud the winter showers  
Go underground to dress, and come forth flowers."

GERALD MASSEY.

SOMETHING what the bird is to the shell — what the juicy pulp is to the orange, the spiritual body is to the organic man. The rind aptly symbolizes the outer physical body, and the orange seed the soul-germ.

In this stage of existence man is triune — soul, spiritual body, earthly body. In the future intermediate state of being he will be dual — soul and spiritual body; the former a potentialized portion of the Over-soul, God.

The query may here arise, whether, when the celestial degree or state of angelhood is resumed, man will not once more enjoy the threefold state by the possession of a body-form derived from the more perfected or etherealized combination of chemical substance through a process of materialization? Prophecy, resurrection doctrines, and materializing phenomena foreshadow such a conclusion. Moreover, if this outer zone of material substance shall be added to the aroamal body of the soul, it will be practically immortal and free from the disorders to which our present mortal bodies are subject.

The spiritual body is not a newly organized and etherealized body that we are to have in the morning of the resurrection, for we have it now. It is within us, and in a secondary sense is the life of the physical body. The two bodies in point of time are co-existent. And the soul, allied to, and

rooted in God, has been manufacturing and moulding this spiritual body from the moment of conception.

Interpenetrating and infilling the atmosphere that surrounds our earth there is a pulsating spiritual atmosphere. Every element, monad, molecule — dual doubtless in construction — is constituted of physical matter and spiritual substance ; and the spiritual substances in the air we breathe, the food we eat, and the auras we appropriate, go to make and support our spiritual bodies.

Physical matter is not transmitted, nor can it become, by any law of progress, essential *soul* — that is, pure Intelligence ! We only know of soul by its manifestations. We are finite beings, and accordingly our thoughts and perceptions have their limitations and impossibilities. God will be the unsolved problem of eternity. It is as absolutely impossible for the finite to fathom the Infinite as for two parallel lines to meet.

The spiritual body, even while enshrined in the earthly, requires spiritual sustenance. This it derives, as we have before intimated, from the etherealized essences of grains, fruits, and from spirit-auras ; and digesting, assimilates them ; — while the soul requires and finds its sustenance in the reception and appropriation of such divine principles as affection, goodness, truth, and wisdom. To properly feed a spiritually-minded man in this world is to educate and instruct him in spiritual things. And this is especially true of those who inhabit the heavenly life. “ Lord,” exclaimed the disciples, “ evermore give us this bread.” On the tomb of a Pharaoh at Thebes, in letters exquisitely graved three thousand years ago, perhaps, are these words : “ I lived in truth, and fed my soul with justice and wisdom. What I did for men I did in peace, and how I loved God, God and my heart well know.”

If I had been asked, while feeling my way by the dim twilight of theological dogmas, to define the spiritual body, I should probably have said : “ The spiritual body, — why, it is a thin, aerial, immaterial sort of a shapeless essence, that in the dying-hour floats away into space, awaiting the sounding

of the trumpet and the resurrection of the dead!" But the heavens, opened as they are in this nineteenth century, the descending angels have taught us that the spiritual body is a real body; that the spiritual man is the real man with the spiritual form and senses etherealized and more thoroughly perfected. The spiritual body is particed, and accordingly subject to waste and supply. Aflame with life and action, it continually casts off a coarser and takes to itself and appropriates that which is more ethereal and beautiful.

The clairvoyant and clairaudient have the physical and spiritual senses both open at the same time, enabling them to commune with men and spirits, and to hear the music of earth and the music of the angels. The sages of India, the Magi of the East, the prophets of Israel, the apostles of Syria, Swedenborg, Wesley, Ann Lee, and others were thus conditioned in the past; and so are the genuine mediums of the present — enabling them to consciously and visibly converse with the inhabitants of the spirit-world.

Though the spiritual body is encased in the physical, the latter does not necessarily reflect the perfect image of the spiritual man. Other things being equal, however, this is largely true. Still, the influences of hereditary descent and the psychological imprint of the parents often render the external unlike the face and form of the indwelling spirit. Physical deformities do not pertain to the spirit. The outwardly ugly are often beautiful within — and beautiful, because their spiritual natures have subsisted upon purity, love, and truth. Many who are crooked and deformed in limb, and who have uncomely bodies, have interior spiritual bodies of exquisite beauty and manliness. Good deeds brighten and beautify. To distribute and confer blessings upon others gives sweetness and serenity to the spiritual features. The truly good, however old and wrinkled, are spiritually beautiful. "In the other life," says the gifted Edmund H. Sears, "appears the wonderful paradox that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime.

We drop from us the debris of the past; we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom."

In Theodore Parker's great sermon entitled "Old Age," he makes use of this symbol from natural life: "The stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly-smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together and they flame up; the two smokes are united in one flame. 'Even so let it be in heaven.'"

In the gardens and paradises of heaven, living souls meet and mingle as do the pearly dewdrops of morning.

While a physical atmosphere envelops our earth, the spiritual atmosphere, like a measureless ocean of light, encircles and bathes in peerless splendor these worlds and astral systems that stud the fields of Infinity. Passing through the vine-encircled door of death into the world of spirits, to consciously inhale this atmosphere, everything seems so real, so substantial, so spiritually natural, that many cannot at first understand that their bodies are *dead* — that they have really been translated from the rudimental to the next and higher stage of existence. They think they are half a-dreaming. To be sure, they cognize the fact that they live — that their spiritual bodies are perfect in structure and function — that their hearts throb, their lungs expand, their ears hear, their lips speak, and their eyes behold the friends that had previously crossed the crystal river; and still, they wonder!

It is only through the prophets of old and the intermediaries of the present that we know the nature of the spiritual body; know the occupations of spirit-life, and the social activities that obtain in "that city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Scientific men are cautiously approaching this realm of the spiritual. Accordingly, Professor Winchell, of the Michigan University, says:

"The unseen world is destined to become like a newly-discovered continent. We shall visit it; we shall hold communion with it; we shall wonder how so many thousand years could have passed without our being introduced to it. We shall learn of other modes of existence — intermediate, perhaps, between body and spirit — having the forms and limitations in space peculiar to matter, with the penetrability and invisibility of spirit. And who can say that we may not yet obtain such knowledge of the

modes of existence of other bodies as to discover the means of rendering them visible to our bodily eyes, as we now hold conversation with a friend upon the shores of the Pacific, or in the heart of Europe, or fly with the superhuman velocity of the wind from the Atlantic to the Mississippi valley? Then may we not at last gaze upon the *spiritual bodies* in which our departed friends reside, and discover the means of listening to their spirit voices, and join hands consciously with the heavenly host?"

All this *is* accomplished. The immortal, vested in temporary clothing, walk in our midst. Like Jesus, who appeared in the "upper room, the door being shut," they "vanish" from sight. Only those whose eyes are "holden" fail to see them. They come to demonstrate a future existence; to remap and revise the geography of other lands than ours; and to reveal the glories of those heavenly spheres.

"Where the faded flower shall freshen,  
 Freshen never more to fade;  
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,  
 Brighten never more to shade;  
 Where the sun-blaze never scorches,  
 Where the star-beams cease to chill,  
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
 Of the wood or wave or hill:  
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
 And the moon the joy prolong;  
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
 Mid the burst of holy song;  
 Where the bond is never severed,  
 Partings, claspings, sobs, and moans,  
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
 Heavy noontide — all are done.  
 Where dear friends in kingly glory,  
 Such as earth has never known,  
 Shall each take the righteous scepter,  
 Claim and wear the heavenly crown."

## CHAPTER VII.

## IS IT THE SOUL OR THE BODY THAT SINS?

"I know not what trials thy poor heart hath had,  
 I only know mine have driven me mad!  
 The world may have touched thee, and left its foul taint,  
 For none can escape it, nor sinner nor saint.

I know what this life is — Ah! God help us all,  
 For the bravest and best in the battle may fall;  
 I'll not judge thee rashly — no, Heaven forefend,  
 'Tis a cold word to utter, — but, 'I'm ever thy friend!'"

H. CLAY PREUSS.

"For I came not to condemn the world, but to save the world." JESUS.

JUST as the body is the subject of health and disease, just as there is order and disorder in its functional relations, so is there harmony and inharmony, good and evil, in the moral universe. Evil is not "undeveloped good," but directly the opposite of good. And man as a moral actor is therefore the subject of rewards and disciplinary punishments.

Just as character is more than reputation, being is more than doing; so each man's justification or condemnation comes from what he absolutely is, in and of himself. The judgment-seat is within, and conscience, in connection with the moral faculties, there sits enthroned as judge. The seeming in society is often an illusion. And yet, external respectability, like merchandise, has its market-price. The hells are crowded with proud and respectable hypocrites of earth. Jesus, eating with publicans and sinners, "made himself," said an apostle, "of no reputation;" but his character, oh, how divine!

Doing may be imitated, being cannot. The virtues may be copied; but virtue, as an original principle or motive, is a



part of the divine selfhood. It was not "virtue" that Jesus "felt go out of him," but *nervo-magnetism*. Works of righteousness borrowed — works undertaken as a speculation to secure Heaven, are valueless, because selfish. The best acts are praiseworthy only so far as they are the exponents of the moral life, and have in view the good of humanity.

Psychology and phrenology, now received into the pantheon of the sciences, prove man to be a *moral being*, having moral brain-faculties. And moral being implies moral law, and moral law implies not only conscience and freedom, but moral government and compensation.

Conscience, in connection with moral judgment, ever prompts to the right; but the perceptive and reflecting organs, coupled with moral consciousness, must ever determine what that right is. This applies to every scale of life. "Green apples are good," says a prominent Spiritualist writer, — "good in their place, as the ripened ones of October." True; but why compare green apples to states of evil? Unripe fruit represents a stage of growth in accordance with the divine order, as childhood is according to divine order; but hate, malice, falsity, and unchastity are inversions of the divine order, and hence bear no correspondence to unripe fruit. And further, the one who compares green apples, which are utterly destitute of intelligence and moral perception, with the willful perversions of human nature, exhibits a process of reasoning which deserves the appellation — unparalleled sophistry! No *moral* quality inheres in apples. They are neither "good" nor evil, because moral qualities pertain to moral beings — not unconscious fruit, or blind forces.

A machine may be constructed with such precision that the action of each screw and wheel is controlled and determined with mathematical exactness. But it is a *machine*, nevertheless, and incapable of love or hate, good or evil. If man, instead of being a conscious spirit, were a mere *machine*, there would be no moral wrong on earth, and there should be neither rewards nor punishments.

There are pseudo-philosophers who with great confidence assure us that there is no moral evil in the universe — only a graded or lower degree of good. But is a positive lie a lower degree of truth? Malice a lower degree of mercy? and burning lust a lower degree of chastity? To enunciate is to reveal the terrible hideousness of such reasoning. Good and evil are *moral* conditions, each real and positive, according as it becomes the leading force in purpose or quality of character. And the higher the moral altitude attained, the more exquisitely keen are the soul's distinctions between good and evil.

If it is noble to resist temptation, it is infinitely nobler to be above temptation. Milton's angels were only hypothetical angels. If real, they could not have been so easily tempted, through pride, to fall. Each individual is responsible to the extent of his intelligence, mental capacity, and moral knowledge.

All moral acts pertain to the mental and spiritual nature, and *not* to the body, except medially. The amputated foot does not kick. It is not the fleshly hand that steals. No corpse treads on forbidden ground. The hand, the foot, the body — these are only the implements for conscious intelligence to operate through. Without this intelligence and moral perception of law, man is little more than a passive machine. The body, then, does not sin. Constituted of physical elements, it can know nothing of moral or immoral acts. And death, which is only the shedding of the outer envelope, in no way affects the immortal man. It is not a sponge, that cleans the slate in a moment; not a sieve, that, while separating the chaff from the wheat, purifies the soul; not a moral chemist, that so manipulates character as to perfect it in the twinkling of an eye. And yet death, or the conditions to which death introduces the individual, offers better and higher facilities for perpetual progress.

Human beings are finite, and accordingly all moral distinctions are relative. And while motives and circumstances, and even the bodily passions, have wide fields of operation,

they are to be controlled and rigidly subjected to the reason and higher intuitions of the moral nature. This is the struggle — the clashing battle-ground of life. God and the good angels help the Christ within us to become victor.

Something as shadows are to pictures, so are imperfections to human nature along its different stages of development. Evil is incident to moral freedom and moral law. The apostolic assurance that Jesus "was made perfect through suffering," has been construed that he was once imperfect. And it has often been contended that if Jesus as a Jew had not been disobedient, the apostle could not have rationally said that he "learned obedience by the things he suffered." Only then, that he was, as the Scriptures teach, our "Elder Brother." — a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," — could he have felt such a deep sympathy for humanity.

Kossuth spoke all the more eloquently in behalf of liberty after having paced the cold floors of an Austrian dungeon. Hampden's persecutions for freedom fired his soul with a deeper love for justice and equality. Gough could never have spoken with the burning power and pathos he does had he not staggered and suffered under the poisoned draught. Pain is a masked angel pointing to the door of obedience. And so evil, through sorrow and direst suffering, is overruled for good. This is Optimism — that rational Optimism which, seeing afar into the future, is calm with faith and holiest trust.

The noblest and purest souls of earth are ever the most charitable. "Neither do I condemn thee," were the tender words of Jesus. And again, "I came not to condemn the world, but to save the world." The good shepherd, leaving the ninety and nine, searched for the lost sheep until he had found it. The robes of reformers shine the brightest when they rustle along the crowded crypts of time. Feet pierced with thorns are on the way to see the head crowned with roses. Disappointments and trials, rightly considered, and patiently endured, become transfigured into higher joys; or, by other methods, bloom out into richest blessings. Tears, shed over the sufferings of others, crystallize into pearls. Under

the clouds of imperfection, and the cankering corruptions of social life, there lie entombed the principles that reflect the overshadowing love of the Infinite,—principles that brighten up in glad response to that sweet sympathy and love that angels ever know. It was not the body, but the *soul* of Mary Magdalena, that Jesus so admired and loved. The peerless words of the Apostle John — “God is Love” — will live forever!

Appreciating the moral grandeur of a broad religious optimism, Alice Carey sung one of the sweetest songs of her soul.

“I said if I might go back again  
 To the very hour and place of my birth,  
 Might have my life whatever I chose,  
 And live it in any part of the earth;  
 Put perfect sunshine into my sky,  
 Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt;  
 Have all of my happiness multiplied,  
 And all of my suffering stricken out;  
 If I could have known in the years now gone  
 The best that a mortal comes to know:  
 Could have had whatever will make man blest,  
 Or whatever he thinks will make him so;  
 . . . . .  
 Yea; I said if a miracle such as this  
 Could be wrought for me at my bidding, — still  
 I would choose to have my past as it is,  
 And to let my future come as it will.  
 I would not make the path I have trod  
 More pleasant, or even more straight or wide;  
 Nor change my course the breadth of a hair  
 This way or that to either side.  
 My past is mine, and I take it all, —  
 Its weakness, its folly if you please;  
 Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,  
 May have been my helps, — not hindrances.  
 So let my past stand just as it stands,  
 And let me now, as I may, grow old;  
 I am what I am, and my life for me  
 Is the *best* — or, it had not been — I hold.”

The oak remembers not each leaf it bore; and yet each leaf and bough and brawny limb help to make up the towering

tree. Many of the acts and minor events of our lives have died out, or cease to echo in the memory chambers of our souls; still, their results live in our characters. Let them be forgotten! It is not wise to brood over the broken rounds of the ladder our feet just pressed. The summit of the temple is to be reached. Direct the eye upward, and press forward towards the higher altitudes of heavenly truth and wisdom.

The toiling seamstress remembers not each stitch she took in the garment; and yet, every stitch helped to make up that garment; and so each thought, word, purpose, and deed, help to make up the real life of the soul; and backward-looking memory, tracing the effects, may—ay, must construct a mirror before which we shall be necessitated to stand, face to face with ourselves. This will be the loosening of the seals—the beginning of the Judgment. “Go unto thy own place,” will be the self-pronounced sentence of the soul.

Compensation runs like a silver thread through the universe. Youth affects manhood. The deeds of manhood becloud or brighten the sunset of life. We weave the moral garments in this life that shall in quality clothe us when entering the future state of existence.

“If all our life was one broad glare  
Of sunlight clear, unclouded,  
If all our path were smooth and fair,  
By no deep gloom enshrouded;  
If all life's flowers were fully blown  
Without the slow unfolding,  
And happiness mayhap was thrown  
On hands too weak for holding;  
Then we should miss the twilight hours,  
The intermingling sadness,  
And pray perhaps for storms and showers  
To break the constant gladness.  
If none were sick and none were sad,  
What service could we render?  
I think if we were always glad  
We hardly could be tender.  
Did our beloved never need  
Our loving ministrations,  
Life would grow cold, and miss indeed  
Its finest consolation.

If sorrow never smote the heart,  
And every wish were granted,  
Then faith would die, and hope depart,  
And life be disenchantèd.

And if in heaven is no more night,  
In heaven no more sorrow,  
Such unimagined pure delight  
Fresh grace from pain will borrow.

As the poor seed that underground  
Seeks its true life above it,  
Not knowing where it will be found  
When sunbeams touch and love it, —

So we in darkness upward grow,  
And look and long for heaven;  
Yet cannot reach it here below,  
Till more of light be given."

## CHAPTER VIII.

CLOTHING IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD — ITS CHARACTER, USE,  
AND HOW OBTAINED.

"Our atmosphere is the mantle which the earth folds to her bosom during her yearly journeys around the sun. Nature is the garment of God. Angels are vested in crystal whiteness." PILGRIM.

"I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-beloved, saying to the people, 'Do not weep for me,  
This is not my true country; I have lived banished from my true country — I now go back there;  
I return to the celestial sphere, where every one goes in his turn.'" WEITMAN.

EVERYTHING in the universe, so far as we know, is either clothed upon, or clothes itself. "Every mineral, every flower, every animal, every human being, every spirit, every object, indeed, in the universe, from the sun to a dew-drop, has a peculiar atmosphere, composed of infinitesimal particles emanating from itself, embodying its interior nature, and proceeding to a certain distance around it. We find it in the magnet, by its attraction; in the rose, by its perfume; in man, by his radiating influences of all kinds. By it the faithful dog tracks his master to incredible distances. By it the magnetized person detects the character of another by the glove or the ring he has worn. Every social circle, every church, every institution, has its sphere." The heavens have their sphere, and the hells theirs. The sphere of an object is its natural clothing. But there are two kinds of clothing, the one natural, the other fashioned by intelligence and taste.

Swedenborg, by far the greatest seer of modern times, says:

"The extrication of the spirit from the body is an office assigned to a certain order of angels. They receive souls kindly, and introduce them to their new sphere, where

they quickly seek out those with whom they have an affinity." . . . "I have frequently heard new-comers from the earth rejoicing at meeting their friends again, and their friends rejoicing at their arrival. Husbands and wives meet and continue together for a long or short time, according to their mutual affinity." . . . "Very many of the learned from the earth are amazed when they find themselves after death in houses, in bodies, and in garments much as those of earth." . . . "Angels appear clothed, and each angel in vesture corresponding to his intelligence. The most intelligent have garments which glitter as with flame, and some are resplendent as with light. The less intelligent have garments of clear or opaque white without splendor. The still less intelligent have garments of various colors." . . . "The garments of the angels do not merely appear to be garments, but they really are garments; for they not only see, but feel them, and have many changes which they take off and put on, laying aside those which are not in use, and resuming them when they come into use again. That they are clothed with a variety of garments I have seen a thousand times."

It was at the "end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week," that the angel appeared at the sepulchre, "clothed in a long, white garment." The frightened women hurried away, telling their friends that the risen Jesus had met them saying, "*All hail!*"

"And the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it . . . and his raiment was white as snow."

MATTHEW xxviii. 2, 3.

"And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away. And they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment."

MARK xvi. 4, 5.

While one of the evangelists denominates the spirit who appeared at the sepulchre an *angel*, and the other a *young man*, they both agree in pronouncing the garment "white." Luke, in speaking of the clothing, says it was "shining."

Upon that Syrian mount when Moses and Elias appeared and "talked with Jesus," the evangelist says he was transfigured before them . . . and "his raiment was white as the light." (Matt. xvii. 2, 3.)

John, the Patmos seer, tells us that, when a door was opened to him in Heaven, he saw on one occasion "seven angels," coming out of the temple, "clothed in pure white linen, and having their breasts girded with golden girdles." (Rev. xv. 6.) Being in the spirit on the "Lord's day," he saw "armies of angels, clothed in fine linen, white and clean;" and again, he beheld "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues



. . . clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." In the first chapter of Acts, a spirit-manifestation to the disciples is described as "two men who stood by them in white apparel." In the Revelation it is said: "He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment." How blessed the thought! clothed in "white robes" — in "raiment white as snow" — in "shining garments above the brightness of the sun!" While all are clothed in the spirit-world, only those are clothed in crystal whiteness that have "overcome" — *overcome* their perversions, their passions, and their earthly appetites, in the sense of training and subordinating them to divine uses. Clothing in the future world corresponds to character.

Many of the proud and costly attired of earth will find themselves so spiritually nude and poor in the world of spirits, that they will feel to compare their vestures to filthy rags.

"And, oh! in that future and lovelier sphere,  
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;  
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time  
Shall fade in the light of that region sublime,  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truthfulness, meekness, and love.  
Oh, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
Lest in that upper realm *you have nothing to wear!*"

As the loving, waiting mother provides the softest and most delicate garments for the expectant infant, so tender maternal angels and guardian spirits, expecting and watching for the resurrection of spirits from, or out of, their physical bodies, have already prepared the gossamer garments for the loved ones born again. Through death comes the second — the real new birth!

In shape and appearance, spiritual vestures commonly correspond to the spirit's taste and custom when upon earth. The Quaker wears at first the plain dress; the Roman, the toga; the Oriental, the graceful robe. But in ethereality of texture, garments correspond to the moral status of individuals.

The first garments worn in spirit-life are gifts of love. It is so with infants on earth; but reaching their full stature, each and all provide their own clothing. In the higher heavens, robes and angel vestures are woven by will-power through skillful hands, and woven almost in the twinkling of an eye. It may almost be said that glistening robes of glory come to angels as leaves come to the trees in spring-time, or as gorgeous colors come to evening clouds. As the raiments of the heavenly inhabitants correspond in quality to their interior states, they change according to their unfoldment, and also with their rank and position. The robes of the archangels are so bright that they literally flame in matchless splendor!

The great seer of Sweden, after describing the magnificent attire of spirits and angels, says:

"I have been with the angels in their habitations. They are exactly like our houses upon earth, but more beautiful. They contain chambers, drawing-rooms, and bedrooms in great numbers. They have courts, and are encompassed by gardens, flower-beds, and fields."

"Where the angels live in societies, the habitations are contiguous, and arranged in the form of a city, with courts, streets, and squares exactly like the cities on our earth. It has also been granted me to walk through them, and to look about on all sides. This occurred to me when wide awake, my interior sight being open at the time."

"I have seen palaces in heaven so magnificent as to surpass all description. Some were more splendid than others. The inside was in keeping with the outside. The apartments were ornamented with such decorations that no language is adequate to the description of them."

Our good deeds, our self-sacrificing lives construct our paradises, decorate our future homes; beautify our lawns, make the stars more visible, the winds more musical, and our immortal clothing more bright and shimmering. Be ye also ready.

"The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The past shall reappear."

WHITTIER

## CHAPTER IX.

## LOCOMOTION IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS. — HOW AND WHY SPIRITS CONNECTED WITH THEIR MORTAL BODIES, TEMPORARILY LEAVE THEM.

"I knew a man in Christ, above fourteen years ago; whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth; such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man; how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." 2 COR. xii. 2-4.

"I am now leaving my body four hours each night, and listening to medical lectures in one of the most magnificent pavilions that stud the spirit world. I also have a class that I am teaching in a sphere below the one in which I am a pupil."

DR. A. P. PIERCE.

SOULS build the bodies they inhabit. The will moves them. Intelligent motion implies mind.

The soul, a conscious entity, related to the infinite Soul, God, somewhat as spark to flame, is the mechanic, the spiritual form with its nerve-forces is the machinery, and the physical body the external building that covers mechanic and machinery. And why should not the thinking, conscious mechanic occasionally step out of his building for specific purposes, leaving, of course, every door and avenue well guarded?

Accompanied recently by Mrs. Taylor, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a personal friend of Miss Fancher, the psychological wonder, I was permitted to visit and enjoy a most interesting conversation with this young lady, who virtually subsists without food, and enjoys sleep only when in the trance state. During the interview she spoke freely, not only of her sensitiveness, her trances and visions, "but," said she, "I sometimes leave my body and go away, — oh, so far away! — meeting my mother and other dear friends, with scenery too beautiful to describe. I traverse fields, and walk in gardens of flowers

and fountains, and I listen to the most heavenly music. You cannot think how it rests me; and I feel so sad when I am asked to return again to my earthly home."

It is a well-established fact in my mind that, while human bodies are in a comatose condition analogous to death, only that the magnetic life-thread is not severed, souls leave their bodies, and, accompanied by guardian angels, traverse the spirit spheres of infinity. My belief in this phenomenon rests upon the following testimony:

I. Individual experience. I know many substantial, clear-headed persons who affirm in the most positive manner that they have been temporarily released from their physical bodies; that they were at the time conscious of being in this freed condition; that they saw the bodies they had left; saw the silvery electric cord still connecting them with their bodies; saw spirit friends whom they had known on earth; visited the supernal home of these friends; and were conscious of reasoning about returning and re-entering their bodies.

II. Spirits, the more wise and exalted, controlling mediums unconsciously, have repeatedly informed me that in consequence of a peculiar organization, coupled with wisely-directed magnetic preparations on the part of spirit guides, certain persons may and *do* leave their bodies temporarily, traveling both in the hells and the higher table-lands of immortality.

III. Independent clairvoyants, while in their superior conditions, have frequently seen individuals of earth in the world of spirits, yet sympathetically connected with their bodies by this magnetic life-cord. Whenever this is severed, death follows. The physical body is raised only in the sense of reappearing in grasses, grains, and forest-trees.

Filling a lecture engagement in Troy, N. Y., a few years since, I went down to the hospitable home of Dr. G. L. Ditson, Albany, to see Dr. E. C. Dunn. It is a cosy, comfortable place to visit. Retiring to our apartment for the night, Dr. Dunn, as usual, was entranced. The subject of conversation

was the inter-relations of body, spirit, and soul. Aware that the doctor had not been in my apartment in Troy since occupying it, I said, when leaving in the morning, "*Come as a spirit to Troy to-night, and write me to-morrow what you see in my room.*"

"Most certainly," was the prompt reply, "if my spirit guides will help me." The next evening I received a letter describing my room at Mr. McCoy's, the locality of the bed, the furniture, the books, the pencils, the open Bible, &c., closing with these words :

"I took especial notice of my body, after leaving it, as it lay in bed at Albany. A part of the circle guarded it. I had a very pleasant time with Aaron Knight, who acted as my guide while absent from the body. The sensations were all pleasant except the terrible dread which always comes over me when returning to my body."

The description of the room, the books, garments, pictures, open Bible with photograph in it, and other objects in my apartment, could hardly have been described with greater precision. Similar visits of exploration, and traveling out of and away from the physical organism, have been of frequent occurrence, giving unmistakable evidence to my mind that the doctor, as he positively asserts, was absent from his body.

Prophets and apostles of old had analogous experiences. Paul, when caught up to the third heaven, did not know whether he was in the body or out. Plotinus, more philosophical than Paul, *knew* when he was out of the body, and returning to it, remembered who of the Platonic teachers he had met while traversing the higher spheres. Many mediums and seers have had similar experiences to those above named. And so the marvels of history repeat themselves.

"I am now going away," are the opening words of our seer.\* "Am now crossing the river I have seen before. Oh, if mortals only knew! they would not care for the voyage; they would only care for what they should carry with them.

"I am now passing through a somewhat extended darkness;

\* Several of the following pages are from an unpublished volume (1878) entitled, "The Beyond; or, Symbolic Teachings from the Higher Life." Edited by Herman Snow.

but do not feel troubled, for I am conscious that friendly supporters are near at hand. Now I see strangely-shaped buildings. They seem to have no foundations. I think they must fall, so patched and poorly braced are they in their lower parts. They are the homes, I am told, of those who on earth were unfortunately cursed with excessive self-esteem. One of these now stands before me. He seems beginning to be conscious of his mistake and to long for its correction. And this ungainly-shaped and tottering building which now serves as his abode, is made unto him a daguerreotype, as it were, of his actual character; and thus he is able to study its defects and gradually through effort and persistent struggle to bring his spirit-home — ever a reflex of character — into shapes of order and beauty. ‘I am glad,’ I said to him, ‘to see you go to work so earnestly and wisely. Will you let me come and see the inside when you have got your house in order?’ I received no reply.

“Now I see a spirit who does not seem to care for a home. He is satisfied to lie down and lazily go into a stupid sleep. But see! a thunderbolt seems to strike him; and he is aroused into mute amazement, while a voice exclaims, ‘*We have no idlers here!*’ He seems to think this rather hard, as he had never succeeded in having much of such lazy comfort while on earth, and thought he might now have his fill undisturbed. But he is told by spirits that only action, and *much* of it for others, can give him *real comfort!* And so finally he is induced to make an effort to help some who are lower than himself, when — lo! a new consciousness begins to awaken within him; and he not only gains the peace of self-approval, but finds also that the very effort made tends to remove the morbid accumulation of crude magnetism with which he was laden, and thus to make other efforts easy and pleasant. . . .

“I now find myself in an assembly of teachers and pupils; and here I am allowed to witness the methods of instruction in spirit-life. Old and young I see occupying the same classes, and, strange to say, those of the *same average ability*, who have not had what is called an education on the earth.

here promise the most rapid progress. The reason is that the others have many errors to unlearn before they are prepared to see and acknowledge the new truths; for here, truths are clearly seen by the more intuitive-minded. For it is not theories concerning truths, but the truths themselves, that are here set before the pupils. The method is more like what we of earth call 'object teaching' than any other system of our instruction.

"A conspicuous example of the false method of earth now stands out before me in the person of a self-conceited teacher, recently from her earthly labors. She does not seem at all to like the methods here pursued, and is quite free to criticise what is going on. She is not yet ready to take her proper position among the pupils, but expatiates quite freely on the worth of the old methods of her earthly life. The spirit-teacher does not seem to be in the least troubled or discouraged at the blindness and perversity of this self-opinionated novice; but rather encourages her to go on and expose the shallowness of her mental condition, which is soon seen by all, but particularly by a bright and beautiful boy of not more than fourteen years of age, who can hardly restrain himself from prematurely setting her right.

"At length, the spirit-teacher gives her what seems to be a delicate spray of fern-leaf, when to her opening vision there appear to be beauties and marks of wisdom in it that no book of botany ever named; and she begins to see and acknowledge the superiority of this method over the one heretofore so firmly fixed in her mind. Other similar experiments follow, until at length she is fairly transformed into a promising pupil of the spirit-instructor, at which the bright minded boy appears especially to rejoice,—in sympathy, however, not in triumph.

"I leave now," said the seer, "and go again." . . . "O the water, how pure and peaceful it looks! as it gurgles along in its course. It seems to speak of contentment, purity, and joy. And the modest and lovely flowers I see along its banks; and the leafy shrubs; and the tapering trees with their spiral

leaves pointing upward as if in conscious gratitude to the Giver of life — *all* these leaflets and flowers, all living things here, turn themselves steadily and earnestly to the light! Should it be less so with man; should he of all else seek the way of darkness rather than of the light? I now meet three weary travelers. They are toiling on beneath burdens, not of things of value, not of choice gems of truth and beauty; but of the dry sticks of a worn-out theology which was fastened upon them by an unprincipled and arbitrary priestly rule while they were yet in the earth-life. True men were these, even in their darkened earthly condition; for they saw not the iniquity of the power that held them in blind and slavish submission. They worked faithfully and self-sacrificingly to carry out the designs of those, who, though ever ready to impose heavy burdens upon others, would hardly lift a finger to do the work themselves. And now I see that one of these pilgrims begins to awaken to a sense of the folly of his course in thus *continuing* to bear his wearying and worthless burden when the higher and clearer light of the spirit-world is around him. He feels the inspiration of high and noble spirits not far from him, and thus urged on, he throws off his grievous burden, and stands up a free and happy soul! The others, incited by his example and by the inspiring power which they also feel, do likewise.

“And now, the same active zeal which was once used to uphold the rule of a false and corrupt system, is turned with all its force to overthrow the falsities that once so oppressed them. In their invisible forms they revisit old confessionals, and whisper to presiding priests of the lives they are leading, and of the terrible penalties of their oppressions. They even penetrate to the head-center of ecclesiastical power, and make their searching whispers heard by him who sits upon the Papal throne itself.

“It was a martyr’s life these sincere men lived upon earth; and it is a martyr’s crown they are now receiving in doing their telling work of undermining the false and upbuilding the true in the lands of their former toils and sufferings.”



Spirits occupying the same sphere of sympathy and unfoldment in the spirit-world, travel with the velocity of thought. Especially is this true after they come to understand the fluids and psychic forces of spirit-life; but to advance from one person to another who is higher, from one society to another, from one zone of existence to another more beatific, there must be preparation, interior changes in the state of the mind, and corresponding progressions and etherealizations of the spiritual body.

There continues to reside in Boston, Mass., Dr. A. P. Pierce, having still, as in the past, an extensive medical practice in what is denominated the "higher circles" of society. While his healing gifts are truly wonderful, his trance experiences, connected with his travels in the different societies and spheres of spirit-life, are among the most marvelous in history.

The most remarkable of his trances commenced on the 27th day of November, 1856. This continued *twenty-one days*, during which time he was out of his body. Previous to this, and while under spirit-influence, he foretold the hour when the entrancement would commence. At 8 o'clock, the time appointed, he felt a heavy pressure over the eyes, and requested that some friends be invited to witness the change necessarily occasioned by the departure of the spirit from the body. The guests now present, some fifteen or more in number, he knelt down and prayed to God that the "cup might pass." And while in the act of prayer he fell into a trance. His face brightened up; his body became rigid as though dead; and in this condition he fell upon the floor. The controlling intelligence now said that he and "others had taken the body in charge, and would give instructions from day to day as to its management."

During the time of Dr. Pierce's absence from the body, several different spirits possessed, or controlled it; *which spirits*, owing to their magnetic connection with the body and their sympathetic relations with Dr. Pierce temporarily in spirit-life, served as mediums to describe the doctor's experiences in the various societies and spheres through which he passed.

*1st Sphere.* — “There are here many circles and conditions. It seems dark and gloomy. Spirits are as low as the very lowest in the body. They dispute, wrangle, and have all the passions they had on earth. Some return to their old associates, and re-enact the scenes of earth. Some remain here a very long period of time before light reaches them. It is terrible to contemplate.”

*2d Sphere.* — Entering this, the doctor's spirit took on new conditions. The atmosphere was more rarefied, the elements more ethereal. Appearances corresponded largely to the better conditions of earth. He saw “spirits preparing spiritual food from spiritual elements and auras.” Those in the higher circles of this sphere were instructing the lower. Most of the objects seemed natural yet new.

*3d Sphere.* — Passing into this condition, or zone of spirit-existence, he beheld spirits entering from the mortal state to receive the welcome and the care of those who had passed from the earthly life before them. They seemed to class themselves according to the laws of affinity. He saw them engaged in mental telegraphing, studying the principles of chemistry, and in various ways adorning their habitations. Here were animals of the higher order, and birds, as well as Indian hunting-grounds and attractive lodges.

*4th Sphere.* — In this sphere the garments of the spirits seemed brighter and of a much finer texture. Instead of being in isolated homes, they lived in groups and associations. Spirits from the fifth and sixth spheres teach them. “I see birds, flowers, and a lemon-shaped fruit, rich and juicy. I do not know its name. I see these spirit-people constructing musical instruments, and trying to control the elements for various purposes. All are industrious. They have extensive grounds well laid out, tastefully arranged buildings, in a room of one of which were nicely arranged paintings on the walls, and flowers neatly placed around the windows; the furniture is soft and pliable, and constructed by a combination of the elements; lakes on which the swan gracefully moves to and fro. They propose to change spheres by going through three

degrees of education, receiving their instruction from spirits of the sixth sphere. The Indians have also their lodges here. Their food is like that in the other circles, growing on vines which trail along the ground. For musical instruments the harp is used, to which they dance and sing, and are very happy — far more so than in the circles.”

*5th Sphere.*—Here “the light is still brighter, and the spirits seem more calm, serene, and self-balanced. They have walks tastefully arranged around their dwellings, with flower-beds, groves and lawns with shade-trees; lakes much larger than those in the fourth sphere, with boats of corresponding size playing backwards and forwards. They have places where they congregate to study the fine arts, and colleges for astronomy and mathematics; also schools for instruction in mechanical arts and spirit-agriculture. The fruit grows on delicate bushes, something like the pear. These inhabitants are clear in their expression of spirit understanding. They vocalize and play upon musical instruments, and are joyous and very happy.

“Their clothing is very light and spiritual. In the fourth circle of this sphere the light is like the setting sun to your earth, very genial and bright. Here are mountains and rivers made attractive by beautiful scenery. The spirits have laboratories and factories for purifying and clearing the elements; lakes with vessels, and ponds with boats on them, as well as wild geese and ducks, but they are more refined than those upon the earth. On the margin of a lake is an Indian encampment. Here I meet the spirits of three Indians, who greet me and invite me to visit their lodges, where they have a talk about the pale-face Pierce, whom they knew on the earth.

“The houses of these spiritual inhabitants are symmetrical and tastefully arranged inside, with paintings, drawings, and fine furniture, which are tangible to the spirit; the pianoforte is also here, upon which they play, accompanied by singing and dancing, which constitutes a part of their spiritual enjoyment, and is done to the honor and glory of God. They have

walks adorned with shade trees, on which are richly-plumaged birds singing their lays, making the elements vocal with sweet music; their fruit grows in arbors and bowers, and is shaped like the apple, but more delicious to the taste and strengthening to the unfolding spirit as it is passing on to the higher circles of progression in knowledge. I meet with one of my friends whom I knew on earth, John S. Gilman. They converse of earth-life and spirit-life, showing that memory, like pure love, is immortal."

*6th Sphere.* — Do not understand that these spheres are absolutely separated the one from the other. They interblend, and shade off into each other, something as do rainbow hues. In the "first circle of this sphere, light dawns with great brilliancy. Here I saw a magnificent observatory. Newton was teaching. They have rivers, extensive plains, and lakes clear as crystal. They are building boats of a singular structure. They have scientific institutions for designs and new inventions, all of which, when perfected, are to be impressed upon the minds of the sensitives of earth, and then outwrought into practical use. The avenues are laid out with shade-trees for walking.

"The climate and influences are more congenial to the spirit. They have gardens arranged with choicest fruit-trees. The apple, pear, apricot, and fruit such as I had never seen, are beautiful and spiritual. They arrange their houses in groups, and have a kind of railroad to go from one group to the other. They are very refined in their manners, very loving and affectionate.

"In the third circle of this sphere the spirits have vast educational places for assembling together, in one of which is the Poet's Hall, where the risen poets of earth are preparing poetical versions of the heavens. They have plain yet elegant churches for spiritual culture. Whitfield is preaching to them upon the necessity of spiritual purity and perfection. They have here observatories. Herschel is teaching, and other noted astronomers have classes. Here also they are traversing the ether spaces in aerial cars, which will ulti-

mately descend to earth. I see many fountains around their houses, and flowers too beautiful for description. The food, exceedingly ethereal, is nutritious to the spiritual body. They have spiritual mansions, where spirits meet in sacred fellowship. I entered one, where I was received in fellowship. These spirits are very congenial to each other, and happy.

“In the ‘higher circles of this sphere light dawns in brighter effulgence.’ The spirits have large colleges to receive youthful minds as they come from earth, where sportive children are instructed in the higher truths of the heavenly life. Here also is a magnificent music hall; Mrs. Hemans, Hannah More, and others are here, rehearsing the lyrics of the heavens. Here too are colleges for preparing teachers to come to earth to instruct and inspire mortals. William Penn, Roger Williams, and others, are here teaching. Youthful minds are their students. Also a university of music, where it is taught in its various methods. Places of worship for the adoration of God. Milton and others are here teaching, and they are also teachers of earth. Here, in amazement, I beheld the higher birth of several young spirits out of their earthly bodies. They were received with singing and words of welcome to their new home. The scenery is beautiful, with sloping hills and undulating plains. Flowers in rich abundance perfume the air, and warbling birds commingle their music with the spirits. Their houses are laid out in large circles, twelve houses in a circle, with walks and grounds around them, with trees and shrubbery; various kinds of fruit are grown for their own nourishment; joy and harmony pervade everywhere. As they live in higher scenes or conditions, they are consequently the more highly spiritualized. Here the Indians have homes on one side of the river-bank, unique, yet beautiful. Luna, an Indian girl, Pocahontas, and others, are here happy and joyous, all commingling together in purity of spirit and in the love of God. . . .

“In this circle the atmosphere is exhilarating to the spirit; the houses are in circles of six, with more extended grounds,

and the flowers more variegated and richly perfumed; the spirits have arbors, with vines running round them, with fruit like the grape, but larger and purer. The spirit brightens after partaking of it. Mountains rise in the distance, with extended plains, with water-powers, and clear, transparent lakes. They have colleges of design with landscape paintings. Hannibal, Chambers, and others are here in the capacity of teachers. I meet here three sons of Samuel Haynes, of Belfast, who are receiving instruction. The spirits have buildings for instruction in music, embroidery, and the composition of flowers, in their higher formations. Here I meet one by the name of Helen A. Pierce receiving instruction. Children are receiving instruction, and are learning to sing and play on the harp. Congeniality of spirit reigns prominent here. The young assemble in classes for the cultivating of flowers and the spiritual development of their minds, and all is done for the good of others and the glory of God."

*7th Sphere.* "Light now dawns with celestial brilliancy! The scenery is grand; the teachers are from the celestial spheres. Unity of feeling and love universally pervades this divine realm. They have vast universities. In one of these were surgeons from various parts of the world — America, England, France, Russia, Prussia, China, Japan, and other countries of the globe.

"The studies here were anatomical, psychological, and spiritual; also great attention was given to the laws of mesmerism, magnetism, impressional and inspirational influences, that they might by influx become better understood upon earth. . . .

"In this circle they do not seem to have fixed habitations, but when they need a covering, it is immediately improvised from the elements; they talk with each other by looks — being transparent, they see each other's thoughts; when they wish for refreshment they compound it out of the elements, and from etherealized fluids; they telegraph by thought of the spirit. The air is melodious with warbling notes of gaily-plumaged birds. These spirits visit by thought and will. They descend to the other circles and to the earth to teach.

Here are children descending in groups from the celestial heavens, covered with flowers, and bearing baskets of fruit on their arms, to be taught in wisdom and music, and the composition of flowers, to be prepared to visit other spheres and earth, and gather knowledge. They are very noble in stature, symmetrical in form, and pure in spirit, constantly joining together in singing, praise, and worship, and they manifest great joy and congeniality of mind. . . .

"Each acts up to his ideal — and labor is a work of love. I see in this celestial sphere no insects or lower forms of animal life. I see multitudes of spirits coursing their way through the elements, visiting and commingling with each other in different parts of the circle, and visiting the earth and spheres and then returning. . . .

"The joy here is ecstatic. Thousands of happy children assemble to greet with music and messages of love those who arrive from other spheres as visitors or explorers in the realm of thought. Their very motions are musical, and they converse by looks and facial expressions. Oh, could you connect with this vital cord and ascend up here and behold the glory and joy that reigns, you would not wish to return. I shall soon be with you again, but do not desire to stay, but must, so they say, return and take up the body. I want you to prepare while living to ascend to the celestial spheres, and live with these joyous and happy spirits." . . .

On the 11th of December the previous guides retired, giving place to a higher order of spiritual intelligence, among which, it was said, were Josephus, Samuel, the prophet Daniel, and others. . . . The body of the medium having received but a very trifle of nourishment since the beginning of the entrancement had become exceedingly weak. And yet, under the direction of spirits, who on earth were physicians, the medium's body had received the most careful attention from Mrs. Pierce and other anxious friends. . . . There was now a cessation of the communications for several hours. This, the attendants were informed, was necessary while the spirit, away from the mediumistic body, was being prepared for the condi-

tions that pertained to the sensitive states in the higher and more heavenly spheres.

Commencing the communications again at seven o'clock, from the first circle of the celestial spheres, the medium reporting down through the spheres below him, says: "The scenery and surroundings here are too glorious for delineation. No poet can describe them, no artist put them upon canvas. The rays of light seem to descend from the great central sun of the universe. The atmosphere is warm, mellow, and golden. Breathing is living. All is calm and peaceful. The clothing of the spirits is ethereal and shining in their whiteness. The dreams of paradise are here more than realized. Humility is the gem, truth the pearl sought for, love the law obeyed, and wisdom the purpose of the soul's perpetual search. Everything moves in perfect harmony, because near the great Ruling Spirit of the universe. . . .

"Now a vast assembly of spirits meet me, and I am led to a large pavilion prepared for my reception. Heavenly music greets my ears, and the delicious odors of flowers are cast over and around me. Now six beautiful spirits approach me, clothed in shining garments, and girt about with golden girdles. Samuel, the ancient prophet, steps forth, facing me, having in his hand a golden horn. And another spirit approaching, removes my outer garments, placing them upon a cushion of white flowers, and Samuel, in the name of God the Father of us all, anoints me with holy oil. The influence of this, poured upon my head, penetrates to the very depths of my being. It seemingly expands and vivifies my whole spirit form. He now places upon my head a crown of mingled thorns and flowers, symbolizing the mission that I have yet to fulfill upon earth. Though illumined, I feel that I have thorny paths to tread; but sweet-scented flowers will bloom along the pathways of my life. They now place upon me another spiritual garment, bright and more ethereal, praying that I may never soil it." . . .

Very soon after this spiritual anointing and heavenly baptism, Dr. Pierce saw, surrounded by a halo of golden light,-



a light almost unapproachable — the great Mediator — Jesus of Nazareth. . . . Conducted by these ancient spirits, this medium visited other planets, describing them so far as he could find appropriate language so to do. Still traversing these divine abodes, he at one time exclaimed: “These spirits about me now have bodies more transparent, if possible, than purest crystal. When they need sustenance they condense ethereal essences, and appropriate them by absorption. In the most perfect purity of spirit they live together in one great family, passing and repassing at will to the different planets that dot the immensities. They are humble and reverent, continually worshipping God in purity. Through the perfection of the elements their motions fill the air with sweetest music. In my earthly body clothing is for concealment and comfort, but these beings are so pure that only a gauze-like covering drapes their spirit forms. They live and bathe in an atmosphere of purity and love.” . . .

This medium had been absent so long from his physical body — absent save the connecting cord of sympathy — that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could re-enter and re-possess his organism. Not only was he blind and oversensitive at first, but he could neither use his vocal organs to speak, nor make use of his limbs to walk. Some other symptoms, not necessary to name, were exceedingly alarming. But the sensitiveness gradually disappeared, and the physical and spiritual forces, after a few days, assumed their wonted equilibrium.

On December 23d he was weighed, and it was found that he had lost eleven and a half pounds of flesh during the twenty-one days' entrancement.

If I rightly comprehend these marvelous experiences, of which I have subjoined a condensed report, they teach that the medium, Dr. Pierce, being previously prepared, and then aided by a sympathizing band of intelligent spirits, literally left his body, — save the magnetic life-cord, — and roamed through many of the societies, circles, and spheres of intelligences that dwell in the many-mansioned realm of immor-

tality. While out of his body, other spirits did not enter into it, but they held a charge over, ministering to, and controlling it psychologically.

The full history of this remarkable and very strange twenty-one 'days' trance has been related to me, not only by Dr. Pierce and his excellent family, but by several other witnesses. The doctor is a resident of Boston, and a practising physician.\*

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\* The seven spheres above described are properly included within the "Ultimate Heavens" mentioned by Swedenborg and other seers. Above these, according to these writers, are the "Spiritual Heavens" and the "Celestial Heavens," each of which are again subdivided into a seven-fold series. The more interior visions, or spiritual journeyings, of the seer just quoted, probably relate to the Spiritual Heavens

## CHAPTER X.

## OUR LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN.

"Do they want me up in heaven? Can you tell me, mamma dear,  
 What those strange and solemn voices mean that in the night I hear.  
 Softly saying, "Come, dear children; for of such our kingdoms are"?  
 Do you think they want me yonder? Is it very, very far?"

Oh, I hear such heavenly music; and there's something 'all in white  
 Comes and stands beside my little bed, and makes the room so light  
 That I look at you and papa, and at brother Georgie, too;  
 Wondering you can sleep. But maybe it's for me, and not for you.

And they clasp their arms about me, and I do not think of pain,  
 For I close my eyes and listen till the music comes again.  
 They are calling me so tenderly, I know I can not stay  
 Only just a little longer, till the coming of the day.

Mamma, kiss me! Papa, hold me! Clasp my hands so close and strong  
 That I may not lose your presence in the glory of the throng  
 Who have come to take me from you, and will wait for you again,  
 When dear Jesus says, "Come higher! Joy receive for grief and pain."

There is something I must tell you ere I go, if you can hear:  
 I shall tell them how I loved you; they can never be more dear;  
 And perhaps they'll let me see you, when you think I'm far away,  
 And will let me guard and guide your steps from evil day by day.

When you pray, I may be listening, and my heart will thrill with joy.  
 If you fall and sin — God help us! — it will crush your darling boy.  
 I shall draw you to me softly, as the angels take me now.  
 So the little voice is silenced, and the stricken mourners bow."

THE INDEPENDENT.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
 JESUS.

THERE is nothing purer, sweeter to look upon than a smiling infant. The poet tenderly sung:

"The angels have need of these holy buds in their gardens so fair;  
 They graft them on immortal stems to bloom forever there."

Earth is the seminary of Heaven — the land where the soul takes root in the material to develop and perfect a more

mature individuality. It is the rudimentary school — the beginning of experiences on the outer verge of the great cycle of life. All infants and children are, of course, still children in the beginning of the resurrection state. They are not angels, but only capable of becoming such. The actual evils of the world, not having been rooted in their tender minds, they are at death taken immediately into the care of good spirits and angels whose ruling desire is a delight in children. They find great peace in the exercise of this loving care, and the discharge of this heavenly duty. They watch and wait for the coming of the little ones, that they may bear them tenderly in their loving arms to the spheres of purity and the schools of the angels.

A few years ago, in a New England village, a little boy lay on his death-bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed, "O mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children, who are beckoning me to them! but there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" After thus expressing himself, he leaned back on his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought, when, once more arousing, and stretching out his little hands, he cried, as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Mother, mother, the man 's come to carry me over the mountain." He was peacefully asleep. The man had indeed come to carry the little one over.

"In the spirit world," says a writer, "I have seen the happy groups of children frolicking, dancing, gathering flowers, listening to music, gaining instruction, and unfolding in beauty and in life. Gleesome sounds burst from their gleesome hearts — sweet lips of affection and the mischievous frolics of the child-heart. But around every child was an aura, or a thread of life, that connected it with earth, so that it was to know where it was born, and to tell each one's parentage. It was forever floating through the spirit atmosphere — the spirit-forces of the parents went upward, and by natural law wound their life around and in their little ones. This life is the result of affections, and if the child is loved but little, then the spirit law has severed the child from this life, since it was by attraction — which is love — that the life of earth followed it away into the spirit world and wound itself about the child of its love. There is no force power but by a natural law of spirit — law of life."

"The spiritual bodies of little children grow transcendently lovely. No human mind can conceive of the beauty and grace of these little ones. No unlovely objects harm them — no frightful disease rends them. They unfold, as in spring the rosebud

opens to the sun, or as the petals of the lily unclose to the light of day. They all bear a semblance, at first, to their natural bodies; but as their souls grow and their spirits shine with the life of their souls, then they appear as their interior, or mind, makes them. The spirit body flows from the natural body. It is composed of its electric, magnetic, and spiritual life, and when first born into spirit life it has the exact form of the natural body. But as the grosser particles of its earthly magnetism are given off, and it becomes purer and truer, higher and holier, then it assumes a form of perfection and beauty. What the soul wills or reveals, that is life and form and substance to the spirit.

"It often occurs that parents pass to the spirit world not long before their children, or perhaps at the same time. Being uninstructed in spiritual things, being ignorant of many, very many of the spiritual laws, they are ill fitted to develop the spiritual life of the child. Therefore, never mourn that you cannot go when your child goes. It has wiser nurses than you — nobler teachers; if it has not more love, yet it has a higher love — the love developed by wisdom."

"The spirits of little children are always magnetized into unconsciousness before death. They are never left to pass away and know the change. Sweetly sleeping, they are borne by the loved ones heavenward, laid upon downy couches, fanned by gentle breezes. Sometimes they sleep for days, for their spirits are tired with the unnatural pains of earth. They awake refreshed, and open their eyes upon the beautiful objects that childhood loves, — the most beautiful flowers, bright colors, and sweetly-singing birds. And when the little one becomes accustomed to its celestial life, and feels the exultation of freedom from pain and weariness, then it is prepared to visit often those who call for it by continual longing. The wishing and longings of the hearts of earth are the spirit voices of earth. You speak your desire when you long earnestly, for your spirit speaks. With loving hands the ministering angel bears these little children back to the homes of earth, that they may feel the warmth of parental love and know the joy of earthly affections. If around the earthly parents or friends there is a healthful spiritual atmosphere, they oftentimes remain days, and with their little voices send to the spirit car of the desolate parents heavenly joy. It is the spirit that must behold them, and without the aid of the external vision the spirit recognizes them. But even when not borne thus, by their life they keep still the link to earth. Is there anything imperfect in the universe of God?"

"Now, let me speak of the office of these little children in spirit life. Their office is twofold — to earth and to heaven. It is only those who have lost children to sight and to sense who can know the longing and wish of love sent thither by the bereaved heart. The mother's whole life — her sense of joy, of hope, of wish — her prayers, her desires, all centred in this object when it passed away. However much of love there was for others, yet then it was not allowed to express itself: it burned about the loved one gone. Is that kind parent's heart to turn from earth to heaven, and be mocked by nothingness. No! The tender life of your child is still with you: you claim it — you must have it. And so the link of that parent's soul, bright, glowing with God's love — for God is love — is made firm to heaven. Can parents forget their child? Can they draw back their hearts from it? No! Upward go their prayers, onward go their aspirations, until those parents live partly on earth and partly in heaven. Their spiritual nature grows; they are less selfish, more tender; they are nearer to heaven for every thought of love sent thither. The father's strong nature rises to a sublimity of hope, and borne to each, from the realm they seek in thought and prayer, come the sweet ministrations that purify and ennoble the heart of man.

And those who feel that they have still to perform the sacred office of love by their own life to their child in heaven must shama into silence every unworthy thought—must ennoble and purify their lives, and must prove themselves worthy so sacred an office.”

“We appeal to you, O reader, in truth, *be perfect, purify yourself, bring yourself into harmony with the divine nature.* Study this law of childhood, of its growth and the influence you have upon it, and you will read God's words. O parents and friends, become holy by becoming spiritual, that you may create beauty and holiness. If you study the laws that unite you to the little ones in heaven, you will read in them only this command: Fit yourselves to be teachers of angel children.”

In that beautiful volume entitled, “*Heaven Opened,*” through the mediumship of F. I. Theobald, London, Eng., we have the history of one who entered the spirit world a child. How sweet the message:

“When I first awoke to spirit life, I was not conscious that I had passed away. I found myself surrounded by all delightful things. Lovely forms were around me, harmonious sounds filled my ears, and all things were beautiful. But beautiful as they presented themselves to me on my first awakening, they were not perceived by my eyes (hardly aroused to the fullness of spirit power) in the very fullness of their beauty. I was not capable of assimilating to my senses the full extent of the grandeur. That comes gradually, and belongs to the training of the spirit. My perceptions were as yet dull; therefore as the idea of fairy land had always been the beau-ideal of all things charming, although I could not put the expression of this beau-ideal in language, still I thought myself to be in fairy land. Nothing else could I think of.” . . .

“Much have we young spirits to be taught. We have regular classes for instruction in all branches of knowledge and science, which is from us given to your earth philosophers. It is all originated here. Most of the human discoveries and signs of progress are taught or inspired into your earth minds from those of us here who are deputed to transmit that especial knowledge. It depends upon the sphere or society of spirits, capable of opening inner communication with the especial man, or medium, what kind of knowledge is taught by that man. He originates little or nothing himself. He may, by his own innate spirit power, expand the germ of knowledge implanted by us from God, but nothing more. As we spirits here are taught, so do we in turn impart our teachings to the imprisoned spirit in the earth body; and thus does God in his goodness cause man to alleviate his own condition.”

“There are vast assemblies of us. We have large pavilion houses dedicated to knowledge. But when we are taught of botany, and of all the wonders of nature in which we live, we go in large companies on many long journeys of exploration. This is truly delightful. The advanced spirits, those who are suited for such, and who desire it, visit various planets in the universe.”

The activity of the love nature in man is a prophecy of the harmonial man. The same Jesus that wept with Martha and Mary at the grave of Lazarus, took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

One of the editors of the *New York Musical Review*, Mr. Bradbury, writing under the inspiration of a father's outgushing love and affliction over the loss of a beautiful child, says:

"Kittie is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came and took her away. She was a lovely child — gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with them any longer. She had an angel sister in heaven waiting for her. The angel sister was with us only a few months, but she has been in heaven many years, and she must have loved Kittie, for everybody loved her. The loveliest flowers are soonest plucked. If a little voice, sweeter and more musical than others, was heard, I know Kittie was near; if my study-door opened so gently and stilly that no sound was heard, I know Kittie was near; if after an hour's quiet play a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, 'so as not to disturb papa,' I knew Kittie was going.

"When in the midst of my composing I heard a gentle voice saying, 'Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be very still,' I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You stayed with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly: and you are too still now. You became my little assistant — my home angel — my youngest and sweetest singing-bird — and I miss the little voice that I have so often heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses; I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed on my forehead, 'to drive away the pain;' I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs; I miss the little knock at my bedroom-door in the morning, and the triple good-night kiss in the evening; I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces; I miss — oh! how I miss the foremost in the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for the first kiss; I miss you at the table and at family worship; I miss your voice in 'I want to be an angel,' for nobody could sing it like you; I miss you in my rides and walks; I miss you in the garden; I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in heaven. 'Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?' When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near. But he did 'truly' come, and the sweet flower is transplanted to a genial clime. 'I do wish papa would come home.' Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be home."

Swedenborg, the clearest seer since Jesus of Syria, and John of Patmos, saw with unsealed eyes the glories of the inner life of the upper courts of Heaven. He observes in his diary:

"I saw a garden constructed not of trees, but of leafy arches, somewhat lofty, with walks and entrance ways, and a virgin walking therein, and also infants five or six years old, who were beautifully clothed. And when she entered, the most exquisite wreaths of garlands of flowers sprang forth over the entrance, and shone with splendor as she approached. I was informed that little infant girls see objects in this manner, that they appear thus to walk and thus to be clothed and to be adorned with new garments according to their perfection. That all this appears to them to the life may be inferred from the fact that such things are suitable to a spirit, who cannot walk on a paved or graveled way, nor possess such gardens as exist on earth, but such things only as *correspond* to the nature of a spirit! It is sufficient that they perceive them as

vividly; yea, more vividly than men perceive similar things in gardens in this world; as I have also perceived them when I have been in spirit, and often at other times, as did the prophets. August 15, 1749."

Death, seen from the mount of Spiritualism, is a poem — a delightful transition that bears our loved ones over the river, but not away from us. Though many of us can not see them, they see us. Our little ones, whose infantile bodies we laid away under the turf where the wild-brier twines, and spring flowers bloom, are with us still. Guardian angels bring them to us. They look into our faces. They listen to our language, and in a measure we are their educators still. Do we not love them; and is not that love mutual? Do we not desire to meet and be with them when the good angel of death beckons us to the thither side of Jordan's peaceful river? Then must we be just and kind, manly and spiritual.

If our lives have been noble and self-sacrificing, our souls will be pure with the purity of the morning; they will be beautiful with the beauty of the evening; they will be lovely with the loveliness of the silvery moonlight; and they will be peaceful with that peace that passeth all understanding; and we shall be prepared to re-clasp the loved ones in our arms, listening to the lute-like words, "Welcome, father! welcome, mother! come with us to our homes — our angel homes of beauty and blessedness."

If death and sleep have been compared to twin brothers, old age has been compared to childhood — once a man, twice a child. The ripening years of "old age are stalls in the cathedral of life in which aged men may sit and listen and meditate and be patient till the service is over, and in which they may get themselves ready to say Amen."

Since the dawn of Spiritualism, the phrase "the silent majority," as applied to the dead, has nearly gone out of use. Though our friends, one by one, singly and alone, have passed on, or continue to emigrate, they are *not* silent. "Being dead," as the apostle says, "they yet speak." And we, in speaking of the dead, should not tell how we *loved*, but how we *love* them. We should cease to talk of them as though they were



not, but rather, should we speak of them as though in our midst. On festal occasions we should set for them the empty chair, put the plate in its accustomed place and the bouquet of flowers upon the board, treasure for a season the little keepsakes, and consciously realize that death, coming like a masked angel, to release them from physical pain, has only removed them from our visible, tangible embrace. Spiritually they are not separated or dissociated from us. Our affections flow into and mingle with theirs still. Though their homes — speaking after the order of earth — may be far away in angel realms, the islands of the blest — guardian angels delight to bring them to us in dreams, and in the visions of the night. Let us try to so live that when the white hand of death is laid upon us, we may go with them up through the spheres to the beautiful island-homes of immortality.

Socrates, in the *Gorgias* (p. 523) tells Callicles to listen to what he believes to be true. "In the days of Cronos," says he, "there was this law respecting the destiny of man: that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the Islands of the Blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil."

"The islands of the blest: they say

The islands of the blest

Are peaceful and happy by night and day,

Far away in the glorious West.

They need not the moon in that land of delight,

They need not the pale, pale star;

The sun, he is bright by day and night

Where the souls of the blessed are.

They till not the ground, they plough not the wave,

They labor not — never! oh, never!

Not a tear do they shed, not a sigh do they heave, —

They are happy forever and ever.

Soft is the breeze, like the evening one,

When the sun has gone to his rest;

And the sky is pure, and clouds there are none,

In the islands of the blest.

The deep, clear sea, in its mazy bed,

Doth garlands of gems unfold;

Not a tree, but it blazes with crowns for the dead,

Even flowers of living gold."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF AARON KNIGHT THROUGH  
THE HELLS INTO HEAVEN.

"I know thee not — I never heard thine earthly voice :  
 Yet, could I choose a friend from all the spheres,  
 Thy spirit high should be my spirit's choice,  
 Thy heart should guide my heart,  
 Thy mind, my mind."

*Q.* How long have you been in spirit-life, Mr. Knight; and what was your condition there after the transition?

*A.* I left your earth-land of darkness from Yorkshire, England, nearly two hundred years since, and my condition, immediately after the change of worlds, was far from being pleasurable or desirable.

*Q.* What were your sensations when fully realizing the change?

*A.* It is difficult to describe them, because of the confusion of thought and the dark, weird strangeness of the situation. I did not live the life I ought to have lived when encased in a mortal body. This added to, if it did not cause the confusion and painful dissatisfaction.

Although my father was a prominent churchman, and my brother, the Rev. James Knight, an English clergyman, I was a materialist and given to intoxicating beverages. Coming to consciousness in spirit-life, I was at first inclined to doubt my existence; at least, I could not realize that my body was dead, and that I was still living in the same shaped yet far more attenuated and etherealized body. Was I dreaming? This could not be, for I saw my body buried, which when done, the attending spirits left me to myself — left me alone.

The atmosphere surrounding me was dark-hued and hazy. It seemed to belong to me, and I said to myself, "How strange, I see no God, no devil, no heaven, no hell; and yet I exist—but oh, so lonely!" Just how long this suspense continued I cannot tell. It is not pleasant, considering the position that I now occupy under the providence of God and His good angels, to reflect back upon it. All learn in our life, if not in yours, that penalties, like shadows, follow us each and all; none can get away from themselves! . . . After lingering for a time in this darkness, and thinking intently upon some of the rollicking associates who passed to what you term spirit-life, before me, they were attracted to me by the psychic law of sympathy, and I joined them in their haunts and engaged in their frivolous pursuits. My spirit-world at this time was the earth-world. Often did I, with others, resort to inns and coffee-houses, and engage with mortals psychologically and sympathetically in games, fox-chasing, hurdle-leaping, and other useless and unprofitable sports. Though nominally in the world of spirits, my affections and thoughts continued upon earthly things. My moral status and tendency of mind barred me away from the heavens of the good and the blest. My home was in the hells: but they were hells not entirely devoid of an inferior kind of pleasure. . . .

Long, weary years rolled away before I made any perceptible progress. I cannot say that I absolutely retrogressed; and yet, quite possibly, I did in some directions, if not as a whole. But be this as it may, remorse would often sting me. I did not find complete rest. The diviner aspirations of my soul would occasionally turn toward the higher and the better. This condition, I think, nearly corresponds to what one of your seers — Swedenborg — called life in the hells. Some in states lower than mine had suffered intense anguish for long periods. They were willful in their blindness. Their environments — dark wastes, barren fields, dismal swamps, gloomy dens, and caves of horror — accorded fully with their internal desires and motives.

It is needless to inform you that I was a long time in the

world of spirits, and earth-bound at that, before I entered the more beautiful *spiritual* world. In the transition to a higher state of happiness, I was aided more especially by my brother, the clergyman, who, when he was dying, laid his thin, pale hand upon my head and blessed me. As I before remarked, I was dissatisfied with my associates; and while apart by myself praying, I saw in the distance—so it seemed to me—a star. Reverently continuing my soul aspirations, the star seemed to approach nearer, and still nearer, expanding till it actually enveloped me in a halo of brightness; and out of this resplendent brightness came before me my brother! It is impossible to express my feelings. His robes almost dazzled me, but his voice was music itself, and his tender words melted me to tears of repentance.

I begged permission to go to his home in the heavens at once. "No," he replied, gently, lovingly; "you can only come to our heavenly home when prepared; but now that you have opened the way by prayer, and aspirations, for a higher life, I can come to you. Call for me, brother, for I still love you with all the warm gushing affections of my soul. Prayer pierces the portals of heaven, and invites the aid of the ministering spirits of God."

Just as my brother—a dear angel now—was about to withdraw from my presence, I assured him that I would forever leave all of my old associates and companions in darkness.

"No," said he in tones sweet and tender, yet decidedly earnest; "that is not the way to reach the heavenly abode of the angels. Go directly to your old associates as a teacher; tell them of your aims and aspirations; tell them, in words of kindness and love, that you have seen your brother from the higher heavens. Plead tenderly with them to become pure and holy. Aid and encourage them. Help, O my brother, help them! for in thus doing you will be helped; and in blessing them you will be thrice blest. This is the Christ-spirit, the love-spirit that pervades our immortal homes."

Often from this onward did my brother come to me. And

thus aided and inspired by him and other noble teachers, I rapidly unfolded until my surroundings are now divinely beautiful, and I am permitted to minister to mortals. . . .

Q. Does home life — do home associations extend beyond mortal life? If so, are they real? Has your home a name?

A. The home associations of earth extend just in the degree that they are harmonial. Erratic members of an earthly family coming into spirit-life, voluntarily separate, each seeking congenial groups and societies. The law of attraction is the governing principle. The family tie, the residence, the furniture, the paintings, and the surroundings, are just as real and substantial to us, and more so if possible, than yours are to you.

I call my home "Pear-Grove Cottage." I was exceedingly fond of pears when upon earth, and this taste, refined and elevated in consonance with the law of development, continues in a degree with me still. The garden reflects my conception of order, symmetry, and beauty. Gardeners cultivate it. They might be called servants, and yet they serve from choice. They are conscious of benefits from being in my society. And I, too, often learn from and serve them. The wisest ones among us are the most childlike.

My residence would be unique and possibly painfully so to you. I have never seen an architectural structure on earth like it. It tends to the curvilinear; it has no sharp angles, but many arching alcoves. Spirits do not construct buildings from spirit-substances by will-power alone. The will can do nothing only as it prompts to action, at least so far as my observation extends. Not only the human form as a whole, but each organ has its diviner uses with us. Mechanical skill and well-directed energies are requisite in the construction of machines, buildings, and towering temples. Our homes, gardens, and libraries, correspond largely to our mental states. I have planted a tree in my garden, and connected it with you magnetically. It may be compared to a kind of mirror, or rather a life-history, upon the leaves of which are regis-

tered your daily deeds. This, though doubtless a mystery to you, is a fact to me.

If I pluck a flower in my garden it withers, unless I will its freshness, and impart to it a life force prompted by my interior love of flowers. You doubtless understand that flowers on earth grow the best for those who love them most. They need sympathy as well as care. . . .

I have seen homes in the higher heavens embowered in flowers and surrounded by velvety lawns; I have seen winding promenades, walks garnished with precious stones, fountains clear as crystal, and bowers of love where artists gather to display their penciled creations, poets to repeat their rhythmic lines of wisdom, and musicians to ravish the soul with the sweetest melodies of heaven. And then, to the contrary, I have seen in the lower spheres of darkness clusters, societies, and cities of moral degradation, in the streets of which undeveloped spirits were engaged in disputations, quarrels, enmities, and pitiful ravings. They delighted to annoy and torture each other — delighted to live, in a measure, their earthly lives over again, and to influence gamblers in their dens, inebriates in their wretched retreats, and debauchees in their haunts of crime. These scenes make angels weep, and I mention them with sadness. And yet the same God is over all, the same influx of life sustains all, and there is hope for all in the future.

*Q.* What are your employments?

*A.* My employments are teaching and being taught. I am never idle. Labor with me is a labor of love, and rest consists in a change from one kind of employment to another. I am constantly exploring new fields, forming new associations, and toiling as best I may to instruct new-comers to spirit life, and impress the inhabitants of earth to walk in the higher ways of truth and wisdom.

*Q.* You deal too much — pardon me — in generalities. Be more pointed; tell me of one scene you have observed — one act that you have done to-day as a spirit?

*A.* If it can be of real service to you and others, I will say

that only a few hours since I saw a lady, not long in spirit life, engaged in needle-work. She had her spirit fabric of delicate texture, her spirit thread and needle. On earth she was a seamstress, excelling others. The finest stitch was her joy and pride there — it is her heaven now, and doubtless will be till she rises above the special tastes of earthly life. . . . Among other acts that I participated in to-day was the selection of a spirit instructor to take in charge and become the immediate guardian of a man who, in one of your southern cities, was executed for the crime of murder. We made choice of a spirit occupying a sphere vastly superior to the criminal's — a spirit who had himself been a murderer, but who through fiery penalties, expiations, and repentance, had advanced to a place sufficiently high to entitle him to hold the guardian care over this unhappy spirit. From his own unfortunate earthly experiences, we deemed him admirably adapted, through the law of sympathy and charity, to act as this spirit's instructor.

Q. What about marriage, and the relation of the sexes in the world of immortality?

A. Often have I told you that this world is, almost to completeness, the counterpart of earth and its inhabitants, consequently social and domestic relations are very similar. Wedded bliss is numbered among the numerous joys that abound in the spiritual world. But marriages in the spheres are not based upon the ceremonial, nor are they for the purpose of procreation and selfish gratification, but rather for social interblendings and the quickening of the spiritual activities. The fervent wish, the glance of the eye, and the soft touch of the hand, give to conjugal souls a divine ecstasy — so they assure *me*. On earth I was called a bachelor, and I remain such yet, if by it is meant individualized singleness relative to connubial life. Still, I consider all things from minutest monads up to the most royal soul-angels to be dual; and I believe men and women to be the two hemispheres of the sphere, and as positives and negatives, corresponding to wisdom and love, they were designed for sacred unions. If

these are based in selfishness, they necessarily terminate sooner or later; but if true and well fitted, the spiritual dominating when on earth, they continue on in our world of spirits. Ancient seers and sages, however, who have summered many thousand years in the heavens, assure me that progressively-inclined spirits so unfold, so approximate the divine, that ultimately their loves become *universal*, the love of each flowing out to all, as the sun shines upon all, and as God's life and love flow into all immortal intelligences.

*Q.* Is life the result of organization?

*A.* Life is not the result of organization, but organization is the result of life; all organisms are the result of life. All organized entities, whether spiritual or material, are secondary to the life-principle within them. Matter and spirit are co-existent and co-equal: one is the passive, the other the active principle in nature. But the God-principle is active to both, and the three constitute a trinity.

*Q.* In the soul's pre-existent state, does it reason out—does it reason about the propriety and wisdom of being incarnated into an earthly body?

*A.* For myself only can I answer. I have no memory of a pre-existent state. If I pre-existed as a human soul in time and space, I have no knowledge of it; therefore I do not know whether there was consciousness within the soul in this state of pre-existence or not, but the class of thinkers in spirit-life who believe in the soul's eternal past teach this: that in that infinite past the soul has been incarnated in external form time and again, swinging like a pendulum from the innermost universe to the outermost, and conversely from the outermost to the innermost, which is the life divine. They teach that the human soul is a part of a connected series in nature, and as such, that it obeys the universal laws of movement, which, as we said, is a continuous vibration between the innermost and outermost, or the subjective and objective poles of universal nature. Whether this be so or not, I have no conscious knowledge. Still, I accept and believe the teachings of those ancients upon this subject. Unless we postulate



the soul's pre-existence, then, according to the laws of thought, the argument for the soul's immortality would be materially weakened.

*Q.* Will all pre-existent spirits ultimately be incarnated into earthly bodies for experience?

*A.* This school of thinkers that I spoke of teach that all human souls pass through these movements. We might also presume as much, since there is nothing in nature which stands still. Inertia is death; activity is life and unfoldment.

*Q.* Did the souls of animals pre-exist, and if so, why should they not have a past existence?

*A.* The higher class of philosophers in spirit-life teach that they did not; that in the purely animal life of this and other planets there are nothing but rudimental conditions and structures, which eventually form a basis for the reception of the human soul. Animals are the green fruit of the planet, never ripened, and which drop from the stem of life's tree before maturity is attained. Their forms are imperfect, and imperfection implies destruction.

*Q.* Spirits generally unite in saying that there are birds and animals in spirit-life; what are your reasons for teaching that they are not individualized?

*A.* I likewise agree with spirits that there are birds, beasts, and insects in the spirit-life, but they do not possess the souls of those that existed in earth-life. There are rocks, trees, and flowers in spirit-land, but they are not the spirits of their concrete correspondence on earth, but they are productions resulting from the action of laws pertaining to the spirit-life. In consequence of imperfect organizations, animals do not survive the dissolution of their material bodies.

In spirit-life the three kingdoms in nature exist much as they do in your material world, and they are the outcome of the same original course. The phenomena of crystallization, of vegetable growth and animal production, are displayed here much after the same manner they are on earth, though upon a higher plane.

*Q.* Does not this involve a loss of individuality?

A. There is a loss of the individuality in one sense perhaps, but no loss of the force that constituted the individual. All these forces are available for assimilation into higher forms of life in consequence of having been used in the lower forms.

Q. How do the fruits, flowers, and general surroundings correspond to those on earth?

A. There is a correspondence, but a higher degree of development, as this is a higher sphere. We have not only types of life similar to those represented on earth, but there is an almost illimitable variety of forms unknown in the earth-life, because a greater variety of conditions exists in the spirit-world, and the law of evolution has a much wider range.

Q. Are plants and animals carried through solid walls into our buildings?

A. It is impossible to give you an understanding of the law, because it involves the chemistry of unparticled substances that constitute the spiritual universe. The spiritual always dominates the material, and the chemistry of the spiritual is entirely superior to the chemistry of the material. Therefore when the chemical potencies and forces of spirit-life are used, they can overcome and set aside for a moment the chemical laws of physical substances. In the earth you have sixty or more primary elements, and their combinations constitute the chemical composition of the globe and all that is thereon. In spirit-life there are more than a thousand of these elementary forms of substance recognized in the chemistry of the spirit, and their combinations are so intricate and far-reaching and beautiful that it requires years of study and the deepest penetration of thought to comprehend them. The phenomena of which you spoke can only be produced by chemists of a high order in spirit-life working through spirits of a lower order who have great physical power and nearness to earth, and by that means they may produce these results. It is impossible to explain to you the method, because you have no analogous experiences. The phenomena known in your chemistry as endosmose and exosmose come nearer to *this than any phenomenon in physical science.*

*Q.* If flowers, birds, &c., are taken from persons in earth-life and brought to spirit séances, is it not a sort of theft?

*A.* In all cases care is observed to take only such things as will be no material loss to others. Flowers bloom by the wayside, and in your winter time the tropics abound in buds and blossoms.

*Q.* Are perverse and wicked spirits ever arbitrarily chained or confined for a season?

*A.* They certainly are, and especially so in the lower spheres. And then they occasionally break away from their surroundings, to follow, haunt, and obsess mortals, sometimes producing sickness and even death. Spirits have the power to heal and the power to make ill. All power reduced or traced to its original source is spirit-power. Low and wicked spirits, as you term them, are frequently guarded by the strong magnetic will of persons in spirit-life superior to them, to prevent their doing wrong to others. Human beings are coming to us continually from the earth-life so freighted with revenge, hatred, malice, and all the bitter passions of humanity, that it is absolutely necessary, on the part of the higher intelligences, to arbitrarily restrain them, because they are totally inexperienced, and in and of themselves not capable of guiding their actions to any good result.

*Q.* Why are spirits so averse to giving their earthly histories, with few exceptions?

*A.* Many persons in spirit-life, when they look back upon their earthly existence, see in it so much that is weak and childish, if not positively revolting, that they do not desire others to look upon it. It is a painful subject to them. But the time comes to all human souls when it is necessary for them to unveil all their earth-life to the clear sunlight of the spirit-world about them, for by so doing they put themselves in accord with their surroundings. Unity cannot exist where there is deception, or hiding of any of the past conditions of life.

*Q.* By what process of reasoning do spirits justify themselves in coming to earth under false names?

A. It is seldom that the higher class of spirits give their names, and the lower being ashamed of their earth-names and earthly life, are prone to assume the names of distinguished personages. Moreover, the fault frequently lies with the medium, who will readily consent to be controlled by a spirit assuming some great name, but who would utterly refuse to work for the same spirit should he assume his real name. There is that degree of self-love in some mediums that must be gratified in order to use them as instruments. It is the fault of the medium almost universally that these false names are assumed. But there is no justification for it at all.

Q. Do you take any interest in the materialization of spirits?

A. I take interest in all classes of manifestations of spirits to mortals, but the more advanced in spirit-life are gradually withdrawing from materializing phenomena, from the fact that they have been usurped by a lower class of spirits, many times controlling and permitting their mediums to present their own faces, hands, and persons under the guise of materialized spirits. But there is a higher law of materialization that has as yet been illustrated in few instances. It is where those grand souls in angel life draw about themselves with the greatest intensity the physical conditions of your atmosphere so as to make themselves visible and tangible to mortal senses. It is only within the power of very few persons in the higher life to use this law; but as the world ripens, and the conditions of the planet become more ethereally balanced, the exhibition of this higher power of materialization will become more frequent, until ultimately there will be complete materializations whenever any important use can be thereby subserved.

Q. Is not a broad, liberal Christian Spiritualism acceptable to the eyes of higher spirits and angels?

A. From my understanding of the word Christian, I would approve of it; but if the word imports a sectarian, arbitrary Spiritualism, I would not. As there is great danger of its being so construed, it would be better to leave all names save the one, Spiritualism. A broad and liberal Spiritualism is

acceptable to the highest angels in the spirit-world, but they do not desire that there should be any creed attached to the universal, such as Spiritualism is. Christian is a sect-name, indicating only one department of human effort in the religious life, and one that is particularly marked by the assumption that it is the only saving one; therefore it is not best to trammel the beautiful word Spiritualism with the shackles of a churchianic name. Although the Christ of the New Testament is behind the spiritual movement of the present time, it is not meet that it should have the Christian title, because the celestial angels would have men come up to that breadth of thought where they can conceive of universal ideas of religion applicable to all time, breathing through all space, bringing to every human being in God's universe the knowledge that the same laws of unitary life are everywhere operating.

Q. Do you approve of this definition of Spiritualism, "To believe in God as the Infinite Spirit Presence of the Universe, to hold conscious communion with spirits and angels, and to live a true, noble, spiritual Christ-like life — *these* constitute a Spiritualist"?

A. I do.

Q. Do you believe it possible for a medium to be disintegrated or dematerialized in cabinets during séances?

A. I reply in the negative. I do not, however, claim to have all knowledge upon this subject. I have never seen a thinking, conscious human being dematerialized; neither have I conversed with an intelligent spirit who has witnessed such a phenomenon. Absolute dematerialization would be death; and after the disintegration of the particles and substances constituting the two bodies, with the severance of the silver cord, there could be, so it seems to me, no restoration. The spiritual man has fled, and could no more return to gather up, and live in the body again, than the freed bird could return to and dwell once more in the crushed shell, or the oak return to its acorn life. This idea of mediumistic dematerialization may have been taught by designing spirits to cover the manifestations which they profess to produce. That flowers

are brought through walls is no violation of the known laws of vital chemistry. I do not speak dogmatically upon this subject, but simply refer to my personal observations and experiences.

*Q.* Are spirits, invisible to the physical eye, photographed in art-galleries, as claimed by some?

*A.* They are, although only under certain circumstances; much of what is presented to the world coming from this direction is but the counterfeit of the genuine. One main argument against this is that "that which is invisible cannot be photographed." This is the view of our own medium, and I am speaking now in opposition to his opinions, as, for illustration, there are certain chemicals, certain gases that are unseen by the physical eye, yet are sufficiently tangible in their intervention between the rays of the sun as to produce an image. The chemical ray is invisible, but the particles of the atmosphere are set in motion by it, and cast a shadow. . . . If you dissolve sulphate of quinia in water, and write with this on a clean white sheet of paper, when it has dried you can see no trace of it, but if you place this before the camera it will appear plainly. There are two methods of spirit photography. In one the spirit stands before the camera, partially materialized, enough so to affect and reflect the chemical ray, which is invisible to the human eye. The other method is where the spirit artist presents the picture directly upon the plate of the photographer without the spirit's presence.

*Q.* In consequence of the impostures practiced in some séances, have not the higher spirits largely abandoned them?

*A.* They have for the time being. And yet through all this imperfection and fraud there will come an understanding of many of those occult laws which unite mortal life to spirit life. We urge you to study these phenomena carefully, and endeavor to eliminate as far as possible the fraudulent from the genuine, for by so doing you will not only ultimately attain to conditions where ancient spirits can materialize, but you can have phenomena or a subdued light of an order different from anything that can be obtained in the light, and

exceedingly useful to those inclined to doubt the reality of spirit existence. A subdued light is almost indispensable for spirit friends who have recently left their mortal for their immortal homes.

Q. Is there not great injury done, leading to obsessions and insanity, by the indiscriminate and promiscuous blendings of mediumistic magnetisms?

A. I reply emphatically in the affirmative. It seems incidental to the present unfolding of mediumistic conditions that this should take place; because mediums themselves do not understand, neither in many cases do the communicating spirits themselves comprehend, the laws involved in their own operations. Hence there is this ill-adapted and inharmonious mixing of mediumistic auras and conditions that often lead to deleterious results. These not only seriously affect the mediums, but occasionally the spirits, who become magnetically chained to them. It sometimes happens that these spirits cannot break the connection that they have persistently established with their mediums. In such cases there should be a united effort between a circle of good, earnest magnetic mortals in earth life, and a similar band of spirits in spirit life, to aid these parties in severing the unwise sympathy so firmly established. Many are too fond of marvelous manifestations. They are given to wonder. Spirit communion is a means, not an end. Better far for mortals to culture and enrich their own spirits than to perpetually seek for strange and astounding marvels!

It should be borne in mind that a large proportion of the insane in the lunatic asylums are persons who are either obsessed by spirits, or sympathetically affected by the discordant conditions which are projected from the lower spheres of spirit-life upon the earth plane. Spiritual séances should be conducted in a quiet and orderly manner. They should be opened by invocations and prayers, and the end sought should be moral growth and divine use.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RED MAN'S TESTIMONY.

*Powhattan's Spirit Home, through the Mediumship of  
Dr. E. C. Dunn.*

"Out spake the patriarch gray and old;  
The love of war in his heart was cold:  
'I heard in midnight's whispering breeze,  
In the low murmuring of the trees,  
And in the war-bird's chastened cry,  
A mighty voice from yonder sky:  
'Man lives but once,' the Spirit said;  
'Pale Face is brother to the Red.'  
Bury the hatchet,  
Bury it low;  
Under the greensward,  
Under the snow.'"

I DO not know the origin of the Indian races. Pale-faced spirits do not think alike about it. Indian himself thinks that many millions of moons ago they lived in northern and eastern countries—what you call Asia. They came to this country on dry land. They found tribes and races here, and many wars followed. They had no books, as white men have, but they cut their histories on rocks, and retained them in legends. My ancestors, as you would call them, were more agricultural than hunting tribes. They raised corn and a kind of wild rice. The chief was the father of his tribe. He did *not* have many squaws. The pale-faced man does not tell the truth about this. He only took care of the old and the poor squaws. Each Indian owned the ground he cultivated while cultivating it. When he stopped doing this, the land belonged to the tribe again. Some tribes burned their dead; others put them up into trees, to be wasted by the



elements; and others still buried them in a sitting position, with their blankets, shells, war-clubs, and corn to feed them, as they started for the heavenly hunting-grounds. . . .

They had a sacred and secret language, known only to chiefs and medicine-men. Their history was largely in this language. The symbols of serpents, birds, insects, curves, angles, and hieroglyphical characters, are mere representatives of this language. Wars, in those ancient times, were very few, because war councils were arbitrations, and wise chiefs sought to avoid wars with other tribes. . . .

*Q.* Powhattan, tell me what you are doing these days, and describe to me your spirit home?

*A.* Indian has not been visiting, has not been idle, has not been talking; — pale-faces talk too much. I have been away toward the sunset, where the red man is on the war-path — have been there to counsel peace; have been there to receive the spirits of red men killed by the pale-faces, and to keep them from returning to injure those who injured them.

*Q.* Will not our armies in the West soon conquer all the Indian tribes?

*A.* *Never!* Indians are never conquered when they fight for the right — when they fight for their lands, for their homes, and for the graves of their fathers. No; they will be exterminated, but conquered — never! Indians are not afraid to die — they are not children — they do not whine when shot down by white men; for they know they go to the hunting-grounds of their fathers.

*Q.* Powhattan, describe your spirit home, the direction you take towards it when you leave the medium. If you cannot convey your ideas fully in our language, get the spirit Aaron Knight to assist you; he is very kind, as you know.

*A.* Knight spirit is here. Indians are the children of nature. They were guided on earth by the sun, moon, and stars. They were keen observers. The sun was to us a symbol of the Great Spirit. We follow the setting sun. The sun is the Indian; the moon is the squaw; the stars

are their children, and the fixed stars the warriors. We continue to be Indians in the spirit world. We mingle with white spirits, and many of our blankets and robes are whiter than theirs. I was a chief on earth, and I took my hate of the white man with me to spirit life. I would not see him for a long, long time. But once I went with an old and brighter Indian spirit than I was, where there was a peace council, where there was white men in it; one of these, William Penn, in shining dress, and a sunshine face, came to me with a white plume in his hand. He said he loved the Indian, and he put his lips on my forehead. I turned round and wept, for I was too proud to have him see my tears. I loved this white spirit—he made my heart soft. I love all the pale-faced spirits now, and that is why I come to do them good.

When I leave this medium, I go westward, up, and away in the distance, to my spirit home. I am a chief there now, but the Indians stay with me because they love me, and like my counsels to them. In our spirit world there is one chief—the Great Spirit Chief over all. We do not see him, but we feel him. . . .

But you ask about my spirit home, and the way I go to get there. I go almost as quick as you think—and go first to a big forest of stately trees, the homes of beavers and squirrels and birds. In this forest, with its open spots here and there, herds of buffaloes, flocks of deer, elks, and light-footed gazelles sport without being interrupted by bush or prickly bramble. The silky grass that grows beneath the branches, ever green and nutritious, feeds the game that roams the forest. Deep-flowing streams of water, rolling through woodlands, bounding over precipices, leaping down dizzy heights, and dashing on rocks below, are broken into spray that, rising on the balmy air, and floating like perpetual showers, keep fresh and green the leaves and grasses and flowers, that grow in the forest wilds of the red man's home.

Upon a mossy bank, near the shore of Crystal River, and in full view of an ever murmuring waterfall, stands the

wigwam of Powhattan. The background is built up of towering mountains, dotted with springs and rills and majestic trees, the waving branches of which make music in the Indian's home. His wigwam, cone-shaped, and made of substances corresponding to furs, is constructed around a monster oak. His carpet, in appearance, is made of the skins of birds of golden plumage. His bed, for repose and reflection, is of softest down. His weapons of warfare hang upon the wigwam's outer side, as relics of the almost forgotten past. His books are the trees, the mountains, and the sailing clouds. His council-fires are the fires of peace, and they burn perpetually upon the altar of his soul. The incense that arises therefrom is love to the Great Spirit, and love to all the tribes and races of humanity. The deer and the wild game that were once his prey, are now his companions and his friends. The war-paint was long ago washed away from his calm sunlit face. His crimson war-feathers were changed to plumes of crystal whiteness. His flexible bow was unstrung, and the untamed, untutored Indian of the forest, no longer a savage, has become a lover of humanity, and a trustworthy healer and teacher in earth and spirit life.

*Nellie, a little Indian Girl's Quaint Description of her Home and Employments, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd.*

I'm glad to come and talk to a preaching man with silver tongue. I shall meet you when you come up top, and will help cover your chair with pretty flowers. All the good things you say and do send up material for us to use. Sometimes when you speak, such big spirits come that they scare me and almost cover me up. I came up to this top-world when I was four years old. I can't remember much that happened just after I was dead, but I know that I talked to my mother, and she would not answer me. Everything looked so strange. I saw a little girl lying on the big mat that looked like me; but she would not speak nor move, and I did not understand why they stood and cried over her, and

called her Nellie; and then I cried, and kept crying till a beautiful lady came, and taking me in her white arms through the clouds, we came to a nice garden where lots of little children were playing. Among these happy children was one lady dressed in pure white. They said her name was Josephine; and she wore a crown in your world, which up here she called a cross. She was trying, they told me, to throw it off by doing good to everybody. She taught the children to sing:

"If the crown you would wear, the cross you must bear."

But crowns up here don't mean what your queens wear, but crowns of virtue and love. Everything was pretty here, but I did not feel happy till grandpa came. He took me in his arms and bore me to a lovely garden, which had a beautiful house in it, filled with flowers, books, statues, and everything to please children. There was music here, too; and some of the great spirits came and looked at my face and head, and said I had the mark of the messenger. I have since learned that they were examining me and consulting what mission I was best designed to fulfil. They brought me to this lady medium, taught me how to put my mind upon her and control her; and ever since I have been the spirit-messenger for her band.

I've only been up in this top-world a few years. I live in a pleasant house, which mamma calls "Fairview." Other spirits call it "Mount Peaceful." I did not make the house, and nobody builds them here as you do in your world. They tell me that good deeds form the building materials; but I cannot understand that. Little delicate vines creep all over the house that I live in. The room that I like best opens on to the lawn, which slopes down towards the lake. Near the lake is a bubbling fountain. It looks like a big tulip, with a big bird in the center; and though the water covers the bird, it shines just as bright as the sun. We Indians call this lake Wa-te-ma, and it means truth. We sail on this lake, and the fish come up to our hands and let us pet them. . . . They call me the messenger girl, and my work is to take spirits

from the earth, and sometimes return with them when they can't find the way. I carry messages from the medium's band of spirits to other spirits. I have been with great spirits to the spirits in prison, and I tried to carry them sunshine and light; and I told them how bright it was where I lived; and I've tried to help them come up and see our lake and flowers and the blue skies. I can tell the bad spirits by the dark light around them. Do you know, Papa Peebles, that there's no darkness in my country? It is more like the soft bright moonlight than like your sun. We have our times of rest, but we keep thinking while we're resting. On our trees there are fruits ripe and unripe at the same time, and the flowers that bloom do not die as yours do. I can't explain things to you as I want to. All the big Indians love you, papa, very much, because you talk good words about them, and call them your "red brothers." One tall Indian spirit, wearing a shining blanket, is now by you; he says he long ago washed the war-paint off from his face, broke his arrows, unstrung his bow, and put white feathers in his hair. He is a peace Indian, and when he is not with you to keep you well and strong, he is with the Indians and the white men, away off towards the sun-set, trying to make them love one another and be happy. But I must go. When you come up top, I will have on my best shining blankets and be there to meet you.

*Coacoochee, and his Description of his Spirit Sister's Appearance.*

"My sister died suddenly. I was on a bear hunt, and seated by my camp-fire alone. I heard a strange noise. It was something like a voice which told me to go to her. The camp was some distance, but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy. The wolves howled around me as I went from hammock to hammock. Sounds often came to my ear; I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached her camp; she was dead.

"When hunting some time after with my brother Otalkee, I sat alone by the side of a large oak. In the moss hanging over me I heard strange sounds. I tried to sleep, but could not. I felt myself moving, and thought I went far above to a new country, where all was bright and happy. I saw clear water, ponds, rivers, and prairies, on which the sun never sets. All was green; the grass grew high, and the deer stood in the midst of it looking at me. I then saw a small white cloud approaching, and when just before me, out of it came my twin sister, dressed in white, and covered with bright silver ornaments. Her black hair, which I had often braided, hung down

her back. She clasped me around the neck and said, 'Coacoochee, Coacoochee.' I shook with fear. I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads; in the other she held a cup sparkling with pure water, which she said came from the spring of the Great Spirit, and if I would drink from it, I should return and live with her for ever.

"As I drank she sang the peace song of the Seminoles and danced around me. She had silver bells on her feet, which made a loud noise. Taking from her bosom something, I know not what, she laid it before me, when a bright light streamed far above us. She then took me by the hand and said, "All is peace." I wanted to ask for others, but she shook her head, moved her hand, stepped into the cloud, and was gone! The fire she had made had not gone out. All was silent. I was sorry that I could not have said more to her. I felt myself sinking until I came to the earth, where I met my brother Otalkee. He had been seeking me, and was alarmed at my absence; having found my rifle where he last saw me asleep. I told him where I had been, and showed him the beads. These beads were stolen from me when I was in prison at St. Augustine. At certain periods of the moon, when I had these beads, I could see the spirit of my sister. I may be buried in the earth, or sunk in the water, but I shall go to her and live with her. Game is abundant there, and there the white man is never seen. . . .

"I did not love the white man when in my body. He was my enemy. He wanted our lands. He deceived us. He killed our papposes, and ploughed up the graves of our fathers. I never wanted to see him in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit, where my sister had gone, and where I am going. But I've changed my mind now—all white men were not like the pale-faces that made war upon the Seminoles. There were some good white men. I have met them in my spirit home. I have taken them into my canoe, and borne them over the lakes; and I have come back with them to the earth to help them control and do good to the white men. I love them now, and try to forget all the wrongs they did to us. I've met my sister. Her blankets are shining as gold, and her rings and her shells are as bright as the sun. I am a messenger now, and am happy in doing good to everybody."

*Materialization of Indian Spirits: A Communication from  
G. T. Sproat, a Shaker.*

"Ke-che Be-zhe-kee, or Big Buffalo, as he was called by the Americans, was at that time chief of that band of Ojibway Indians who dwell on the southwest shores of Lake Superior, and were best known by the name of the 'Lake Indians.' He was wise and sagacious in council, a great orator, and was much revered by the Indians for his supposed intercourse with the Man-i-toes, or spirits, from whom they believed he derived much of his eloquence and wisdom in governing the affairs of the tribe.

"In the summer of 1836, his only son, a young man of rare promise, suddenly sickened and died. The old chief was almost inconsolable for his loss, and, as a token of his affection for his son, had him dressed and laid in the grave in the same military coat, together with the sword and epaulets, which he had received a few months before as a present from the Great Father at Washington. He also had placed beside him his favorite dog, to be his companion on his journey to the land of souls.

"One morning, a few months after his death, the old chief came to my wigwam, his step light and elastic like a child's, his form erect, and his face lighted up as if he had just received some new and joyful intelligence.

"'I have seen him,' he said; 'I have seen him whom we mourned as dead! I have seen him, and he is still alive!' 'Seen him! when?' I asked. 'Yesterday, in the Me-ta-wa (sacred dance). We were all assembled together in the great dancing-lodge of

the chiefs, to worship before the Great Spirit, and On-wi came there and joined us.' 'What! in your dance before the Great Spirit? Did you speak to him?' 'We did; and he spoke to us.' 'What did he say?' 'He said it was weakness for us to mourn for him. He had gone to the happy hunting-grounds, far better than these on the cold shores of the lake. He mentioned some of those whom he had seen, particularly Man-i-bo-zho and Ah-ke-wain-ze, who had welcomed him there.' 'Did he join with you in the dance?' 'He did. We all danced before the Great Spirit. On-wi danced with us. His step was light as a fawn's; his face was bright as the sky overhead. I wish you could have seen him. It made our hearts glad and joyful as the birds in spring. After the dance we all sat down and smoked the pipe of peace together.' 'But how do you know it was On-wi whom you saw? May it not have been some one of the tribe who counterfeited him, with his face painted, with the sacred emblems which you wear in the dance?' 'Did I not mark his form, his features, his every look? Was he not dressed in the very coat I gave him, a present from the Great Father at Washington? Who else in all the tribe has a coat like that? How then could I be deceived?' 'And you — every one of you — saw him?' 'Every one of us. Ask the aged men, and they will tell you. The wisest men of the tribe were there. Could they, too, be deceived? Have they got eyes, and do not see straight forward? Have they got ears, and do not hear what is spoken to them? Ask them, and they will tell you the truth. Their tongues are not hung in the middle, speaking lies at both ends, like the pale-faces. The toes of their feet do not turn outward, so that they walk two ways at once, like them. They keep straight forward in the path. Ask them, and they will tell you the truth.'

"I *did* ask them, and heard from them the same report brought to me by the old chief concerning his son. For many days it was the theme of conversation in every wigwam of the camp. The old men spoke of it in an undertone, with their heads bowed as if in reverence; and one day, while walking through the camp, I saw Wah-chus-co, the great seer of the tribe, standing amidst a group of earnest listeners, and, with a great burst of eloquence, telling them how Ke-che Man-i-to made the two worlds round, like the sun, for so the spirits had taught him; and taking a piece of birch bark, and drawing on it two spheres touching each other, he pictured to them whole bands of joyous spirits passing from one to the other, thus bringing together the inhabitants of the seen and unseen worlds."

"Here bring the last gifts! and with these  
The last lament be said;  
Let all that please and yet may please  
Be buried with the dead.

The paint that warriors love to use,  
Place here within his hand,  
That he may shine with ruddy hues  
Amid the spirit land."

## CHAPTER XIII.

EVIL SPIRITS, THEIR PLANS, THEIR DOINGS, AND THEIR  
DESTINIES.

"For they are the spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth."

REV. xvi. 14.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

JOHN'S EPISTLE.

"I have been permitted to look into the Hells and see what kind of places they are. Some appear like holes in rocks; others, like coverts of wild beasts in woods; and others, like vaulted caverns and hidden chambers, such as are seen in mines. In some Hells there appear rude cottages, which in some places form lanes and streets. Within the houses infernal spirits engage in perpetual brawls, in blows, and butchery, while the streets are infested with robbers. . . . The Hells abound in foul smells, cadaverous, stercoraceous, noxious, and putrid, in which evil spirits dwell, as do some animals, in rank odors. Several times I have been let down into Hell, that I might witness the torment there. For my safety I was, as it were, surrounded by a column of Angelic Spirits, which I perceived as a wall of brass. Whilst there, I heard miserable lamentations; they were in a state of despair, saying they believed their torments would be for ever. It was granted me to comfort them."

SWEDENBORG.

STRIPPED of staff and scrip, relieved of all externals, we enter the future state of existence the real men and women we *are*, bearing with us the plans, purposes, achievements, and deeds done as records. Dropping the earthly garment does not change moral character. Sin is deeper than the epidermis. A night's sleep does not transform the sinful into angels, nor does a walk through a college make a philosopher of a boor.

William Denton wisely said: "The miser returns cursing the fatal appetite which binds him in the metallic chain forged by his own avarice; the sensualist lives in the agonizing retrospect of lost delights, for which the nature of spiritual existence furnishes no satisfaction."



A. J. Davis, in his "Diakka," admits that there are spirits "morally deficient and affectionally unclean;" that their chief business in this world is "jugglery and trickery, witecisms, invariably victimizing others; secretly tormenting mediums, causing them to exaggerate in speech and to falsify by acts; unlocking and unbolting the street-doors of your bosom and memory, pointing your feet into wrong paths, and far more."

It is not to be denied that a few spiritualists — and their numbers are growing fewer, and their shadows less — contend that no evil extends beyond this life, thus making death a sieve, sifting out all gross substances, and virtually transforming depravity into purity in the twinkling of an eye. The idea is more pleasant than truthful. If there are evil-minded men, living and dying such, there must necessarily be evil-minded spirits.

Facts, as related to mediumship, prove the existence of evil spirits. The logic of the matter stands thus: Good presupposes evil as the affirmative does the negative, as the thesis does the antithesis. And evil is the direct opposite of good, apostasy from it, and deserves disciplinary punishment. . . . A band of brigands organize, elect a head officer — a king — as in the mountain fastnesses of Greece, Italy, or Spain. This becomes a kingdom of evil, diffusing a deleterious moral malaria. And so are there similar kingdoms and principalities in the spirit-world. The mediumistic Paul referred to these when he wrote: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against wicked spirits in high places."

The late William Howitt, after referring to the experiences of the spirit Hornung in these words:

"I am still living in total darkness, and never see any light except when I am allowed to come to you, and on my journey catch glimpses of the sunny light of happier regions, and hear the voices and songs of their happier inhabitants." She confessed that she was the spirit of a lady of notorious life and character, formerly well known at Vienna, and was then suffering the necessary consequences of her self-induced moral degradation,"— says: "We ourselves \* had various unhappy spirits who presented them-

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\* William Howitt, it is well known, was a drawing and writing medium.

selves at our domestic *séances* some years ago, who declared that they were living in a region of darkness, desolation, and loneliness. They uniformly declined to reveal their names, adding that they were wholly unknown to us. We asked them what induced them to come to us; and they often replied that they chanced to be passing, saw a light, and came in, curious to see what was doing. Sometimes these spirits were possessed of an idea that they had irrevocably by their crimes lost the favor of God, and it was most difficult to induce them to think otherwise; though we reminded them of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and of the assurance of Jesus Christ that whoever came to Him He would in no wise cast out. Sometimes they refused to be prayed for, saying that it was of no use, and that in fact, wretched as they were, they did not wish to change. Others, however, professed to feel better for our sympathy and counsels, and came again and again, declaring themselves progressively happier.

"On one of the last of these occasions, whilst in England, a spirit unknown, and declining to give his name, said that he would relate to us his first experience in the spirit-world. He said that he found himself with a number of others in utter darkness, cold, hungry, and most miserable. In endeavoring to advance, he and his companions found their progress obstructed by a massive and lofty wall. They felt along it, to discover some door or passage through it, but could find none, though they continued their search to a great distance. At length, in despair, they shouted to make some one hear them, but for a long time received no answer but a dreary and hollow echo. All else was silent, dead, a vacancy, and most terrible negation. They then burst into cries of desperation and despair, when at length a voice demanded who they were and what they wanted. They replied that they were newly-disembodied spirits, who were perishing with cold, starvation, and nakedness. The response was, 'You lived selfish lives — lived for yourselves. You felt no thankfulness to God, nor did you cherish in your hearts true love for your fellow-men. As you were an adamant wall to humanity, an adamant wall now rises inexorably before you, cutting off all admission to more favorable regions.'

"This terrible announcement struck them down like dead men. They bewailed themselves bitterly, and cried for mercy and pardon, when at length a voice exclaimed, 'Arise,' and a strong hand was put forth from the darkness, and the apparently impassable wall gave way to that mighty hand, and they found themselves in a dusky, and, as it were, cimmerian meadow, where friendly beings clothed and fed them, and told them that now they were on the open highway of the great pilgrimage of eternity, and must advance, grow purer, and enjoy according to their own exertions, to the obedience to their spiritual guides, to the prayerful love they exercised toward the great Father, to the law of Christ, and to the love of the neighbor."

The Rev. F. R. Young, minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon, England, observes:

"On Monday afternoon, December 23d, 1872, I was reading the *Standard* report of Mr. Gladstone's speech, delivered at Liverpool on the previous Saturday, and commenting upon portions of it in the presence of two members of my family circle, Mrs. Wreford and her daughter. Suddenly, and while in the act of making my comments, I began to feel extremely faint from what I thought to be the heat of the room, and desired that the window might be opened for the ingress of fresh air. I also went from the fireplace to the open window, hoping that in a few minutes the feeling of faintness might pass away. Very shortly after this change I was entranced, and slid off the chair on to the floor, in a kneeling position, and then began to crawl on hands and knees, very slowly, groping about like a person might who was in the dark and trying to find his way through it. While in this position, and watched eagerly by

those present, a spirit began to utter through me certain lines of verse, which were taken down in short hand at the time. 'Sulting,' as Shakspeare says, 'the action to the word and the word to the action,' the spirit began as follows, every word being illustrated by the movements my body made :

'I wander on — I wander far,  
 No light of sun — no blink of star;  
 I wander on — no voice I hear,  
 No word to guide, but all is drear;  
 I wander on, 'mid darkness deep,  
 No hand to touch, no rest, no sleep.  
 O heart, so foul and full of sin:  
 Without — without — and not within!  
 I *might* have been "within" the gate,  
 But scoffed and scowled, till all too late;  
 I heard a voice, a voice for years,  
 I turned away — no hope appears;  
 I wander on, — where *shall* I go?  
 I say "this way," — a voice says "No!"  
 I wander on — I cry with pain,  
 I ne'er shall hear *that* voice again,  
 The voice of pity, power, and love,  
 The voice on earth of God above.  
 I wander on, and stumble — fall:  
 And all is gone, for ever — all:  
 O sisters, brothers, in the land below,  
 If I *could* tell you all I know;  
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
 How *can* I cleanse you, filthy heart?  
 I *can not* wander — I *must* stay,  
 And wait the beams of brighter day.

Perhaps some angel hears my word,  
 And may be sent here by its Lord  
 To pick up *me*, to guide *my* feet,  
 And bring my wandering steps to meet,' &c.

"At this point I think the spirit's own mention of the word 'Angel,' must have suggested to her mind the fact that she had at some time in the past been herself called an 'Angel,' and the contrast between the real angelic character and her own was at once felt to be so striking that she burst out into the following disclaimer :

"An angel? no, a woman fell,  
 Who dragged her dupes the road to hell,  
 With words all bland, with smiles and tears,  
 With laughter, shouts; with hopes and fears;  
 They paid me well — they did their deed —  
 They paid on garbage foul to feed:  
 I know it now — I see it all;  
 And here I am, no voice to call, —  
 No voice to say, "Reach forth thy hand,  
 A guide is here to Spirit-land!"  
 I wander on — all dark and foul,

Begrimed — a hated, spotted soul:  
 The sin was mine and only mine:  
 I died and gave the world no sign;  
 I died, to live — I lived to know  
 The meaning of a *spirit's woe*."

"I myself saw no vision; nor was I aware, until I had come out of the trance, of what had transpired, and then only by being told. My friends saw and heard me, and me only; but under abnormal conditions such as, generally speaking, they had seen over and over again, on previous occasions. The facts, as I apprehend them, were that a spirit spoke through me, using my organs."

"The momentous lesson here taught is, that, beyond all possibility of cavil, the eternal order reigns supreme in all worlds, — that compensation cannot be escaped; that 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;' that not what we have, or where we are, is the great matter, but *what* we are; and that however 'case-hardened' a spirit may be on this side of the 'border-land,' the time must come, sooner or later, when that spirit will realize its own condition, and its own surroundings."

*John Jacob Astor's Lament, through the Mediumship of the late Mrs. Conant.*

"Gold is one of the strongest ties which binds men to earth! and if I were on earth again, I would not be the owner of gold. I would rather take the chance of the beggar than that of the rich man. I would rather be cradled in sorrow on earth, for then I should better appreciate the joys of heaven. And as all men sin, so all men must be punished; and I had rather receive my punishment on earth than in the land where we all hope for happiness. Yes, yes, I would rather be a Lazarus, — much rather; and could I be again transported to earth, could I again animate a material form, I would pray that God would give me the surroundings of a Lazarus, rather than the surroundings of a rich man. When the rich man finds death at his door, he fears to leave his real happiness for the imaginary — for that he knows nothing of; but when the poor man dies, he says, 'I have nothing here to bind me; my chance is equally good in the Land of Spirits.' A few years ago I walked upon earth; I animated a form like yours. I handled much gold and silver, and coming in contact with the same — a hard material substance — it served only to harden my nature, and fix a partition between me and my God. Now I am standing upon a barren waste, unclad, and I hear the passer-by exclaiming, 'You had your good things on earth — now you must have your evil things!' It is well, and I will be content.

"All things that went to make up my sum of happiness on earth are denied me in heaven; and although I dwell in heaven, I partake not of its glories, for each individual forms his own heaven or his hell. Heaven may be within me, above me, around me, and yet not of me. I may not be happy, although others may be happy around me. How long I am to remain so, I know not. I know, however, that He who judges righteously will not judge me harshly. All I know is, I had wealth on earth, and that I would rather have had it in heaven, than where I am known no more. I am visited by those who bore earthly relation to me, ay, by those who were poor on earth, and now they are rich; I find them clad in heaven's own glorious habiliments; they seek to encourage me, they strive to aid me; they tell me my suffering will ultimately end, and bid me be of good cheer; while I sit and murmur, they are praising God. Oh, sad, unhappy fate! when shall I find Him whom I so much wish to see? — Him, the God of the rich man and the poor? When shall I dwell in that

happy circle in which He dwells? Man's time on earth is fleeting as a mid-summer's day—fleeting—fast moving away; but man's spirit-existence is eternal. Who would not rather stand in earth on the plane of poverty, than stand on the rich man's eminence? Who, of all those who have passed on to know of better things, to take his share, would return to earth? Not one, not one!

"I say the rich, dwelling here on earth, have hearts like adamant—gold renders them so. Oh, then, ye rich men of earth, scatter your gold to the four winds of heaven, if ye would be happy hereafter. It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven—I know it. I laid up my treasures on earth; the moth came, the rust corrupted, the thieves broke through and stole, and I am poor in the Spirit-world; corrupted are my treasures in heaven! Oh, I would to God I had never made the acquaintance of gold. Months ago I was told that it would benefit me to come to earth; but my spirit loathed earth and its inhabitants, for there commenced my unhappiness; there was sown the seed which now is a tree of evil, covering me with its deadly shade; and I did not wish to return, for it was a cross too heavy for me to bear up the hill—a thorn too sharp for me to cast into my soul. But now I am happy I have come—it is one cross taken up. Oh, I would to God they were all laid upon my shoulder, for I think now I could bear them well.

"Oh, I see glimmering in the distance a most beautiful star!—can it be she who passed on in infancy? They tell me it is so. Oh! why do they come to torment me—to show their light, while I have none? Oh, He who judges rightly will do well. Let them come; mayhap I shall be able to follow them where they lead; mayhap my hell is ended! Yes, yes, the angel before me passed from my sight in infancy—ere the shadows of earth fell upon her spirit, ere the cold winds of earth blew upon it, she was called for, and now she comes with purity, with words of hope to cheer me on. It is well. I am told, in taking up this cross, I shall pass the gulf which separates us; I am told my cup of sorrow has filled, and pleasure is to come. Oh, may I have enough to scatter among the children of earth! Oh! what shall I say to them now? To the rich man I say, 'Cast from thee thy riches;' to the poor man, 'Pray God that wealth may never enter your dwellings.'"

Judge Edmonds, being "in the spirit," as was John of Patmos, saw the following vision, revealing the sad condition of one groping in the spheres of darkness:

"It was a vast country that was before me. I saw to an immense distance. It was peopled by great numbers. Some parts were darker than others, and some of an ink-like blackness. There was a great variety of shade to the atmosphere from a light-gray to black. I had seen the same variety in the happy spheres; only there it was a variety of light, here it was a variety of darkness.

"I approached one of those black spots, and there, in a miserable hovel, was a human being. He was ghastly, thin, haggard—almost a skeleton. He knew no means of escape from that dark habitation, where he was all alone. The most violent of human passions were raging in him, and he was ever walking back and forth, like a chained tiger chafing in his cage.

"There was a little light in that habitation of his, but it was an awful one. It was the red, flame-like light of his own eyes. They were open and staring like burning coals, with a black spot in their center, and were constantly straining to see something—the darkness was so horrible to him! He had no companion but his own hatred and the memory of the evil past.

"He paused once in a while in his walk, raising his clenched hand above his head, and cursed his Maker that ever he created him. He cursed also the false teachers, who had pretended to tell him the consequences of a life of sin, and yet knew so little of them. They had told him of a hell of fire and brimstone only, and he knew that when he died, casting off his material garb, such a hell could have no effect upon him. He knew that such a hell was impossible. He therefore laughed the idea to scorn, and, dreaming of no other, he believed there was none. Now, waking to the reality of a hell far worse than had ever been painted to him, he cursed God and man that he had been left alone to dare its torments—that he had been left in ignorance of what must follow the indulgence of the material passions to which he had given up his whole life.

"If you could have seen the agony that was painted on his face, the despair and hatred that spoke in every lineament, the desperate passion that swelled every muscle, and the horrible fear that stole over him of what further, or worse, might ensue from his daring defiance of God, you would have shuddered and recoiled from the sight; and what aggravated all this suffering was his ignorance that there was any redemption for him, and the belief that it was for ever! . . . .

"He clasped his hands together over his head with a gesture of mute despair, and standing thus a few moments he cried, 'Oh, for annihilation!' If you could have heard the tone in which that imprecation was uttered, you could have formed an idea of 'the torments of the damned.' He had worked himself into a frightful paroxysm of passion. He had thrown himself prostrate, and there groveling in the dirt and writhing in agony, he howled like the most furious maniac that bedlam's worst cell ever saw. At length, from sheer exhaustion, he was still. His physical powers could go no farther, but the worm of his memory of the past, which never dies, was but the more active because of the cessation of the external effort; and now, as he thus lay prostrate and exhausted, solitary and in utter darkness, all the evil deeds of his life on earth chased each other through his memory, sporting with his agony, and faithfully performing their terrible duty of retribution."

*The Spirit Stewart's Exploration of the Hells, through the Mediumship of Thomas Walker.*

"The spirit-world, almost measureless in extent, has actual localities, as well as conditions, where sympathizing spirits meet. A higher spirit may visit the lower spheres, but the reverse is impossible.

"Leaving our beautiful spirit home, crossing Angel Lake, and descending a deep decline, we come to a sluggish rolling river at the foot of the hills of Eternal Sorrow. Then ascending a mountain, and standing upon one of its loftiest peaks, we look behind, observing Angel Lake nearly a hundred miles in the distance, appearing a bright and luminous star-point upon the horizon, with broad intervening valleys.

"Turning our attention to what is before us, we see in the widened distance a misty darkness, and as we descend in an

opposite direction from which we came, the darkness becomes more and more intensified. There is no vegetation, no sparkling rivers nor smiling lakes. As we pass on, coming to the base of a range of hills, rising and crossing them, the harsh cries, and the hoarse agonies that appall the soul, reveal the fact that we are in the neighborhood of dark and undeveloped spirits.

“ We stand for a moment — for there are twelve in our party — to mature plans for the thorough investigation of these cities of strife. We each take a separate path, leading to different portions, I having the most direct route assigned to me. I walk steadily, thoughtfully along, the darkness fading into a lurid, dusky, phosphorescent light, until I come to a huge cavern, around which are fierce reptiles, crawling lizards, and slimy serpents, winding around each other as though in fond embraces. In the atmosphere are vultures, black and dismal — everything is terribly repulsive !

“ Reflecting for a few moments before entering the cavern for investigation, we come to the conclusion that these fierce, loathsome, and horrid creatures are the natural outbirths of just such dismal localities as this. Descending beneath the overarching ceiling, we discover a capacious, vault-like room, where reside two women and one man. Inquiring, we are informed that the two women, in a quarrel about the man, and their social relations with him, had, while on earth, murdered each other, the one dying immediately, the other living a few days to rave in anger. The vile man soon after committed suicide ! In malice, hate, and strife they lived on earth, and dying in strife they were borne into the spirit-world ; hence their home is in the City of Strife ! And as if to remind them of their past deeds, pictured streams of blood seemingly roll down the sides of the deep black walls of their dismal abode !

“ In relating the sad story to us they occasionally quarrel, accusing each other, and moaning in spirit ; and as they do this, the reptiles and animals, so demon-like without, mock them, and ghastly, bat-like creatures screech in dismal dis-

ords that echo through the cave-chambers. Here these persons are doomed to remain till by punishment, by penance, by repentance and active deeds of reparation, they shall make amends for the past.

“Leaving the cavern by its only entrance, we find ourselves once more in the more free but impure atmosphere. We have no great distance to go before we come upon a cluster of wretched huts. Their exteriors are coarse and painful to behold, and their interiors are in perfect correspondence. Insects and lizards are also here, and the denizens of the air are pouring out their jarring discords. The occupants of these squalid homes are of the same quarrelsome nature as the one we have just left.

“The City of Strife is justly named

*Horror's Camp!*

“Traveling on our winding way, over some barren hills, whose frowning summits intercept the light from brighter scenes, is Horror's Camp! Its dwellers are numerous, and principally those who have died in drunken fits, or have come to these shores in some other vehicle of crime and sin; not that they merely *died* in any particular passion, but having lived lives of licentiousness and vice, driving far away the light of virtue, they entered spirit life in this impure state.

“It is really touching—enough to melt the heart of the stoutest, to observe their furrowed brows, glaring eyes, straggling hair, and bony, sinewy frames, half covered in scarlet garments. We observe that some of them gaze intently upon the dark and dismal walls, without removing their eyes from the serpent-charmed spot. The scenes of their past lives are in their most disgusting features, floating before their vision, and playing upon the walls. They are horrified at the sight of their own misdeeds; and they cry out occasionally in wailing choruses, comparable only to terror itself personified! Sometimes they vary this monotony by endeavoring to re-live their earthly lusts; but being unable, they are mortified and shocked with horror, and then resort to new orgies, hoping to



realize some carnal delight. It is surprising to hear how some will talk to their comrades about virtue. They know the word's most significant meaning, yet they cover it with a kind of polished vice, and make the two terms synonymous. To listen believingly to their talk, some of them on earth had lived exemplary and virtuous lives; yet they are the most depraved and degraded of any. These more talkative characters will draw plans for leaving Horror's Camp that they may return to earth, that they may influence mortals, and in this way gratify their propensities. But as all have different views upon the matter, and as inharmony prevails in their demoniac councils, the affair generally ends in a quarrel. And so they here remain — poor, vice-strung souls, horror-bound, they sigh in restless suspense, daily exhibiting their contempt for the laws of man and God!"

*The Hells Mitigated.*

"Deeply interested in the study, and pursuing my explorations, all bring in reports similar to mine. Three of us now resolve to continue, for a time, in one of these hells, and watch the methods of reaching and redeeming those peopling the lower spheres. We select the case of a man who has been in darkness some time, yet seems possessed of some good tendencies. His abode is in a den beneath an overhanging cliff, dimly illumined by a ghastly light. It should be remembered that the Divine Light partially illumines, and the Divine Life, by the law of influx, flows into all the spheres.

"Unseen by this person, we adjust ourselves and watch him carefully, noticing every act and listening to every ejaculation. In this way we learn that in a revengeful quarrel with his brother, while on earth, he inflicted upon himself a fatal wound, and therefore was borne to this dark place. He gravitated to his own place just as naturally as a stone falls to the earth. Here he indulges at times in expressions of anger, revenge, and terrible threats. Upon one occasion, after these wild ravings, we see him sadder than usual, and, sitting upon a cliff, and thinking doubtless of his misspent and vicious life,

he cries out in the fullness of his soul, 'What! am I here for trying to slay my brother? O heaven! I've been mad!' and the tears, such as only spirits can shed, stream down his face upon the crystal rocks beneath. And while thus weeping the vapor of his thoughts gather round him, in-filling his demon-home with sorrow. Soon we begin to witness his gradual transformation.

"The rocks disappear, the fierce howlings in the air are hushed, and this seemingly lost soul, angel-guided, finds himself in a dismal cellar, in one of the filthy streets of Liverpool, England. Here on a pallet of straw, without the comforts of home, lies his brother—almost dying! Remembering at once his past unkindnesses, the scene touches his soul's vitals. He weeps; and tenderly bending over the sickly form, he prays, 'O God, and O father and mother—angels now, forgive my past sins, and make me better in the future, for Christ's sake. Amen!'

"His tears, his earnest prayer, draw others to him, though he is not aware of their presence; they give him strength, and he imparts it in love-waves of magnetism to his deeply wronged and suffering brother. This continues for months, the sick man growing weaker, fainter. But all this time the good thoughts of each enlist the interest of higher spirits, while the two brothers build by their thoughts and deeds of kindness a home in the better land. The last we witness is when earth yields up its claims, and the released brother, leaving the body, is borne in slumbers sweet to the abode awaiting him, by the brother now more angel-made. As time passes on, the flowers grow, the trees sigh, the streams ripple, and the birds sing sweetly in adjoining groves; for no inharmony, no sloth abides in that home; and so in blessing another, the blessing is returned. . . . Here you may ask, even though our motive was good, how we could leave our sun-bright abodes and tarry in the murky atmosphere of the hells? Be our answer: Spirits project the atmosphere or aural emanation in which they live and move. When descending into the hells, this

personal atmosphere becomes a protective envelope, being positive to the general as well as individual atmospheres of lower spheres; but if one attempts to ascend from a lower to a higher sphere, his characteristic emanations are negative to the aroal flames which then become to him a consuming fire."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS IN SPIRIT LIFE.

“He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

THE REVELATOR.

*Dr. Jeachris's Home — Experiences and Observations in Spirit Life. Through R. C. Flower's Mediumship.*

WHEN living in the body, I resided in England, and have been in the world of spirits about one hundred and fifty-seven years. In the process of dying I seemed to fall asleep. It was about midnight when I left the form. Dr. Talbot James was standing by the bed-side. By profession I was an Episcopalian, believing in the literal resurrection of the physical body, believing that the righteous went to Paradise, and the wicked to perdition.

When full consciousness came to me, it seemed to be morning, and I said to my sister standing by my side, “It must be morning time; it is light in the East.” I fancied that birds — white sea-birds — and sylph-like forms were flying about me. Everything was clothed in a kind of beautiful strangeness. Forgetting my tired feeling, and becoming more consciously awake, I saw persons gathering around and smiling upon me. I saw upon the stand buds and beautiful flowers, felt gentle touches upon my head, and felt too comfortable to make any special inquiries. I seemed to partially sleep, and waking saw my mother kneeling by my side. She dropped a kiss upon my lips, and taking me by the hand, I stood up fully conscious that I was in the resurrection state of existence. But I was disappointed — sorely disappointed. Some whom I expected to

meet were absent. Some whom I believed hopelessly lost, were present helping me. And others still, whom I had almost revered and worshiped as apostolic, were not there. They were not fitted to be spiritual teachers. I learned by this, friend Peebles, that souls are saved neither by the cross nor creeds; neither by uttered prayers nor professions; but by just, pure, and upright lives. Episcopalianism did me no good whatever. The afflicted that I helped, the sorrowing that I encouraged, the poor that I relieved — these were the good angels that flocked around me, welcoming me to the home of immortality. . . .

The spiritual body is the intermediate between the soul and the physical body, and does not disintegrate and become particled in the process of changing worlds. The spiritual man rises up in its glorified form out of the inferior, unfit, worn-out garment. One of the apostles — Paul, I think — says, “There is a spiritual body;” and he might have added: There shall be a spiritual body, or a more glorious body, rising in perpetual perfection. . . . As to my home, I might have had a better one had I lived a more unselfish life; but such as it was I was conducted to by my mother and some friendly spirit-attendants. Compared with the homes of mortals, it was eminently attractive — and yet far inferior to the homes of the angels. Perhaps you wish a more minute description? Thread together all the beautiful thoughts of your life, weave them into a garden of delight, fill that garden with choicest pictures of charity, sympathy, and love, and you will realize in part the beauty of my home; consisting as it does of parlors, chemical instruments, galleries of art, select libraries — for we have these things here — as well as beautiful skies above, down from which in avenues of light the angels of God descend. And yet my home is imperfect. There was a place for history of unselfish love, and I had not written it! There was an empty library shelf that should have been filled with books of Philanthropy, and I had not filled it! And here was a vacant place that I should have filled with a volume containing a record of my gifts to the poor; but, alas! though

wealthy, I had hugged my money like a miser. People called me liberal; but Heaven looked upon me with pity. True, there were volumes of philanthropy; there was a record of my kind deeds, but there were many blanks also; and so my home was imperfect. A beautiful house, sheltering an extensive library, with many empty shelves. . . . Some who accompanied me to my home, left soon afterwards; they were not permitted to stay. Others did not choose to stay; perhaps they saw my empty shelves. Had I done what I might have done on earth — had I been a missionary of light, and an angel of mercy, scattering my treasures to make men and women good and happy, my library would have been filled, and the imperfect chambers of my house would have been finished and begemmed with precious stones.

*Q.* As you develop and become more heavenly in your aspirations, does not your home become more beautiful?

*A.* Certainly it does. And because of its imperfection, because my work on earth was not well done, I was necessitated to return to this earth-world of darkness, to finish up unaccomplished work. My mission for the time being is here. I have relieved the suffering; I have impressed the rich to give to the poor, I have spoken words of cheer to the disheartened; I have stood by the beds of the dying, and whispered words of comfort to weeping ones. Thus am I fulfilling my mission; thus am I perfecting my house; thus filling the empty shelves, thus beautifying the chambers, thus bur-nishing the furniture, and brightening the surroundings. Doing this in years ago, I have reached a higher plane, and my home is infinitely more attractive. And yet, I must widen it to receive others, for my love goes out to all the intelligences of God.

*Q.* According to Swedenborg, if I rightly understand him, time and space are unknown to spirits. Is this your experience?

*A.* Time and distance are nothing to spirits compared with what they are to mortals; but to say they are absolutely unknown to spirits, is saying too much. Whatever exists, neces-

sarily exists somewhere, and this very term implies locality — and between different localities there must be distances, and this word implies space between them. Still, we travel almost like thought. There is no distance really to your thought. You can think of the islands that stud the Oriental seas as quickly as you can of the Atlantic ocean. You can remember something that transpired last year, as quickly as something that happened to-day. These facts you recognize; yet, when thoughts are connected with an organized being, they more sensibly appreciate the conditions of time and space.

England, I think, is about 3,500 miles from this continent, and yet a spirit will pass from here to there in a few minutes of time. My present home, I would say, is hardly half as far from this place as England. I can impress the medium while in my spirit home, and even entrance him, although I usually come into his immediate presence. On the present occasion I was in my spirit home when the medium took this chair, and did not depart from it until the medium felt something tingling the base of his brain. My present home, remember, is far above your earth, in the regions of the interstellar ether.

Q. Are many mediums controlled by undeveloped spirits, sometimes termed demons; and if so, how is the matter to be remedied?

A. Sir, you touch upon a subject that we in spirit life — keenly feeling the force of it — have a delicacy in answering. It is to a great extent true. Comparatively ignorant, bigoted, and self-conceited spirits often control good and innocent mediums, *just because they can*, and then prate to the world that they are Socrates or Jesus, Mohammed, Josephus, or some other great historic character. It is fearful to behold! I have seen mediums speaking under influences, making pretentious claims, when in fact they were controlled by some scheming and depraved libertine. Psychology, and all the phases of spirit control, should be more carefully studied. As an organized band of spirits, we allow none but ourselves

to control this medium. By the exercise of this caution, we find that we can use him to better advantage. He has naturally a kind, yielding nature, and if opened to all controls and gradations of spirits, he might be unwisely handled, and his nervous system in the end become a wreck.

Why, sir, this morning a poor afflicted mortal came to this medium for the purpose of being medically examined. While standing by the medium, telling of his maladies, I pointed beyond, and said, "Poor mortal! *there* is your disease, a very low spirit—a cunning demon! I touched the young man, and for a moment his nervous system was very much agitated, but he soon became calm and seemingly comfortable. I commanded these demons to leave the room, and this nervous, suffering mortal was quiet and happy, saying, "I feel like a new man!" But these inferior spirits, because of the patient's habits of life and unfortunate associations, will again have control of him.

Remember that dying does not speedily transform evil-minded men into angels. There are in the lower spheres of our world playful spirits, frivolous spirits, mirthful and malicious spirits. The whole of this unpleasant truth should be told. There are revengeful spirits, who sometimes injuriously influence little children; and they would sometimes carry their caprices still further were they not arbitrarily restrained by guardian angels. This subject of psychic influence and obsessions should receive more attention from thinkers and medical reformers. And mediums should be better protected on both sides of the river of death.

Q. What is your opinion upon the question of pre-existence, now agitating the minds of the French and English speaking Spiritualists?

A. This is strange to me, being so foreign to my mission. But I have no hesitancy in expressing my opinion, though it differs widely from the medium's. Personally, I have no recollection of ever existing prior to my earthly life. And yet, I have met spirits, many ancient spirits, who claimed to have remembered distinctly an existence preceding their life



on earth. I have no such recollection. However, I have attained to a state of unfoldment enabling me to understand that every spirit exists in preparation before conception. I was ignorant of this for many years after coming to the spirit land. Ancient and wiser spirits than myself can tell you more about this subject so difficult of comprehension. I have, however, learned to my own satisfaction that every spirit has an existence before the beginning of embryonic life. The spirit, or soul as some prefer to call it, is a compound of divine attributes, or the essence of *essential life*. And away in the infinite deeps, in the bosom of the everlasting chimes, away beyond on the breast of infinite thought, I can see that the spirit was prepared for earthly incarnation. I have never said this before to mortals, and I hardly think they are prepared for it. This medium would not believe it if I should preach it to him till the rising of to-morrow's sun. But medicine, as you well know, and not preaching, is my mission.

— Q. What estimate do you and your associates in the higher life put upon Jesus Christ?

A. This is a question which, when answered, you will perceive to be more in harmony with the medium's mind than the previous one. In the ages of remote antiquity, away back beyond the closed avenues of thousands of millenniums, when angels lived upon this earth, when gods and goddesses smiled upon the Eden lands of the Orient, virgins, pure and lovely, were selected and raised up with an eye single to the duties of holy motherhood. Intellectually, physically, and morally, they became almost perfect. After a few generations, from such mothers, in connection with wise and chaste fathers, there arose a beautiful humanity. Golden ages in the past are neither dreams nor myths. In those remote periods, women were lovely to look upon and divinely lovely to converse with. Then the controlling spirits of the higher Edens conceived the idea of raising up some Son of Light, so beautiful a spirit, his white scepter of love, like a magic wand, should touch, radiate through, and ultimately mould all the elements of society. Looking down the vista of years, they

resolved to choose a pure virgin, especially prepared; one who in her childhood they should mediumistically influence, purifying her nature, enlarging her conceptions, and expanding her clairvoyant vision. This was accomplished. She grew to maturity, strong and good, when they selected for her a proper and spiritually minded companion. In the connection of the blending forces, the union of wisdom and love, there were given the right conditions for the sacred incarnation; and from this moment the to-be-welcomed one was illumined and enveloped in spiritual light. Spirits influenced and continually overshadowed the mother. The father was so influenced and psychically overshadowed, that apparently the child was not his, and yet it *was* his. From the moment of conception to the birth, and thereafter, angels were daily visitors in the capacity of ministrants and teachers. Thus he grew. The old Egyptians would say of such a "son of light," that he was begotten by the Holy Spirit, because spirits and holy angels directed the methods through which it came to enlighten the world. This is my opinion of the matter. But I do not presume to speak for all spirits. . . . I have seen Jesus of Nazareth in the higher world which I now inhabit. There are halos of energy and love—halos of golden brightness surrounding the head of this healer, sympathizer, and orator. He did not often speak when living upon earth, but went about in the capacity of healing the sick, making the blind to see, and casting out demons. Your records of him are by no means perfect. He is a Divine Light, a loving missionary, whose influence is not only felt, but whose presence is sometimes seen in those spheres that once echoed in love and forgiveness among "spirits in prison." He was not, when in Palestine, the intellectual reasoner that was Plato in Greece; but he was the soul of love—a living center of intuition. Accordingly, where one to-day hears of Plato, millions hear of Jesus. And just so long as the potency of love is acknowledged in the universe, just so long will he be enthroned in the hearts of the wise and the good!

*A Series of Philosophical and Practical Inquiries answered by  
Mr. Rush through the Mediumship of J. W. Colville.*

The process of dying to me was a period of temporary unconsciousness. I passed from earthly existence very suddenly, and woke at an apparently immense height above the earth. . .

My first companions in spirit life were my mother whom I had dearly loved on earth, and a friend who had been my guide when in the body. Many other spirits soon came around me with words of welcome. . . .

My spirit home is not within the atmosphere of this earth, but far above it. . . .

I found a home prepared for me in spirit life, but incomplete; I am now working to complete it. Every act of my earthly life, yea, every secret thought, I found had taken tangible form. Many scenes either adorned or disfigured the walls. As I endeavored to rise above all earthly imperfection, as I labored to assist spirits in the lower spheres and men on earth, the bright scenes glowed out with unspeakable brilliancy, and the dark ones gradually faded out and brighter pictures filled their places. During our sojourn on earth our homes are prepared for us by the angels, and are built of the vibrations which go forth into the spiritual atmosphere from our hearts and lives. Will-power, when it subdues evil, beautifies the home.

When a spirit habitation is no longer required, the atoms of which it is composed are dissipated, the spirits carrying with them up to a higher sphere the materials, which then form the nucleus of a more glorious home. Spirits who have gained a complete victory over matter can cause habitations to spring into being at will; and then they cease to exist as such when no longer needed. . . .

The only library I have is my memory, and when I desire information, I converse with spirits higher than myself; and being able to will myself to other places than the one I inhabit, I can visit personally places concerning which I desire information. I can also read the books you publish on earth

through my medium, and thus become acquainted with your literature. . . .

I have not personally visited other planets, but am well acquainted with many spirits who have. These inform me that nearly every planet is inhabited by a distinct race of beings, those on the planet Mercury being the lowest race both in intellectual and spiritual enlightenment, and those on the outermost planet being the highest cultured. The moon, I hear, is also inhabited, but by beings very inferior to civilized man on earth. The accounts I have received correspond with those given by "Hafed." Those only who have reached the interstellar spheres can gain knowledge direct from other planets, and they communicate their knowledge to the sphere which I now inhabit. . . .

Animals and insects of earth sometimes retain individuality for a brief period after leaving their bodies, but soon become merged into the vast realm of elemental spirit. Man alone, of all the beings on earth, possesses permanent and eternal entity, which persists by reason of his possession of a divine soul. . . .

We have never met with elementary spirits. I do not know any spirits who have. . . .

All spirits in spirit life have guides, even as every man on earth has a guardian angel; and also many have a band of spirit guides. Spirits progress, and mediums progress, and when both advance together, the relationship of guide and medium may be retained for an indefinite number of ages. . . .

We regard spirit as the cause, and matter as the effect of all things. Spirit is eternal, and is eternally creating substances as vehicles for outermost expression. The relation between spirit and matter is analogous to that between conscious man and his physical body. . . .

All souls abide in God as the eternal Fount of Being. They find expression in matter in order that they may subdue it and become co-partners with the Deity in his work of creation. Souls are generated to-day by the union in celestial love of the angels in heaven, who in perfection of purity are

God's mediums for the creation of souls. We believe every soul expresses itself through matter either in this system of worlds or some other before it can return to the Creator as a conscious, victorious, individual spirit, willingly subjected to the Divine Law. . . .

The soul is not evolved up through matter, but proceeds downward into matter from God, wherever matter is capable of giving it expression. No structural organism lower than the human in the scale of organic life is capable of giving expression to the divine soul, the most interior part of man's nature. It is the possession of the soul that makes man what he is. We regard the soul as the very breath of God in man, the direct inbreathing of the deific life, which gives to man eternal individuality as a distinct being. . . .

All germs exist in the spirit before they can be expressed in matter. The *monad* expresses the single spiritual germ, the *duad* the continuation of two, the *triad* of three, and so on. Everything exists in spirit life before it can clothe itself with matter. We regard every expression of life as the direct result of the incarnation of a distinct spiritual type.

Man unquestionably was the result of a direct act of creative power, even as were all other forms of life. Man was at the first moment of his advent on earth in appearance little higher than a monkey, though no more a monkey's offspring than is a dog. In the spiritual world every type existed previous to its appearance in the material world. Man's spirit was the highest possible development of spirit, though with its possibilities not yet attained.

We regard Protoplasm and Bioplasm merely as convenient terms used by scientists to explain their theories. We believe that man was as fully competent to eat and digest food when he first appeared on earth as he is to-day. The organism was more gross, and could assimilate grosser substances, perchance, more readily than civilized man. Man as a structural organism always possessed all the powers in germ which he will ultimately possess fully developed. . . .

There are no processes going on now whereby one type

merges into another. Such a theory is a mere assertion of some schools of scientists, and cannot be proved by observation or any amount of reasoning.

*Dialogue with a Spirit: a Communication from William Gordon, through Dr. Samuel Maxwell.*

I was born, reared, educated, and passed to spirit life from Boston. I was a merchant tailor.

Q. In passing into spirit life, how long a time was you unconscious?

A. Having no memory of it myself, I have to rely entirely upon others, especially my mother, who was waiting for me; she informs me that it was about an hour and a half. I had been quite unconscious several days, consequent upon a fever, but just before dissolution, perhaps for one hour, I became entirely conscious, free from all delirium, so that I was perfectly aware of my condition. After bidding my friends farewell, there came over me the sweetest sense of rest that I had ever experienced. This deepened, until finally my vision closed; all things grew dark. Next hearing was closed; all things grew silent. But in that utter darkness and silence there was complete consciousness of existence, and the most profound rest and confidence in the bosom of the infinite life. Gradually consciousness itself faded into oblivion. When I awoke, my first realization was simply a feeling of myself. Gradually my powers increased until I perceived my body lying under me, while I, the man in spirit, was floating in the air some three feet above it. Next I perceived my physical surroundings, the friends who were about the body weeping. I made an effort to make them realize my presence, but soon found that I could not reach them. Next came the recognition of my mother and several other spirit friends. Soon I came into full consciousness of my immediate surroundings. In my investigations in subsequent years I have witnessed thousands of instances of the process of death, and have learned that the spirit body is never disorganized, but moves as a whole towards the head, and then gradually

emerges from the physical form through the head until it is free from the body. The separation is complete only when the life-cord which connects spirit and body is severed. In cases of death by violence this life-cord is not parted for a considerable time.

*Q.* At this time, being conscious of the presence of your mother and other spirits, how long did you remain in the room?

*A.* Perhaps two hours; then we passed out into the atmosphere, and moved forward until we arrived at my mother's home. Here I found many friends awaiting my arrival. Usually I find that but a limited number of friends come to you at the time of your passage from the body into spirit life — only those who can assist you.\* Here, after a time, I was left alone to rest. The sweet repose that followed was much like sleep, except that I was fully conscious. While my bodily organs slumbered in a kind of quiet melody, my soul was wakeful and active.

*Q.* Was your external clothing prepared for you?

*A.* It was, and brought to me and put upon me when I first escaped from the physical tenement.

*Q.* Did this spiritual clothing correspond to the spiritual status of your spiritual life?

*A.* I afterwards perceived that it did, although I had no consciousness of this correspondence at the time. For six years after entering spirit life I was restless and dissatisfied, seeking far and wide for the fulfilment of the fixed notions I had in earth life. I was a rigid Presbyterian by faith. I interrogated my mother, who simply answered me, "My son, await the growth of thy soul to perceive truth." At length there came over me a spirit of acceptance, a feeling that I must take life as the Infinite Will and Wisdom and Love had prepared it for me. That once fully fixed in my soul, I became most thoroughly satisfied and happy. From that hour I have pressed forward in all the paths of progress as rapidly

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\* Some years ago the reporter received a message through T. L. Harris, in which the spirit said: "There are certain spirits who are called 'deliverers,' who attend at the birth of the spirit, — that which you call the death."

as was possible for my nature. One of the bitterest things that millions experience in spirit life is this utter failure to realize the preconceived notions that were contracted in the earthly state.

*Q.* Do you still reside in the same local home? or have you a home of your own?

*A.* I soon went out and formed for myself a home, with a band of chosen persons, six in number. We live in one residence — three males and three females. Usually societies in spirit life are grouped according to the character of their loves, and six is the smallest subdivision — the family unit — constituting a trinity of three pairs. Larger families are usually a multiple of six, as thirty-six, it being desirable to secure the harmony which results from working these numbers together. In the homes thus instituted all follow their intellectual bias, and bring the results to the home for the benefit of all. Diversity in unity is thus realized.

*Q.* Did you soon desire to return to earth and communicate with mortals, informing them of your new surroundings and teachings?

*A.* Not until after my full acceptance of spirit life as I found it.

*Q.* Are there not spirits in that life who are really opposed to returning to earth?

*A.* Indeed there are. While some are indifferent, being absorbed in the pursuits that engage their minds.

*Q.* Have you a teacher?

*A.* Many of them. Each specific subject that I pursue has a teacher specially devoted to it. We have large institutions of learning, and in each institution there are a number of teachers. Teaching is usually by means of representative objects.

*Q.* Is thought a spirit substance?

*A.* It is spirit substance in motion.

*Q.* What is the difference between a thought and an idea?

*A.* Thought is a spirit substance in motion, while an idea is the ever-enduring principle or statical form of spirit substance.



*Q.* When we enter spirit life, is not our spirit hair the same it would have been if left to grow its natural length?

*A.* Yes, if so desired.

*Q.* Why not lengthen or shorten the spiritual body at will as well as the hair?

*A.* The hair is a vegetable life-attached to the human body. It has nothing in it but vegetable, and that vegetable is to a certain extent under the control of the will.

*Q.* Are the blood disks vegetable in their nature?

*A.* They are to a certain extent. They convey the vegetable of the body from point to point, and are the connecting links between the vegetable and animal life.

*Q.* Can spirits dispose at will of their spiritual beard?

*A.* They can by uprooting it, as certain Indian tribes on earth do.

*Q.* Do you find in spirit life that the thoughts, desires, plans, and purposes of the earth life were so impressed upon your spiritual body and brain that other spirits can read them thereon by simply seeing the spirit?

*A.* Those who are in the higher conditions of spirit life can read you through and through; so much so, that language is unnecessary, the thought-pictures being perceived by the inspecting intelligence. But in the lower societies there is a limited power to conceal from each other the internal mental states.

*Q.* Do you find many ancient spirits, that have lived perhaps ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand years ago, that still take an interest in the inhabitants of earth?

*A.* But a very limited number. The great mass of ancient spirits have passed on from the spirit spheres immediately connected with earth. But there are a few who descend into the forms of society they have long since left in a mediatorial capacity. By using intermediate persons in spirit, they connect themselves with you, and impress and inspire you with the grandeur that belongs to their estate of life. When you are brought in contact with these ancients you experience a peculiar expansion of soul and far-reaching per-

ception quite unknown to your habitual mental states. You are thereby made to feel sympathetically your connection with a region of pure thought and lofty dignity.

*Q.* Have you ever seen Pythagoras or Plato, Pericles or Seneca, Demosthenes or Cicero — those sages of Egypt, Greece, and Rome?

*A.* I have seen Seneca and Demosthenes, and quite a number of ancient persons with whom the world are not acquainted — whose names have not been handed down to the historic period.

*Q.* Should a man, looking from your standpoint, always live up to his ideal in act, thought, and work of life?

*A.* He most certainly should, especially where moral duty is involved. If he does not, there will come a time when he will regret lost opportunities. Perfection of character is attained by continually striving to realize one's ideal.

*Q.* If I should do that, I would let my hair grow at full length; I should put on the half-robe of the Brahman; I should wear on my feet a sort of sandal; I should travel and dispose of books, and pamphlets, and papers, and lecture without money and without price, simply saying, Put clothes on my back and food into my mouth. This is my ideal, and yet if I were to do it they would put me into a lunatic asylum. What shall I do about it?

*A.* Every man is gifted with reason so that he can adapt himself to his surroundings. Through the exercise of your reason you must compromise these peculiar feelings and desires that you have; they are an influx from ancient spirits who are about you. You must needs compromise some of these with the external life you are compelled to live.

*Q.* What about the five thousand people being fed? Was that a process of materialization?

*A.* It certainly was, if it ever took place. If I were to spiritualize the figures of speech common to that age and country, I should say, it was not fishes, it was not loaves, but it was spiritual power that went out and filled the hearers.

*Q.* Now in regard to your spirit home. You have flowers;

if you pluck these from the stem, do they wither like earthly flowers?

*A.* That depends upon your desire. It is truly marvelous how potent the will becomes to control the surroundings in spirit life. It is possible to construct a bower of flowers by the power of will even without the intervention of the hands. In a thousand ways the will may be brought to bear upon the living, throbbing materials about us, until our surroundings are the ensemble of our inmost mental states.

*Q.* Is it possible for intelligent, highly-exalted, chemical spirits to materialize the life-principle or physical basis of a human germ so as to beget offspring independent of the union of physical parents, or even in the absence of the physically masculine office?

*A.* We do not believe it is possible; but we believe it possible that spirits who are in a proper condition can take the life-principle from the masculine organism, transport it to the feminine receptacle, and thus commence a new being without the personal contact of the parents. Moreover, where the parents are very mediumistic, the new gestating life may be so charged with the vital magnetism of controlling guardians that the resultant being shall be neither like the father nor mother, but a copy of the model to which the guardian forces were subordinated. We believe that Jesus received his physical body in this manner. And other characters, we believe, who came into the world to accomplish a certain work had their antecedents of birth wisely arranged by convocations of celestial intelligences.

*Q.* One question more: What is the great soul-desire that wells up in your being at this present time, after your long experience as a spirit?

*A.* It is to learn more of the truth.

*Q.* What is your object in learning more truth?

*A.* It is to gratify that restless desire of the soul to approach nearer to the Divine Life which is All Truth.

*Q.* Is not that motive selfish?

*A.* It may be; but, nevertheless, it is true.

*Q.* Would it not be better to say that your highest desire is to teach the truth to humanity, and that you seek the truth to this end?

*A.* The highest attainment of a human being is dependent upon this selfish desire. We must become self-centered before we are prepared for the divinest service. Then we shall desire to give away; then we cannot continue to gather save we distribute to others.

*An English Physician's History: through the Mediumship of Mrs. C. Woodford.*

I have been in spirit life forty-eight years, and died when thirty-five years of age. I was a physician, and my life in the body — I say it with all humility — had been as useful as I could well make it.

When entering spirit life, and becoming conscious of my surroundings, I discovered at once that I had a home, and in it I was not alone, but in the company of those I had loved upon earth — those who had preceded me. Some of these I have since left, for here we are joined together by concordant states. I am with them only when it suits me, and when I feel that I can spiritually benefit them.

Now I have a higher home, and a far more beautiful one, in that heavenly society which I have been permitted to join. This home has, so to speak, grown about me in exact correspondence to my nature. All that I innately possess of the beautiful is here expressed in outward semblance; all that can gratify my highest aspirations surrounds me in some form which responds to the inner emotion or sentiment. In my home I read myself, for I have made it, — my individuality is stamped upon all around as if it were a mirror giving me back myself in correspondential objects. For the spirit home is the home of the mind, and it is the mind which must there rejoice — there *live*. A man on earth makes his home as well as his means and the circumstances in his life will permit; but in the spirit world the externals surrounding him become a picture of what he is. A man who lives for self alone, per-

haps at war with his fellow-man in the great struggle of "*get what you can*,"—such a man finds himself in the condition of external poverty corresponding to his own poverty of spirit, for he dies spiritually poor. The smallest act of kindness, mercy, compassion, of aid, of self-denial, of intellectual or bodily labor, to please, benefit, instruct, or help others, will make its own beauty around the spirit, and will be found in some living object in the spirit home, objects which describe themselves to the wise spirit in the forms they wear, and are sources of satisfaction or joy.

Man, in the interior sense, is his own house-builder in the spirit world, and the weaver of his own garments. A man who has been spiritually poor on earth will find himself associated with scenes of poverty in spirit life.

My *house* is what on earth would be called a palace—the palace of my mind; of apartments various and numerous, adorned according to the mental tastes I cultivated on earth, and thus made my own; for *as you sow so shall you reap*; according also to those higher spiritual tastes of which I vaguely dreamed in the earth life, and have realized since I came here. If a man will study himself spiritually, he will understand from his different mental states somewhat of those various apartments of his spirit home which I would speak of. There are times when he delights in the company of friends, or in hours of study; but there are sacred moments upon which no being, not even the dearest on earth, may intrude. There is in spirit homes a holy of holies, a chamber apart and sheltered from every eye; therein the spirit retires when engaged in contemplation, or in that state when he communes with the Father, and receives more plentifully of His Spirit. There is also the guest-chamber, or chambers, where friends meet. Our houses do not resemble those of earth in all details, for we have no vicissitudes of climate, no uncleanness, no noxious insects or animals, no fear of thieves. We have no need of fires, nor do we require to cook our food. Other spirits in lower spheres may. I will

here permit my medium to describe a guest-chamber in my home, which she beheld clairvoyantly not long since.

“I seemed to stand beside W., in a vast apartment where at first my attention was quite absorbed by a lovely table; so marvelously beautiful was it that I could look at nothing else until I had mastered all its details. Of a substance purely white like Parian marble, oval in form, not resting upon legs as tables ordinarily do, but gracefully sloping inwards in many a beautiful contour of leaf and tendril, to a central base, as a vase or *tazza* might be formed. It is impossible to give an idea of the delicate beauty of form, or the exquisite carving of the sides and bottom, nor of the purity of its substance, resembling Parian marble, but more transparent. From its center a small fountain threw its glittering waters up into the air, seeming to spring from the very breasts of the lovely flowers which rested there. Drinking-cups of gold set with gems stood around, intermingled with pyramids of rarest beauty. As I turned my eyes from the table, the beauty of the whole apartment burst upon my sight. Spacious in length and breadth as it was, all one side was open to the air, the roof being supported upon a double row of stately columns, between the shafts of which my eyes rested upon a lovely landscape, where in the distance ran a river; and a row of arches also, something like those on the Roman Campagna, but not in ruins, traversed the scene. I had but a glance, catching sight also of several robed figures in the apartment, when W. said, ‘Now come down these steps!’ I glanced up and around again, to see that the ceiling or roof of this lovely chamber was transparent and of prismatic hues, and that the wall or side not open to the air was covered closely with flowering, creeping plants, surrounding mirrors and pictures, and growing so thickly that it seemed a wall of flowers and leaves. I observed also that pure white and gorgeous-colored birds were flying in and out. I followed W. down gleaming white steps at one end of this chamber out upon a sunny lawn, where were beds of flowers, and groves of trees, and a large central

fountain springing from a basin having the hues of a diamond. Then my vision passed."

Q. How is your spirit-clothing constructed?

A. My spirit-clothing is the outgrowth of my mental states. It forms itself upon my body, and is instantaneously in form according as my mind may vary its emotions, or frame of thought. This is so natural a thing with us that it excites no comment; on the contrary, if it did not occur we should wonder, and inquire. My clothing is of silk, velvet, lace, cloth of gold (or what would seem so to clairvoyants of earth), gauzy muslins, or simply white materials neither thick nor thin. The nearer earth the more like earthly manufactures of woven threads are the clothings of spirits; the more remote from earth, or the higher in the spirit world, the less like the fabrics of earth, of an attenuated gauziness of texture indescribable, and transparently luminous, as are also the very bodies of these spirits. In the highest heavens angels are clothed upon with innocence, and are garmentless; but descending to lower spheres on acts of beneficence, appear clothed.

Flowers and gems form part of our personal adornments; these too are the outgrowth of the spirit, and are purely correspondential to gifts of the spirit. The form, shape, or fashion of the clothing is correspondential also, and the status, dignity of office, or occupation of a spirit, is known by the fashion of his clothing. Colors also, being entirely symbolical, are expressive of conditions or states. Swedenborg has described spirits as changing their clothes according to fancy. This, in a measure, is true, but does not destroy the fact I have stated of the fashion and character of the clothes changing upon the body, assuming almost instantaneous changes of texture, color, and shape, according to the change of thought or feeling.

Will is the creator: the will of man is according to his love, which in reality makes the man. If a man be of evil loves, that is, if his inclinations which have their birth in affection or love be evil, his life will necessarily be evil; but if his love,

inclination, will, be for good, the life will be good; hence in the spirit world, the will being creative, all the surroundings of man are the offspring of his will or love: he is the inevitable creator of his own world there, and can be surrounded only by similitudes of himself. A large company or society of like-minded spirits, therefore, form a heaven in which the scenery, homes, and externals are representative of the nature or character of the spirits thus dwelling from similarity of loves in company (I use the word *loves* to express the variety of affections, tastes, likings, which are of the will). A spirit approaching from another society detects instantaneously in the aura or atmosphere the nature of the *love* of the society he approaches. Atmospheres are redolent of perfumes in heaven, for goodness, sweetness, gentleness, benevolence, intellectuality, wisdom, every great and noble gift of the spirit, has its own essential pure fragrance.

Q. How do you travel in spirit life?

A. The mode of locomotion in spirit life is according to the pleasure of the spirit. A spirit may be conveyed with the rapidity almost of thought through space, according to the eagerness of his desire; or he may leisurely convey himself by walking, by floating, or sailing in a boat; or, if on land, by a kind of carriage propelled by sails. All these modes of conveyance correspond to some frame of mind. Spirits are also seen upon horses, and in chariots.

Q. What is your special work?

A. My occupation is at present much upon the earth, aiding this medium in her work. At other times I am simply pursuing that life which is most agreeable to my character of mind — contemplation, study, the society of the wise and learned in the things of the spirit, and in those inexhaustible pleasures of existence which are the birthright of all who have not destroyed their right on earth.

Q. Have you visited other planets?

A. I have not yet visited other planets, except by that sight which your clairvoyants have, and which is exercised by



spirits in a superior manner; but there are limits to even a spirit's interior sight.

Q. What do you conceive to be the final destiny of the human soul?

A. I understand by the human soul the spiritual body, called by the French "*perisprit*," by others the "*astral man*," &c. Within is the human spirit, termed by some the soul. The human spirit or soul never ceases to progress through all eternity, rising ever to higher and higher states of beatitude, becoming more and more *at one* with the Father, until it is all divine and like unto God.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE HOMES OF APOSTLES AND DIVINES.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you."  
JESUS.

*The Home of the Apostle John. By the Spirit Aaron Knight,  
through the Mediumship of E. C. Dunn.*

YOU ask for a description of the home and the surroundings of him whom I am proud to acknowledge one of my divine teachers. Though I have visited this palace in the skies, I cannot find language competent to describe it. And before making the attempt, let me impress upon your mind that spirits, like mortals, translate the facts and scenery of the heavens in accordance with the limitations of individual perception much as minds do on earth.

I have frequently assured you that there should be kept in view the wide difference that exists between what a distinguished seer designates as the Spiritual Heavens and the Celestial Heavens. All mortals, when disenthralled from the physical body, are in the world of spirits, but not necessarily in the spiritual world, nor in the angel realms of perfection. Some spirits take up their immediate abode just above their former earthly homes, casting upon them a powerful psychological influence. Miserly spirits linger about their vaults; and others, disorderly and maliciously inclined, cling to their previous localities, producing magnetic conditions suitable for haunting houses, for producing obsessions and nervous diseases. These spirit spheres enzone the earth in circles, the first of which lies many leagues beyond the altitude of your atmosphere as estimated by scientists. Moreover, the more

exalted spirits experience a depression when descending into the lower stratum of your atmosphere analogous to what you experience when descending into a damp vault or subterranean retreat. Again, the upper regions of your atmosphere are free from the malaria and fœtid odors which pervade the lower portion. As you ascend, the oxygen, ozone, and vitalizing properties are augmented. In the first spherulic belts that engirdle your earth are birds, animals, insects; but they are the necessities — the outbirths of these different spheres — spheres in which you find the scholarly plane, the inventive, the musical, the domestic, and every other phase of social and mental development. In the *Celestial* Heavens loves partake more of the universal. Here there are no animals. They are not desired. Affections flow out toward and find their satisfaction in communion with earthly and heavenly intelligences.

But you ask for a description of John's abode. On a golden belt, lying far out and away from the deleterious influences of the earth or any other planet, there's a home in the cloud-lands — a home comparable to a sunny isle floating upon a sapphire sea. Leaving the aural belts and zones that environ your earth, and traversing vast spaces, bearing a little to the southward, we reach the southern portion of this beautiful island. Passing onward from this point through magnificent scenery, through beautiful groves, whose overbending branches are more sensitive to the conditions of spirit life than sensitive planets are to the rude touch of mortals, — passing gardens and ornamental trees, the waving leaflets of which keep time to the enchanting music of angel life, — we finally reach an undulating lawn, the grasses of which, tremulously vibrating, form a pathway for the white feet that press their tender blades. Soon we approach the center of this isle of beauty, a description of which earthly language is inadequate.

As forces emanate from centers, so from the center of this island there is an ever-living fountain, the crystal jets and sprays of which, rising high above the foliage, fall back upon leaflets and blossoms, and upon trees laden with perpetual

fruitage; the surplus forming a magnificent lake with waters as limpid as they are pure and placid. Upon the shores of this lake are all kinds of creeping vines, and flowers heavy with sweetest perfumes. In the waving trees are a variety of birds whose warbling notes, like echoes, return their duplicate songs; and so sensitive are the delicate productions of this divine realm that the lilies and opening blossoms give forth *Æolian* melodies, mingling and blending with the choral music of the birds.

As everything in the higher forms of nature tends to the oval, like the rose and the orange, like descending dewdrops and worlds, so this lake is circular. Just beyond the margin of these placid waters stands a grand and imposing temple. The central structure is circular, while the height is beautifully proportioned to the base. Around the interior circular wall are balconies which ascend to the very dome, which dome is aflame with a sun-illuminated splendor. In the center of a capacious room, near the dome, is a circular library, poised upon a pivot, the volumes of which are replete with the condensed wisdom of the ages. On the walls within the balconies are suspended life-like pictures of distinguished mortals, and some of the mighty spirits of antiquity. The doors and windows are arched. In the apartments, elegant and chaste, are oval niches filled with speaking statuary. In one of these consecrated departments I observed the statues of Jesus and the apostles. Looking out from this apartment to the south is a crescent-formed conservatory in which perpetually bloom rarest and choicest flowers — flowers so exquisitely tender that the breath of a mortal would seemingly destroy them, as would a white-heated furnace the most sensitive tissue.

On different sides of this templed structure are semicircular apartments used for meditation, heart culture, and spiritual rest; one of these is especially dedicated to silent-soul communion, where the beloved John retires to commune with his inmost self and the soul of nature, thus coming into such

harmonious relations with nature that all knowledge, so to speak, becomes subject to his will.

The outer walls of this temple are overhung and festooned with gracefully growing and blossoming vines, the delicious fragrance of which yields perfumes for the senses, etherealized auras for the spiritual body, and heavenly manna for the soul — ay, more, the incense or the outflowing fragrance, inhaled from these perennial flowers and fruits, not only supports the demands of refined spiritual natures, but affords rest, peace, joy, and ecstasy absolutely inexpressible.

Such is our feeble attempt to describe this home, where a soul robed in white breathes the atmosphere of love, and feasts upon the sacred wisdom of the gods. This, or similar homes, shall be yours, my brother — shall be yours, O children of earth, when ye are worthy!

Ancient sages come in chariots of flame to visit this heavenly Patmos in a sapphire sea — come to counsel with him who, once under Syrian skies, so sorrowfully yet tenderly, leaned upon the bosom of Jesus. John — to many of us the ideal of love — seldom visits the earth or any of the zones immediately encircling it. He is a counselor in the higher courts of the heavenly life.

*The Rev. Thomas Scott's Confession and Progress in Spirit Life, through the Mediumship of W. H. Lambelle, of England.*

I was born in Lincolnshire, England, but received much of my education at an endowed school in Yorkshire. Being of a reflective turn of mind, I often thought of the uncertainty of human life, but put off religious thoughts and convictions to a more convenient season. I had a great memory and desire to shine in the literary world. Hence I resolved to enter the ministry. I was proud, ambitious, and desired to distinguish myself. These selfish motives influenced me to assume the position of a clergyman. Preferments came to me unsought for. In 1785 I was elected chaplain of the Lock Hospital. In 1788 I commenced my notes on the Bible, being seven years after I had been presented to the Vicarage of

Aston Sunford, in Buckinghamshire. At this period I accepted the more rigid of the Calvinistic doctrines, and on every available occasion never failed to preach Christ and him crucified — Christ, the only Saviour, sitting on the right hand of glory. . . . At length, the weak constitution that I originally inherited, in connection with arduous religious studies, began to give way. Death stared me in the face. To the last moment I remained in full possession of my consciousness; my thoughts were firmly fixed upon the glory to be immediately revealed to me, through the presence of my Saviour Jesus Christ. Calling upon his name, there passed through my body a benumbing sensation, and I almost instantly found myself with some friendly members of my congregation, who had previously died. Welcoming, they conducted me to an immense plain, dotted with flowers and studded with the most perfect mansions. Here resting, there came to me a being, seemingly pure and bright, whose duty, he said, it was to instruct and conduct me through some of the spheres of glory.

I was not conscious of any peculiar changes in myself. My memory, my faculties, and powers of understanding, remained the same as before the sensation of numbness, except that I felt the weakness of an enfeebled body, and I might add, there was a fresh strangeness in many things that I saw. My transition took place on April 16, 1821.

The spirit to whom I referred as coming to instruct me, was on earth called Martin Luther. He conversed about my new abode and mode of life, informing me that a home had been prepared for me in accordance with my tastes and moral worthiness, and that he would conduct me to it, after showing me some of the states of spiritual existence.

On his referring to my doctrinal beliefs, and attempting to disabuse my mind of much of my earthly theology, I turned to him in the full assurance that I could silence him, and quoted, "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed; for he that biddeth him God-

speed is partaker of his evil deeds." This opened a deep and earnest conversation. We talked as we traveled, but I was not persuaded that the "Prophet of Galilee" was anything less than the incarnate Son of God, who suffered as a substitute for our sins. How else could it be. I was troubled; anguish filled every fiber of my spiritual being. Spiritual friends gathered around me, and I prayed that I might see Jesus of Nazareth. . . .

My guide conducted me through homes of bliss and enjoyment, and spheres of transcendent loveliness, to the presence of one purporting to be the meek and lowly one. Seeing him, the mists fell from my eyes. He assured me that he was not the one living and true God the Father. . . . He was so loving and sweet-spirited that I felt sure I was speaking with him, who on earth said, "Our Father who art in Heaven." Though he has a most divinely commanding appearance, he is gentle, kind, and persuasive, and exercises a more potent moral influence in the spirit-spheres than many spirits are willing to admit. It is impossible to at once outgrow earthly theories and dogmas.

My powers of flight hardly know any limits. When not otherwise engaged, I dwell in a home, the counterpart, structurally considered, somewhat like my earthly home. I did not construct it myself. But my endeavors have tended to beautify it, and render it more ethereal and attractive.

The final destiny of souls I conceive to be a most intimate union with, though not absorption into God; but before such exaltation can be attained, we must struggle onward through realms of discipline and progress, until we have cast off every impure thought, every imperfect desire, every earthly taint — until we are spotless and stainless, we must be content to labor on for others' good. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but the destination is evidently divine union with God.

There are dark, mirthful, and malicious spirits in the lower spheres — the sedimentary realm of spirit-life. It is a part of the employment of the higher to teach and uplift the lower.

But it is not all spirits that can descend to these spheres; hence, many are disposed to come within the atmosphere of earth, and within the influence of communicating circles, in order that the influences of the well-disposed, yet clothed in material habiliments, may form a bond of connection through which the lower intelligences may receive instructions and assistance from the higher. This is the most practical way, but it has the disadvantage that, unless a spiritual atmosphere is breathed by those in the circle assembled, they will have a deleterious rather than a purifying influence. Did opportunities favor, I should have been pleased to have said more upon this last topic, as it really forms the ground-work of spirit communion in its moral and reformatory aspects. When you lecture, my friend, you address at the same time two congregations, one clothed in mortal bodies, the others in spirit life. The two worlds are now so united, sympathetically and spiritually, that what educates and blesses one, necessarily has a similar effect upon the other. Jesus, after having been afflicted by the spirit, entering the resurrection life, "preached to the spirits in prison." He is still preaching, the influence of his teachings descending to the lower strata of spirit life. Progress is the eternal purpose of God. . . .

May the God of heaven, the only true God, vouchsafe unto the subject of this narrative, and every reader thereof, that wisdom that cometh from above, that faith which works by love, that peace which passeth all understanding, and that sanctifying influence of the spirit, that shall keep us steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Amen.

*A Swedenborgian Spirit in the City of Arcadia, through the Mediumship of Mrs. F——, of London.*

When I was tabernaed in the earthly body I was called a New Church minister, and was a devoted follower of Emanuel Swedenborg. I do not choose to give my name, and in refusing would convey the lesson that names are but tinkling cymbals. Every message, whether from the inhabitants of the



heavens or the hells, should pass for what it is spiritually and intrinsically worth, reason and the highest judgment in all cases being the arbiter.

When in my body I lived in a populous city, and now I find that there is a corresponding city above it. In one of the most elegant and refined divisions of this city of Arcadia is my present home. Four principal streets cross the city, which, viewed from the higher heavens, lie in the form of a cross. Along the streets are magnificent and, I may say, sacred trees — sacred because they symbolize spiritual truths. The streets glitter with precious stones. They are also symbolical. Fountains of living waters adorn that part of the city in which I reside, the houses and temples being alike adorned and refreshed by them. The rich vegetation around these fountains instills into the waters its own aroinal essences. Other fountains have medical properties for undeveloped spirits; and others emit the purest life-giving nectar. . . .

To distant cities and localities there is in appearance hanging over this favored city a rainbow arch of wondrous dimensions, of transcendent splendor, not stationary, but waving, entwining circle within circle, forming, as it were, chains and links of the most gorgeous hues. It is clear to spirit sight that this appearance is formed by a company of angelic spirits from the holier spheres, to minister, and, by their presence and the diffusion of their heavenly atmosphere, to spread abroad divine knowledge and love over especially this central point of the divine society and the river of life. Christ is the light of the whole arcana of the spirit land. Surely, in our "Father's House," the measureless universe, are "many mansions" — many spheres, societies, circles, conditions.

Chariots, seemingly of fire, descend from the canopy or rainbow which overhangs the city of Arcadia, and on certain spiritual holidays they convey such as are willing and prepared to ascend to some of the higher spheres of the Christ Heavens. Elegant vehicles, drawn by horses and other kinds of graceful animals, here, as on earth, are subservient to the spirit's will. There are beautiful birds here also. To com-

plete the life in the spirit land, with its varied occupations and requirements, *all* such acquisitions are as necessary as on earth, only always in a spiritual degree. . . .

Spiritual bodies do not suffer physical pain. Neither do all the physical diseases of earth, as some have taught, originate in spirit or the spiritual world. Malarial diseases, small-pox, yellow fever, and many other diseases originate in purely physical causes. . . . Social converse in our world corresponds to that in yours. Sometimes spirits speak audibly, and then again, more especially in the higher spheres, the thoughts of one flow into the mind of the other without speech. . . .

Men and women, continuing as they do their individuality, sex necessarily exists in the world of spirits, but in heaven there are no perversions of these functions. In the divine order, spirit exists prior to the body. Substance is eternal, and spirits become clothed in more exterior garments through the nuptial unions of angelic counterparts. Every child in its origin, therefore, is pure and sinless, until, by assuming the exterior degree, through natural generation, he inherits the imperfections of his parents, which he has to overcome in himself as he grows and unfolds toward the divine life. Evil spirits are never the spiritual parents of earthly children, because that which makes the man is the soul-germ, and divine because inter-related to and partaking of God. Animals possess the two outer degrees of spiritual substance, but not the interior — not the *divine soul-germ*. Hence, at their death, they do not retain their individualities, but pass into other essences and forms. The animals and birds of our spheres are indigenous to and adapted to them. It is absolutely impossible for me to fully explain to you the divine glories that pertain to the Christ Heavens. You may well ponder upon what an ancient apostle said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

*A Methodist Minister's Life in the Spheres, given through the Mediumship of Mrs. G——, San Francisco, Cal.*

When I left my weak, exhausted body I was met on the

spirit side by friends who welcomed me with songs of gladness and shouts of welcome. Foremost among these were my old father and mother, appearing in the prime of life, as I remembered them in my own early manhood. We were a mighty host gathered about the old, discarded earth mantle, and each seemed full of joy, but not one so blissfully content as I in my renewed youth and friendships. This was during the first glad surprise. Afterward I became anxious, as the questions of God and His judgment arose in my mind. Regarding that judgment as final, I earnestly questioned my spirit as to its life on earth. At this, my friends, all seemed to disappear, and there stood by me one clothed as with the light of the sun, and I fell upon my face filled with fear. I thought I was in the presence of the God whom I always feared more than loved. I, on earth, had been a doubter, but fearing my doubts were from the evil one, I had resolutely preached Christ, whose unselfish character I could understand and love.

"My son," said my radiant guest, "I am but your guide, once a mortal like yourself. I come to show you your earthwork. Arise, and look upon the souls you have blessed." I obeyed, and beheld a cloud of witnesses to the ministry of more than half a century. They cried, "To you, father, we owe the desire to do right." Oh, ministers of good, be brave and true, and your spirit will be so intertwined with the glory of God or good that your soul will vibrate to such a greeting with a joy mortals cannot understand. There are times of ecstasy on earth, but no more to be compared to this rich, ripe harvest of love, than the tiny dewdrop to the great ocean!

These friends, then, seemed to fade into the brightness of a band sent to conduct me to my spirit home. By their superior brightness, I saw dark spots in the tide that ebbed and flowed about my own soul. Looking closely, I was annoyed by the sight of weakness through which I had passed on earth. In the world of shifting light which seemed a part of myself, I read all my life; not one thought, not one hope, not

one act was missing from the long earth-record. But as I looked, the good I had done and tried to do, produced such joy, that tides of light from the center of my being so flooded my sphere, that the darkness of the earth melted from view. Blissfully I repeated my old and favorite hymn :

"No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness."

Then I seemed caught in a current of delight, up-borne by tender hands, floating, swimming in bliss until we entered a world of such exquisite beauty that earth has no heart to conceive nor words to describe its transcendent loveliness.

When I looked about, and saw the beautiful fountains sending up their fragrant, many-tinted drops, the waving of the rainbow-spanned foliage, the glittering of the diamond-sprayed shrubbery, the sheen of the silvery stream, I cried, "Heaven is a life of sight." But then there came a burst of music, such as finds no counterpart on earth. I shivered with very ecstasy; my quickened, sphere-enshrined life shot out sparks of praise, until in my soul was born a new song that flowed in tenderest rhythm to meet the waves of celestial music that came rolling in, and I exclaimed, "Heaven is surely music."

I was then conducted to a grand, palatial mansion. How shall I describe it? Simply then it was like Maximilian's home at Trieste, only more adorned, more elaborately ornamented, and of such material that only the diamond on earth can give an idea of its pure, but prismatic beauty. It was one scintillating, gorgeous, efflorescent outpouring of light, one ceaseless flow of rainbow shimmer, one grand, overpowering light, flashing life. This home was prepared by Maximilian, that princely martyr whose desire to help a suffering nation has been called ambition only by those who knew not his great heart's love for God and humanity.

Here I found kindred souls, Washington, Lafayette, and many others whose names I had venerated on earth. I wondered why such should welcome me, the poor preacher who had done no great act for the people of earth; and there

came a sweet voice as from the ether about me, "Serving the poorest of my creatures was serving me, the Creator and Father of souls."

What though I remain forever too gross to see that fountain of life; what though some say, "There is no God," while the upspringing drops of love water the divine germ, expanding, growing in my own soul, I *know* there is a conscious, tender All-father, who willingly bears with his poorest creatures, while they struggle in vales of darkness and doubt.

"No work is done in our world without considering the time of fruition," said Maximilian, who, taking my arm, led me to a beautiful alcove at the right of the grand entrance, and with a bow motioned me to enter. I obeyed, and found my loved ones waiting with beaming eyes, to show me our home—a home prepared for us by one of whom we never dreamed in our earth-life, but whose soul claimed ours as kin. And I thought Heaven is in these sweet surprises, and the meeting of family ties in a beautiful spirit-home.

After a time I was led to a large assembly hall, where I found an earnest discussion on the best way of averting war which hung like a dark cloud over all the world. I, as one who had mingled largely with the mass of the people, who so lately had left earth, was consulted, and tried to respond. But so many were there whom I was accustomed to regard only with reverence, that I was like an awkward youth before the tutor whose knowledge is a mystery, yet provokes delight and admiration. Little by little, however, I forgot personalities in the beautiful ideas presented, and I was enraptured by the purity, the love, the unselfishness of each, until my soul decided, and still feels, that heaven is communion with worthy and kindred hearts. So far I have dwelt more upon the emotional than objective experience of my change.

Even now I have no right to paint any but my own part of Maximilian's home.

To the right of the grand entrance-hall from which it is separated by a beautiful alcove, is the room where we meet for social pleasure. It is lofty and in the form of a parallelo-

gram. On one side is a raised dais, forming an automatic orchestra, so arranged that if we choose, in conversation, we can command sweet, soft tones as a charming accompaniment. Around this room are statues interspersed with fountains, flowers, and beautiful artistic forms, shaped with such exquisite imitation that only fragrance and life point the difference between the work of nature and the work of art. Paintings of wondrous color and life-like perspective, works from the greatest masters of art, in a manner unknown to earth. There are sofas and chairs of charming forms and luxurious softness; tables of elegant patterns covered by books that will both instruct and delight.

From this room there is a hall that leads to our different retreats. I have fashioned mine after the home aspect of my old loved study. The old bookcase preserves the same face, but its shelves are filled with better books than those that adorned my earthly library.

This homely room refreshes my soul, after the dazzling magnificence of our social hall; and here I can read the loved ones still on earth, as, the battery of love once established, we need not encounter the dark or disagreeable earth-atmosphere unless we desire to personally visit the material plane.

Above the social hall is a large room for literary purposes, in which is an extensive and carefully selected library, with all our improved means of communicating and registering ideas. We here employ the batteries of thought which connect with kindred thoughts in other homes. Thus, independently born, truth is more clearly demonstrated as coming from the Celestial world, from which outflow ideas that we send to earth as its people are capable of receiving, digesting, and acting upon them. . . .

We are not able to express the manner by which we communicate through our batteries, as you have nothing analogous on earth, unless you can imagine mind as the battery, and sympathy as the connecting wire.

Each spirit is conscious of an aroma, or world emanating from itself. The aural brightness of the higher hides the

state of soul, the darkness of the lower reveals each secret act to those above, while the spheres of those on the same plane so blend that each may reserve or reveal his soul at his own pleasure.

*Those we meet.* — *Fannie A. Conant's Entrance into Spirit Life, as embodied in a recent Communication, through a most Reliable Medium, to Luther Colby, the Veteran Editor of the Banner of Light.*

Addressing Mr. Colby, she said :

“ You frequently ask me to give you an account of whom I met when I entered spirit-life. Let me here try to tell you. As my senses closed to material sights and sounds, a deep feeling of rest, of infinite calm after storm, came over me. It seemed as though all space was my home, that I was no longer cramped and limited by conditions, but that I could claim the universe as my resting-place. But this feeling soon disappeared. I am a being dependent upon the love, sympathy, and association of congenial spirits, for happiness; therefore — unlike Mr. Thompson — I could not be happy without a tangible home and endearing associates.

“ As I began to realize my conditions and surroundings, I perceived close to me, and bearing me up, so to speak, a band of my dear and trusted Indian guides, foremost among whom I discovered the old chief Omwah, who was imparting magnetic vitality to me by making passes all around my head. I also recognized Sagoyewatha, Black Hawk, Winona, Springflower, Woonie, Minnie, Vashti, and others whom I had seen clairvoyantly many times before. I cannot express to you the delight I experienced when I realized that they were indeed my old friends come to meet me, and to assure me beyond the shadow of doubt that they were the real, personal identities they had so often purported to be through my organism. At that time my old tormenting skepticism left me, and I was as happy as a child. As though I had been but a feather's weight, Omwah bore me in his arms far away into a deeply wooded, though mountainous region, to the Indians' happy hunting-

grounds, where a beautiful lodge, draped with silken hangings, and ornamented with beautifully colored plumes and fragrant flowers, had been prepared for me by my dusky friends. Over the door the word 'Tulula' \* shone out in brilliant letters, clustered in the form of a shining star. This had been arranged, I understand, by electric lights. Here I remained some time, constantly gaining strength, magnetism, and rest from my surroundings and friends.

"But a time came when I felt myself drawn in a different direction; and setting out with Woonie, who seemed to WILL where we should go, and to bear me along by the force of her will, I soon came to a beautiful, shining city — Spring Garden City — more beautiful than I could have realized in my glimpses of it in clairvoyant vision or trance while on earth. †

"Here I was met by my mother, darling mother, who was as familiar to me as the day she left me to join the angels, only more shining, bright, and beautiful. Folding me in her close embrace, she said: 'Darling Fannie, you DO bring me a clear record, for in spite of doubt, fear, and perplexity, I thank God that you have always obeyed the angels.'

"With my mother came my sister — she who died in early childhood, now a beautiful woman in the spirit-world. The welcome they gave me was very sweet, and in their shining home I again rested.

"At this place — Spring Garden City — I met a large company of familiar spirits: Mr. Parker, William White, Margaret Fuller, Lady Stanhope, Mr. Pierpont, and a great many more than I can name here. They gave me a reception out in the beautiful grove adjoining Theodore Parker's then residence. It was a grand ovation; music and singing — divine harmony of sound that seemed to bear me away on its celestial wings; masterly addresses upon my life-work and en-

\* This was the name given to Mrs. Conant, while yet on earth, by her Indian spirit friends, and signified "Something to look through."

† Often, in her independent clairvoyant visions, Mrs. Conant described to herself and others of her friends present at her earthly home, a beautiful city of the spirit-country which she was permitted to visit, and to which she said the name of Spring Garden was given.



trance to spiritual life; kindly words and loving hand-clasps. I was indeed happy and at rest. But to me the dearest and sweetest welcome I received came from a large number of spirits who approached me — some with flowers and green palms — all with smiles or happy tears; a shining throng who strewed my way with flowers, and blessed me as their ‘beloved teacher.’ These were spirits who through my earthly organism first found light, strength, and encouragement to throw off earthly conditions, and endeavor to become better and to rise higher. . . .

“I love and bless you for the work you have done and are doing for humanity; and countless hosts in spirit-life also love and bless you.”

“Sweet souls around us, watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vanished stream;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream.”

H. B. STOWL.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE FRIENDS AND SHAKERS IN SPIRIT LIFE.

*Statements by the Quaker Spirit, Guide of E. W. Wallis, of England.*

Q. PASSING into spirit life, did you lose your consciousness?

A. I was an invalid for the space of five years, and during the latter portion of that time my thoughts were engaged continually upon the question of a future state. Many doubts and fears assailed me. At last my eyes were opened, and I was permitted to behold the presence of spirits. My own parents were presented to my open vision. They told me that as they lived I should live also. At last, one day, I was struck by the sound of sweet music — music which was not of the earth — and there was revealed to my sight a band of spirits. These were my parents and brother who had preceded me into spirit life, saying they had come to take me with them. I was not aware of any sudden change. I did not feel any painful symptoms, any sudden paroxysm, but it appeared as though my physical body had fallen asleep. My parents expressed to me their joy that I was with them, and we began to move away — seemingly we sailed through the atmosphere.

Q. Some clairvoyants have taught that the spirit after leaving moves northward, upon a magnetic current. Was this your experience?

A. I did not especially note this at the time, and I have no knowledge of any such law governing spirits.

Q. Were the objects you met with tangible to the touch?

A. They were as equally real and palpable as were the objects I had left in the natural world. And very soon after my new birth, I was conducted by my friends to a home that they had prepared for me. . . . After my father had taken charge of me, I accompanied him into a garden, where we walked, and conversed of the beautiful change, death. Crossing a lawn into what seemed an orchard, I saw a graceful vine, so twined as to form a beautiful arbor in which were people conversing. As we approached, they arose and greeted us. They were relations and friends that I had known on earth. Some of them thanked me for kind words I had spoken to them; others assured me I had been the means, under God, of their salvation. In the distance I observed a high mountain, near the base of which were broad fields, dotted with trees and flecked with flowers. Almost upon the summit of this mountain was what my father termed a grand assembly house, where were held sessions and convocations of wise spirits. Here I saw an elderly man standing by himself. He was tall, had a long beard, flowing hair, keen penetrating eyes, and rather massive features. I felt awed somewhat, as a child would when looking for the first time upon a monarch. He said, his face beaming with smiles, "Come hither, child," and approaching him, he put his arms around my neck, and saluted me with a kiss. My whole being was thrilled with love and reverence. I learned that he occasionally visited this department of the spirit world in the capacity of a teacher. On earth he was known as St. Peter. . . . Feeling a strange sensation, I inquired of my father the cause. He said: "It is your friends on earth mourning their loss." This seemed strange to me, inasmuch as I was overjoyed with my new condition, and I involuntarily said: "Can I do nothing to inform them of my happiness; they should know that I am not dead but living!" Obtaining permission, I started with four others for the home of sorrowing friends. Approaching them, the atmosphere seemed to grow dark and dense, and here for the first time I observed that each spirit emitted a light more or less intense. And now I was again

on the earth-plane, and in the very room where I had left my physical body. Earthly things that I had known and handled seemed to me vapory and shadowy, and I was greatly confused. . . . I saw my body lowered into the grave — saw the flowers they cast upon the dust — heard the tribute paid to my poor labors by one of the group, and listened to the song that was sung around the grave. The sympathies of those present quite overcame me, and I was not only excited, but I sympathized deeply, and suffered in their sufferings. Becoming calm, I pondered over my past life, and my whole earthly career passed like a panorama before me, inspiring meekness and humility, for I saw how much I should have done I left undone.

*Q.* What was your profession on earth? How long have you been in the spirit world? And upon what did you subsist when entering there?

*A.* I was called while in my body a Quaker preacher, and was a follower of George Fox. I have been in spirit life nearly two centuries. I remember of partaking of the fruit that I saw in the orchard; and I have often drank at crystal fountains, although the very air we breathe seems to be life itself. There are many things in this higher state of existence difficult to explain to you, because there is little analogous thereto on your earth. . . . St. Peter and other historical personages, regarded with so much veneration, are ever working for the good of souls on earth and in the heavens. If I could take you in spirit away from this room, and transport you to my home in spirit life, and from there to the great Assembly Hall, you would see a vast concourse of spirits; and upon a raised platform some apparently set apart from the general assembly. These are visitors from another and higher department in the heavens. On one of these great occasions, when an innumerable host of spirits were present, we were honored with the presence of the Apostle John.

*Q.* How do spirits occupy their time, and what are the leading loves of those in your sphere?

*A.* Our sphere is to a considerable extent a reproduction

of yours, only everything is far more ethereal and more spiritually beautiful. A while since my father invited me into an imposing building, the ceiling and sides of which were covered with pictures, and they seemed to have upon me a peculiar influence. Attracted closer to them, I saw that they were the transcripts of familiar scenes. Upon inquiry I learned that they had been painted by my brother, who passed to spirit life before me. On one of these landscape pictures was an oak-tree under whose sheltering branches I used to stand and preach to the people what I considered the truth. And the artist had made a ray of light to descend upon me from an inspiring angel band, revealing to me the fact that I was frequently inspired in my public utterances. . . . Many of my earthly experiences have nearly faded from my memory. I was not joined in wedlock with the object of my choice. The parents objected because I was a believer in the despised George Fox, and an itinerant preacher listening to the voice of the spirit within. The sympathies of this lady were so strongly centered in me that she faded away like an early flower, and passing to spirit life became one of my spirit guides. We are now linked together by the law of divine sympathy, our souls responding each to the other. How long this state may last I cannot tell. I am only certain of this: that our love is not selfish, and that our united efforts are to make others better and happier. . . .

I dislike to dogmatize upon subjects above my comprehension. But it seems to me that sex does not pertain to soul, the inmost of man, but to the physical and spiritual bodies. There is nothing in the higher spheres that corresponds to the lusts of the flesh. What may transpire in the lowest spheres of spirit life I do not feel at liberty to state, only so far as to say that the more earthly, the more intense the desire for selfish gratification. . . .

I have found certain thinkers in spirit life who hold the idea that no spirit world existed until this material world was sufficiently advanced to evolve the sublimated elements that pass off and outward to constitute the spiritual zones. Another

school of thinkers assert that the spiritual world preceded the material world, and that this spiritual realm is positive, tangible, and permanent, whilst the physical realm of being is the representation of the preceding spiritual existence. To this latter school of thinkers I belong. I do not know of any set number of spheres. They are both conditions and localities. While several spirit zones girdle the earth, the one extending outward beyond the other, there are almost as many mental spheres as there are individual spirits. Considered in a more general sense, there are families, groups, societies, and vast assemblies — these often occupy distinct localities, varying in distances from the surface of your earth. The children of men should learn that the only valuable possessions they can take to the spirit world are thoughts, ideas, and principles — deeds of love and charity and good-will to all humanity. . . .

Everything which exists, having the attributes of form, force, and substance, is but the externalization of a prior idea, as the steam-engine is an image of the idea that gave it birth. Something as drops pre-exist in the ocean before being individualized, so do souls pre-exist. The origin of the individual, therefore, is not coincident with the parental relation. According to this philosophy — and it appears to me the most reasonable — it is impossible to conceive of the beginning of an immortal soul. And having had no beginning, it can necessarily have no ending, and hence immortality crowns the destiny of universal humanity.

*The Gifts and Clairvoyant Sight of Elmira P. Allard, a Shaker Sister, Enfield, N. H.*

From my youth up to this present time I have had the most unmistakable evidences of spirit communion. In the year 1838 believers in our society experienced a revival in which those who were in any degree mediumistic were used as mediums, myself among the number. At first, however, I did not behold spirit forms, but seeking anxiously through prayer and supplication for clear spirit-sight, it pleased God and His holy angels to open my vision, since which time I

have often walked and talked with the angels of God — yea, I have heard them converse, and seen them engage in sacred dances and marching. From departed spirits I have learned songs almost without number. Spirit life is as natural to the spirit eye as is the earthly life to the physical eye. When I am in the superior spiritual state things are far more substantial to me than are the things of the external life. Spirits that have just left their bodies appear clothed much as they were in their mortal form, while ancient and holier spirits are clad in celestial attire, shining as the sun. I have been taken by guardian angels to distant lands and cities, and shown their regal splendors, together with the sins and abominations practiced by their inhabitants; and also beheld the judgments of God poured out upon them. The causes of many calamities or judgments upon earth are spiritual, angels of justice proving themselves swift witnesses. The angel of judgment has shown me many things that I hardly dare mention — things that will come to pass upon this nation for its political wickedness, manifested toward the Indians and other inferior people. Many times have I seen a holy city located just over our temporal buildings — a sort of summer land, adorned with glory and magnificence, the habitation of saints and angels, and to me as real as any natural city. In the immediate distance were mountains, rivers, valleys, beautiful gardens, vineyards laden with purpling fruitage, flowers of delicious fragrance, and enchanting hills, upon the sides of which were singing birds and harmless animals.

In this spirit land I have seen kings and nobles, priests and prophets. The former having become humbled had lain aside their kingly pretensions. Near where I saw these characters they have one building called the “Congress House of Justice.” Here was Washington, Adams, Lafayette, departed prophets, and many of the noblest of the great men of the last century. They were conversing upon subjects relating to political economy, as well as receiving instructions from higher unselfish intelligences, to be applied to earthly governments. The spirit world is a counterpart of this, only in the

higher mansions of God, or spheres, as they are now called, everything seems more ethereal and peaceful. Once I saw Dr. Franklin in what might be called the telegraph office, communicating with the inhabitants of earth. In another apartment of this building, which far surpasses my power of description, were Plutarch and Pliny, who, showing me an immense crystal globe enveloped in glittering stars, and planets represented by different colors, said, "These are planets yet to be discovered."

I have seen the careless, the thoughtless, and the worldly selfish, in the prison spheres of darkness. They seemed dormant and half dead, and I heard what might be compared to the trump of God wakening their sleeping souls, and watching them. I felt sure that they were startled from their lethargy to partially, at least, appreciate their darkened condition; and I have seen, too, higher spirits, moved by affection, go to their aid, telling them of eternal day and the City of Peace. At length, weary and heavy-laden, they would move on, guided by missionary spirits, to flowing fountains, where, with tattered garments, they would stand under the glittering sprays, and would seek to wash the stains from their soiled vestures. Oh, it is a fearful thing to live a selfish life for fame — a life for that meat which perisheth!

In hours of worship I have seen hosts of spirits enter or stand around our house of worship during service, some of which I was familiar with in the earth-life. They appeared in every feature and gesture to my spirit vision, as though they still inhabited mortal bodies, only they were more light and ethereal. I have seen them inspire our elders and elderesses when bearing their testimony against the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life; I have seen them approach mortals and speak to them, and these mortals echoing would speak the same words, hardly knowing why they did so. I once saw an elder brother, who had passed to spirit life from one of the western states, enter our house of public worship, and handing an open spirit Bible to Elder Henry Cummings, asked him to read the tenth chapter of Acts. El-



der Henry, immediately rising, took from his pocket a Testament, and read the same chapter, making it the basis of his discourse. It is surpassing strange to me that all are not consciously susceptible of spirit influence — that all do not see them as I do, and feel the gentle touches of their snow-white hands.

In the world of spirits there is a council called the "Spirit Council." This council, conferring together, sent missionaries in various vehicles to mortals and wicked spirits, hoping to impress them to turn and walk in the ways of holiness. The Christ spirit of love always strives with men and with degraded spirits. Remember that disorderly spirits, still sympathetically connected with the earth, moving in your midst — vile wicked spirits — are capable of doing great harm to humanity. They can commit actual sin through easy, negative-minded people upon earth. Changing worlds does not change immediately the desires of the miser, the thief, or the carnally-minded. These passions and tendencies do not pertain to the body — that is material, unthinking, and irresponsible. It is the spirit that thinks and wills and does through the body; and it is the spirit, whether it is in the body or out, that is morally responsible.

Once I saw a large company of spirits erecting a capacious stone building. It surprised me. I observed them until one story was accomplished, for they worked very rapidly. After it was erected I stepped into it, but found no way to ascend to the lofts above. Looking about I came to what I afterwards learned was an elevator. This was long before I learned about any such convenience upon earth. I am certain, from travels and observations in the spiritual world, that nearly all mechanical inventions are first conceived and arranged in the Spirit-Land. Passing into one of the other lower rooms in this building, I saw a very extensive table covered with plates, goblets filled with pure water, dishes of cake beautifully frosted, and most inviting fruits; and here were hundreds of spirits partaking of the luscious viands. At one of my visits in the land of soul life I met Elder John

Lyon. He said he had started to attend a conference at the Congress House of Justice. I said, Can I go in? He replied: "A large collection are assembled for the purpose of helping the government. We hope to influence the people against war, and purge the nation from political dishonesty and unrighteousness."

At one time, while traveling in spirit life, attended by my angelic teacher, I met a company going on a pleasure excursion, to take a sail, they said, on Lake Pleasant; they invited me to join them, which I did. This lake was in oval form, and had upon its banks waving trees and overhanging vines. The sail of itself was delightful, but was intensified by music, song, and holy words of wisdom. After this we took a winding road up a mountain path to a lovely park dotted with fruit-trees, and interlaced with delightful paths, and the whole encircled by a high wall overhung with ivy and clustering vines. Here the party engaged for a little time in religious worship. Near a magnificent building in this park stood a stately tree, whose leaves were as shining as silver and gold, and I was told they represented the first and second appearing of Christ. One apartment in this building was devoted to the education of foreign spirits, another to the consideration of spiritual gifts, and how to make them the most effectual among the children of men. Over the archway leading from this room was the sentence, written seemingly in golden letters, "Holiness to the Lord."

In concluding these descriptions of spirit life and heavenly orders, I must say, in humility of spirit, that I have utterly failed to do the subject justice. The most gifted tongue of earth cannot describe the angel homes of the beautiful and the worthy. The spirit world is to me the *real* world. If I know that mortals exist, so do I know that our loved ones exist in heaven. I have walked and talked with them, and, like the apostle of old, I hardly know at times whether I am in the body or out. And oh how my soul burns to teach and impress mortals to be good and pure and Christ-like — to

“overcome,” that they may inherit and have access to the tree of life.

*Visions and Spiritual Experiences through the Mediumship of Eunice Bathrick, a Shaker Eldress.*

I am now in the sere of life, and as my earthly career is drawing to a close, I rejoice to say that invisible agencies have supported me all through these changing years up to the present time. I have felt the companionship of spirits, as though they were tangible to the physical touch; I have seen them as distinctly as I see things with my natural eyes. I have frequently conversed with them audibly, and though I heard no external response, the answer, in some unexplainable way, was intelligently echoed to my interior consciousness. I have been informed of, and prophesied of events before their occurrence, and have been turned from the course I was pursuing, where dangers awaited me, by loving, ministering spirits. I have heard angelic voices, have been patted upon the shoulder when in the room by myself; have listened to heavy footsteps, so heavy as to seemingly jar the floor, the ground, and the forest through which I was walking.

Listening to the songs of angel hosts, I have committed them to writing. Sitting quietly alone at twilight, I have sung under the inspiration of angels one new song after another, till they numbered scores; and they were joined in aim and purpose like intertwining links in a golden chain. It is impossible for me to find language to describe the landscapes that I have seen in vision; their verdure, their velvety lawns, their crystal streams, and musical birds, almost overcame me with a joy and a love for God and his creatures. On some of these green lawns were lofty trees, with delicate vines, climbing over and clinging to the branches, bearing transparent fruit resembling clusters of grapes. Walking on these lawns, among these groves, and in the alcoves, were children dressed in white, with teachers instructing them. The pure and beautiful angels seemed to have no fixed abode, but roamed at will through elysian fields, while

the darker spirits seemed confined to given localities; and the atmosphere in which they moved appeared to me hazy and gloomy. There were no green fields, no fragrant flowers, and no dancing fountains, to cheer their desolate abode. These were shown to me for lessons of instruction. The places where some good spirits were conducted, after leaving their bodies, appeared to me like the outer court of a magnificent building, with architectural beauty surpassing all earthly workmanship. Their walls were festooned with vines and flowers, and hung with paintings symbolizing sacred scenes in the Scriptures, and the lives of good and pure men and women.

At one time I saw, in vision, public worship held among spirits. The building stood facing the south, with a sloping, undulating plain, I should judge, a mile in length, at the extremity of which was a dense forest, through which murmured a winding river, with banks fringed with delicate mosses. All of the surroundings tended to promote contemplation, and a prayerful mood of mind. The extensive and symmetrical building for worship was of pure white, and, as far as I could see, without the least ornament. It was clearly constructed for worship, and not for the display of pride. I did not enter the structure, but the two doors facing the south stood open, as they had been left by the assembled throng. Before approaching so near, and while standing in meditation, I saw the brethren and sisters—angels they were—go forth in the march and the dance. I saw them pass the windows, arranged in white transparent robes, as they moved like seraphs to the heavenly music. It seemed to me as though I was at the very gates of the City Celestial, the home of the New Jerusalem, and was about to join in the song of the hundred and forty-four thousand. In that heavenly world—for I seemed to be there—I was pained when told by my guardian angel, that I must return again to the material world; and now I only desire to stay upon earth, that I may do good and help poor mortal souls to rise into the resurrection-life, where alone is found peace and true happiness.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Spirit Voices from Australia, and Prophecies from Cape Town, Africa. The Spirit Home of the Martyr Giordano Bruno, through the Mediumship of Thomas Walker.*

“And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. . . . And white robes were given unto every one of them.”

JOHN THE REVELATOR.

SITUATED ON a beautiful hill, Pure Love City overlooks the Valley of Wisdom and Pilgrimage Plains. Angel Lake is in the front grounds. In the distance rolls Sunshine River, falling into Angel Lake. Isis Pier stretches out into the lake, and being built of living flowers, covered with translucent down, it is as useful as beautiful. At the foot of the hill, and dividing the valley of Wisdom into two portions, a rippling and romantic brook curls along towards the lake, and — pardon our liberties — since forming your acquaintance, and in honor of your missionary labors for the furtherance of spiritual knowledge, we now call it Peebles' Brook.

Among the leading features of our city is a massive museum, Music Temple, and Poets' Dome. The museum occupies a commanding position upon the summit of a table-land promontory. It is an ancient structure, having been built, furnished, and ornamented by the united efforts of Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Lautsze, Confucius, Jesus, Euclid, Democritus, Empedicles, Homer, Ptolemy, Pliny, Hephlexon—a Greek reformer, whose works were destroyed at the burning of the Alexandrian Library — and a number of others interested in the dissemination of true science, refined literature, and religious truth. Its erection and the subsequent influences of those either dwelling in or frequenting it, were the causes of

all the religious reformations that have dawned upon the earth for the past few centuries. The noted seer Swedenborg has a prominent position as teacher of spiritual analogy in one department of the building. We are now expecting a visit from that exalted seer of Patmos, St. John. Countless throngs will flock to see and hear his saintly words of wisdom.

I have charge, at present, of the "infirm" and "deranged" department, where imbeciles, the spiritually deformed, and the imperfectly balanced spirits, rendered so by the conditions of earth life, are received, cared for, and healed. The ancient spirits above mentioned seldom visit the city, because having other homes and far more exalted duties to perform.

In this sphere of existence the arts and sciences attain a very high perfection. It is a great center of learning and progress. Here metaphysicians meet to study the soul, and converse of its infinite capacities. The museum has been denominated "Curiosity Museum," because one of its founders, Lucretius, in company with Solon, out of curiosity, and for the benefit of the patrons of the museum, traversed the electrical currents on the Pacific Ocean, on a voyage of exploration, to gather information respecting the long, wave-covered New Atlantis, described by ancient Hindoo, Egyptian, and Grecian writers.

My personal home, known as "Balmy Cot," is a very comfortable dwelling, at the foot of Chastity Hill, and a little distance from the shore, where balmy spiritual breezes refresh the contemplative soul. It commands a good view of the city, and stands opposite the magnificent museum. It is *my* home, because I personally gravitate to it. Others, in sympathy with me, gravitate to, and construct their homes, and we "have all things in common," because "we love the brethren" — and hence the name, "Pure Love City." As I develop higher in the golden future, I shall leave this home, and exchange it for a purer and holier one, left vacant by the glorious unfoldments of its latest occupants. Hugh Latimer will be my next successor. He is now a devoted student in the museum. The interior of my home is attractive, love il-

lumined, chastely decorated, and seraphim-frequented. The holiest angels and seraphs have lofty ideals, stretching on into the ineffable and the unattainable.

Though exerting a general influence upon mortals, I seldom visit the earth in person; and then to give directions to the active controls of this medium, and to give counsel in the development of other mediums. At some future time I will describe to you the martyr's death, which I suffered in Rome; and I feel safe in promising to return oftener than in the past, as your atmosphere facilitates a work that needs to be done.

*Spirit Experiences and Teachings; through the Mediumship of S. T. Marchant, Cape Town, South Africa.*

When an inhabitant of earth I was a student and teacher of divinity. I am still employed in teaching; but upon entering the higher existence, I was soon compelled to modify my theological views. This caused me quite a struggle, for I was inclined to be persistent. In changing worlds I did not completely lose my consciousness. This is not the case with those who suffer from disasters. Spirit life is so much like life upon earth, that some hardly know they have made the change. I found a place, or, perhaps better expressed, a home prepared for me, when passing into the new state of existence. My garments were also prepared, and they corresponded with my taste, and, I afterwards learned, with my moral status. . . . Yes, I have frequently seen spirits whose habitations were upon other planets; they are sometimes sent to your earth as messengers. I remember of recently seeing a messenger spirit from the planet Jupiter. He was enveloped in a mist, like a cloud of gold, and moved, so it seemed to me, with the swiftness of lightning — the long, flowing hair floating behind him. This aromal, gauze-like cloud completely encircled him, revealing a being of radiant loveliness. My spirit teacher said that he was the "Angel of Beneficence."

The higher intelligences of other planets have always exercised more or less influence upon your earth. The planets themselves are more potent in their effects upon your

world than mortals generally imagine. When astronomy and judicial astrology are better comprehended, the mysteries of life, birth, health, and intellectual development will be far better understood. This medium is now under the influence of Saturn — seventh house; but will shortly come under the peculiar influences of Pallas — the first house. The conjunction of certain planets has much to do with the matter and also the minds upon your earth. The medium, however, has no faith in these astrological teachings, hence it is difficult for us to fully project our ideas into and through his organism. . . . . As to the existence of birds, animals, and noisome insects, I feel it difficult to express realities upon this subject as I find them. I have never seen stinging insects and loathsome serpents in our state of existence. I think they subserved their uses in the material world that you now inhabit. Of course there is no annihilation; the universe knows no absolute loss. Accordingly, the animals and insects of your plane, having no aspirations for immortality, die; the grosser portion of them going to enrich the soil, while the spiritual part enters into and is absorbed in the great vortex of spirit essences. And yet we have often seen subjective appearances of animal and bird life attendant upon immortal spirits. Nevertheless, those who have dwelt much longer, and occupy higher positions in spirit life, teach that all types and germs are immortal; and from them I gather that the graceful animals that tread, and the beautiful plumaged birds that make music in the evergreen groves, are indigenous to, and the outbirths of, the higher spheres in which they appear. . . .

*Q.* What is to be the future of Africa in the world's history?

*A.* This is a momentous subject, demanding careful consideration. The history of this country, with her Lost Arts, was long since buried in forgetfulness. In remote antiquity, hidden under the dust of ages, Central Africa was the garden of the world. The Sanscrit language, the pride of ancient India, was begotten and saw its palmyest days near the fountains of the Nile. Why, then, has the lion so long borne the



curse of degradation? Why should the dark stain remain upon one of the fairest portions of God's universe? Why such a long night after such a glorious noonday? After the night cometh the morning. Ethiopia shall yet again stretch forth her hands to God. The baptism of fire is now upon her. After the clangor of wars and warfare comes peace and prosperity. . . . Ancient America was the Alpha of earth's humanity, Asia the Beta, while to Europe has been allotted the fiery work of scourging and purification. But, in the dawning cycle, to Africa shall be given the full unfolding of that flower whose grateful fragrance shall fill the whole earth, and whose mellifluous melodies shall add to the harmonies.

*The Spirit Home and Surroundings of Edgar Atheling, as seen clairvoyantly by Alfred Deakin of Australia.*

Situated in the midst of a very beautiful country, his residence gleams brightly in the distance from out a dark setting of green forest and purple sea. The character of the space seen is hilly, rising to a ridge of mountain peaks, whose loftiness was apparently snow-capped, rocky, and above the vegetation thickly covering its flanks. The direction was northward, and the chain of pointed and jagged elevations was then lying to the southeast. As far as my vision extended the surface of the land was diversified by trees and magnificent foliage, the undulations often abrupt, and sometimes precipitous. The atmosphere was of a brilliant lucidity and softness, the coloring of the sward and copses standing out in fine relief; the sky of an inexpressible tenderness overarching it with a wealth of sunny blue. The contour of the whole was magnificently wild and grand. A rugged coast, and cliffs washed by the sea in almost living ecstasy of motion, bounding it to the east and north; while toward the west I had the sensation of life, and in that direction seemed to sense the presence, and abiding places in cities, of spirits upon the same plane. The scene was of immense extent, probably some sixty square miles, lying around the building, which was evidently one of great splendor, approached by

exquisite gardens on two sides, and with the sea close to it on a third. It was in shape like a gigantic magnet, or horseshoe, of one very lofty story.

The material of which it was composed seemed of variegated or changeful color, in many places milk-white, and in others of golden hue. Mother-of-pearl is the only substance I can liken it to, and I fancy from the proximity of the ocean that this might be obtained from thence.

The architecture was strange but very imposing, and as if music in some inexplicable way was wrought into the façades and woven over its porticoes. Domes, towers, and minarets, were among its decorations, which like the vegetation partook of an Oriental tinge. The interior consisted of halls, corridors, and smaller apartments; but there were some of these squared, in every case the angles being rounded off or concealed. I felt an atmosphere, as it were, of education and refinement proceeding from it, and grew dimly conscious of a great number of dwellers therein, busied in intellectual employments, and the cultivation of spiritual gifts. Different portions of the edifice were set apart for different branches of study. In one portion I perceived an immense library. The forms of the volumes were almost exactly like those we are familiar with, while others, which I perceived, differed only in minor particulars. Some of them evidently were of very ancient origin. The contents I could only analyze by the influence proceeding from them, which was invariably of an inspiring nature. I saw many most beautiful vases, in which were growing plants of delicate odor and refreshing beauty. Flowers were not only in perfume without, but were in every part, and in almost every chamber. I could not estimate the rooms or inhabitants of this vast seminary, which must excel, I think, in size as well as grandeur, every earthly real and ideal. My guide is one of the band of teachers occupying it, and engaged in the inculcation of spiritual truth to those who have already passed through the discipline of the dark spheres and require information upon the

larger aspects and duties of the higher life, to souls whose boundary henceforth is only in the solar system.

A crescent contracted may convey a better idea of the general appearance of the extraordinary structure I am powerless to adequately describe. Between the points or arms of the horseshoe is a most exquisite enclosure of lovely flowers. Numerous doors open upon it, and being above the level, are connected with it by steps. In the windows is something resembling glass, apparently stained, of many shades and with unique figures painted upon it. A kind of balcony overlooks the sea, supported, as are many other such around the building, upon light, graceful pillars. Many places here I cannot describe, as they are utterly unlike anything of earth. There do not seem to be any places set apart for sleeping or eating; the first being to them but as a dreamy reverie, and their sustenance chiefly derived from inhalation, of which the refuse is cast off through the pores of the skin by insensible excretion. The chairs are more of the character of lounges and couches than aught else I can compare them to. In all these spheres I see men and women working out their salvation under the direction of more exalted intelligences. Their dress is usually a flowing and graceful garb, in no way impeding the activity of the limbs, is rich and pure. As they approach that portion of what I have called the *mother-of-pearl*, it reflects the peculiar radiance from the aura of each, and this occasions the changefulness which I at first apprehended in its tints. Just between the poles of the magnet is a great statue, carved in what appears to be marble. It represents a warrior who with one hand is shading his eyes, in the other grasps a sword, his whole frame poised forward as if for a spring upon some foe; while from between his feet a superb eagle is spreading his wings to soar away. Farther in, between the arms of the horseshoe, another: a woman reclining and holding a globe, which she intently regards. I think it symbolizes one of the planets. Scattered throughout all the grounds are other sculptures of marvelous power and beauty. A great gallery of paintings contains a picture of a

storm at sea ; another of a conflagration ; but beyond the bare outlines of the subjects I could not see anything, while I felt that it was idle to endeavor to obtain their meaning. In the woods there are birds of bright plumage and enchanting song. In the streams and adjoining sea are fish, sporting in their element. There are halls here filled with antiquities ; and something like a tall majestic pyramid peers up in the distance. The pervading quality of all is that of peace and happiness of noble souls who, in intellectual exercises and religious faith, pursue their aspirations in pure lives of angel ministry to one another, and to mortal worlds.

This is but a slight sketch and imperfect description of the glories of the angels' homes, among which is that of the generous and gracious spirit who has made my feeble faculties his own, by untiring charities of an unbounded affection. His abode is worthy of himself. Both are heavenly. These glimpses are emblematic rather than actual, and of promise more than fulfillment. If at any future day I be led by that dearest of teachers nearer to himself and it, I will then essay to outline more completely that which has touched my eyes and heart, but not my tongue. The rest is silence.

*Rev. John Stewart's Home in Spirit Life, through Thomas Walker, Medium.*

Names with us have a spiritual significance. Rising gently out of Angel Lake is Charity Island, the abode of congenial spirits, who take special delight in the exercise of their sympathetic and devotional natures. It is elevated just above the silvery waters that ripple musically against the shores of the lake. Near the interior of the island, among towering transparent rocks, is situated my home, somewhat irregular in form, but adapted to my taste.

The island is not large, yet decorated around the shores with a gallery of floral beauties. Some of these flowers are so arranged as to form a carpet of variegated tints. Away a little in the distance pastures spread their light green foliage, and orchards bear their golden fruit. Near these, in a cluster

of trees, shaded by their foliage, is my house, seven stories in height. The rooms are somewhat irregular in shape, the first story being in the form of an octagon, the second an irregular square, and so on to the seventh ending in a dome. The furniture of each room is adapted to the use we make of the apartment. The lower room, consecrated to educational purposes and devotional exercises, has little furniture besides desks and seats. The walls are decorated with creeping vines, the ceiling festooned with evergreens, and the windows are adorned with orange-colored curtains. The second story is for discussions and lectures upon moral subjects. Here, after my old habit, I have had a pulpit arranged, where I and other spirits oftentimes stand to discourse upon religious subjects. In the third story we meet for social enjoyment, hence the parallelogram shape. Sometimes there is dancing and marches here, though I do not myself indulge in these exercises.

The fourth story is what we call the "Octagon of Luxury," because here are elegant paintings and instruments of music, and through the channel of music we pour out our souls' deepest devotions. The fifth story is where we have our library-room and studio; the sixth, where we display our choicest collections of art; and the seventh is divided into rooms for repose; — here we also have a magnificent observatory.

The materials of the building differ according to the uses assigned to each apartment. In the rooms of recreation the material of the walls is of a translucent nature, and through them we can see all that is transpiring upon the islands. In the room for devotion the material is more of a staid nature, imprisoning us, as it were, in the atmosphere of the soul, and forbidding the entrance of any frivolity. The conditions lock out the murmuring of the fountains, the music of the lake, the rhythmic movement of the flowers, the attuned melody of the foliage, the harmonies of the island, and bring us into closer communion with our inmost souls and the Divine Presence.

We go from the lower to the upper apartments by means

of a downy chariot, propelled mostly by the will-power, and which travels upon the outside of the building. Each story is less than the lower one, thus forming a walk enclosing the upper room. These walks are adorned with statues, paintings, flowers, and creeping vines. This is a description of my spirit home — the home of John Stewart, once a Presbyterian minister of England.

*Q.* Did you enter this home when first leaving the earth-form?

*A.* No. It was only after growth and advancement. Then I was taken by a band of spirits and introduced to two others, who were in this house, and told that this should be my home until I was fitted for a higher and better.

*Q.* Who erected this residence?

*A.* I cannot tell who first built it, as it had been in preparation for ages, each occupant doing something to beautify it, and thus leaving his lasting impress upon it. This should be an incentive to true and pure living upon earth. Jesus undoubtedly referred to a heavenly residence when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you."

*Q.* Is marriage perpetual in the spheres?

*A.* Not exactly in the arbitrary sense in which you understand it upon earth; and yet I have my once earthly wife. If on earth you are wisely fitted for each other, and progressed together, you will naturally turn to her who on earth was more than friend. Spiritual love reaches out to an opposite here much as it does upon earth. Here in our island home we yearn for social enjoyment, for the divine blending of opposite souls; and whilst we love humanity, and can lovingly smile upon all, we nevertheless turn in this sphere each and all to their soul-mates. Other spheres doubtless have different experiences. With us there is no lust. The Christ spirit of purity has overcome the Adam in our natures. We walk in the resurrection life of a love that is pure and heavenly. Whether this condition will remain eternal, blooming out from the special into the universal, I have no means of

knowing, and theorizing upon the subject seems to me a useless waste of time.

*Q.* Are there not spirits who never found a marital mate, and are yet happy?

*A.* Yes, most certainly! Bruno, the distinguished martyr, resides with other noble souls on Celibate Hill, and is exquisitely happy, married to the universe of great, beating, loving souls. . . . I wear white flowing robes and long flowing hair. At our public meetings there is a general invitation given. We live in what you would term a community, and do not generally say "*my* home," but "*our* home." Upon entering this new home I was introduced by a Swedenborgian divine, known on earth by the name of Noble. One of the residents of this home was the philosopher of earth named Bacon. It should be remembered by the children of men that it is not so much intellect on earth as goodness, purity, and self-sacrifice, that prepares the soul for the homes of the blest.

*Q.* Why is the lowest story in your residence used for devotional exercises?

*A.* Because it is in keeping with the gravity required as a basis; and further, all future progression must have prayer and religious culture for its foundation. . . . Symbols are impressive as well as the supporting pillars of truth. In our library are precious manuscripts from nations now forgotten upon your earth; also a large variety of volumes both ancient and modern. These are not obtained by the merely will-power; if so, we might possibly will from Omnipotence His knowledge. We obtain them by applying to the authors, or to those who possess copies. I have not only many religious volumes of the past in my library, but the books of the most prominent spiritualists. . . . Life with us is a perpetual luxury. We partake of delicious fruits; but in a higher sense, perhaps, it may be said that every pore of the spirit body has a mouth, and this might be called subsistence by the spiritual law of assimilation. . . . If the life on earth was moral and harmonious, the change from sphere to sphere is

gradual and delightful; but if on earth the life was selfish and vile, then in passing from the second to a higher sphere the individual experiences something akin to a "second death" — a death of suffering. "Blessed are those over whom the second death hath no power."

*Questions answered through the Mediumship of Mrs. Maria M. King, of Hammonton, N. J., addressed to the Spirit controlling in her Public Teachings.*

*Q.* About how long have you been in the land of spirits?

*A.* My experience of spirit life has been sufficiently long and varied to entitle me to the place of teacher through one of our accepted media; therefore be pleased to accept the answers I shall give to your questions for what they are worth, without reference to the years I have numbered as a spirit.

*Q.* In the process of what we term death, were you unconscious?

*A.* I was unconscious while the process of spirit birth was in progress — that is, while the organized spirit body was escaping from its prison-house of flesh. The period of dreamless slumber was brief in my case, age having prepared my spirit for an easy exit from the body.

*Q.* Have you a localized spirit home; and if so, is it within the atmosphere of our earth?

*A.* I have a beautiful spirit home, as precious and as necessary to me as is theirs to them of any of earth's toilers who lay the burden of their daily labor outside the threshold of "home, sweet home," and in the bosom of affection briefly forget the struggle for existence, and find that rest indispensable to continued effort. My house is my paradise, wherein I revel in the delights of love and friendship; it is my ark of refuge from the toils incident to a busy life, while at the same time it is a sanctuary wherein I devote myself to studies requiring most intense application and freedom from disturbing influences.

The temple wherein the dove of sacred inspiration descends



most freely upon me is the secluded sanctum in my own home. Here I am most free from the disturbing influences of other minds. Its location is beyond the earth, beyond the solar system, in a vast aromal belt called the Second Sphere.

*Q.* If that home corresponds to what we call a house or palace, did you construct it yourself?

*A.* My house corresponds with what you call a dwelling, with its necessary surroundings. The labor of the hands, directed by cultivated taste and skill — intelligent “will-power” — were brought into requisition for its construction. I assisted in the building. Co-operation is the rule with us in such labors.

*Q.* Can you traverse the spaces to other planets?

*A.* I traverse the interstellar spaces in company with those who, like myself, are on errands connected with their studies. We make a pathway for ourselves as we go by condensing the rarefied magnetic ethers that are everywhere in space.

*Q.* What estimate do spirits of your plane put upon Jesus of Nazareth?

*A.* We hold Jesus to have been a man born a seer, a prophet, endowed with remarkable mediumistic gifts, which were improved by development — by the operation of “the spirit” or spirits. . . . He was misunderstood by his immediate followers as being something superior to man, and his deeds were exaggerated by their unreasoning credulity. Elevated above the multitude by his superior spirituality, he was qualified to be a teacher of the sublime inspirations which flowed into his receptive mind from wise and pure angels, who made him their mouthpiece to the masses. . . . Pure and spiritual in his life, he was prepared for rapid progress as a spirit; and now, with other ancient prophets and exalted men, he holds a place among celestial spirits, having experienced his second spiritual birth, and become a dweller in the third sphere. .

*Q.* Are the birds and animals, if existing in your sphere, the outbirth of and indigenous to that sphere, or are they veritable individualized forms of our earth?

A. Your questions each suggest a chapter of principles for their proper elucidation. But briefly, animals of the highest orders only have an existence in this sphere, the life essences of such only gravitating to this plane. Animals regain a brief existence on the spirit plane, after having lost it on the passage thither, in the current of magnetic life, whose attractions and repulsions are too strong for imperfect organizations to resist and retain their individuality. The reawakening of an animal to conscious life on the higher plane is the reorganization of the elements of the being, which have been severed, but which gravitate together naturally when no superior force intervenes to hinder. This sphere is enlivened by animal life as a necessity of infantile man. Law ordains it to be so. But man rules all elements of the sphere as he increases in power and wisdom. He will finally divert to his own use all elements and forces, and become able to people his realm with animal forms of his own creation; or, according to his pleasure, divert to other uses the essences suited to this purpose.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the endless destiny of the conscious soul?

A. "The soul, immortal as its Sire, can never die."

"God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

How expressive this language! The spirit of man as an emanation of Deity necessarily inherits the nature and the immortality of its "Sire," being formed in his image as the child of the parent — that is, being an entity organized in harmony with eternal principles.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MANY VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.

*A Sailor's Sad Story, through the Mediumship of Peter Sterling, of Melbourne, Australia.*

INVITED to spend an evening at the charming residence of Miss Ricketts, West Melbourne, Australia, I found myself in a quiet spiritual séance. Very soon, Mrs. Sterling, one of the ladies present, becoming entranced, gave me, among other unexpected tests, a description of an adopted child, Louis, also of three immortal buds of our own, transplanted to the gardens of God ere a breath or stain had tarnished their stainless souls.

Sitting in the circle and quietly musing, a strange impression seized me to take the hand of Mrs. Sterling's son, and magnetically assist a spirit in taking possession of him. I did not yield to the impression till it became almost potent enough to be pronounced a voice. I have an utter abhorrence of palming off for spirit impressions what I feel may be my own. Obeying the impression at last, however, and taking the hand of the young man in mine, placing my thumb upon the ulnar nerve, he became tremulous, and then spasmodic, reeling like a sailor. But the controlling influence failed to speak. During a subsequent session this sailor spirit uttered a few rough sentences. At the fifth sitting he talked quite fluently, though in the idiom of the sea and the sailor. He was an utter stranger to us all, save the young man through whom he was attempting a communication. His story was a most pitiful one. Condensed, it was briefly this:—Himself and this young man, Mr. Sterling, were most intimate friends, boon-companions, sailing among the East India Isles. These are

the regions of occasional cyclones; and during one of these terrific hurricanes, or whirling storms, and while this English sailor was trying to fasten Peter to the main-mast, that he might not be washed overboard, a rolling wave struck the young Englishman, and hurled him into the depths of the mad waves. Peter, the medium he was now seeking to control, after nearly losing his life, reached the harbor safely, and at length his home; but the young Englishman, a jolly, worldly, unspiritual sailor, loving Peter intensely, had gone down, the body at least, among the green sea-weeds of the deep! Obtaining control of the medium, through my psychological assistance, he gave his experience, his hopes, and aims in spirit life, in nearly the following words:

“I was trying to fix Peter, this medium, safely, when an awful wave swept me off from the deck. I went overboard headlong down into the deep waters. I do not remember my struggles. Sharks must have eaten my body. I knew nothing for a while, but can give you no correct idea how long I was unconscious. When I came to myself I could not understand it. I was alive, I was myself, I was alone, I was dazed, I was in space, and yet in stifling darkness. Oh, God, how I suffered! No light, no heaven, no home, no Peter, *no Peter!* But a spirit, once a sailor, yet now alone in space, and that space darkness! I did not know where to go or what to do. Talk about fire and brimstone! Oh, skipper, [this was a sailor term for a captain. He was now applying it to the writer, because he had supervised and aided him in controlling his friend Peter,] you have no conception of my condition. I wept, I wildly wondered and prayed, and while praying I saw a flashing gleam of light. It inspired hope; it seemed to move nearer to me, and proved to be this medium's spirit brother. He saw my confusion, and speaking kindly, took me to this medium — you call him Peter. We were more than friends. What one had we both had. I was the oldest; and now, helped by his spirit brother, I had got to him again, and I clung right to him; but I was not happy. I followed him everywhere he went, and, *strange as it seemed to me,*

though I could turn his mind in this direction or that, I could not make him know that I was present with him. Oh, how I thank you for helping me to get this influence over him; and how I thank the good lady of this house for asking you all to come!

“Write to my parents and tell them I shall never return to them again in my body — the fish have eaten that. They weep. Tell them not to mourn. Jack, their sailor son, is not so bad off as he might be. But I am not happy. No, oh, no! I am miserable.”

Here the spirit wept profusely, through the organism of the medium. I said to him kindly: “Do not weep; we are your friends. Look up prayerfully to God and the good angels, and you will see bright and beautiful spirits.” At this he exclaimed:

“I see them! oh, I do see them! They can take me to them, but they will not. They stand and look at me. I’m not worthy. I am unhappy and miserable. They tell me I have got to work my way up to them. All they can do is to help me; and I want you all to help me.”

Turning to the medium’s mother he said: “I want to call you my mother, and I want this medium, Peter, for my younger brother. I want to claim these ladies for my sisters. And you, skipper, have been an angel to me; you’ve helped me, and I’m going to help this Indian spirit by you — Old Feathers I call him — to take care of you on your voyage home. Here, skipper, give us your hand! This is the sailor’s grip. Sailors are not hypocrites, they mean what they say; and by this grip I pledge my word to go with you on the waters to your home, wherever it may be. If there comes a storm, call on me; I know the ropes! You will not be sea-sick, or have any accident. Old Feathers and I have looked at the steamship you are going on, and we know the berth that you are to occupy. Old Feathers impressed you to take it, and he has since been magnetizing it, but what for I don’t know. Look to *him* on land, but look to the *blue-jacket* on the *ocean*. Sailors have hearts; they do not forget favors, but stand by those who help them.”

This occurrence transpired just before my sailing from Australia for Ceylon, on my way to India, South Africa, and England, homeward. This sailor, rough as the unpolished diamond, yet frank, naturally truthful, and good-hearted, was on his way to the serener light of heaven, and, in justice to him, I must say that, considering the stormy passages by sea, I suffered nothing from sea-sickness, incident to all my previous voyages, neither was I overtaken by any accident. When the weather was rough, I was vividly conscious of this sailor's presence; and there is not a lingering doubt in my mind but that he sacredly fulfilled his promise, accompanying me to my American home.

Often, after my departure, and while on ship-board, my friends in Australia held their accustomed sittings, and calling for the sailor spirit to influence Peter, he did not announce his presence; but at subsequent sittings, and while I was upon the land in Ceylon or South Africa, he would visit the circle, and give them information that I was then disembarked and doing my work on shore.

Miss Ricketts published in the *Harbinger of Light* a remarkable test, relating to a missing letter directed to Mr. Sterling. This sailor spirit directed Peter to go to Flinder's Lane and find a Mr. Smith, for he had a letter for him from the skipper. Mr. Sterling, whom the sailor spirit familiarly calls Peter, seriously doubted it, but determined to test the truthfulness of Jack, and accordingly went to the place designated, and, quite to his surprise, found the foretold letter. This spirit has proved himself, though uncultured, to be eminently truthful and trustworthy.

*"Strolling Player," a Spirit controlling J. J. Morse, London.*

Q. I wish you to describe minutely your spirit home, and state whether it is within the atmosphere of our earth, with other matters which you think will be interesting and profitable to us?

A. While the homes of multitudes are about and within the atmosphere of your earth, mine is beyond it, and, in loca-

tion, nearly parallel with its equatorial regions. It is surrounded by a pleasant stretch of country, with an undulating plain rising some distance from my house. My residence is near the margin of a large lake, by the side of a high mountain range, the ascent being gradual, broken here and there by evergreen hills. The grounds are sheltered by ornamental trees, planted there a long time since by ancestors of mine, who have migrated from their home, bequeathing it to the next comer; it was thus presented to me, and I, in my turn, will probably bequeath it to some one else. In the adjoining shrubbery are a series of delightful walks, and winding through them is a little stream, silvery bright in appearance, and spanned by light bridges of trellis-work, of a material not unlike that of mother-of-pearl. Within the retreats are quiet grottoes, formed by the flexible shrubs and fragrant flowers. These grottoes, or alcoves, serve a useful purpose, for they are so many places for schools, and abound mostly in those parts frequented by my spirit companion, whose mission is the education and training of orphan children. These orphan children are not those who belonged to the truly married, but those of the unspiritually married on earth. These little ones are trained by my companion in the principles and graces which were not originally imparted and instilled into them. . . . Approaching the old residence from the alcoves, a broad lawn rises in front of the glorious edifice, and running round this are balconies, which give access to the upper apartments. On one side of the building are *my* apartments, on the other side those of my companion. At one end of the building is a room — mine — especially consecrated to myself; my inner sanctum, devoted to meditation and reflection upon the gravest questions of the hour and age. Towards the hallway is another apartment, devoted to the interchange of visits. Here we discuss and talk, and exchange our sympathies one with another. Still nearer to the hall there is another apartment, devoted to the reception of our personal and most intimate friends. My own sanctum contains no useless ornamentation, partaking more of art. Some claim that art is

cold and cheerless. If disposed, they could thus fault my apartment; but to me it is absolutely inviting, being filled with books, scrolls, and unique curiosities, which I have collected in traveling through the spirit spheres; and in one case I became possessed of the history and the associations of a brotherhood with which I am connected — the “Brilliant Cross.” The next room is furnished in a magnificent style, profuse in flowers, and having several small fountains. The birds fill the air with their enchanting songs, and the flowers load the atmosphere with their fragrance. Here we invite ancient spirits to meet with us.

The general apartment is furnished with all sorts of instruments for experimental investigation. There are books for the studious, and rare objects of interest for the curious. There is one apartment for the inspiration of poetic thought. Here is an immense number of poetical compositions; and here this class of minds meet to discuss their merits. In an apartment of the ground-floor is my congenial companion's holy of holies, inaccessible save to the owner. It is devoted to her peculiar studies and meditations. Here she indulges her taste in the composition of music, poetry, painting, and other pleasant occupations. In the rear of this apartment is a museum, filled with books, relics, and revelations relating to the histories, present and past, of the genesis of the children we have had under our charge. We are collecting these items for a special work, which may be given to the world at some future time; for it is among our purposes to trace out every aim and action of the earthly life in the development of the conscious soul. In the center of the museum is a fountain of musical waters. The roof is domed, and has a blue ground, with golden stars upon it. There is an aperture in the center, covered by a transparent material, and decorated with blue stars, upon the groundwork of which is this motto: “For *others* that which we wish for *ourselves*.”

In the upper apartment is a wing, consisting of a large hall, capable of accommodating about seven hundred. Here the children often assemble to engage in various exercises,



and where we listen to the expression of their hopes and purposes. The decorations and influences of this room are adapted to the mental culture and harmonial development of these orphan children that we so delight to instruct. Often we teach in the open air, that is, in the alcoves I before referred to, assisted occasionally by those who have attained to greater wisdom than ourselves. Thus the education of these psychologically orphaned little ones is carried on, and this is the chief occupation of my beloved partner and myself.

*Q.* When you left your body by death, in what part of the universe did you find yourself?

*A.* I came into consciousness in the room where my body was still lying. My sympathies and my home were with those on earth whom I still loved. It was some years before I was prepared to rise out of, and leave your world's atmosphere. You being a spiritual and a natural man, must perforce be sustained by the conditions of two worlds. Death is but the disuniting of the inner from the outer, but not necessarily a removal of the inner nature from its present conditions; these are maintained so long as there is aught strong enough in the way of hopes, in the way of fears, or in the way of attractions of any kind, to hold you to the spiritual conditions of terrestrial life in which you have formerly existed. Until these links are broken, you are more or less tightly chained. Every round in the ladder must be pressed, and the work of earth must be finished, before a spirit can permanently dwell in the higher heavens of beatific beauty and bliss.

*Q.* To what does sex primarily relate?

*A.* Remember that there are some subjects upon which spirits theorize as well as mortals. In my opinion, sex is a derived or secondary quality, and is maintained so long as the integral factor—the soul—is connected with secondary or derived conditions. I have heard it stated by ancient spirits, whom you sometimes denominate the gods, that there comes a time in the far-off distance when the integral factor, or soul, rises up to that sublime altitude, where it is consciously independent of the secondary or derived condition of sex.

This is called the realm of universal love—the state of pure being!

*Q.* Does your love for this world decrease the longer you live in the higher and better world?

*A.* My sympathies decrease for this world *as* a world, but they increase for intelligent beings wherever found. In approaching the earth to communicate, and taking on temporarily its sympathies, tendencies, and memories, I indulge often in playful remarks and parables, seeking the better to convey useful lessons. . . . Personally, I have nothing to do with the construction of the building that I have described to you, though I have tried in some respects to improve and beautify it. It was prepared for me by others, and I considered myself more than fortunate in being permitted to inhabit it. . . . I knew nothing of spiritualism when living in my mortal body, and I gave very little study to spiritual matters.

*A Spirit Message, with Answers to Questions, through the Mediumship of W. H. Fletcher, London.*

I stand upon the present occasion as a medium between other spirits and my medium, something as he is a medium between you and myself.

In passing away from the world of matter into the world of spirit, definite experiences come to different individuals. Hence, what may be true of one may not be true of another. There comes into my presence just now a child—Stella. She has been in the spirit world several years, and the first thing she saw when awaking to consciousness, was the friends bending over the cold casket that she had left. Their tears fell upon it like rain. She spoke to them, calling them by familiar names, but they heard not. Loving spirits and waiting angels, spiritually clothed her risen form. Though her body had been buried, the great grief of father, mother, and friends held her by the law of sympathy within the atmosphere of the old home conditions. You of earth, not understanding this subject as you should, cause spirit friends sorrow and trouble. Gradually becoming able to assume control

of a medium, she taught them to think of her not as a lost child to them, but as one waiting for their coming to the better world of light and love. The moment that they were enabled to look upon death as a friend rather than an enemy, becoming calm and trusting, that moment they made it possible for her to enter more fully into the spiritual world. The first objects of interest to her from this time were such spirits as could adapt themselves to her and childhood teachings.

Here comes another spirit, who died in the full strength of manhood; and things look so natural, and seem so tangible, that he cannot fully realize the change. He goes out into the very business life to which his strength had been given, and continues to be interested in the pursuits of human existence. He was not a really wicked man, but one of a class that makes the world neither much worse nor better for having lived in it. Like others, he had eaten and drank. He had lived, moved, and revolved round the center of self. He knew little of fortune or misfortune, only so far as they affected himself or family. Now he is in our world, and yet he hardly realizes it. He largely draws his life from those about him, and might, were he to control a medium, vampire-like absorb the medium's strength, and strenuously contend that he was not dead. To us his condition seems deplorable. It is the self-satisfaction of ignorance. Fiery trials, disappointments, and penances, await him. Only these, it seems to us, can arouse him to a sense of his true condition, and the heights that await the true and the unselfishly good in the infinite beyond.

The more benevolent and spiritual the life one leads upon earth, the more joyous and complete will be the awakening in the spirit world. The time will come when individuals will consider it a privilege, rather than a misfortune, to suffer, simply because there are certain experiences that must be passed through. And the more one struggles against temptation and overcomes the lower nature here, the better will he be prepared for the life hereafter. . . .

Spirits, as you well know, meet by the law of affinity, and

move in groups or divisions. Minds engaged in the same pursuits naturally gravitate to the same condition; and our homes, instead of being built as you build yours, are constructed to meet the desires of those who inhabit them. Those having no desire for food or shelter, and no especial wish for a located home, wander on through this spiritual world of wondrous beauty, enjoying it much as you would enjoy an Italian sunset. Spirits are more inclined to live and move in groups, clusters and societies, than mortals. This does not apply, however, to those who have just left their bodies. The groups and societies that I previously referred to, dwell or exist out of and beyond the atmosphere of your earth. Though the spirit world may, the *spiritual world* does not begin, until the earthly life is nearly lost sight of. . . .

The embryo infant is immortal from the moment of conception, and hence it is a fearful vice to blast and force the bud from the tree of life. Every child should be a welcome child, and, passing through the diverse experiences of infancy, youth, and manhood, should reach a good old age. . . .

It is not true, as a class of Theosophists teach, that it is possible for a human soul to perish through inherent depravity. But it sometimes transpires that a human personality in descending into and assuming earth garments, becomes divided in a manner analogous to the separation of a ray of light through the agency of the prism, and these divided portions converge and blend in the original personality again after certain special missions have been accomplished. . . .

In the spirit world, spirit guides do not necessarily bear any relation to the mediums they controlled upon earth. There should be a distinction made between spirit guardians and spirit guides. All mortals have their guardian angels, but all do not have spirit guides helping them in the performance of a special work. Where there is great love, however, between the guides and the medium, where both have suffered much, both growing mutually strong in sympathy and faith, then the spirit guide becomes the teacher of the medium, when the latter is clothed upon with immortality.

*Written through Mrs. L. M. K., of San Francisco, California,  
by her Sister Eliza.*

When I passed to spirit life I entered the fourth degree of happiness. Each degree is divided into what may be denominated fifteen compartments. I was too young, of course, to have known sin; but I was also too young to have advanced in spiritual progression. I am now in the fifth degree, and hope very soon to enter the sixth with my mother. We have our homes, our houses, our fruit, birds, flowers, plants, trees, every thing that you have on earth, and as tangible to us as material things are to you. There is no sorrow in our home. It is only when we approach and witness the sorrow and suffering of earth's inhabitants, that we are unhappy. I am sometimes sent on missions of love to earthly homes, and frequently the conditions are such that I cannot come into rapport with them and be able to bring back reports. I have for days followed a train of cars or a ship when desiring to convey ideas to those I loved, yet could not approach them, although I was positive they were on board. Every time we are permitted to make ourselves known we are greatly advanced. If I were to describe homes made of the most beautiful flowers, studded with precious gems, with streams of water rippling over a bed of diamonds and pearls, gardens containing every variety of luscious fruits, it might seem unreal to you; but no, dear brother, we should then fall far short of a true description of the beauty and grandeur which surrounds us in our spirit home — that home not made with hands, but by the pure thoughts and good actions expressed in the earthly life. ELIZA.

December 23, 1878.

*Description of Mrs. Colonel Taylor's Spirit Home: through the  
Mediumship of Colonel Taylor, ex-Member of Congress, re-  
siding formerly in Alabama.*

It is a lovely home, just my ideal when I entered it; but now I have a higher ideal stretching away into the golden

distance. The building is constructed of a variety of materials, and covered with the beautiful arbor-vitæ. On every side flowers of richest hues bloom perpetually. The floors are of sandal-wood; the windows are of jasper, and they blaze like diamonds. The furniture consists chiefly of center-table, mirrors, bureaus, chairs, ottomans, sofas — everything that can add to beauty and comfort. The diet is melons, nuts, fruits, and heavenly manna. Very exalted spirits, so I am told, subsist upon angels' food, and inhale the very elixir of life. Not only do our flowers, but our birds, infinitely surpass those of earth in plumage and song. They fill wood and plain, grove and glen, with delicious music. They are very tame, too, allowing me to handle and caress them. The rivers abound in water-falls, and the crystal streams swarm with fish of every hue and size. The forests abound in animals, but they are tame and harmless. No artist can paint nor pen do justice to the glories of the spirit world. My mission has thus far been, and for the time to come will be to those I love upon earth. I await with the tenderest anxiety their arrival to the home that I am preparing for them.

*John Knowles' Description of his Spirit Home and Spirit Life :  
through the Mediumship of Thomas Walker.*

On earth I was a traveling lecturer, my field of labors being in England and Scotland. My themes were phrenology and mental philosophy. I have been in the world of spirits about seven years. My home is in the Valley of Joy, near Sunshine River, that empties into Angel Lake. It is environed with trees, bearing the most delicious kinds of ever ripening but never decaying fruit. A balmy fragrance is exhaled from the branches, while among them disport birds of richest plumage. The entrance is through a spacious porch, supported by pillars of different colors. Passing through this porch, we enter into a parlor, the walls of which are of crystal. The ceiling is dome-like, and the floor of downy softness, with mingled colors of red and orange. The walls are decorated with delicate drapery and flowers somewhat resembling your roses.

We now pass on to the art gallery. Upon the walls of this are drawings, paintings, and productions, executed in spirit life, and the work is so perfect that they stand out in full relief like statues. One of these is a representation of the entrance of Jesus into the sphere of Buddha. Jesus is kneeling, while Gautama Buddha crowns him with a wreath of flowers, indicating the fidelity and purity of his life.

On these walls are also the portraits of several eminent characters who occupied the home before myself. When I leave and pass to a higher sphere, my portrait will be added for the inspection of those who succeed me. The globular center that so magnificently illumines this room is invisible to the visitor.

Leaving the art gallery, and passing through an archway to the right, we enter the library room, where are such books and manuscripts as my predecessors and myself have been able to collect. In the center of the library is a fragrant and musically-playing fountain. In this room my special friends often assemble to discuss matters of interest to dwellers in the Valley of Joy. Leaving by the left, we enter a floral grotto. It is beautifully arranged, and designed for the ladies of the valley. This grotto overlooks a part of Sunshine Valley. . . . Spirit homes are as much objective and as substantially real as are yours to you. And yet were we to visit your residences in our refined spiritual bodies, they would be almost invisible and wholly intangible to us. The construction of the home that I have described to you has been a gradual work, occupying centuries of time before the coming of the present occupant. I was drawn to it by the law of natural fitness. Special homes are thus appropriated and used as long as the adaptation continues. In many respects the internal arrangements of the homes that stud the Valley of Joy are like well-regulated ones upon earth, only they have no sleeping apartments. For the repose of a half conscious sleep, when needed, our inhabitants pass over the river to the land of dusk, where the clear and steady light, from natural causes, is shaded down into a dusky twilight. Speak-

ing in general terms, home life is much with us as with you, only more intense in its enjoyments. A spirit wife and two children are the additional inmates of the one just described. The gardens of the valley require but very little attention, because of the genial atmosphere and the refreshing dews. Our labors are voluntary, being labors of love for the good of others.

*My Residence and that of Others in the Spirit World. By John Glover, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Conant.*

I lived in Quincy, Mass., but now reside in Vinga Villa, Spring Garden City, Spirit World.

The villa takes its name from the numerous quantity of vines surrounding it. There is nothing exactly like it in all the city. It was constructed by an English horticulturist, and was his dwelling-place for a long time until he went higher. Now, by some strange fatality, it has fallen to me, and I assure you that I appreciate it, for it is just what I admire.

I to-day visited the residence of your late friend and co-worker, Mr. William White. He has just become domiciled there. The structure is of a material that would correspond to your alabaster, perfectly pure, perfectly white. It is very symmetrical in its proportions; indeed, a perfect symmetry exists everywhere; but it is very plain, very unostentatious, yet very beautiful. It is an exemplification of his earthly life — an humble, unostentatious, harmonious, beautiful, pure life, all combined. There is his dwelling, telling just what the man was when he was here. There's no mistaking it; every intelligent spirit knows what that indicates — who dwells there.

I have recently visited, also, the dwelling-place of your late friend and co-worker, William Berry. That is a more pretentious dwelling, larger, and of finer decorations. We find upon it all the various devices of music, and of the art of printing, all interwoven with what corresponds to your precious gems here in this life. It is a very imposing structure, and tells what the man's life was here — fitful, ardent,



aspiring, daring, and ready to put his shoulder to any wheel that the Almighty saw fit to ask him to put his shoulder to. There was the strength, there was the will manifested in the decorations of gems; there was the ardor manifested in the color. The ground-work of the building is of light blue and white, indicating that the man here was struggling between purity and wisdom. He knew better than he always did; but, surmounting that, in the gems of various colors, we are told that he overcame many temptations and achieved many grand spiritual works. On one side of the building is a beautiful orange grove; on the other we find the most beautiful tropical flowers that the eye ever rested upon. In the rear of the building are fruits and flowers and grains, all beautiful and useful. He was a man of large utility of purpose, as is displayed in the architecture of the building, in the laying out of his grounds, in the selection of his trees, his flowers. These things all tell you what the man is that abides in that building; and so it is with reference to all the dwellers in the spirit life. There are, fortunately, no outcasts, no homeless ones. There all have homes adequate to their needs, and homes just such as they have earned here in this life, and you know at once what the spiritual characteristics of the dweller in the building are by looking at the building.

The dwelling-place of Mozart is an elaborate architecture of musical instruments and notes. All the various notes in the grand harmony of music are there represented and elaborated upon. Every musical instrument known upon earth is there in objective reality, as well as every one known in the spirit world. Who dwells there you need not ask. A musician — some one whose soul is thoroughly imbued or baptized with music.

Theodore Parker inhabits a villa in the suburbs of the city; not very large, but very beautiful. There you will see growing in beauty all the beautiful flowers that delight the senses, and beautiful fruits; and every day troops of happy spirits go out there to hear him discourse upon some subject, or to ask him to elucidate some question, or to hear from him

some of the experiences of his earth-life. He stands out upon his vine-clad balcony with uncovered head, and discourses there as he never did here; and yet you would know it was the plain Parker of your Music Hall. You could not be mistaken. Indeed, I will venture to assert that there is not a single one of his friends here in life, who, if they were taken instantaneously to the spirit world in front of his beautiful home, would not recognize it, and were you to ask them, "Who do you suppose lives there?" they would say, "Theodore Parker."

When our friend and brother White was first taken there, he didn't know who dwelt there; but his friends said to him, "Now tell us who you suppose would inhabit such a little *bijou* as that?" "Well," he says, "I don't know of anybody but Parker. It seems to me he would like it."

You will find this spirit world is a real world — *the* real, of which this, your life, is but a shadow. You fancy that you are dwelling in a real life here, but the truth is that you are here in the shadow, while the real life is to come; and instead of that life being a ghostly one, and made up of conditions entirely inimical to human happiness, it is one that ministers unto the happiness of the soul continually. It would seem that the Infinite had taken into special consideration the needs of the risen soul, and had given each one just what they most needed.

Our dear friend and brother White said, when he was escorted to his new residence, "Oh, it is beautiful; and how well God knew what I most loved — plain, but beautiful! beautiful!" And there, upon the steps, he knelt in prayer; and while he was surrounded by listening thousands, he sent out a soul-prayer to the Author of all our blessings such as I never heard before and never expect to again, because such scenes do not repeat themselves.

And now, dear friends, see to it that you live such lives here as will bring you satisfaction in the hereafter. I have shown you one side of the picture. There is another side. I have seen many who were dissatisfied with their surround-

ings, and yet they all admit that they are — they are just what they have earned, and if you wish for happiness in the life to come, be honest, just, charitable, and Christ-like in the earthly or rudimentary state of being.

*Message from Dr. C. H. Burrows, on Spirit Progression, to Rev. F. J. Briggs, through the Mediumship of Miss Thayer.*

Wisdom can neither be bought nor sold, but must be earned if it is possessed at all. Without that requisite no spirit can pass beyond the sedimentary sphere. All spheres, all states of being in the spirit world, exist in accordance with God's government, in accordance with eternal and necessary laws; otherwise, the sedimentary sphere would be a hell and a curse. Those eternal laws provide that all pass through this intermediate state, this sedimentary sieve. The length of the sojourn here varies with different persons according to the life they have lived in the body, according to the attitude of resistance or of obedience they maintain toward the disciplines which wisdom-teachers prescribe, and according to their fitness, or lack of it, for residence in the nobler brotherhoods of superior spheres.

Those who ascend to the sphere of knowledge carry with them a will-power, and reflect it back through sympathy to the dwellers in the sedimentary sphere, who have the same properties of intelligence and possibilities of progress as those who have advanced to the more exalted societies. In this manner the sensitives of the lower become receptive of the influence of the higher spheres, and in this manner likewise they become inspired with the desire for knowledge which noble aspiring spirits have already attained.

On entering the sphere of knowledge the spirit experiences a sensation of delight, of exaltation, at the prospect that opens to the view. All below was growth and preparation; here is the bud, the blossom, the fruition of knowledge, with still grander prospect of golden fruit and grain upon the rising slopes that come into view. All creation pulsates with life. All things display an upward movement. The birthplace of

living beings is as much in the spirit world as upon the physical globe.

In the sphere of knowledge the diamonds of intelligence are polished into gems of worth before higher attainments can be gained. Here is submission to the higher laws of reason. "No vainglorying or self-triumph are admitted to these courts" is written over the doors of the school-rooms where the wise teachers assemble. When true humility is attained; when the simplicity of the little child characterizes the student of wisdom; when obedience to the higher laws of progress is known, then a new door is opened, and the immortal pilgrim is admitted to the glories of a new celestial scenery.

*Description of a Spirit's Home, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Nannie Watson, Memphis, Tenn.*

The spirit world is not far removed from the natural world. In appearance the spirit world closely resembles the physical world. The similarity is too striking for you to believe. The mind views spirit in the sense of intangibility, as something like misty nothingness, when the truth is, spirit to spiritual beings is tangible and real. The spirit world, as we term it, is the abode of undeveloped spirits—those who have not long left the body, and those who, by the laws of spirit life, have not arisen to higher spheres by progression. Here they are instructed in regard to higher aims and spheres; here spirits from the higher spheres come to talk to them of God's love, and make them feel they are bound to him by that electric chain which holds every atom of God's creation together. Love makes this chain bright always, and the ages of eternity will only serve to increase its brightness. The spirit world is encircled by this chain, and spirits who are not developed above the transgressions and errors committed while in the body could never feel the potencies of this electric influence were they not directed and instructed by those who, with feelings God-like, come to them, making their abode brighter by telling them of their union with God and holy angels by this sympathetic chain of love.

Springs run through the spirit world in sparkling rivulets, much like those of earth, but the water is of electric brightness, which comes from the fountain, God.

Fruits grow here, but their sweetness and delicious flavor come from the parent tree, God, and are delicious in proportion as the soul seeks after Him. The sun shines, making the spirit world present the appearance of sparkling aural emanations from bodies surcharged with that element. This brightness cannot be seen by those whose souls were in darkness, as "those who had been long dead" in trespasses and sin. "Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not," for God was not in all their thoughts while in the body; now they must "work out their salvation." Spirits help them only as they help those on the earth-plane. We come to them, teaching them as we teach you. They receive our instructions as you often do, with mistrust. This retards our help, but we labor on; one soul is worth thousands of worlds like this. Ministers often say this without feeling the full import of the sentiment. God sends us to gather from the four corners of the earth those His love created and redeemed.

My spirit home is in what we term the fifth sphere. Here the spirit bodies of those who have passed through the first spheres of progression live when not engaged on errands of mercy to lower spheres, teaching the duties which Christ came to teach them. Here we meet in council to delegate messengers with power to operate in matters pertaining to spiritual development, and carrying out the plans of God's ministration of government. His plans are executed by his ministering angels. They come to us from higher courts, and send us to those lower in the plan of God's government. It is our council that directs mortals in spiritual affairs. Then those below us, more material in their offices, impress in temporal matters. Here the spirit is more developed, and the spiritual life is more perfect than in lower spheres. Material resemblances lose their influence, and more of God is seen, because God is spirit, and cannot be seen in material things.

Consequently the materialized aspect of the spirit world passes away, and love and wisdom, which belong only to God, fills the realm. Christ presides more personally here than in the lower spheres, where he is known as their material sun.

The sphere in which we dwell cannot well be described by a comparison with material things, for all is spiritual, and "God in Christ," God in the angels, and God in the heavenly intelligences, is the glory of it. This is all I can tell you. Much more than this you cannot comprehend while body and spirit are united, for all things partake of the nature of earthly things when spirit looks through mortal being. Spirit is spirit, and can only be seen with the internal being, and that must be freed from material surroundings before it can see God in all His power and goodness, in all His wisdom and matchless love.

*Mungo Parks' Home, through Thomas Walker of England.*

Away in the far-stretching distance from your earth rolls Sunshine River, with waters blue and deep and musical. The winding course is not unlike the Upper Nile. Along the way the waters occasionally rush down sharp declivities, forming cataracts of gorgeous beauty, into a tranquil lake-like basin silent and silvery. Rocks, overhanging shrubbery, and ever blooming flowers, build a wall-like gallery around this slumbering deep. Then on again roll these singing waters till they are lost in Angel Lake. On the right-hand bank of this river, fringed by graceful palm-trees, are distant mountains, from the summits of which I see the face of the never-setting sun. On the right are flowering shrubs that bear perfume, yield precious fruit, and gracefully wave to the passing breeze. On the left, by a statue of Bruno in solid light, is a shady grove, and musical instruments which breathe forth the most ravishing strains of melody. Here is situated my home. Its walls are translucent, and supported by pillars of flowers, each of which represents a friend. The roof is an interblending of the several colors, and the dome is clear as crystal. The doorways — as you would call them — are arches built in repre-

sentations of tropical fruits. Over one of these is the motto, "Life begets life, and love begets love." On another, "All that we see is evanescent, mind alone eternal!" Over an Oriental-looking porch-way jets of rippling water play a tune of the softest music. Of this mortals can form but little conception. Across Sunshine River may be witnessed the phenomenon of dusk. Here are fountains of mellowed light, self-luminous vegetation, and hazy, golden-like skies — this the sphere of rest and calm repose. We would like to say more, but the condition of the medium will not permit. My habitation is known as Myrtle Home, on Sunshine River, in the Morning Land. . . . Believe me, pilgrim of earth, that your journeyings over the sea of worldly life will be strewn with thorns of opposition, trouble, and danger, while your sides will often be pierced with the sword of jealousy, prejudice, and hate; but trust in God and His ministering angels, and, believe me, our smiles shall encourage you, and our hands shall bear you up, "lest at any time thou shalt dash thy feet against a stone." I must now away to other duties.

*Dr. Beecher's Home and Experiences after his Transition into Spirit Life, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard, Springfield, Ohio.*

It is no longer disputed by those well informed that President Lincoln had premonitions, dreamed prophetic dreams, and sought the counsels of spirits during the closing years of the rebellion. Briefly stated, he became a Spiritualist.

And while Dr. J. B. Conklin was often consulted by him,— a gentleman, now of Philadelphia, accompanying him upon his first visit to the Presidential mansion, — still it is well known in Washington society that Mrs. Maynard was the chosen medium of our most honored, yet martyred President.

As the war dragged slowly on, stout hearts alternately hoping, fearing — the risen fathers of the Republic, through this lady's entranced organism, entreated — *pleaded* of Mr. Lincoln to issue a proclamation of emancipation. This he

bravely did, breaking with a few firm strokes of the pen millions of chains and shackles.

A full history of this matter — soon to be published, so I understand — will show that Mrs. Maynard was frequently invited to the President's residence during the closing months of our late civil war, that he might receive counsel from a sympathizing and supervising congress of spirits.

Among the controlling teachers and spirit guides of Mrs. Maynard is Dr. Beecher, of Barkhamsted, Conn. Here follows a brief sketch of his experiences in the better land of immortality.

I was ill but a few days — dying suddenly. As I now look back, the event was but a shock — a momentary loss of consciousness. I could hardly believe at first that I had died, as I was still in the familiar apartment. That a change had come over me, however, was certain; and yet I could not seem to comprehend it. I never felt more alive; and still I could not seem to exactly adjust myself to the new conditions of being. When mortals come into the earthly life, there are those expecting them — those who have made preparations for their reception; so with the higher birth, my father met me. I was clothed; almost immediately my wife and daughter approached me. This for the moment added to my confusion. These all extended hands of welcome, but I could not readily speak. Others, whom I had known in the body, came to me, awakening memories of by-gone years. . . . Casting my eyes towards earthly friends weeping over the mortal remains that I had left, I thought I would make myself known to them that they might understand that death was only transition — the new and the better birth; but I could neither make them see nor hear me. It was a sad disappointment. I was thoroughly myself — an individual man with consciousness, reason, and memory of worldly experiences. . . .

After a little time, accompanied by my father, I moved out of the room and off through the atmosphere, which seemed as naturally adapted to me as are purling waters to finny tribes. At first my father was my teacher; but soon, in har-



mony with the law of adaptation, my father brought to me a spirit guide far in advance of me. His presence was commanding, and his lessons divine. I looked up to him with reverence, and his teachings thrilled me with ecstasy. His interesting instructions relative to atmospheres, impalpable auras, and the interlacing belts that enzone planetary worlds, were too far-reaching for my comprehension. Stars like mortal man are born — have their youthful time; then old age — their death. The earth that you left so recently is becoming more etherealized during each revolution, ultimately it will not be seen by the more materialized dwellers of other planets and worlds. Stars said to have vanished from your stellar heavens, have only become too ethereal, too sublimated for the eye to behold. . . . Strange things did I hear. Over earthly cities are spiritual cities, and yet the great multitude of spirits are not in one place, but many places corresponding to spheres and states. They are divided by purposes, languages, dress, and tribal prejudices; but gradually approach through effort, reconciliations, and the law of progress. . . .

Mortals entering spirit life are but little more than children. When I became exhausted or weary I was conducted to the temple of repose — a peculiarly constructed temple, fresh and full of magnetic life. The flowers and balsam-like trees around it seemed to shed a healing strengthening balm. After these resting seasons I was generally invited to the temple of prayer, where everything seemed rapt and softened by the spirit of devotion. . . . At times I visited schools of art, of music, of mechanical inventions, and of medicine, the latter interesting me intensely. These various schools of mind often exchange ideas, and when they make a discovery or perfect something they send missionaries to report to other circles of spirits. And further, spirits are selected to seek out corresponding minds upon earth, that can readily receive the discovery by impression. They are also helped to utilize it. Such receptive minds need not necessarily be known as mediums. The man you call Edison is the best medium for a given purpose on your earth. . . . A delegate goes fre-

quently from our circle to all countries, and to many of the circle-spheres in spirit life. He delights in being a sort of a traveling messenger. He assures us that there are people on the islands of the open Polar sea. . . .

I had not been long in this world of spirits before I was taken to the temple of self-examination, and left alone. The silence was almost painful. My memory seemed unaccountably vivid. My earthly life passed before me like a panorama. I seemed to see everything, especially *myself*. My very being was as glass. Not only my acts, but my motives seemed to rise up before me. It was the judgment! and yet a judgment tempered with mercy. For while bewailing the past, my guide came, bidding me look, not upon the past, but to press upward and on in the golden future; and assuring me that I was to pursue the study of medicine and moral philosophy. I was then taken to the temple of consecration, set apart to do my work, and told that I should endeavor to find a medium to control; which I did in the person of Mrs. Hamilton, known as a clairvoyant. For a time I was her attending guide.

You ask about my house, and desire me to go more into detail.

I will try. Yes, I have a house, and it is as real and tangible to me as your costliest palaces are to you. It has doors, windows, apartments, paintings, musical instruments, and a library. My favorite room is a bower of flowers. I often entertain my friends; we have repasts, we converse, not upon the follies and fashions of earth; but generally life, laws, principles, duties, and the destinies of souls. Around my house are ornamental trees, and plants, the medical properties of which I delight to study. It was made for me. There are builders and gardeners with us, just the same as there are writers, thinkers, poets, and philosophers. The construction of homes in the spirit world of which I am an inhabitant does not require so much muscular effort as it does desire and will. All buildings exist first in the brain of the architects. The *spiritual is the real*. What you would call *material realities*

we should consider as shadows. . . . In the heavenly realms I am told that everything is divinely beautiful and ethereal. The blessed there feast upon spiritual essences, and quaff nectar from fountains of immortal love. It is the qualities and vital forces of foods that sustain, and not bulky crudities. . . . There are gondolas, palanquins, carriages, and chariots in my sphere of existence. Some would go from this place to London in half an hour. Others would go almost like the lightning's flash. . . .

In the first stratum of the spirit spheres en zoning your earth there are animals, insects, and birds. Often have I seen children playing with them. They do this till their desires and tastes are transferred to higher objects.

You inquire if I have seen Jesus of Nazareth.

I have not, to my knowledge. My mind has not been especially turned in that direction. None in our world of spiritual activities, so far as I have ever heard, deny his existence. He is spoken of with reverence, and is admitted to be far above us. He was the most perfect reformer, the most unselfish teacher, and the best attuned instrument of God and angels, that your world has known. It is he that keeps the Christ idea so alive in the hearts of millions. In our temples of worship is seen the picture of Jesus, denominated by one of old — "the brightness of the Father's glory." I get these conceptions, that Jesus Christ was so exalted and divine, from the sphere of wisdom.

Our religious temples are the homes of aspiration and profound gratitude to God the giver of life. When entering their flower-wreathed gates, the delicate lily-like flowers seem to sway, and drop tremulous tones of melody. Our mediums, or sensitives, occupy the centers of these temples upon great occasions; for often the saintly souls of ancient times come into these temples as heavenly teachers, leading and lifting our minds into the diviner calms of holy love.

Through the writing mediumship of Mrs. Maynard, the following communications, bearing directly upon the nature

of spirit life, were given to Mr. S. R. Fanshaw, a well-known artist of New York, and long a member of the National Academy of Design. The messages were from his wife, a sweet, pure-minded woman who walked the earth almost an angel. For want of room I can only give an outline of her beautiful descriptions.

My first clear recollection, after looking with mortal eyes upon the anxious faces of my dear husband and children, was of being borne upward, listening to the most heavenly music of welcome. . . . As the last words of the song died away, I was tenderly laid upon a soft downy couch of beautiful flowers in a pure white temple, which, I have since learned, is here called the "Temple of Repose." I only wish, dear ones, that I had the power to describe the marvelous beauty of that place. . . . I awoke to find myself clasped in the arms of my living mother, followed by our own precious child, and all the dear ones who had reached the heavenly home before me. Oh, the joy of that meeting! . . .

After a little a beautiful lady clothed in white came to our mother, and said, "All is ready," when immediately she informed me that we were now to proceed to the "Temple of Prayer." Heavenly music fell upon us like a holy benediction. We moved in a procession, I walking with our noble, loving son. Oh, how my soul is thrilled with joy at the recollection! After marching on through gardens and groves and flower-fringed walls, lovelier than any of earth, we paused before the arch of a majestic temple. It seemed to be constructed of gorgeous flowers and intertwining lilies of snowy whiteness, every petal of which sparkled with crystal dew-drops — all fitting symbols of the tears of joy and gratitude that filled my soul.

A low interlude now arose, and to its measured rise and fall we moved in at the open portal, and formed a circle about the loveliest altar that I ever beheld. . . . The sign of the broken cross, decorated with intertwining flowers, was crowned with an arch on which I saw in letters of almost blinding brightness these words:

“IN THIS LIFE THERE IS NO DEATH.”

While I was admiring the unspeakable beauty of the temple, the music swelled into a full chorus, and multitudes of voices, chiming in perfect harmony, sang a sweet hymn of praise. From several stanzas I select this:

Oh, our Father, give the blessing,  
While we consecrate as thine  
One whose joy beyond expressing  
Bows her soul to Thee, Divine.

As the last lingering echoes died away, I saw a saintly-looking man standing before the altar, and as we all of one accord knelt, he uttered a most touching and tender prayer. This was followed by music. . . . Then I passed on with my accompanying guide to the open archway of the temple of consecration, where a band of lovely white-clad females met me, and, leading the way in, conducted me to a seat seemingly formed of white roses, the delicious strength-imparting fragrance of which filled the surrounding air. The ladies then put a white wreath upon my head, and a very commanding spirit approached me, with countenance like the brightness of the sun, and whose presence seemed to fill the vast temple with a holy peace. Instinctively I arose and knelt before him. He gently laid his white hand upon my head, and the feeling of blissful rest that filled my spirit-depths I can never describe. I have since learned that this was the *Temple of Love*, and over it our “Elder Brother” presides. . . .

Situated in a lovely valley, through which winds a pure purling stream of water, is my cottage home. In the distance rise lofty mountains crowned with rainbows; in front there is a beautiful lawn studded with flowers of every hue — trees, vines, and fountains, full of the lessons of truth and wisdom. In my home are seats, sofas, couches of almost every conceivable shape, and ornaments revealing some law in their arrangement, speaking of some duty to be performed, or reminding me of others to be aided in consonance with the great law of brotherhood.

My immediate work at present is confined to labors here on earth, darling, with you and the dear children. . . . No one resides with me but my children, as each of our relatives and friends have their own homes. One of our rooms is adapted to recuperation, one to repose, one to music, one to the fine arts, and another to mental development. We meet for the interchange of thoughts, ideas, theories of life, and of matters pertaining to our duties. Temples of learning await us on every side, and we go to such whenever high moral desires prompt. The arts and sciences here taught antedate those on earth. . . . The different members of our family often come together. We call them by the law of will-force. By a similar law we know when you think of or wish to hear from us.

The foregoing description reminds us of these lines :

“ Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,  
 When they look with a trembling dread  
 At the misty future that stretches on  
 From the quiet home of the dead.

Ay, very near seem its pearly gates,  
 And sweetly its harpings fall;  
 Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
 And longs for the angels' call.

The eye that shuts in a dying-hour  
 Will open the next in bliss;  
 The welcome will sound in the heavenly world  
 Ere the farewell is hushed in this.”

*Voices from Benjamin F. Wade and Horace Greeley, through the Writing-Mediumship of Mrs. Milton Rathburn, New York.*

Knowing quite intimately these two distinguished men, especially the first-named, often attending séances with him in Washington, D. C., I propounded to them a series of questions relating to the new and higher existence. Here follows the gist of their messages.

“ I have a home, a most delightful abode, and yet, like many others, I found it far from perfect; for my earthly life was neither all love nor harmony. The bitterness of discord, and the strife engendered by worldly aims, marred, and in a

measure disfigured, my spiritual habitation. I found this home ready for me when leaving the earthly body. The silent work of construction went steadily on from my very youth on earth, and is still being carried forward, each act producing a corresponding effect upon the structure. Mortals in the form largely build their eternal homes. According to the 'deeds done in the body,' do all weary pilgrims find their homes.

"This residence is now far away from the atmosphere of your earth, and is both real and substantial. . . . The belt-like spheres mingled and intermingled the one with the other, and yet to spirit inhabitants they are localities distinctly defined. Each sphere differs from the other. They have their divisions, their names, their lands and waters, their fields and forests, their educational institutions, and their social enjoyments.

My special employment at present is to aid in kindling in the minds of political aspirants a keener sense of honesty and of strict integrity, and also a deeper admiration for a government based upon the principles of moral justice and equality. Naturally, I take a deep interest in American legislation, and mean to do something in shaping its future. My sympathies reach down and out to every race and clime, and I go here and there on missions of love and good-will, and bear to my spirit home many hard-earned trophies. . . . I see no immediate and alarming crisis. Progress is my measured steps, rather than lawless leaps. . . . Accept my thanks for helping me to this opportunity of momentarily lifting the veil between your world and ours."

Horace Greeley observes that, in dying, "Just as my outer consciousness closed in, and the familiar faces and objects faded away, my spiritual eyes opened, and I saw through the gates ajar in the land that seers had often seen and described. I shrink from the attempt to fully describe the surrounding scenery. No panorama of the imagination equals it. . . . I have a home, lovely and grand — a home of nature's beauties, works of art, and gems of spirit literature — a located and a

*real* home—a home that increases in beauty as I progress towards eternal light—a home of which, during my earthly life, I was the unconscious architect and builder. My wrongdoing, and the missteps of my mortal life, disfigured and, in a degree, tarnished its brightness. Oh that the inhabitants of your earth could understand that their works precede them to the world of spirits! . . . I am now seeking to finish up the work I commenced on earth. It was far from completion when I left the body. I find my greatest joy now in assisting the weak and oppressed, and in impressing mortals to engage in works of philanthropy. . . . I would give worlds to more fully return and make amends for my cowardly indifference to the *fact* of spiritualism. If in my own body again, as I now see it, I would proclaim the blessed *truth* of angel ministry from the housetops. I had it in my power to accomplish easily what now becomes exceedingly difficult. I would say to all in the form, Do not be ashamed of rational religious spiritualism! March valiantly to the front, and face the enemies' fire. Unfurl the banners of love and truth that the winds of heaven, bearing them aloft, may show the world the emblems of a pure and free religion! Fill your lives so full of good deeds, so full of true, brave words spoken, that you can look back from spirit life to earth without that stinging remorse that I at times have felt for hiding a portion of the light given me.”

It is well known to many spiritualists, that the Hon. Benj. F. Wade was in early life a materialist; but through the writing mediumship of his wife he was converted to spiritualism, and though occupying the highest political position in the gift of the American nation, except the Presidency, he never shrank from the expression of his honest convictions. After Mr. Wade's transition, his personal friend, H. E. Parsons, of Ashtabula, Ohio, by request of a near neighbor, asked Mr. Wade, soon after passing into spirit life, to give a description of his condition, and an idea of the location of the spirit world. Here follows his answer through a writing medium.

“The spirit world, or sphere, is everywhere around you,



and is only separated from you by a thin veil of matter. You are in it now, though quite unconscious of it. Man is a spirit in a physical form; when the veil of matter is withdrawn, it reveals to him the spiritual world in which he was living before. He does not go to any remote place, neither is he immediately changed. He sees the beings who are around him, and they are just as near him before the veil was withdrawn as they are now. He does not go afar among strangers, finding everything new and wholly different from what he had before seen and known. The future state of man, after the change called death, is similar to his state in the earth sphere. He has a similar face, speech, appearance, mind, and external life; hence it is, that he knows not otherwise than that he is still in the world, unless he adverts to those things which present themselves, compelling a comparison of the two states of existence, or hears the phrase, 'He's a spirit!' What the vast future may reveal, I know not; but this is true, one life is continued into the other, and death is only the passage. Say to my dear wife not to trouble herself so much about earthly matters, for they are in the keeping of God. I will soon write her a lengthy message; that is, if I can get the opportunity.

"Your friend, not dead but living, and near you."

*A. A. Ballou's Teachings, through the Trance-Condition of Mrs.  
Cora L. V. Richmond.*

Were you unconscious in dying? Who first met you in spirit life? How were you clothed? Can spirits pass through closed doors and heavy walls? Is the spiritual body in the process of dying disorganized? Do spirit zones envelop the earth, and are their lines of demarkation between them? Have you a residence in spirit life, and if so, by whom constructed? What of animals and birds in the spirit world? Do you consider God a personal intelligence? To you, what is the present outlook of spiritualism?

I submitted the above inquiries to the controlling intelligences of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. They were promptly answered by the spirit, A. A. Ballou.

I experienced no unconsciousness; there was scarcely a semblance of it. On the contrary, consciousness became more and more intensified; instead of sensation being deadened, every avenue of sensation was quickened, and the consciousness of spirit life mingled with the consciousness of a fading earthly life. That which is called the fading away of external consciousness is merely the superseding of external consciousness by spiritual consciousness. There are spirits who experience what may be termed a semi-consciousness, arising more from bewilderment than from any lack of activity in the mind; but this state differs with each individual spirit. When the spirit recedes from the body, it is becoming awakened in another life. The period of rest that some minds experience is caused by the change of condition from earthly to spirit life, and, like any sudden shock, it leaves the mind without remembrance, nothing vivid, and the spirit might suppose that it had been unconscious during that period. . . . .

I was met by one whom I will call my other mother, and by my immediate personal friends, some of whom were relatives, some were not. There is in spirit life, and even on the first awakening in spirit life, a consciousness of recogni-

tion of those whom we have mentally known. I mean by this, those whose works we have read with interest, whose teachings we have followed, and the companions of our solitude, whom we have not seen in form, but whose minds are one with ours. These meet us in spirit life; and I found myself received by those with whom I had communed only through their writings or works on earth. . . .

My clothing was drapery; I was conscious of that, and that it did not take the stereotyped form of earthly raiment; but I thought little of it, excepting that when a thought of delight pervaded the mind on each new recognition of a spirit friend, there would be a vibration throughout the whole frame which communicated itself to the drapery and to the atmosphere around me. That our friends are prepared to receive us in spirit life is certain; but spirit clothing, that which they adorn us with, that which is seen by many spirits [clairvoyants] in the form of raiment, is in reality their affections manifesting themselves upon the atmosphere that like a shining light surrounds us; and as our raiment is woven not of material fabric, but of the aggregation of spiritual substances, so the thought and sympathy of our friends adorn us; we wear it as shining raiment; atmosphere illumines and surrounds us; we are clothed in atmospheres. . . .

Spirits can and do pass through any and every substance called "solid substance" on earth. Organic matter has no effect upon inorganic spirit. As spirit is inorganic, it cannot be disintegrated; and as spirit essence, or form, is more subtile than any solid substance, so spirit can at will pass into and out of a room though it were made of iron, glass, steel, or the most solid and compact substance. Spirit can and does pass into and out of prisons, caverns, recesses of any and every kind. There is no impediment in matter to the progress of the spirit. The only impediment existing is the lack of knowledge or volition. A spirit may be prevented from passing into a room by believing that it cannot do so; but if the spirit has the knowledge that matter is not an obstruction, and an earnest desire to be in the presence of any person, it

finds that the material wall is no obstacle, and that the desire or will is stronger than any organic obstruction. There is no atmospheric or other resistance to the progress of the spirit through space and matter.

Perhaps it might be well to elaborate this still further. As sympathy is the law that measurably governs spirit, and as every force employed by the spirit is a mental force acting upon the physical if a physical demonstration is required, so the relationship of a disembodied spirit to all organic or embodied substances is the relation of a positive power to negative power, and the negative is not in any sense an obstruction or obstacle to the passage of the spirit from one point to another. The only obstruction is when a spirit wishes to control matter for intelligent conversation with embodied minds; resistance then has effect, not upon the spirit, but upon the manifestation that the spirit may wish to make. Spirit being inorganic, not having in any sense generic or other material conformation, is not subject to disintegration. There is no danger of its dissolution; the particles flow together freely; there is nothing in the nature of matter that can dis sever the particles. Therefore, as light passes through a transparent substance, all substances are transparent to the passage of spirit, excepting only a counter-volition. A spirit may be prevented from entering a room, not by walls, not by glass or metals, not by solid substances or barred doors, but by the volition, or resistance, or unwillingness or uncongeniality, of the minds of those present. . . .

The spiritual man is not disorganized or disintegrated. The body experiences disorganization, and death is the emphatic signet seal of that dissolution. The spirit, however, remains. As I stated, my spirit was already clothed. I experienced an added sensation of life, but no dissolution in the sense of spiritual disintegration. The body recedes; the tide is at ebb. The spirit, as the flood-tide is in possession of all that it has, retains that, takes its own atmosphere to spirit life, and is adorned through sympathy, affection, intelligence, and such other mental experiences as follow immediately after death.

As for dissolution or disorganization of the spirit form for the purpose of withdrawal from the physical body, it would be just as sensible to say that a man is disorganized when he takes off his clothing at night. The one important point for the world to understand is that every spirit exists as a spirit, although possessing a material body; that the change called death does not create either the spirit or the spirit-form. We can well understand that persons witnessing the process of dissolution from the material side of existence, even with clairvoyant vision, might suppose the spirit-form to be an emanation in particles from the physical body. Such is the illusion incident upon inhabiting the material form, and looking even with clairvoyant vision from the material standpoint; but such is not the case from the spiritual side. The difference is like the difference between standing beneath the clouds and above them. . . .

The spiritual spheres do not surround the earth in the sense sometimes taught, and there is not an appreciable line of demarkation in any physical or other sense known to man between them. A spiritual sphere is the radius or atmosphere of a mental condition, of a spiritual unfoldment. In the same apartment on earth the celestial and terrestrial spheres — meaning the highest and lowest spiritual conditions — may both be found. Spirits representing the terrestrial state may hover by attraction more near to the earth; but there is no belt or layer — rather, cloud-spots, seen from the other side, accumulations of spirit atmospheres that are dense in certain localities, and that change their locality with the change of interest or attraction. These blots, or patches, communicate with corresponding spiritual states in other localities than the earth, chiefly other planets; and there are lines of darkness corresponding to the lines of light that connect higher or angelic states together. Nor are these lines fixed; nor do they always occupy the same point in space. A spiritual sphere is present this evening in correspondence with the mind or minds controlling these utterances. We say, this is the sphere of the band controlling the medium. Now, this is not fixed

we are not obliged to be here unless we have something to do; and our sphere may pass from one point to another of the earth without either being disturbed as a sphere, or without leaving any especial trace or mark that can be delineated physically.

A spiritual sphere is the radius of the activity of the minds composing it; it may be large or small, potent or otherwise, according to unfoldment. There are, so far as we can learn, neither arbitrary boundaries, limits in space, nor are there arbitrary numbers to the spheres. Seven spheres, twelve spheres, any harmonic number serves as a representation of the stages of spiritual growth; and there are certain stages that are better denoted by these numbers than others. It is, therefore, customary to describe spirit spheres in numbers, the better for the understanding of earthly minds than from any arbitrary or fixed number in spirit life; but as there are certain cycles that only numbers can represent, spirits do, in describing ultimate states, employ numbers, the better to designate when those spirit states have reached their culmination. But spirit spheres extend in various and not arbitrary lines; are rather currents from the earth to any and every planet or interstellar point in space where the spirits composing that sphere may have work to perform.

"A house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." This quotation best describes a spirit habitation. *Eternal* means that thought is lasting; that every impression or vibration of the mind produces an effect on the atmosphere with which the spirit is associated; that locality with reference to the astronomical or atmospheric condition is not essential. The house or home of the spirit must be essentially composed of the substance surrounding the spirit, must be of the nature required by the spirit, and must be in the locality of the spirit's usefulness or labor. As heat and cold, winter and summer, poverty and riches, starvation and excess, changes of every physical kind, have no effect upon the spirit; as the spirit does not require to be protected against the sun's rays or the wintry frosts and tempests; so our habitations are con-

posed of just such substances, and are in just such localities as our spiritual necessities demand. What are those? Activity. The mind never sleeps; the spirit never ceases to act. Therefore we are not in need of a fixed habitation where we shall lay off the burdens of material cares, and rest or sleep, as mortals do. I speak only for myself. Another of our spiritual necessities is the existence and presence of those for whom we have an affection. Our habitations, therefore, are largely our affections. We live in those; they form the atmosphere surrounding us. That atmosphere takes shapes of beauty, of variety, of light, of shade, of architectural proportion, of art, of color, of line, of form, according to our affections; and we do not build for the sake of building, nor to witness as a spectacle the structure that we have reared. Whatever there is of edifice or picture, of art or landscape, in the atmosphere of our home, is the result of our lives, of our endeavor, of the action and thought that make up our existence.

Our home is now here, because our atmosphere is here, and you would see the spiritual atmosphere of this habitation pervaded by us and by this presence. The next point of our labor will be the point of our spiritual habitation then. If it shall be some friend on earth, there will be our home for the time being; if it is some spirit sphere that we must visit, some other condition of spirit life to endeavor to alleviate, then wherever we find that spirit there will be the home for the time being. There is no conflict of location, no appropriation of others' possessions. Uncongenial spheres cannot meet nor blend; they resist each other and separate; there is no occupation of one another's premises. I can only possess that which is mine. My home is my spiritual labor, my consciousness, my atmosphere, my surroundings; they go with me; they do not remain anywhere when I am absent; they are my possessions; they abide with me for ever. . . .

Spirits in close sympathy with earthly life cultivate fields and gardens. Their spirit spheres, their habitations, their occupations, are prototypes of what is on the earth, because

they know nothing different. They still perform the labor, still exist in its atmosphere, are absorbed by its presence, and possess the things that have earthly existence. To such as these, every object wears the form of earthly life, or of a similar object in earthly life, and the habits or methods of earthly existence are, to a very great extent, repeated in their spiritual life; but, as I state, their spirit home then is upon the earth.

In other words, to bring this statement within a compact and comprehensive form, that existence called objective on earth has no reality in spirit life, while that existence called subjective on earth is the objective in spirit. Our thoughts, our affections, our memories, our aspirations, our prayers, these are the objects of existence in spirit. Houses and lands, gardens and flowers, organic life in every variety, become the subjective with us. We have them, if our affections require them; we have them not, if our thoughts are beyond, or engaged in other directions. . . .

All forms of animated life come under the description in the answer to the previous question. There is no organic growth, animal or vegetable life, in high spiritual existence. By organic, I mean generic physical growth. Every form of beauty, every bird, tree, flower, landscape, temple, is the result of some immediate action of mind, or intelligence, upon the atmosphere; and upon the particles composing that atmosphere of spirit life are the living pictures of the minds inhabiting that existence. They are not of themselves separate and apart from human entities, as birds and flowers and trees are on earth, seeming to exist, whether man ever beholds them or not. We have no forests unexplored, no birds that sing their songs and waste their brightness, on an atmosphere unseen of man. Whatever birds are messengers; whatever flowers are offerings of peace or deeds of love; whatever temples are consecrated actions to liberty, or truth, or justice, or religion; whatever object of loveliness is the expression of some thought, born in the affections of the spirit . . . .

We consider God, the infinite personality, the infinite intelligence of the universe, both center and circumference, that



which is within and without, pervading the whole, guiding the whole, possessing the whole, aware of the whole, the infinite personality. Man's personality is within, is within that infinitude; it certainly cannot be outside of it; but the man is not that infinitude, because he is finite. The word central cannot apply to infinitude, any more than circumference. That which belongs to infinitude is the whole; yet I would have it distinctly understood that we believe in the infinite individuality. The fact of its infinitude does not detract from the individuality. . . .

A decided change from phenomena to spirit, from body to substance, Spiritualism has passed its second, and is now in its third stage of expression. The first, and second, and third were simultaneously manifested; but the first and second have had their day of reigning; that is, the wave of each has reached its apex, or climax, and is now receding. Spiritualism is a threefold power in its present form, and will always possess the threefold attributes of appealing to the external consciousness of man by tangible expression, of appealing to the intellectual consciousness of man by methods of reason and induction, of appealing to the spiritual and religious consciousness of man by individual intuition and experiences of spiritual gifts. The manifestations through spiritual gifts to others, constitute the first; the intellectual acceptance of philosophy and phenomena, constitute the second; the third and abiding power is that which is now gaining the ascendancy, beyond manifestation, beyond expression of intellect — is the voice of the divine spirit, the living testimony; and Spiritualism merges more and more into this voice. The phenomena would be valueless without this; the philosophy would be a dead letter, and as empty as many philosophies of earth. The spirit pervading the whole, partakes more of the nature of a universal religion, a religion that is not enshrined in dogma, creed, sect, definition, denomination, but expresses itself in the uniform fullness of appreciation of Deity as a spirit infinite, and man as a finite spirit. Spiritualism will not drift into sectarianism. There is too much

space. The apertures in the temple are too largely open towards the sunlight. Whosoever seeks to build a creed, will build it of another name, and another material than Spiritualism. Several have already been builded, or attempted, but they are not called Spiritualism. The word in itself is a perpetual testimony against creed-building. It is wide, high, broad, deep, inclusive; it means everything pertaining to the spirit of God or man, and therefore it cannot be builded into a creed. The perpetual influx of spiritual life into human existence is embodied in its thought. It will therefore solve the mysteries. Its present tendency is to find out the points of resemblance in religions, philosophies, and all ages of the earth, uniting them in its power. It is a solvent, like the sunlight, like the atmosphere, and can no more be dwarfed, limited, confined, set apart, than these. The more you are pervaded by it, the less you are likely to build creeds. The more you are filled with its spirit, its essence, its power, the less personal do you become. It exalts the personality and the idea of Deity. You become impersonal while you become exceedingly individual. Individuality is cultivated, personality is forgotten. The spirit is unfolded, the man is developed in his highest and fullest sense, but the human creature, the worm, is exalted to the butterfly. Spiritualism entering its third aspect is inclusive. It at first was simply a manifestation, next a disintegrator; it is now inclusive, or universal.

*Consciousness while dying; the Non-Disintegration of the Spiritual Body; Conditions and Limitations in Spirit Life; the Homes of Immortalized Beings, and Employments in the Infinite Beyond. From a Controlling Spirit influencing Mr. H. B. Champion, of Philadelphia, in reply to a series of Questions.*

It is about thirty-five years since I entered spirit life. I was not wholly unconscious — only partially so in the process of dying. It seemed as though I was awaking from a long and profound slumber. As I beheld new scenes, new forms, and

features, I seemed to be ushered into a new existence so gently that the change was hardly perceptible.

I have no hesitancy in saying there is no dissolution, no disintegration of the spiritual body, in passing from the earthly to the spiritual existence of immortality.

In reply to your fourth question I would say that my home proper is beyond the earth's atmosphere. Home to the truly spiritual is where the greatest good can be accomplished. This is what imparts to the soul the highest degree of pleasure and happiness, the consciousness of having conferred good upon others. . . . All the endearments that encircle our earthly lives are intensified in the spiritual. In earth-life motive prompts and circumstance directs; but in spirit life *action* is not confined to objects or designs that are circumscribed, consequently it is a voluntary offering to God and duty. Our home is our happiness; our happiness is in well-doing. . . .

I have a fixed habitation, the same, comparatively speaking, that I had when on earth, not that is necessarily the same in architectural design or purpose. Whatever is necessary is as attainable with us as with those in earth-life; but the methods and means for their procurement differ. Matter is subject to the control of will to that degree that all we desire is immediately subservient to our wishes, to the extent that our necessities require, and that is made available for the good of others. . . .

My home in my present sphere is ever being made by myself, and not by another for me. It is truly a home not made with hands. In earth-life we often see subjectively as well as objectively. It is in the former sense, as compared with the earth, that I would have you understand me spiritually when speaking of a fixed habitation or home. . . . My home is located in the sphere of consciousness that surrounds my true selfhood. As to its relation to earth, its distance is measured by the inherent worth that enables me to rise above all earthly and selfish considerations.

Your seventh question, as to my having visited other plan-

ets, is vague and unsatisfactory. I know of no better way to express myself than to say that my experiences in spirit life have been similar to those of earth-life. Your clairvoyants and seers live often in other spheres, and catch glimpses of other worlds. They are certain and yet uncertain. The truths live in them because they exist. We are borne, whither we cannot tell in a subjective sense, to that which we cannot define or express. I will answer this query by saying I have visited places at vast distances, and have found them inhabited; but I would be understood as presenting this as a subjective reality, and not an objective one of a nature that can impart unquestioned surety of its truth. Limitation sets bounds to all finite understanding, and we must be understood as expressing the measure of our experience and no more.

As a personality, I have not seen Christ; as a principle, I have. As the serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, even so was the Son of Man lifted up, that through his likeness might be seen the truth of what is possible to man through the divine instrumentalities of nature and her unvarying law. . . .

There are insects and animals in spirit life. All spirit is life, and all life is spirit; but we too often let form take the precedence of fact, and look to appearance only. Form is not life in its true sense. The material form is not the real man. The real man is never seen externally, but is in the background. Form is merely the index finger of reality pointing to the source, but is not the source itself; consequently we typify our thoughts, and often give expression to ideas that are superficial, not real. . . .

If infinite law governs the universe of being, and change is written heaven-wide, why should we suppose that animal or insect life is an exception? If man has a material body and a spiritual body, and at death comes forth full-fledged in a spiritual body, why should there not be a corresponding change in animal and insect life? Are we to suppose that one portion of creative force and energy expends itself, and

acts only partially. There is the same corresponding change in the one that there is in the other. . . .

A man that has lived in the tropics will tell you that there are no polar bears in spirit life, because he never sensed their existence while in earth life. This accounts for much that is contradictory in spirit utterances. All may be equally honest uttering their highest thought, and still diametrically opposed to each other in regard to the same thing. . . . What is subjective to man in earth-life is objective or real in spirit life. We have the same experience correspondingly as to other planets in a subjective sense as we do in regard to animal or insect life. They are as real and as tangible with us as in earth-life. . . .

Your question as to how far Spiritualism may become a power in the land as an organization is one that presages events that lay wrapped in the womb of time. I will, however, express my opinion. It will never be a success, or what the world denominates as such, for the following reasons: It is opposed to the inherent nature of man as associated with spiritual intelligences. He cannot confine and square spiritual realities and experiences by any known standard; he may recognize general known principles that involve important facts, but he cannot compass them. Like the mind, we know of its existence and exercise, but can you organize it or square it to set methods and rule? Think of the desolation and blood that has engulfed every age of the world's history in its attempts to organize religious institutions, and mankind have only progressed and become great and good as *they* have proved failures.

Organization is desirable when wisely directed for that which appertains to material necessities, but to organize spirit or spiritual influences would be like organizing the wind. You might as well organize space or time, or aught else that is undefinable, as to transcend the limits of materiality in that direction. You may organize for a purpose, and call that purpose spiritual. You can as well call it by any other name; it would be just as effectual. Organizations are man-made in-

stitutions, not heaven-ordained. If we would ever keep this distinction in view, they would be estimated at their true value. Spiritualism is the communion of soul with soul; it is the touch-stone from off the altar of infinity; it is the conscious mirror of reality that admits of no substitute; it is older than proxies, pastors, or organizations; it is the God of truth enthroned in humanity. Organizations may pave the pathway to the fountain, but cannot reach the fountain itself. All organizations that have assumed or proposed to teach with authority the ways of God have been a fraud upon humanity, a barricade against justice and truth. All truth must live, and all error must cease to exist; therefore truth must triumph over wrong. Organizations that assume more than the secular interests of mankind will fade and fall as an apple of ashes in the hands of an enlightened humanity. God speed the day!

#### EXCURSIONS IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

B. B. Wirt, a well-read gentleman and scholar, engaged in public teaching for over twenty years in the vicinity of Willoughby, Ohio, has for the past nine years been vividly conscious of frequently leaving his body, and traversing the marvelous spaces of spirit life.

Upon the first occasion it was about two o'clock in the morning. He was absent from his body one hour. He prefers to be by himself at these times, as the least jar or discordant voice affects him unpleasantly.

Asking him for descriptions of spirit life, and his sensations when temporarily leaving the body, he replied: "I desire, and become conscious that I am about to leave. I feel that my body is not *me*, but my dwelling-place. I wish to have everything around me calm and quiet. After a few moments I feel the approach of spirit intelligences. They seem to be of a positive character. The impression deepens that I am going out of my fleshly form. Seemingly, I float out and away from it, and if not fully, am at least semi-conscious of the process.

“I now look back and see the body lying in bed, or reposing upon the sofa. And further, I see a silvery cord or chain connecting my spiritual body, or myself, with the earthly body. It matters not how rapidly nor how far I go, there is no severance of this sympathetic chain. After becoming accustomed to these excursions I observed things more closely, and even so far experimented as to find that I could pass through doors, windows, walls, and strata of matter. Seen at a distance, solid walls seem like mist. Often I have passed through them without noticing them.

“A band of sympathetic, yet positive, spirits attend, assisting me in my travels and explorations. Many times, my teachers leading the way, have I passed directly through the earth. These experiences proved to me that no forms of matter nor intense heat could harm me.”

Are you very sure, Mr. Wirt, that you actually leave your body? A few claiming some prominence in spiritualism have denied the possibility.

“Denial is of little importance when put in opposition to experience. If I am conscious of any reality, if I know anything absolutely, I know that I have left my body not only scores, but hundreds of times. I can visit any place on the earth, and can go to some of the planets — others I cannot. There seems to be no *rapport*. They affect me strangely. . . . I’ve seen immense continents of unresolved nebulae floating or suspended between the attractive forces of stellar systems, something as clouds are held between the upper and lower atmospheric currents. . . . I’ve traveled so far off into the distance that I could not see our sun; and yet, looming in what you would call the background, were stars, suns, and constellations, dotting measureless immensities. . . . While on these voyages, relieved of my mortal body, I’ve investigated and studied the grades and conditions of spirits in the spirit world. There are those that you may well call earth-bound spirits. Though permanently out of their earthly bodies, their desires and affections are earthly. They are very low. They are not only mischievous, but selfish and mali-

cious. They can see those on their own plain, but not high exalted spirits. Ancient seers and sages seldom come to our earth. Bright and beautiful spirits dwell afar from the earth on radiant zones or aural belts of sublimated substance diversified with mountains and valleys, forests and fields, placid lakes and silvery streams, lawns, gardens, and bowers of roses."

*The Fountain-of-Light City.*

"I have made hundreds of excursions to a city — my future home — called the 'Fountain of Light.' I will not pretend to compute the distance of this city from the earth; and yet I go to it in a few seconds. It is, I should judge, about one hundred miles square. Its parks, four in number, are magnificent. There are fountains in these parks, the sprays and drops of which in the spirit-sunshine glitter like diamonds. The city is laid out with perfect regularity. The streets are very wide. The lawns are velvety green, flecked with flowers and blossoming vines. The structures average two and three stories. They reveal individualities. No two are just alike. Each mansion is a palace, and each palace is a temple of art. The walls to those outside are translucent. In evening time they are lighted by artificial lights. Often have I been in these palaces. The majority peopling this city are devoted to educational interests; and it seems to me to be one grand university, the employment being teaching and being taught."

*A Residence in the Fountain-of-Light City.*

"Deficiency of language renders my descriptions imperfect. I will try. A palace-home that I have often entered is composed externally of an ethereal cream-colored substance, resembling, though far excelling, any Italian marble. I had previously seen the quarry from which the material was hewn by willing workmen. The house, though but two stories, reached up exceedingly high, and was constructed upon the principle of the cube. It had graceful towers at the corners, and was crowned with a grand and towering dome. On the first floor was a large reception-room, containing many pic-



tures of both mortals and immortals. The walls were tastefully frescoed; there were also ornaments and finely-chiseled statues. On the same floor was a musical apartment, and a library of books, and quaint scrolls. The upper rooms were for students, and more private. No two rooms were precisely alike. Connected with this building were culinary departments. At regular seasons they had their repasts. I have seen their tables spread in wondrous luxury,—flowers, odors, honeys, tropical fruits, and delicacies unknown to earth. I have seen their fires, their kitchens, and their servants; but their servants were willing subjects, desiring their positions for the sake of improvement. I have joined their repasts, partaking of their foods, drinks, nectars, and life-giving balms.

“I have never seen serpents nor beasts of prey in spirit life; but have seen birds of beautiful plumage, and animals, under the control of spirits. Though almost infinitely more ethereal, everything is just as substantial as upon earth.

“The ‘Fountain-of-Light’ City lies on the shores of Silver-Wave Lake. One of the fountains is called ‘Dripping Diamonds,’ and one of the glittering streets is named ‘Rose-fringed Avenue.’ Names here are expressive of qualities.

‘Oh, what a wondrous life is ours!  
To dwell within this earthly range,  
Yet parley with the heavenly powers—  
Two worlds in interchange.’”

*An Eccentric Asiatic Spirit.*

During my sojourn in southern India, on the second visit to that most interesting country, I met a Brahmanical seer, who ministered in a Sivaite temple, devoting a portion of Friday to the casting out of demons. He was a truly devout man, and for a Brahman, catholic in spirit, touching the religions of other countries and other ages. He also devoted special seasons to prayers and long fasts; after which he passed into a deep interior trance state, becoming the instrument of spirit control. Only a few of the tried and the worthy knew of his gift.

After a few weeks of pleasant acquaintance, he consented, being pressingly urged, to go into his unconscious trance condition, which, according to the interpreter, was equivalent to a "transient death-sleep."

He first burned incense, offered prayers, appeared tremulous, the head whirling, then spasmodic; and then becoming, so far as I could discover, utterly unconscious, he began to speak, or rather the controlling intelligence did, in a soft, musical, unknown tongue.

"Can you speak English?" I inquired.

He answered promptly in the affirmative; but added, "I prefer another language; you have an interpreter."

I then asked him many important questions, the nature of which will be readily understood by the answers.

How long in spirit life? Time, what is it?

"Why ask? Time should be measured by aims and holy acts performed. Why do men remain so long but children in wisdom?

"My name, you would not know its import should I give it. In this land, where you now walk a stranger, and where I had a birth, names originally meant something; but in the west, among English-speaking people, they imply nothing of qualities or purposes. You may call me Mystic. I dwell in the infinitudes. Judge me by what I teach.

"I did not die, but swooned into another cyclic mode of life. There was gladness among friends at my coming. I was fully myself at once, and, oh, how delightful to breathe!

"A venerable spirit of most benignant countenance, a sage on earth, a seraph now, approaching mildly, suggested that we pass away, and on to the peace-lands of rest. I was borne in a chariot-like palanquin festooned with flowers, and my soul was full of gratitude to God. Consciousness knows God, as the eye knows light, as the senses sense appearances. Your earth is the shadow-land of phenomena; ours is the real land of permanence.

"Reaching the valley of 'Silent Repose,' near the 'Quiet Villa of Love,' I was left in the 'Temple of Judgment,'—for reflection. Memory seemed quickened, and the checkered life

on earth passed before me like a speaking vision. My conscience seemed only another name for compensation. The inmost books were opened. I was before the throne of judgment. I wept. And while thus weeping and lamenting, a calm angelic presence drawing near, said, 'I am your teacher, why do you weep? Tears will not return you your lost time, nor remedy the past.' His presence was so overpowering, and his tones of voice so tender, that my tears flowed the more freely.

"'Come,' said he, a pleasant smile softening every feature of his face, 'let us away to the fountain of purity. Let us away, that you may drink of the waters of life.' . . .

"We soon reached the radiant spot. The fountain of healing that bubbled up was met by what appeared like a silvery river flowing down through a rift of gorgeous clouds; and standing near, were glorified beings arrayed in white, save their beaming girdles of gold.

"I bathed in these weird waters, received the new name, the Seven Stars, and was clothed in another garment, indicating my employment. The texture of this raiment corresponded to my spiritual attainments. . . .

"I surprise you, do I, by my familiarity with the symbols and figures of the New Testament, especially those of the Apocalypse. Why so? Is not God one? Did not all religious systems have a common origin? Did not this country cradle one of the oldest? And do you not consider that the Christian religion, relieved of its world-imposed excrescences, is the purest and most divine? . . . Further, for many years I have in a degree guarded and impressed one of England's proudest scholars; in his linguistic researches I fathom the depths of his soul.

"The truly and unselfishly good on earth, whether born in the pensive East or positive West, not only meet and mingle in the higher realms of the blest, but they admit the truth of what the New Testament apostle taught, that 'Christ was the wisdom of God and the power of God.' All highly advanced, or angelic spirits, so far as I know, consider Jesus

Christ the Son of God and the great antagonist of Satan. I call to your remembrance these words of Paul: 'My little children, for whom I travel in birth again.' For what? Observe the answer: 'Until Christ be formed in you.' Surely, Christ was life, and that 'Life is the Light of Men.' Your world and ours are but one, or at most two links of one chain. . . .

"Speaking as a spirit, spiritually, Jesus Christ is the ruling Prince of your planet — the reflection of the invisible God — the 'Way, the Truth, and the Life' eternal! . . .

"It is doubtless true, as you say, that there are men on earth who deny the very existence of Jesus Christ. And so there are proud, selfish, and self-sufficient spirits down in the Tartarean regions of darkness, who deny Christ, deny all truth, deny and sneer at all helps, and all the higher instructions of the heavens. Their imagined wisdom is folly. . . .

"Now, it is not singular that individuals in whom intellect predominates over spirituality and intuition, should utterly ignore the soul's pre-existence. But which is first, the musician, or the harp? the imposing palace, or the architect? the earthly body, or the soul? The truth upon this subject, as taught in our spiritual heaven, is this: The soul, allied to God, is the conscious intelligence — the enthroned life; and as such, it builds its earthly habitation. It can live without it, for it existed prior to it. It entered into it at will, and can leave it, when rightly conditioned, previous to the complete separation and transition.

"Your Scriptures not only affirm that the soul of Jesus Christ 'was before Abraham,' as a mortal; but they teach that 'Levi paid tithes in Abraham, for he was in the loins of his father when Melchizedec met him.' Here the actual Levi is represented, not only as living a pre-existent germinal life, but as literally acting some two hundred years before his birth into the external world.

"You ask, do you, what mortals most need to fit them for heaven?

"More trust in God, more faith in prayer, more true culture,

more self-sacrifice, more humility, more meekness, more meditation, and a deeper conviction of sin!

“Are not the angels of God pure? then must you become pure, before you can associate with them.

“Are not the angels honest and just? then must you be just to become their companions.

“Are not the angels truthful and calm? then must you be such, before you can stand in their midst.

“Are not the angels those who have ‘overcome’? then must you overcome the passions and the pride of life, ere you can with them eat of the tree of life.

“Are not the angels serene, pure-minded, and holy? then must you become pure, and loving, and holy, before you can enter the ‘holy of holies,’ and abide with angels of God.”

The reverential spirit of the above teachings reminded me of these sweet, plaintive lines of Father Ryan, the poet, priest, and mystic:

“I walk down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the din, voiceless valley — alone!  
And I hear not the fall of footstep  
Around me — save God’s and my own!  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the Human and Sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: ‘In the world each Ideal,  
That shines like a star on life’s wave,  
Is toned on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.’

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the false with the true;  
I sought ‘mid the Human of Heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of the blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;  
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;  
 Till I knelt long ago at an altar,  
 And heard a voice call me; since then  
 I walk down the Valley of Silence  
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?  
 'Tis my trysting-place with the divine;  
 And I fell at the feet of the angel,  
 And about me a voice said, 'Be mine!'  
 And then rose from the depths of my spirit  
 An echo: 'My heart shall be thine.'

Do you ask how I live in the valley?  
 I weep, and I dream, and I pray;  
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
 That fall on the roses in May;  
 And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,  
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
 I dream all the songs that I sing;  
 And the music floats down the dim valley,  
 Till each finds a word for a wing,  
 That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,  
 The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
 That never shall break on the beach;  
 And I have heard songs in the silence  
 That never shall float into speech;  
 And I have had dreams in the valley  
 Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen souls in the valley —  
 Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!  
 And they wear holy veils on their faces —  
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
 They pass through the valley, like virgins  
 Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
 It lieth afar between mountains,  
 And God and His angels are there;  
 And one is the dark mound of sorrow,  
 And one the bright mountain of prayer."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CRYSTAL DROPS. — FACTS AND FANCIES OF MANY IN SPIRIT LIFE.

“The Heavens are a point from the pen of God’s Perfection; the World is a bud from the flower of His Beauty; the Sun is a spark from the light of His Wisdom, and the Sky is a bubble on the sea of His Power. He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw the reflection from His own face on every atom.” ZOROASTER.

“From the surf-beaten beach and the white terror of underlying reefs; from battle-fields, where life was flung away as if it had no value; from palace, house, and cottage-bed, from study and street, from every locality beneath that rolling sun, men have gone up. . . . And all these — the strong, the passionate, and the loving — took all their powers and feelings with them. Upon the smaller the larger life was on the instant grafted. They did find their growth ‘in the twinkling of an eye.’ They were all changed as the bud is changed when it blossoms, as the sun is changed when it sails out from behind the veil of the eclipse. There was no lapse of power, no interruption of the faculties, no cessation of thought, no ebb to the majestic current of their lives in death.”

W. H. H. MURRAY.

EVERYTHING physical is infilled with spirit life, and has its counterpart in the spiritual; the physical body is but the soul’s instrument for a little season. All sensations, all thought, reason, and moral responsibility, pertain to the inner man, which we term the *soul*. You will find that ranks and honors avail nothing, when waking into our more real sphere of life.

When seen that every atom, every pebble, every mineral, every vegetable, every animal, is insphered with its own aura, you may understand that there is a talismanic medium of invisible communication, detectible by sensitive persons. Your clothing is pervaded by your aural emanations. Consumptive persons weave sickness into their garments. Accordingly the vestures of the sick, as well as old tattered garments, should be buried, or burned.

The human soul, like the life of everything that is sen-

tient, has attributes of its own; this evolves an odorous atmosphere, exactly in correspondence with its inner affections. Angels sense this at a glance.

Colors have their correspondences in our sphere of immortality; these report the mental and moral status of the individual. Spirits and mortals are therefore seen in diversely colored habiliments. In persons who are gross and sensual, the colors emitted are dark and hazy; the clothing of some spirits is dull and murky; around the merely intellectual it is clear and positive, with bluish shadings; while around the spiritual, loving, and harmonial, it is bright and silvery, mellowing off into the golden. When Cornelius was praying, a man stood before him in bright clothing; the light that shone round about Paul, after his conversion, was above the brightness of the sun; and John of Patmos perceived that those who had overcome were clothed in white robes, girt about with golden girdles.

“No one is permitted to scale the glorious heights but after discipline of sorrow. The key of knowledge is in spirit-hands, and none may wrest it to himself but the earnest soul which is disciplined by trial. Bear that in mind.

“Ease and luxury are the pleasant paths in which the soul lingers and dreams away the summer day. Self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-discipline are the upward tracks, thorn-vexed and rocky, which lead to the heights of knowledge and power. Study the life of Jesus, and be wise.

“Moreover, the present is a time of hard and bitter conflict between us and our foes. We have told you that you feel the reflex of that struggle. It accompanies every great development of Divine Truth. It is, as it were, the darkness that precedes the dawn: the gloom which is the pre-requisite for growth: the period of trial wherein the earnest soul is purified. ‘Your hour and the power of darkness,’ said Jesus, as he agonized in Gethsemane. It is so now; and it will not pass lightly. The cup must be drained.”



“In heaven, love joins all in softest bonds; no element of discord is known or could be endured for an instant; it would send a jar, painful in the extreme, through the whole of heaven. As, when a single nerve of the body is subjected to violence, the whole system responds with an exquisitely painful sympathy, so in heaven, a single thought or emotion discordant to the general harmony of love would send a thrill of agony through every breast. Souls, then, must be trained to that state of harmonious response which will enable them to belong to the company of the brighter beings who form heaven; and this is brought about by degrees through states of trial, whereby all the old, earthly, inharmonious conditions are put off, and the soul gradually grows into the harmony of love, and by self-exertion constantly preserves that harmony in perfection, as man instinctively strives for health on earth. This effected, a soul is fitted to enter heaven, being no longer repugnant to its life; and it enters, giving forth, as flowers their perfume, those exquisite auras, those soul-fragrances which are the outbreathings of a purified nature, which clothe it around with celestial glory and with god-like comeliness.”

“You should know how, and under what conditions, truth can be had from our higher world; and how error, and deceit, and frivolity, and folly, may be warded off. Aspiration and prayer should precede the opening of the spiritual séance. Your aims and your purposes should not be idle curiosity, but the hope to obtain that spiritual food which perisheth not. All this, and much more, should man know, if he expects safely to meddle with our world. And when he has learned this, or while he is learning it, he must see too that on himself depends most or all of the success. Let him crush self, purify his inmost spirit, driving out impurity as a plague, and elevating his aims to their highest possible; let him love Truth as his Deity, to which all else shall bow; let him follow it as his sole aim, careless whither the quest may lead him, and round him shall circle the Mes-

sengers of the Most High, and in his inmost soul he shall see light." . . . .

"In our world of spirits are cities, villas, forests, fields, fountains, gardens with gardeners, orchestras with stringed instruments, theaters with actors and actresses, houses with inhabitants, and sporting grounds with their patrons. Our spirit world, with its spheres and societies, enzones your world. In our midst and your midst, unseen to you, are millions of spirits who have never left the earth. Multitudes of them are your daily guests; they live with you, they have their dwellings with you, their attractions are with you. As yet your earth world is their spirit world. They are prepared for nothing higher."

"I am a messenger spirit. I can make myself positive to nearly all conditions of spirit life. I report what I see. The highwayman, who on earth delighted in deeds of daring and robbery, here follows his favorite pursuits, and *re-enjoys* all the pleasures attendant upon such a life on earth. In this society are *all* thieves. The debauchee is there, and, in a bacchanalian society, imaginarily satisfies his appetites, and feels all those exhilarating thrills — and relapses — that were his lot on earth. This society is the most beastly in this circle, for in it are committed all species of crime, and are exhibited all conditions of debasement. The bacchanalian song echoes and *re-echoes* through their ranks, until the vault of *this* portion of the hells rings with one unceasing, discordant shout. Oh, it is an awful spectacle to behold human souls writhing in the agonies that dwell in this society of the first circle! — but we are cheered by the glorious knowledge that reformatory influences will operate upon its members, and in time be reached by the redemptive powers of love and wisdom." . . . .

" 'And what,' I asked, 'is to be the future destiny of these sluggish spirits?'

“‘Eternity,’ she said, ‘and eternal love will work in them eternal progress. But that progress, like their natures, will be slow; and though their cup of pleasure may always be full, yet it will always be small.’

“Away to the left of these I then discovered what appeared like a livery stable, and near by it a race-course. I asked what this meant. She said, ‘It is a society of those who love fast horses, who in the earth-life would be called jockeys.’ ‘Are they a society of much repute among other circles of the spirit realms?’ I asked. ‘Not much,’ she said. ‘They have a love peculiar to themselves, and a dialect peculiar, and not much sympathy or correspondence with those of other tastes.’”

“Here I was permitted to see a phase of social life in heaven. The people or spirits of one of the mountains met together, of all ages and sexes, in a small grove on the side of the mountain for social exercise and enjoyment, the chief entertainment being, on this occasion, the singing of pastoral songs. We could distinctly hear the sweet tones as they came floating across the lake, which thrilled my soul with very pleasure.

“At this moment two beautiful spirits passed by us in haste, as if on some special message. I asked my guide what these meant.

“She beckoned with her hand as if to some one at a distance. Immediately a bright spirit approached, having a countenance full of intelligence and benignity, and greeted us in the most friendly manner. Then said my companion, ‘Can you tell us, brother, on what errand those sisters are speeding to-day?’

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘they have a sister ill, in the flesh, and they are sent to watch by her bed-side, to-night.’

“‘Do the spirits, then,’ I asked, ‘really visit or revisit earth and minister to their friends in the flesh?’

“‘Yes,’ answered the brother. ‘Do not the Scriptures teach us that all the angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? Did

not the angels have charge over Christ in the earth-life? And were not Moses and Elias seen talking with him? Man's spiritual vision is necessarily dim. His mind, clogged by the grossness of the material body, is full of misapprehensions of angel ministry.' ”

“ Here we live amid a state of things which is an enlargement of your life. But how can we describe to you an enlargement of that which you do not already understand? How explain the growth of a small tree into a large tree to a person who has never been capable of grasping the fact of a tree? Yet that is what spirits try to do who give descriptions of this life to earth-dwellers. Man's own actions lead him into the pastures upon which his mind feeds, and in a higher state you will move of yourself among these higher spheres, instead of straining for broken words and misinterpreted sentences from another world.

“ You must not misunderstand me, and suppose that I mean spiritual truths should not be impressed upon the mind of man whenever God opens the gates for us. That is communication of a different order. He permits a flood of light to break upon the world sometimes when the life of man is sinking too utterly. A few gleams are reaching you now, you earth-dwellers; and God forbid that I, one of the workers, should disparage any of that which we have power to impart. No. What I say is, Use your opportunities wisely. I see that our languages have a common vocabulary for certain forms of spiritual life — those of which you are cognizant while still in the body. Of these we can speak, and can thus help you that look up. Those that look not up it is permitted to rouse by a coarser mode of demonstration.”

“ You are accustomed to suppose that in order to make a good appearance in the physical world your dwelling or habitation, or surroundings, must be of such and such an order. Now in spiritual life this is the same, but it chances to be a fact that the abode of the spirit, as well as the garments that

it wears, and the various surroundings that it possesses, are the result of far different kinds of labor than those employed on earth to attain them, and that you cannot do it by any recognized system of fraud upon your neighbor, or by any of the usual terms called speculation and business and training; but that the entire property of the spirit is the result of his or her sterling mental and moral qualities; that your spiritual body in substance must be able to attract to itself particles of beauty by the amount and intensity of the beauty and light that is within; that you cannot cover up the inner darkness with a robe of splendor, nor shelter the imperfect soul in an abode and palace of luxury; that the pauper who is honest in purpose, and strives to do his best, inherits a home, while the prince who has lavished no gifts save those robbed from the poor and the fatherless, is a beggar in spirit life. And so inevitably the law is this: that upon entering spiritual existence you find yourself in precisely the condition and surroundings that your mental and moral status call you to, and you find that you have builded your spiritual habitation, and clothed your spiritual body, either with a raiment of good thoughts and deeds, or with shadowy garments of unkindness and corruption.

“This is not merely a sentiment, or a flower of speech or of rhetoric, but so palpable is it that it belongs to the world of legitimate cause and effect—that the soul attracts those atoms that beautify and adorn it in exact proportion as it is beautiful, and can so attract them. The lily, which has within itself the germ of the flower, absorbs from sun and from air the properties that clothe it in whiteness; and the spirit of thought and action and volition draws to itself either the shadowy vapors of uncertainty and profligate life, or the beautiful white atoms that glisten in the sunlight of purity and truth. Between these two stand all souls in their spiritual state, whether they be embodied or disembodied; and hence, to the spiritual vision and in the spiritual world, there is no such thing as the possibility of concealing the real state or condition of mind one from the other.

“The mask that is worn upon earth is often successful, but even here a clear-sighted and intuitive observer may see the lines of character, or may perceive that vice has made its inroads even upon the fairest physical form; while the spiritual body, which is composed of atoms which respond much more readily to the individual, is an exact expression of what the individual life has been within. Yet, were this all, there is no harshness of judgment there. It is pitiable enough to be deformed upon earth physically, and no one sees such an object without saying, ‘Poor thing!’ So in spirit, when the deformed and perverted soul lays off the garments of earthly splendor that may have been a mask, it is enough that the pitying angels say, ‘Poor soul, for behold the consciousness of deformity is its own punishment.’”

“All persons are more or less *en rapport* with the spirit world; and their spirit friends know more of the thoughts that are directed against them than they do themselves. For instance, if any one thinks ill of you, it immediately causes a ray of light to pass from them to you, and your spirit friends can tell by the color of that ray whether the thought is evil or good. This light is not visible to all spirits. It depends on their state of development. All spirits above the earth-plane can thus see the thoughts of persons below them, whether in the body or out of the body. They are not affected by the condition of the atmosphere like an electric current, nor is there any necessity for wires as a means of conveying the thought. All thoughts are thus conveyed by a ray of light when persons think of one another. This is only in accordance with the law we have mentioned, whereby spirits are able to interpret the thoughts of those who are in a lower plane of spiritual development than they themselves. If spirits on their own level, embodied or disembodied, think of *them*, they are aware of it; but thoughts not directed toward themselves they cannot, in that case, interpret, excepting there be a strong tie of sympathy between them and the thinker. A person in the body may, of course, be spiritually on a higher

plane than many disembodied spirits; in which case the latter are unable to read his thoughts, or enjoy his society, though they would, nevertheless, be able to overhear his conversation and spoken words. Hence, if you wish to avoid evil associates from the spirit world, you see how important it is to make spiritual progress, and thereby attract higher spirit friends. Thus, as already explained, if a man enters the spirit world, he is at once aware what people think of *him*, though he is not aware what those same people are thinking of others, and, consequently, he cannot find any consolation in the reflection that there are other people who are as ill-thought of as himself. Every one he meets thinks badly of him, because they know him to be a bad man by his personal appearance. His spiritual body and garments pronounce his true character, and they think of, know him accordingly."

"An important peculiarity in the relative powers of the higher and lower spirits, which we have already alluded to, is that the higher spirits are not visible to those below them; whilst the former have the power to see all the spirits on the earth-plane. The latter, therefore, are ignorant of the others' presence, unless it is desired to make them aware of the fact. Hence, at *séances*, it often happens that spirits are present who are unknown to one another, and can only be aware of each other's presence by listening to the communications given through your mediums. An earthly spirit is not aware how many higher spirits are present, and you are not aware how many earthly spirits are present, so that you see the latter have a similar advantage over you to what we have over them. People in the habit of communicating with earthly spirits through those mediums, with whom only spirits of this class are connected, wonder why they only receive messages from strangers, never from their own relations. If the latter are in the Summerland, or the third sphere, of course it is easily intelligible; for we must explain to you that spirits from a higher sphere can only communicate with you *through a medium who has reached the same degree of devel-*

*opment as themselves.* Thus, you see, that if you wish to communicate with the higher spirits, you must first place yourself on a spiritual level with them, otherwise you will never get messages from any spirits above the earth-plane. Another great law of spirit communion is that the higher spirits can read the thoughts of the lower ones — each sphere, in fact, comprehending the one below it.”

“Do not labor under the delusion that the spiritual world is subject to the same physical laws as your own. This is a frequent mistake with those who come from the earth-plane into the spirit world. They think that it will be dark every twelve hours, and that they must provide against heat and cold. This is not the case. You think that because there is a spiritual counterpart to the matter on the earth, that therefore there is a spiritual counterpart to the gaseous products of the earth; but this is not so, since the gaseous products of matter are themselves in the nature of spirit. Hence they are unable to possess a spiritual counterpart. We have, therefore, no fog, smoke, mist, clouds, or other gaseous matter or vapor. There is a spiritual counterpart to water, but not to rain, which is vapor, and therefore not coming under our category of matter; neither have we any counterpart of fire, which appertains only to your world. When you read of spirits seeing flames, vapor, fog, &c., you may assume that it is entirely subjective, and denotes the inner condition of the seer. We do not perceive such appearances, because we belong to a higher sphere, and therefore we say they have no objective reality to us. If we wish to penetrate into the inner state of unhappy spirits, we can see, by sympathy, the appearances which they are cognizant of. We see your fires, it is true, just as you see them, so far as regards the materials they consume; but the products of combustion have no existence in the spirit world, neither do we perceive any heat from the fire, or any cold from the frost. Frozen water appears the same to us as to you. Thus you see we lose a great many of the disagreeables as well as the agreeables of your life. People coming from



your side of life find the spiritual world at first very enjoyable; the change from darkness, fog, rain, and cold, being rather delightful. We speak here, of course, of those who, as before explained, see things as they are, and who are not morally hallucinated. They find themselves in the same locality they previously resided in, but all is changed as regards its climate. In their eyes the sky is ever cloudless, the sun is always shining, if not always visible — for, of course, it disappears below the horizon; the streets are free from fog, smoke, and rain; and they feel neither thirst nor hunger. They soon miss the variety which those changes of the atmosphere afforded, and, perhaps, some would have preferred the old state of things.”

“There is a spiritual counterpart to all organized forms; and a spirit, or a circle of spirits, can reproduce a materialized counterpart, that is, he can temporarily re-materialize the spiritual counterpart, by the aid of laws that you see in operation, at what is called a materialization *séance*, such as have been frequently witnessed in the presence of mediums. The latter phenomena are simply the materialization of the spirit body of persons who formerly lived on your earth in the flesh, and are enabled to re-clothe themselves for the time being in matter borrowed from the mediums and the persons forming the circle. When, therefore, you see a spirit form clothed in white drapery, you may assume it is an exact materialized reproduction of the spirit matter composing the dress and body of the spirit who thus shows herself or himself. As, however, the matter they are clothed in is taken from the bodies of persons in the flesh, — principally from the medium, — it has, at first, a tendency to shape itself into forms resembling more or less the person of the medium. Hence, every spirit who thus re-clothes himself or herself through a new medium, bears a considerable resemblance to the latter — a circumstance which investigators naturally regard as exceedingly suspicious. It is, however, no more so than the resemblance which one person bears to another, whose garments he

may have borrowed. When the power becomes stronger, it is found that the resemblance to the medium diminishes."

"Spirit communion is practised in our world the same as with you, only we obtain higher and more perfect manifestations. Should a spirit, who knows nothing of spirit communion, see a messenger from a higher sphere, he is unable to comprehend the meaning of it, fancies he has seen an angel, and becomes alarmed, or runs away with the idea that it is a ghost. This sounds very absurd to you, but nevertheless it is true. There is as much superstition and bigotry on the subjects of spiritualism and spirit-communion among spirits, as there is among those in the flesh; nor is it to be wondered at when you consider with what prejudices people are sent out of your world into ours, and how little change they experience in their mode of life and surroundings. The spirit world is so material to their senses, that they cannot realize the existence of spirit at all, still less that they themselves are spirits.

"You are mistaken, therefore, in supposing that the higher and lower spirits are intermingled in your thoroughfares, in a manner to be equally visible to all. Those who are on the earth-plane see only earthly spirits; those from a higher sphere see both classes. It is entirely dependent on the spiritual development of each man how much of the spirit world and its inhabitants he sees."

"In a case of the foundering of a ship, when the passengers find themselves at the bottom of the ocean, they rise at once, as spirits, to the surface, by the force of their will-power, which involuntarily induces them to reach the surface again as the first thing to do. When there, and they find their ship is gone, they see their situation at a glance, and their thoughts naturally revert to their homes and friends, in which direction they are spontaneously drawn by the force of their affections, which is sufficient to attract the spirit-body thither. In the case, however, of a ship destroyed by fire, the persons who have just been drowned, and must therefore

now be called *spirits*, find themselves, along with the material bodies they lately inhabited, floating about in the water; they see the ship, or rather its spiritual counterpart, intact, consequently—as it appears to their spiritual eyesight—the same vessel they just saw burnt down. Since the spiritual ship is equally material to their spiritual touch, they naturally conclude that they have been washed overboard, and that the fire was merely a dream, or that it has been put out; hence they wish themselves on board again. By force of this exercise of their wills they soon find themselves there. They then see no difference between things now and things as they were before, and may go on in the old course of life, for years, perhaps, never finding out that there has been any change in their condition. They cannot reach the shore, because the ship is unable to approach the land, owing to the strong magnetic currents that sweep round the shores of the spiritual counterpart of your ocean, thus preventing all navigation. The reason they do not leave the vessel is, because their thoughts are centered on it in an unusual degree. Those who have made a long voyage, know the feeling of regret with which they leave the ship that has been their home for so many months; and this is the same tie that keeps the spirit tied to the vessel in the case under discussion. The ship becomes impregnated with the magnetism of the passengers and crew, and they cannot release themselves, in the same way that people clinging to their old homes on land may do, because of their being so entirely isolated from the rest of mankind. They see other ships pass them which are navigated by men in the body; but the latter being unable to see *them*—excepting in cases where some one among the passengers is clairvoyant—take no notice of them and pass them by. It is possible, of course, that such a vessel might run them down; but this could not easily happen, simply because their will-power is sufficient to control the movements of their own vessel and keep them out of danger, and they are never asleep, because they experience no night.

“It is quite true, as you say, that in the case of houses

destroyed by fire, we told you that the inhabitants were released by the fire ; whereas, in the case of the ship, we now tell you that the reverse takes place."

"When the house is destroyed by fire, the spirit has no longer any tie to the old place, so he seeks another ; and in so doing he is compelled to come more in contact with his fellow-men, and he learns that there are other beings and other interests in the world besides his own ; — in short, he is compelled to rouse himself. And hence it is that a great fire may be a great benefit to the spirit world, as it would relieve a number of unhappy men and women, who, in dwelling for years in one spiritual atmosphere, have been to all intents and purposes imprisoned. The removal and rebuilding of an old house may, of course, effect the same object, but not so completely as a fire does ; for the old materials are generally used up again elsewhere, and the spirit inhabitants are still attracted to them."

"It is often the case that an intellectual man is not happy in the spirit world. We will tell you why : The pursuit of knowledge is an occupation ; and, as we have previously assured you, as long as a person has an occupation, he may be more or less happy. If he studies the beauties of nature as an artist, or traveler, or man of science, he feels elevated and benefited, and may be tolerably happy for the time being. But in the spirit world, life is so long — being eternal — and the means of acquiring knowledge, including the increased facilities of locomotion, are so much greater, that a man soon exhausts all that there is for him to see. He then feels weary of perpetually going over the same ground again, and he finds that he cannot make any use of the knowledge he has acquired with such infinite pains, now that he has got it ; hence it is not surprising that he becomes unhappy, and longs for fresh scenes and pastures new. This is the turning-point in his career. He may have been a very selfish man on earth, — and how many scientific men are not so ! In any case he

must find a means of imparting his knowledge to the world, or he gains nothing by his acquirements; and if he did not seek knowledge for some object of gain to himself—whether ambition or wealth—he must seek it for the good of his fellow-men, which is simply supposing him to be possessed of the love of his kind, that, as already explained, would qualify him to rise higher. If his object has been a selfish one, which is also too frequently the case, he is unhappy because he cannot give his knowledge to the world, and get the credit for it. He tries, perhaps, as a spirit, to get an audience together to instruct them, but fails; because spirits on the earth-plane do not care about acquiring knowledge at second hand. If they have any thirst for knowledge, they can all acquire it for themselves; for the thirst for knowledge implies a will to have it, and that gives them the power to get it. This being the case, the scientific men are disappointed of the honor they expected to derive from their discoveries, and they hunt out a medium, and try to impart it through him to your world; but that outlet for their overcharged brains fails to satisfy their ambition likewise, since it is the *medium* who gets the credit of anything that is so given to your skeptical world. His medium need not be a professional, or even be conscious of possessing mediumship; he may be simply an ordinary scientific man, who is sufficiently impressionable to receive the thoughts which the spirit impresses on his brain,—in which case, of course, he takes all the credit of the discovery himself, and, indeed, never finds out until he gets into the next world, that all the ideas which he thought were his own, simply came through his mind as a channel for the communication to the material world, of the ideas from another man, who perhaps lived his earth-life a few years before himself. Thus, you see, a man may spend years in pursuing his favorite studies in the spirit world, and find after all that it is mere 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

“We will now trace the career of a man whose pursuits are of a more intellectual and less scientific turn. He has, perhaps, been devoting his lifetime to the study of metaphysical

problems of no practical benefit to his fellow-men; he merely engages in his studies as an intellectual amusement, perhaps from similar motives to those which actuated our scientific friend, or, perhaps, for the sake of giving to humanity a system of philosophy which will hand down to posterity his name as a philosopher and learned scholar. Many men have thus devoted a lifetime to metaphysical hairsplitting, under the delusion that they were conferring a benefit on mankind, which, however, they find out, when it is too late, proves to be little more than a delusion and a snare. We would not have you neglect your intellectual training, but we would have you understand that, although it may afford you plenty of occupation and pleasure, it cannot give you the happiness which springs from a consciousness of having done some good in the world. Remember, therefore, that intellectual acquirements will not aid a man in his spiritual progress; for a man who has none of the love of his fellow-men in his heart—be his intellect what it may—cannot rise so rapidly in the spirit world as he who, having less intellect, has more of the *love* element in his composition. This explains how it is that a man may be very intellectual, and yet not make much progress in the spirit world.”

“A man should not only be negatively, but he should be positively, good. He should go out of his way to do good. His great life-motive should be to help others; and he should sympathize with and assist those occupying the lowest conditions on the earth-plane. There are more good men among the poor than among the rich. The adage, ‘Every man for himself,’ is selfish, and immoral in tendency. ‘Do all for others,’ expressed in different ways, is a precept old as Epictetus, old as the moral lessons of Jesus, old as the negatively expressed Golden Rule of Confucius, old as the more highly inspired poets of antiquity. Persons to be happy in any sphere of existence, should live lives of self-denial. By self-denial we mean, the sharing of our enjoyments with theirs, the suppression of self in an overshadowing remembrance of and love for others.”

“ Many persons think it is not permissible to pray, but this we consider a popular delusion amongst those on earth. We in spirit life pray for help whenever we want it, let the object be what it may ; but not if it is an evil object. In the latter case, prayer certainly is undesirable, for it is the cause of attracting to you spirits who will aid you in accomplishing your purpose, perhaps, but they will only increase your unhappiness afterwards ; for if you have strong will-power you are tempting *them*. On the other hand, if you pray for a good object, you benefit the spirits whom you draw around you. It is good for them to help others ; and in helping you, they help themselves. Thus, you see, prayer is a spiritual force which you can put in operation if you have will-power enough.

“ It is not necessary for a man to pray before he can be helped, but it is advisable ; because, although his spirit friends can read his thoughts and understand his wants, he loses the aid of many others who cannot read his thoughts, but who would be attracted to him by his prayers, and would help him if they knew he wanted help. If, however, he never prays, they do not know of his needs, and they do not help him. Prayer is therefore not merely aspiration, it is something like advertising your wants. All spirits do not see them, it is true ; but those who can help you are made aware of your needs, and are able to assist you. You should, of course, pray to God, rather than to spirits directly. He permits spirits to execute his decrees. You may not know that this is the case, because you do not see God ; but we all live under His laws, and nothing can happen *contrary* to His laws ; consequently, whatever is done must be done by the Divine sanction, and to Him your prayers should be addressed. We do not say they would be unanswered if addressed to spirits. You can address your prayers to spirits if you like, but it comes to the same thing. You call on the spirit of God — which dwells in their souls as in yours — to help you, and that spirit responds to your call. There is therefore no disgrace in asking help from spirits. We do not pray to spirits, but to God. . . . Men with the strongest wills will be able to do the

most good or evil in the world, because they have the most influence with their fellow-men, which is only another name for prayer—the exercise of an influence over others. It does not follow because you are on the earth that you cannot exercise an influence over spirits above your own sphere. That is a mistake; you can exercise your power wherever it is wanted—that is to say, if the object requires the interference of the highest spirits, you may get it. We do not say you *will* get it, for, of course, you might pray for impossible things, and we do not say you will always get what you want in the time that you wish it. You might wish for the immediate conversion of the whole of the spirit world; but this prayer could not be granted without the aid of the Almighty, and therefore you would have to be subject to laws that would necessitate your waiting His time.

“By *longing*, we do not mean praying—that is another matter. Prayer is a more *active* form of longing; and what we say is, that if you pray—that is, if you *ask* for what you want—(not necessarily aloud), you have a better chance of getting it than by keeping your longings to yourself, and never expressing them in the form of words. This expression of a longing, in the form of words, addressed to some friend—your Almighty Father it should be—is what we understand by prayer. You think that a man like Napoleon I. is not likely ever to have prayed in his life for help to aid him in carrying out his plans. We happen to know for a fact that he did, and that is just why he got such an immense number of adherents around him from the spirit world. He prayed constantly, not perhaps aloud. He may not even have *intended* to pray; but the mere mental utterance of a desire that he might succeed is, to all intents and purposes, a prayer.

“We have told you of the power of prayer. Now, let us turn to the power of love. The one is the counterpart of the other. Prayer asks, and love grants. If you pray for that which you need, the measure of the love which you are entitled to at the hands of Him you pray to, is evidenced by the response you get to your prayer, be the response favorable



or otherwise. If you pray to a human being, the same law applies. If he loves you much, he will respond readily; if not, he refuses. Thus you see that the law is very simple in its application; and in proportion as you merit a reward, so will that reward be meted out to you. You see this law in operation in every phase of life, both in the spiritual and the material worlds. With you its application is of daily occurrence. You refuse the request of your child, not because you don't love it, but because you do. As spirits, we believe in the potency and efficacy of prayer. We know that we grow to be like what we aspire to. We delight to pour out our gratitude to the great All-Father, and to pray for assistance from holy ministering angels. Matter is moved by spirit. Hence if you hear of matter in the form of clothes, money, and food, being sent to a man in answer to his prayers, as you do in the case of George Müller's Orphanage, at Bristol, where you have one man providing by his will-power, or prayers, for the wants of two thousand orphan children, you have a case simply of matter controlled by spirits, in the same sense that you have it when you move the chair. The *modus operandi* we know to be as follows, for we have watched it: the person praying, simply calls to his aid spirits — that is, men and women — who sympathize with his work; in short, he may be said to advertise for them. The difference between him and others, who solicit your charitable contributions, is that he advertises in the spiritual world. We have called it advertising, simply to convey an idea to your mind that you can comprehend, but in reality it is nothing of the kind; it is an earnest appeal by spirit power to those whose necessities require that they should lend help of this kind. Hence you see it is a mutual benefit. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

“The spirit world, rather than the physical world, is the sphere of causes. Its baptismal influences are continually being poured upon mortals. All great orators are inspired; all poets are impressed; the greatest artists often paint wiser than they know. Many of the best mediums on earth do not

know they are mediums. Many claim thoughts and ideas as their own that were simply transmitted to their sensitive brain. If a man can sit down and write off by the hour without knowing what is coming next, he must be simply an impressional medium, let him call himself what he will. If he has to originate the thoughts himself, and form them into words and sentences before he can put them down, he will find that it is a much slower process than he has been accustomed to. Should he doubt what we have said, let him beg the question for a moment, grant the existence of the supposed spirit, and ask the latter to give him a test of what we are saying by withdrawing the thoughts from his mind. Should he find, after making such a request, that he is no longer able to proceed during a short interval, he may be sure that he is what is called, in spiritualist parlance, an impressional medium. We hope he will not consider it derogatory to his dignity to come under such a category; for, as a matter of fact, all the most brilliant geniuses of any age have been such. They could not have originated the ideas which are conveyed by the works of men like Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dante, Plato, Aristotle, and others, unless the writers or speakers had been inspired by men from the spirit world. This is the secret of all inspiration. We see it at work in every-day life just the same. From the spirit side—seen behind the scenes, as it were—the process is so simple and commonplace that he who runs may read; but with you it is of course scouted as one of the delusions of those weak-minded creatures, the Spiritualists. The spirit world is tolerant of your eccentricities. We know your weak points—we humor them—and work away in spite of it all. We have much to tell you for your own good: it makes us happy to impart knowledge; hence we seek out, like the scientific men we have told you of, an impressional mind amongst you, and pour into his brain the thoughts which we are full of. He takes all the credit of their utterance in your world; but as it is only temporarily, we do not mind it. When he comes into the spirit world he finds his mistake out, and is obliged

to admit that he is not such a genius as he thought he was. Then he has to take his proper place in the world of thought, and perhaps he may be dissatisfied. If so, he of course becomes unhappy; and until his pride of intellect is subdued, he cannot rise.

“There are many men in the spirit world who, with you, were considered great geniuses, but who are now robbed of all the splendor which was *not* theirs. If they ever succeed in communicating through mediums with those on the earth-plane, you wonder at the trivial nature of their sentiments, and think, of course, that the medium is an impostor, because it is clear that Burns or Shakespeare could never have written such stuff as that. Alas! how are the mighty fallen. When the spirit world reveals to them how little they really were, and how useless have been their attempts at self-glorification, they begin to be wiser and sadder men.”

“Paris, in a state of revolution, might convey some idea of the spirit life in your great cities. Of course, for some men the life they there lead may have attractions that seem at first glance superior to the life they led on earth. Paupers and criminals have everything to gain by the change from one world to the other. They have nothing to lose, and they leave nothing behind to regret; on the contrary, it would be a happy release for most of them to be free from the necessity of supplying the needs of the body had they not to supply the needs of the spirit instead. Most of them have never given a thought to their spiritual welfare whilst on earth, and, as a consequence, they have to begin at the bottom of the ladder. In regard to material pleasures, such as appertain to the material body, they are much better off; but in regard to spiritual possessions they are paupers indeed. Their great object, therefore, is to associate themselves with persons in the flesh, and enjoy over again, by sympathy, the pleasures appertaining to the material body without its penalties. Having lost their own material bodies, they use the bodies of others still in the flesh, and incite the latter to all kinds of drunkenness and

excess, so that they may gratify their own base desires. In your life the principal aim is to supply the wants of the physical body, which helps to build up the spirit body within. In our world the principal object should be to develop the soul that dwells in the *spirit body*; for the latter is not the spiritual man, any more than *your* body is such."

"Capital punishment is the poorest use that a government or a state can make of the criminal. The forced death only gives the individual a wider influence to do evil if so disposed. It is better to reform men in the earthly life than to thrust them from the gallows into our life; and the most sensible way for you to prevent falsehoods from lying spirits is to stop sending into our country so many deceivers and egregious falsifiers. Your systems of traffic and trade, of deception and hypocrisy, under the name of respectability, have so steeped them in selfish schemes and wrong acting, that it is exceedingly difficult for us to at once give their thoughts and acts an upward tendency."

"There are no salamanders, sylphs, gnomes, kobolds, elementaries, and headless goblins, in the spirit world — or, at least, in our descensions into and explorations of the lower spheres we have never seen any. We are inclined to think that these are distorted images, inverted psychological presentations, originating in imaginative and unbalanced minds. There may be persons in the magical lands of the East, and some few in the West, who have the power to and do command spirits by the exercise of their wills; but the spirits thus commanded are mere satraps — the misguided slaves of positive minds, who seek in such commands the carrying out of selfish sordid aims. Angels invite gentle, ministering spirits' love; but autocratic demons, whether clothed in or disenthralled of material vestures, command! How unlike Jesus, who said: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

“As spirits we are neither omniscient nor omnipotent, but have our limitations, something as do mortal men and women. We can pass through doors into your buildings without their being open for us; we can pass through what you term solid walls after accumulated magnetic auras have been removed; we can, after a time, if so desiring and willing, pass through glass. And yet spirits just having entered into our sphere of existence probably could not; hence there is wisdom of raising the windows in the chambers of the dying. The bodies of your dead should not be put upon and enveloped in ice, especially while a portion of the vital emanations have not yet been withdrawn preliminary to their assimilation with the spiritual body.”

It may have been noticed by you in earthly bodies that the dying do not weep; and let us press upon you not to weep and lament aloud over and around the dying. It impedes the action of those processes necessary to the tranquil separation of the spirit from the body. There should be calmness and trust, and softest strains of music around the pillow of the dying. What you call death we call birth—the new birth—a second birth on to our shining shores of immortality.

Ancient spirits, when descending or approaching your earth, generally prefer not to give their names; they also dislike to have their earthly experiences referred to, for they live more in the present, and the unfolding future, than in the past. They prefer to be reticent. They love deeds rather than words. Whether ancient or modern, spirits differ in the power of vision much as do mortals, the more exalted having the deeper powers of penetration.

MRS. LUTIE BLAIR MURDOCK, a gifted spirit-artist of Rock-bottom, Mass., said, under the influence of her entrancing teachers, that the spirit world was no far-away phantom land, but around and about mortals as is the atmosphere they

breathe. The lives of animals, insects, plants, flowers, are all in a sense immortal. Nothing is lost into annihilation. Spirits have animals of the higher orders so long as they desire them. But as spirits progress they get beyond them, animals themselves never getting beyond the sphere nearest the earth. Such insects as are found in spirit life are harmless. . . .

Disease originates in obstructions and the false relations of the physical body. The mind and the imagination both affect the conditions of the body, and often nervous diseases are produced and intensified by the malice and misdirected magnetisms of evil spirits. . . . Spirit vision is not infinite; and yet we can go, if we wish, into the realms of exalted spirits and see them; but like ignorant persons in cultured and refined society, we should be ill at ease, neither perceiving their thoughts nor understanding their language; and hence we should soon drift back to our appropriate planes. . . . When we pluck spirit flowers they do not fade. Remember that every earthly flower has a spiritual counterpart. But when the bud is removed from the parent stem on earth, the spirit leaves, and the bud or flower decays; while the flower in spirit life is composed wholly of spirit substances, and surrounded by a spirit atmosphere palpitating with spirit life, and therefore fadeless. Plucked spirit flowers bear some resemblance in permanency to wax flowers. . . . Spirits not being obliged to toil for the supply of physical wants, and being relieved from the temptations and annoyances of mortal life, do not absolutely retrograde. The holy angels help all who desire it, finding their highest joy in doing good. Cowper says:

"Their lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God."

HENRY KIDDLE, A.M., and ex-superintendent of the public schools in the city of New York, has in his family two excellent writing mediums, a married daughter and a son, whom I should judge to be about fourteen years of age.

Upon asking their controlling intelligences certain questions relating to the states and employments of those in the

spirit world, I received very satisfactory answers; and principally from the spirit Mary A. Kiddle, who passed to the higher life of immortality when a child. I subjoin these among others equally interesting.

“Our robes are the products of our lives — sadly, badly woven sometimes; at other times their beauties are only of heavenly growth, and for our celestial *homes*. . . . In traveling our will is our guide, governed by the strength we possess — that is, by our spiritual strength. This will is holy, and governed only by a holy desire, and takes on an intensity of power in proportion to the *fitness* of the spirit to receive it. We need no vehicles, since the Lord has given us almost unlimited motion.”

Is your spirit-home within or beyond the atmosphere of this earth?

“Our home is not connected with yours in any way except by the ties of tenderness and affection. The two atmospheres are in one sense distinct; but we can ever come into yours in an instant, when our spirit desires to do so. We have no drawbacks. Love, our highest thought, takes us here, or brings us there, in the name of God. But each and every sphere in itself is separate, though our transition is easy from one to the other. It must be remembered that what you call space has but little to do with us, and that a state of purity constitutes heaven.”

Does Jesus Christ hold any especial relation to this world?

“He has a never-tiring, never-absent care and anxiety for each and every moral being on earth, and will never be at perfect rest until all are brought into harmony with Him and with the will of the divine Father. . . .

“All lives, even insects, are precious in the sight of God, and they have their uses. Think of the butterfly. Does it not show you beauties to aspire to? Just in the same way does it bring to the spirits the conception of and the desire for higher joys. Every living thing brings back again to your *spirit* existence the essential nature of its life as it was in the atmosphere which surrounded you in your earthly conditions and aspirations.” . . .

ROBERT DALE OWEN, controlling the hand, said: "Spirit life is far more real and satisfactory than was life in the body. All have much to learn when entering this state of existence. . . . I have a spirit library; it contains the essential thoughts of the best authors; but I find it difficult to explain these things to a mortal. . . ."

"When on earth, especially in my later years, I held Jesus Christ as highest with the highest; but now I hold him high in harmony with the Highest. . . . All is working toward good in the end, and leading to the righteous will of the Father. The seeming delay is occasioned by the stubbornness of a generation following their own perverted wills, and not tending toward right and justice, and that sympathy that should flow like a river. Final peace will come, and all will be one body in Christ, and Christ in God."



## CHAPTER XX.

THE TWO THEORIES CONCERNING THE BEGINNINGS OF  
THINGS — MATTER AND SPIRIT.

"I wonder if this is the way  
We wake from Death's short sleep, to-struggle through  
A brief bewilderment, and, in dismay,  
Behold our life unto our old life true."      THE INDEPENDENT.

THE pine differs no more from the palm than does the Western from the Oriental mind. The one, materialistic in tendency, postulates everything in matter — builds upon it — sees in it the potencies and possibilities of all things, and believes the immortal soul, with its attributes of will, affection, and spiritual aspiration, to have been evolved out of matter, the principal attribute of which is *inertia*.

The Western mind, considered more scientific, more inductive, reasons from the circumference toward the center by analysis. It observes and studies the shells of things; it sneers at metaphysics while using metaphysics to define, and seeks to build philosophies from surface facts and effects rather than from axiomatic truths deducible from consciousness, intuition, and the immutable principles of the universe.

The Oriental mind, and to my conception the more philosophical of the two, commencing with consciousness, reasons from the center toward the circumference by the *synthetic* process. It starts out from the *ego*. It reflects upon causes. It studies the soul of things. Probing beneath the diversity of visible forms, it can only rest in the Unity and Causation which are before all, in all, and embracing all. It relies more upon the facts of consciousness than upon inferences drawn from the observation of material phenomena. Professor Eccles says that "Our only assurance of the existence of anything out-

side of ourselves is the effect produced on consciousness. If the perceiving consciousness is not real, how can we assert that the perceived matter is? Action and reaction are equal and opposite. If consciousness has not persistence and permanence of its own, how can it gauge persistence and permanence in matter and energy? But for consciousness we could know of the existence of nothing else. Is it logical to claim that our conclusions are permanent and real, while asserting that our premises are unsubstantial and unreal?"

The Oriental mind, considering substance as atomic, energy as rhythmic, and consciousness as individualized and eternal, and given to pure thinking, arrived, several thousand years ago, to similar conclusions, to which the latest results of scientific research are vaguely hinting, namely, that material nature and material phenomena rest on a basis of spiritual unity — that all things proceed from and depend upon one Central Fountain of Absolute Intelligence. In proof of this see the late published conclusions of William Crooks, Maxwell, and Lockyer. And yet physicists, and, I regret to say, some few spiritualists not abreast of the age, conclude that intelligence results from organization — that life originates from dead matter, and that conscious, thinking souls are evolved from unthinking atoms, and their molecular combinations.

The point from whence the scientist starts is a nebulous chaos, and from this basis he strives to trace the unfolding order of creation in its ascent toward spirit, by processes of evolution. He assumes that thought, intelligence — ay, God Himself, was evolved out of this nebulous ocean of material fire-mist.

The converse order postulates spirit, that is to say, Absolute Intelligence, as the center and emerging starting-point of all sensuous phenomena

At the point where the physicist commences his observations — the chaos — half the riddle has been solved, half the work of creation has been completed. Evolution is the correlate of Involution, and failing to see the principle of

involution, he is only prepared to note the emergence of order as it is displayed in the visible creation. He has dealt with but one half of the circle.

The method of creation is *dual*; it proceeds from centers to circumferences by *involution*, and from circumferences to centers by *evolution*. The question of the hour is, which has priority in the actual procedure, spirit or matter — active intelligence or passive matter?

It is hardly necessary to state that the ultimate atom of the chemist has never been seen; its very existence is hypothetical — it is the unknowable! We form some notion of it from its behavior, and by experimenting with its transient manifestations.

It must seem clear to the solid thinker that the material plane, the outlying chaos embraced by primitive matter, is not the primal cause of order, not the original center from which the complex kingdoms of life are distributed; but this material chaos — this protoplasmic substance — was the continent, the ground-work, the passive recipient, in which were sown all types, all architypal germs, through the medium of which the Divine Spirit gave to matter shape, weaving from material essences the vestures with which to clothe the souls of men and of worlds in objective vehicles.

It is no more logically impossible for an effect to exceed its cause, for a stream to rise above its fountain, than for quadrumanous animals to produce men, bodies to produce souls, and protoplasmic substances — *alias* dead matter — to produce the organic kingdoms of life, without an intelligent life-principle, — the all-directing mind of God.

I honor star-eyed science; I sit reverently at the feet of such Gamaliels as Agassiz, Dana, Dawson, Virchow, Cuvier, Owen, Zöllner, Quatrefages, Professor Wyville Thomson, and others, constituting a galaxy of glorious minds, who see in matter the footprints of a Divine Wisdom, and read the soul's immortality in the visible images of creation. But from the conclusions of pseudo-scientists, who, ignoring God, see in matter and molecular forces the origin of motion, sensa-

tion, intelligence, all that is — and all returning to matter, and consequently chaos, again, — from these I utterly dissent. Here follow some of their teachings :

"In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought; thought may be regarded as a property of matter," &c. — *Huxley*.

"All the natural bodies with which we are acquainted are equally living. . . . When a stone which is thrown into the air falls again to the earth according to definite laws; when a crystal is formed from a saline fluid; when sulphur and mercury unite to form cinnabar; — these facts are neither more nor less mechanical life-phenomena than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation and sensory faculties of animals, or the perceptions and intelligence of man." — *Haeckel*.

"These modes of the unknowable, which we call motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, &c., are alike transformable into each other, and into those modes of the unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, motion, and thought. . . . How this metamorphosis takes place — how a force existing as motion, heat, or light can become a mode of *consciousness*, it is impossible to fathom." — *Spencer*.

"Just as the liver secretes bile and the kidneys mind, so the brain secretes thought." — *Carl Vogt*.

"Without phosphorus there is no thought." — *Moleschott*.

"The same force which digests by the stomach thinks by the brain." — *Friedrich*.

"Galvanism is the principle of life. . . . A galvanic pile pounded into atoms must become alive. In this manner nature brings forth organic bodies." — *Oken*.

"In the interests of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean all the while that my organism has certain mental functions, which, like the rest, are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to the future life, when all I mean is that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds." — *Huxley to Agassiz*.

"What is mind but an evolved condition or form of the powers of Nature, like light, heat, magnetism? What are the instincts of animals and the mind of man but a result of chemical action or material processes?" — *Atkinson*.

"Matter is the origin of all that exists; all natural and mental forces are inherent in it." — *Büchner*.

"Matter contained all the attributes, characteristics, essential qualities, and peculiar combinations which the whole Univercoillum manifests. . . . Matter and motion are co-eternal principles, established by virtue of their own nature; and they were the germ, containing all properties, all essences, all principles, to produce all other forms and spheres that are now known to be existing. . . . As matter contains the essence and properties to produce man, as a progressive ultimate, so motion contains the properties to produce life and sensation. These together, and perfectly organized, develop the principle of Spirit. . . . To me the grosser matter is impelling the rare

and refined; while the rare and refined is pervading the grosser. . . . All ultimates to me are still matter. . . . It is a law of matter to produce its ultimate, mind."—*A. J. Davis.*

As well attempt to heat an oven with snowballs, as to expect to get either intelligence or morality out of force or motion; and for the reason that no morality, intelligence, or wisdom inhere, as properties, in matter, motion, or blind force. It is impossible for matter to impart what it does not possess. And so far as this class of writers put life, sensation, and moral intelligence into matter, just so far do they give up their position that mind is the flower of matter, that the mortal originates the immortal spirit, or that a law of matter can produce the conscious soul. These frigid and unphilosophical notions remind me of what the learned Cudworth says:

"It has ever been the misfortune of the mere materialist, in his mania for matter on the one hand and dread of ideas on the other, to invert nature's order, and thus hang the world's picture as a man with his heels upwards."

Contrasted with inductive thinkers, who make Matter and Force the *summum-bonum* of all things, we turn with delight to Plato and Socrates, Proclus and Jesus, Swedenborg and Selden J. Finney, — great inspired souls, who saw a universe ablaze with God, aflame with essential spirit, and a guiding, moulding Intelligence. Swedenborg declares that, "There is one sole Essence, one sole Substance, and one sole Form, the Divine, from which are all essences, substances, and forms that are created." Hegel teaches that "the *substratum* underlying all phenomenal existence, is God, the Infinite Being."

"The silver-threaded chords of being run  
Down from God's throne,  
Through the whole universe, from sun to sun,  
From zone to zone;  
And the same life in human bosoms thrills  
Which guides the spheres, and clothes the verdant hills."

"Life is not resultant from organic form,  
But flows through all and fashions them; and  
They are coins, deep printed with the Eternal Name."

"Matter and motion are  
Results of Truth and Love.

From Love proceedeth force,  
 From Truth unfoldeth form  
 These make the universe;  
 And matter is the type  
 Of Wisdom in its forms;  
 And Motion is the type  
 Of living Love, that flows  
 With infinite desire  
 Into created things."

T. L. HARRIS.

That deductive thinker, Selden J. Finney, one of the most brilliant minds in the ranks of Spiritualists, observes that:

"If infinite mind evolved the physical universe, then mind first became body, physics. If mind becomes body, form, 'matter,' it must do so by descent, precipitation, condensation. . . . Infinite mind descends into 'creation,' its body and chronology, only by 'materialization' of what was at first pure spirit; it ascends through the spiritualization of body again into pure reason, pure spirit. The two processes are equivalent and correlative."

Dana, our great geologist and mineralogist, says in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*:

"For the development of man gifted with high reason and will, and thus made a power above nature, there was required, as A. R. Wallace has urged, a special act of a Being above nature, whose Supreme Will is not only the source of natural law, but the *working-force* of nature herself, — this I still hold."

It is the *soul* that constitutes the man, and finite man bears a similar relation to God, the Infinite Personality, that a crystal drop bears to a perpetual fountain. This is the root-thought of pre-existence. Terms must not be confounded. There is a wide distinction between personality and individuality; the former relates to God, and draws its life directly from God, while the latter bears more upon self, is confined more to the special, to the body and its functions. Personality is both particular and universal; particular, in that the soul has a conscious identity; universal, in the sense that it participates in the life of God, and is one with the universal brotherhood of man. Individuality, on the other hand, knows

nothing of the universal, neither of brotherhood, any further than it can make other individuals serve itself. Self, and what can be appropriated to self, is the limit of its sphere.

If man was once nothing in the sense of a conscious entity, he would have eternally remained in utter nothingness unless something — unless a conscious somebody may be originated from, and brought into active existence out of nothing — which is tantamount to saying — something from nothing ; *somebody* from *nobody* ! personality from nonentity.

It is very clear to profound thinkers that once in existence as *divine man*, *always* in existence. The converse is equally true : once absolutely *out* of existence, never *in* existence ! This logical bulwark has never been successfully assailed by materialists.

In the phrase, once *in* existence, always in existence, I am referring to conscious, or rather to *divine man*, and not to sticks and stones, nor to animals and stinging insects. These are fragments — imperfect structures — unfinished temples. And no one gifted with intelligence speaks of a conscious rock — a divine wolf, or a righteous dog. These are not, and never were in existence as consciously rational and morally progressive beings. They have not the Spiritual Keystone. They are not religious ; neither are they conscious of their subordinate consciousness ! And certainly, no logician ever affirms of a *part* what he does of a *whole*. A slice, slashed from a golden orange, thin, irregular, ill-shapen, and seedless, is not equal to, nor should it be compared with the well-rounded orange. Animals, serpents, and noxious insects are but parts, bearing the same relation to *man* that passing thoughts bear to ideas, or shadows to substances. Animals and insects were never in existence, as perfect structures, as *divine entities* ; but rather as fleeting organisms serving temporary uses.

The problem of pre-existence is included in the provinces of mental science, metaphysics, and religion, rather than in that of the physical sciences. Science may afford important aid by revealing the laws of movement ; but its sphere being

limited to the *order* and *sequence* of phenomena, it can never reveal the nature of things in themselves.

Herbert Spencer well remarks, that the value of an opinion is to be found in the degree of its persistence.\* For example, the ideas of God, the soul's immortality, and a heaven of blessedness, have survived empires, thrones, and races. They may be accepted, therefore, as foreshadowings, or rather as the synonyms of ultimate verities. And so the belief in pre-existence is not merely an occasional opinion of antiquity, but is as ancient and persistent as the beliefs in God and a future existence.

Many of the most enlightened minds of all ages and countries have taught that man's conscious selfhood is as

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\* Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews, Edinburgh University, in a very able essay, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, thus speaks of the doctrine of pre-existence. "Its root," says he, "is the indestructibility of the vital principle. Let a belief in pre-existence be joined to that of posthumous existence, and the dogma is complete. It is thus at one and the same time a theory of the soul's origin and of its destination, and its unparalleled hold upon the human race may be explained in part by the fact of its combining both in a single doctrine. . . . It is probably the most wide-spread and permanently influential of all speculative theories as to the origin and destiny of the soul. . . . It has lain at the heart of all Indian speculation on the subject, time out of mind. It is one of the cardinal doctrines of the Vedas, one of the roots of Buddhist belief. The ancient Egyptians held it. In Persia it colored the whole stream of Zoroastrian thought. The Magi taught it. The Jews brought it with them from the captivity in Babylon. Many of the Essenes and Pharisees held it. . . . The Apocrypha sanctions it, and it is to be found scattered throughout the Talmud. In Greece, Pythagoras proclaimed it; Empedocles taught it; Plato worked it elaborately out, not as a mythical doctrine embodying a moral truth, but as a philosophical theory or conviction. It passed over into the Neo-Platonic school at Alexandria. Philo held it. Plotinus and Porphyry in the third century, Jamblichus in the fourth, Hierocles and Proclus in the fifth, all advocated it in various ways. Many of the fathers of the Christian Church espoused it, notably Origen. It was one of the Gnostic doctrines. The Manicheans received it, with much else, from their Zoroastrian predecessors. It was held by Nemesius, who emphatically declares that all the Greeks who believe in immortality believe also in metempsychosis. There are hints of it in Boethius. It was defended with much learning and acuteness by several of the Cambridge Platonists, especially by Henry More. Glanvill devotes a curious treatise to it, the *Lux Orientalis*; English clergy and Irish bishops were found ready to espouse it. Poets, from Henry Vaughan to Wordsworth, praise it. It won the passing suffrage of Hume, as more rational than the rival theories of Creation and Traduction. It was held by Swedenborg, and it has points of contact with the anthropology of Kant and Schelling. It found an earnest advocate in Lessing. Herder also maintained it, while it fascinated the minds of Fourier and Leroux. Soame Jenyns, the Chevalier Ramsay, and Mr. Edward Cox have written in its defence."



much a matter of the past as it is to be of the future. The proofs of this rest more upon axioms, intuitions, spiritual cognitions, direct revelations from angels and exalted spirits, to prophets, poets, and the seers of the ages, than upon evidences addressed to the senses or to the didactic faculty.

Plato says that :

“In the perpetual circle of nature, the living are made out of the dead as well as the dead out of the living. Death is a nativity into life ; and what is called generation, is a sinking into death.”

An eminent English writer remarks, “that this doctrine, in some of its different forms, is at once the doctrine taught in the Divine Apocalypse, in the books of Enoch, and Fohi, in Bhaga-Vad-Geeta, in the teachings of the Celtic Druids, and in the lore of the old Babylonians and the Egyptians.”

The Magi of Persia, in the past, as well as the Buddhists of the present, believed in the pre-existent state of the soul.

Pythagoras, the founder of the Italic school of Greek philosophy, not only taught pre-existence, but professed to have a distinct remembrance of it.

Plato believed that all the knowledge of laws and principles we acquire in this world is simply a recovery of reminiscence of knowledge which the soul possessed in a previous state of existence. Readers of Plato will remember the reference to “Meno,” where Plato introduces Socrates as making an experiment, by way of putting a series of questions to a slave of Meno, eliciting from the uneducated youth a geometrical truth. This done, Socrates triumphantly observed to Meno, “I have not taught the youth anything ; but simply interrogating him, he recalled the knowledge he had in a previous existence.” Plato further taught that all ideas, types, and ultimate forms both precede and succeed their material embodiments.

Ammonius Saccas, founder of that school of eclectic philosophy known as New Platonism, and among whose disciples were Longinus and Origen, was a believer in pre-existence.

Plotinus, an eminent Greek philosopher, an adept in the

doctrines of the Oriental sages, and a teacher of philosophy at Rome from 245 A. D. until his death, was an advocate of pre-existence.

Proclus, a student of Olympi-o-dorus, at Alexandria, and for a time at the head of the New Platonic schools, believed in pre-existence.

Apollonius, of Tyanna, a Pythagorean philosopher of the first century, venerated for his wisdom by his contemporaries, and whose thrillingly interesting life was written by Flavius Phil-os-tratus, was a believer in and teacher of pre-existence.

Leibnitz, the most profound philosopher of the seventeenth century, held the doctrine of pre-existence as one of his cardinal beliefs.

Sir Walter Scott makes this observation: "How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!"

In his diary he further says: "I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday, at dinner-time, I was strongly haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence, in a confirmed idea that nothing which passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. . . . The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called *mirage* in the desert, or a *calenture* on board a ship. . . . It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world."

Sir Bulwer Lytton thus notices this soul-intuition: "How strange it is that at times a feeling comes over us, as we gaze upon certain places, which associates the scene either with some disremembered and dream-like images of the past, or with a prophetic and fearful omen of the future! . . . Every one has known a similar strange, indistinct feeling, at certain

times and places, and with a similar inability to trace the cause."

Sir S. C. Groom Napier, one of England's cleverest thinkers, is as firm an advocate of pre-existence as are Charles and Edward Beecher of America.

The doctrine of pre-existence was a fundamental one with Jesus Christ. These are among his divine teachings.

"For thou didst love me before the foundation of the world." . . .

"O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." . . .

"What, and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before." . . .

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father."

"No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was; . . . for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Plato emphatically declares — "Our soul was something before it came to exist in this present human form, whence it appears to be immortal, and as such it will subsist for ever after death."

Empedocles, cherishing opinions similar to Plato's, assures us that — "There is no production, or anything, which was not before; no new substance made which did not really pre-exist; therefore, in the generations and corruptions of inanimate bodies, there is no form or quality really distinct from the substance produced and destroyed, but only a various composition, and modification of matter. But in the generation and corruption of men, where the souls are substances really distinct from the matter, there is nothing but the conjunction and separation of souls, and particular bodies existing, both before and after; not the production of any new

soul into being, which was not before, nor the absolute death, and destruction of anything into nothing."

Poets and prophets, being inspired, they get down to the very soul of realities, and I am proud to state that the world's great poets have taught pre-existence. Tennyson thus sings :

"Moreover, something is, or seems,  
That teaches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —  
Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare."

Schiller asks :

'Were once our spirits linked, and intertwining,  
And for that life are still our spirits pining,  
Bound as together in the days of yore,  
Sighing still to be bound once more  
Where vibrant sounds still pour ?

Yes, it is so; and thou wert bound to me,  
In the long-vanished years, eternally,  
And from the troubled tablet of my soul  
Unwinds this beautiful and blessed scroll,  
One with thy love, my soul.

Round us, in waters of delight, for ever  
Beautifully flowed the heavenly nectar river,  
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain springs,  
Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the God-like life we lost afar,  
Weep! Thou and I its scattered fragments are,  
And still the unconquered yearning we retain;  
Sigh to restore the long and banished reign,  
And grow divine again."

Schelling breathes his soul-thoughts in these lines :

"And in the spherical chime they listening heard  
The soul's high destiny, which, being sunk  
Into this fleeting life, through obscure paths  
Must wander, fighting still a God-like fight—  
Victor through death!

Wordsworth assures us —

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us our life's star,

Has had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar,  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
 From God, who is our home."

Goethe, contrasting the thorns of this with the flowers of the Paraisaical state, writes :

"As oft as I see lilies I feel within me pain,  
 And yet am filled with joy immediately again.  
 The pain cometh because I've lost that beauty rare,  
 Which I from the beginning in paradise did wear."

An eminent English scholar, exhuming from the dust of ages an important document ascribed to Enoch, gives us this gem :

"Prepare thy spirit for its future existence,  
 When it hath wakened from the swoon of mortality;  
 These things did he show me,  
 That Angel of the Lord of Splendors;  
 The institution of heaven in the heavens,  
 And in the worlds that are under the heavens,  
 The spirits that delight in each, abide in each,  
 Till they descend to take the mortal form."

Spiritualism demonstrates a future existence, but not the soul's immortality. A future immortality implies a pre-existent, or past immortality. It seems clear to me that if a protoplasmic formation originated, evolved, and built up essential man, involving the *personal identity*, it may, and necessarily *must*, by the law of involution, return again to protoplasm.

Lucretius and his disciples were materialists. Inasmuch as *types*, or *essential forms*, with them, were *not* co-existent with substance, but *effects*, or derivative *results*, consequent upon the differentiation and integration of substance; so these beginnings necessitated endings. Bodies were ephemeral. Their destiny was to suffer resolution into the primitive substance.

It was precisely upon this point that Agassiz took issue with materialists. The former held, with Plato, that *ideas* and *ultimate forms* were co-existent with substance. He taught

that they had a spiritual basis, antedating their material embodiments. It is not sufficient to say that man existed in *essence* before he became a personal identity. If that identity was produced, if it be a result, an effect consequent upon molecular action and material change, then no "key-stone" in the archway of organization will insure that identity from final resolution into that "fiery cloud," in which Tyndal informs us the genius of Raphael and Shakspeare were once latent.

Every argument against pre-existence is, so far as entitled to the name, an argument against the immortality of the soul.

Divine man, according to Plato and the world's great thinkers, is an embodiment of *substance, force, and form*; or, as Swedenborg expresses it, Love, Wisdom, and Life. With Plato, *idea, form, and type*, meant the same thing, namely, existence as it is in itself. Hence, with this great thinker, ideas were subjective realities, and should always be distinguished from the visible shapes which matter exhibits to the senses. Visible shapes and material contents come and go; they are ephemeral, fleeting; but the *essential* form, which is invisible, is enduring and immortal.

Materialism knows the existence of nothing in the universe that is persistent, except matter and force; and its range is from matter to matter. In its last analysis, it amounts to this: A creeping worm and the royal sage, — a beefsteak, a prayer-book, and a divine soul are all the same originally, — atoms — protoplasmic atoms, adjusted and arranged for specific aims and ends, by non-designing and non-intelligent molecular force. And so all conscious life — all exalted aspirations, beginning in, must necessarily end in matter, for no stream can rise above its fountain.

The only crumb of comfort deducible from this theory was poetically and sadly expressed by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, over the dead body of his brother: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the

voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows were still falling towards the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary, for a moment he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silent and pathetic dust."

How unlike are the above words to the following sweet and trusting lines of Wm. Cullen Bryant:

" So they pass  
From stage to stage along the shining course  
Of that fair river, broadened like a sea.  
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,  
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped  
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms  
Again are folded round the child she loved  
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,  
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour  
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled  
Or broke are healed forever."

"Fare well for ever," is the echo of Materialism at the tomb; while Spiritualism, all golden with the crowning graces — faith, knowledge, trust — exclaims, "Peace to these ashes; meet me in the Morning Land!"

The sorrowing, heart-stricken mourner just as naturally turns toward Spiritualism as do dew-laden flowers toward the light in the East.

Spiritualism, in its best definition, is a phenomenon, a philosophy, and a religion; the latter its chief glory. It inspires during life to holy endeavor. Its genius is: Be true to God, true to others, and thus necessarily be true to yourself. It does not drape the mourner's home in gloom, but lifting the curtain of darkness, shows heart-stricken weepers those they love — ay, more: it brings their glorified forms into their very presence, permitting them to clasp their white hands, and listen to their tender musical words of undying affection.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE GENERAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITS.

"He said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

JOHN vii. 12.

"To me the spirit world is tangible. It is peopled with persons and forms palpable to the appreciation. Its multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible, its companionship real, its loves distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible; its union is not that of sameness, but of variety brought into moral harmony by the great law of love, like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different, make, when combined, sweet music. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity in Heaven. Each intellect will keep its natural bliss, each heart its elections. Groups there will be, and circles. Faces known and unknown will pass us; acquaintances will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with increasing wisdom."

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

DIVERSITY is as much a law of the universe as unity, and each and all, whether on earth or in spirit life, aspect from their own plane of existence. This is a necessity of individuality.

No two grains of sand, nor blazing stars, are precisely alike. "One star," said the Apostle Paul, "differeth from another star in glory; so also is the resurrection of the dead," — and so it is also with mind, or rather the immortalized intelligences that people the world of spirits. Being in different states, influenced by different motives, members of different societies and occupying different spheres, they necessarily perceive the scenery of the higher life, and describe their employments there, in accordance with the idiosyncrasies of character, as well as with the variety and capability of their descriptive talents.

Just imagine several diverse characters reaching our shores from London for the purpose of instructing us in the realities — the shame and the glory of London life. These shall embody patricians and plebeians, prince and peasant, judge



and criminal, schoolman and tyro, scientist and shopkeeper, and other types of caste and conditions. It is plain enough that these persons, seeing London with different eyes, and while perhaps strictly honest, would strangely differ in their descriptions. What would the novice know of the poets' library? And what conception could the poor day-toiler give us of the international questions often discussed in Parliament, or in the private councils of Court life? And yet, each of these characters would give substantially the same description of those features of London life accessible to common observation—such as the parks and gardens, the course of the Thames, the dust and the fogs during certain seasons. And so spirits agree in regard to the general verities pertaining to spirit life—agree that there are landscapes and flowers, trees and running streams, houses and gardens, magnificent mountains and dismal lowlands, libraries and pictures, sympathies and antipathies, joys and sufferings, harmony and jarring discords.

Nevertheless, the accounts and life histories we have from spirits, relating to life in the spirit world, differ quite as much in detail as would those of diverse characters, relative to the environments pertaining to this mortal existence. No individual spirit connected with the lower spheres is intromitted into every phase of spirit life, any more than the fellow-craft Mason is allowed to associate with Royal Arch companions, or the peasant is admitted to the higher gradations of social life in Europe. Indeed, inasmuch as the societies and associational groups are governed by the immutable laws of attraction, the limitations of the individual environment are far more restricted in spirit life than on earth.

The mental and moral states, as embraced by virtue and vice, aspiration and ambition, refinement and coarseness, generosity and selfishness, rear as it were adamantine walls of separation between the various gradations and classes of individuals, far more impenetrable than the lines of separation that keep distinct the moral and social conditions that obtain in the earthly life.

Averaging the general testimonies of spirits relative to their beliefs and moral states, their homes and employments, they teach the existence of God; they affirm that when vast parliaments of angels and white-robed saints meet in council, they reverently bow for a moment in silent adoration.

They teach, the existence of the man Christ Jesus; and remembering his moral lessons taught on earth, and made cognizant of the divine love he manifests in the Celestial Spheres, they speak of him only in terms of tenderness and reverence.

They teach, the naturalness of the descent of the Divine Spirit, such as overshadowed the apostles on the day of Pentecost, and such as is still poured out upon the unselfish and prayerful souls of to-day.

They teach, the reality of the spirit life, the lower sphere being an almost exact counterpart of this physical world. This lower sphere is the region, the abiding-place of earth-bound spirits, — spirits whose loves and attractions still center upon material things; spirits who retain their old theological notions and angular idiosyncrasies; spirits who promise much and perform little, who speculate, who indulge in selfish schemes, who are addicted to the most unworthy frivolities.

They teach, that escaping from the body, mortals do not escape from themselves; do not escape the results of their sowings; do not in the twinkling of an eye grasp all knowledge, nor enter the elysian fields of unalloyed bliss antecedent to the necessary disciplines.

They teach, that the life the spirits enter upon after death is a sphere of struggle and moral conquest; that every moral altitude attained is a victory for the soul, purchased by self-denial, by aspiration, by persistent effort, and holy endeavor.

They teach, that spirit life is an active life, a social life, a constructive life, a retributive life, a progressive life, with schools, and lyceums, and museums, and universities.

They teach, that as Judas went to his own place, so spirits, disenthralled from physical matter, gravitate by virtue of fixed spiritual laws to their own appropriate spheres, which

spheres and states are determined by their own ruling loves and desires. The lowest of these are termed prisons, and to these missionaries from the higher spheres descend with words of hope, and hearts full of help for those who have departed from the ways of life and the paths of divine order.

They teach, that very ancient spirits seldom descend into the enveloping atmosphere of this earth, and then they descend as messengers, knowing the past, and, with vision unveiled, touching the future of society on earth. They come to dethrone emperors, to pull down haughty dynasties, to give freedom to serfs in Russia and to slaves in America, to impart a new impetus to the hidden forces of the race, and to initiate movements necessary for the inauguration of new cycles in the progress of man in this rudimentary world.

They teach, that as minds in spirit life affect minds on earth, so minds on earth affect, indirectly at least, those in spirit life; that as spirits, one class may teach us, so we may teach and benefit another class in spirit life; and so the two worlds may — nay, *must* progress together.

They teach, that the inhabitants of earth are open to the influx of those who have cast aside their bodies, both good and bad, and that we are benefited or injured by intercourse with them, according to the motives that prompt us, and the influences they exert over those who invite their presence. Many pass into spirit life with downward tendencies, morbid appetites, and moral obliquities, which they seek to gratify by coming into sympathetic relations with sensitive persons. Others, going with clannish instincts not outgrown, return to advance the selfish schemes of earthly relatives, at the expense of credulous and mediumistic persons, whom they can persuade to become instruments for their use.

They teach, that memory is a recording angel — that the moral cowardice we have been guilty of, the false pretenses that we have hidden behind, the selfish motives that have guided, the vile passions not resisted, the scheming motives that have ruled our conduct, will all meet us in judgment array in the land of soul-revelation, where masks are of no

avail, and all — *all* these memories will there torture until the uttermost farthing has been paid, and due restitution made.

They teach, on the other hand, that every kind word spoken, every generous deed done, every wise sympathy expended, every truth vindicated, every pure principle woven into their life-garment, as well as every mortal whom we have done good unto, will be there in vivid realities to gladden our souls, and make more radiant our pathway up on to the shining table-lands of a blissful immortality.

It has been said by the eminent Charles Babbage, that “The track of every canoe, of every vessel which yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is indeed instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession. . . . The atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness of the sentiments we have uttered; the waters and the more solid materials of the globe bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed.

“Thus considered, what a strange chaos is the wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom, impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as with the latest sighs of immortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man’s changeable will — the testimony of eternal justice.”

They teach, that God’s love spans all worlds, reaches through all time, and is redemptive in purpose; that Jesus Christ not only after the crucifixion “preached to spirits in

prison," but that he is still preaching to spirits imprisoned in darkness; that the angels of God are preaching; that martyrs for truth are preaching, and that the good of all past ages are preaching; that, through self-abnegation, purity of purpose, and consecration of all to divine uses, they may win souls, and harvest them even into the Christ Heavens.

They teach, that séances for spirit communion should be held in consecrated places, should be conducted with decorum, should be overshadowed with an orderly and religious spirit; that they should be opened with music, invocations, and prayers; and that the business affairs and childish frivolities of life should be held in abeyance; that the subjects of converse may relate more fully to soul-growth, daily duties, moral obligations, and those sublime principles that take hold upon the verities and responsibilities of eternal life.

They teach, that birds and animals abound in their forests, sing in their groves, and add to the life and beauty of their landscapes; but in the celestial spheres angels' affections flow out to children and congenial souls rather than to insects, animals, or any subordinate forms of life.

They teach, that the child of expectation is immortal from the sacred moment of embryonic conception, and that it is criminal to blast and destroy the bud while yet clinging to the maternal tree of life.

They teach, that suicides suffer intense remorse, deep soul-agonies, for taking that which they cannot impart; and that they are necessitated by a law of their being to remain near the earth — to prevent others from like rash acts, to make expiatory amends, and thus finish up as best they may the undone work of earth.

They teach, that there is no structural disorganization, no disintegration of the spiritual body, in the process of dying, but that death is the birth of the spirit — the second birth; that it leaves the body somewhat as the bird does the shell; and that often the truly good and maturely ripened souls of earth do not even become unconscious in the exchange of worlds.

They teach, that it makes no difference whether the dying repose on beds of cotton or feathers, or swing in wind-swayed hammocks; but that the excited sympathies, the wringing of hands, the loud moanings, do make a difference, retarding the emancipation, clouding the spiritual vision, and otherwise unpleasantly affecting the sublime processes of the soul's deliverance.

They teach, that the smiles which wreath the face of the corpse were caused by their dying eyes gazing into the land of beauty and blessedness. When Mirabeau was passing over, he ordered his friends to scatter perfumed roses over him, and then added: "Let me die now to the sound of delicious music." When Bœhmen was leaving for the heavenly land, he said to his son, "Do you hear that excellent music?" "Nay, father." — "But *I* hear it," said the dying seer, "and I go now into Paradise." When Mozart, that master of song, was about to leave for the life elysian, he looked longingly toward his instruments of music, and partially swooning, exclaimed, "I hear music — a new song from angel choirs!" These died with smiles resting upon their calm countenances.

They teach, that vice and misery — that virtue and happiness, as cause and effect, are linked together in bonds as firm as the immutable laws of causation, and that self-sacrifice, goodness, and purity must precede happiness in every and in all worlds.

They teach us, especially those in the higher spheres, the necessity of self-reliance, urging us to hear, to study, and judge for ourselves, and to rely for truth upon intuition, reason, and our best judgment, seeking, of course, help from the good on earth and those in the heavens.

They teach, that many of the impressions, and most of the vivid dreams of mortals, are visions, revealing in the stillness of the night golden glimpses of immortality.

They teach, that physical deformities of body do not obtain in the higher life; that ugliness of features fades gradually away, and that those who die infirm and aged soon regain their elasticity and perfection of manhood.

They teach, that nationalities, tribes, form, face, and complexion, differ quite as much upon the entrance into the spirit world as with us; but that these gradually lessen as spirits progress toward the true and the beautiful.

They teach, that angels and truly good spirits appear calm, joyous, and royal in deportment, their garments frequently dazzling in brightness; while evil-inclined spirits appear dark, sullen, and are clothed in stained, if not in tattered, vestures.

They teach, that there are no boasting atheists, no sardonic scoffers at religion, in the *heavenly* spheres. Arrogant irreligious scoffers at the sanctities of life and the moral obligations relating to God and duty, people the hells of pride, self-sufficiency, and discord.

They teach, that less developed spirits have their petty plans, their envies, and their jealousies, as do mortals; and that with few exceptions they sympathize with and sustain their mediums, right or wrong.

They teach, those in the higher heavenly realms, that the spiritual world is more analogous to this world than similar. It is real, yet infinitely more ethereal and subjective. They further teach that it is the testimony of God and angels, through nature and revelation, that we must live the divine life or die the death — that wisdom's gate is narrow — that the fire must try every man's works, and that we must "overcome" to receive the new name, the white stone, and the crown immortal.

They teach, that it is much easier to outgrow and cast aside errors and vices while in this world, than to defer a work, so important to be done, until entrance into the future state of existence. "You will live there as you are living now," writes the distinguished Rev. Stainton-Moses; "by the acts and habits of your daily life, you are preparing for yourself the place of your future habitation. The filthy is the filthy still, as the pure in heart preserves his purity. You are working out your own salvation, or preparing to yourself misery and woe.

“And what of the friends of earth, with whom my interests are so bound up that to sever them would be to tear out the heart-strings, and destroy the half of myself? They live still, the same friends, with the same interests, and the same affections. If you desire to join them, and to associate yourself with those who can lead you on, forward and upward, you must live as in their presence, under their piercing eye: you must energize to lead the life that has elevated and ennobled them, — the life of self-abnegation and self-discipline, as of one who subdues the flesh to the spirit, and subordinates the temporal to the eternal.”

They teach that, in correspondence with body and soul, we live in two worlds now; that a “cloud of witnesses” surrounds us; that invisible guests walk by our sides, witnessing our toils and struggles, and listening in sadness or rapture to the breathing words that drop from our lips.

They teach, that the still small voice of God, that the inspirations of Christ angels and heavenly ministering spirits, are ever calling — calling the children of earth to come up higher!

Appealing now to materialists and sectarists alike, may I not in all sincerity ask, Are not these teachings beautiful? Are they not divine? And if they were practically outlived by all tribes and races, would not our world be soon transformed into an Eden, such as poets in all ages have sung, and seers, in moments of exaltation, have prophesied?

Spiritualism does not ask the Christian, the Brahman, or Buddhist to disbelieve his Bible, but to rightly interpret and understand it. It does not seek to undermine Religion, nor render obsolete the beautiful lessons and moral teachings of Jesus Christ.

“So far from setting aside the essential ideas of true Christianity,” writes that eminent essayist and reviewer, A. E. Newton, “I affirm that modern Spiritualism has furnished illustration and convincing proof of them, such as can be had from no other source, and such as should elicit the interest and joy of every professed believer in rational Christianity.



Not only do the facts of Spiritualism demonstrate the reality of a future life, of inspiration and spiritual interpositions (miracles so called), which are basic facts of Christianity, but it also gives us the philosophy and uses of many of the peculiar rites and practices of the Church: such, for example, as baptism, the laying on of hands, the eucharistic supper, the customs of singing and prayer in public assemblies, of fastings, of invocations of saints and angels, and many others, which have been observed for the most part traditionally and blindly."

The cold, indifferent negations of Agnosticism find no encouragement in Spiritualism. Faith leads to knowledge. As the temple rises the scaffolding disappears. Methods are ever changing. And it is among the hopeful tendencies connected with Spiritualism, that, while less iconoclastic, it is becoming each year more catholic, more religious, and more reverent. This is clearly indicated in "*Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*," a most excellent book just from the press, by the Rev. Stainton-Moses, of the London University. Treating of the God-idea, relative to spirit-teaching, this author says: "God is spoken of by exalted spirits as the Supreme, All-wise Ruler of the Universe, the Object of the ceaseless adoration of all created sentient beings. No spirit who communicates with earth, however long his spirit-life may have been, pretends to have seen Him, or to have penetrated to His presence. They know more of the operations of His laws; they are more deeply penetrated with a sense of His perfection, His wisdom, and His love. They insist invariably on worship of the Supreme, adoration, praise, meditation, and prayer. They tell of constant adoration and praise on their part. They inculcate on us the same, and are specially strong in insisting on the blessing of meditation and the privilege of prayer. They view the latter not as the sort of charm that it is to many men, but rather as the link that joins man to the ministering angels, who are the intermediary agencies between him and his God.

"Man, they say, is surrounded by 'ministering spirits,' of

whose services he may avail himself if he will, or whom he may drive from him by neglect of prayer, by engrossing care for the bodily and the earthly, by ignoring the higher spiritual part of his nature. Constant progressive cultivation of higher sentiments in work for God, for his fellow, and for himself; a living of the Christ-like life of adoration and prayer, and self-denying work, together with that spiritual rest which springs from meditation and conscious aspiration to a higher and elevated standard, — this is their ideal." . . .

After pronouncing "this view of God in the new faith," spiritualism, as emphatically "that of Jesus Christ," he thus continues: "Jesus was, before all, a practical teacher, and in so far as his teachings can be sifted out, every one of them forms a cardinal point in the teaching of the new faith. Purity in thought, word, and deed, as man's chiefest duty to himself; universal philanthropy and loving-kindness; self-sacrifice and self-denial; humility; sincerity; forgiveness of injuries; the worthlessness of mere external ceremony; the Fatherhood of God; and the universal brotherhood of humanity; — these were the principal points in Christ's teaching, and they have lost nothing of their luster now, simply because they are verities eternally and irreversibly true."

In consonance with the foregoing, the distinguished Charles Beecher, in his work "Spiritual Manifestations," writes as follows: "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God, for God is love. It is love's own absolute self the soul pants for, as the hart pants for the water brooks. It is his very self inbreathed, as it were, into ourself, however effected, with open vision or without, in the body or out of the body, which we yearn for as better than life. We see the infinite beauty everywhere, but it is veiled. We come near the intense effulgence, but it is hid from us. We feel the attraction of the central orb; we are conscious of the glowing love of Christ; we know we are moving on the homeward track, and we tremble with presentiments of what that beatific vision may be. . . . There is a certain incandescence of

soul produced by intense love, which powerfully affects the body. Even earthly affection in its purest forms illumines and transfigures the countenance. But the love of loves, when He reveals himself, produces an inward ardor, permeating the dull tabernacle with cherubic radiance; an ardor which, if carried to its height, must lay the frail form as dead at His feet. And is not this the secret of the glory of the spiritual body, that it will simply corruscate from within, inflamed by His contact? As the star, long circling round its remote orbit, rushes blazing to its perihelion, so the exiled soul, long absent from its God, rushes incandescent to His presence, to go no more out forever."

Genuine religious spiritualism is in perfect accord with Christianity as taught and lived by Jesus Christ.

Accepting Peter's definition, "I see in Jesus of Nazareth a man approved of God among you by miracles, wonders, and signs that God did by him." (Acts ii. 22.)

Truly could he say, "I and my Father are one,"—one in purpose, one in spirit. He worshiped in spirit. He never lost sight of the spiritual world. God does not speak to him from without. He feels that God is in him. He needed no sound of thunder, like Moses; no revealing tempest, like Job; nor familiar oracle, like Grecian sage. He consciously lived in and with the Father.

Seen in the light of his Divinity, his pre-eminent greatness consisted in his fine harmonial organization; in a constant communion with angels; in the depth of his sweet spirituality; in the keenness of his moral perceptions; in the expansiveness and warmth of his Divine sympathies; in his sincerity of heart; in his soul-pervading spirit of obedience to the mandates of right; in his devoted consecration to the highest interests of humanity; and in his complete and perfect trust in and unity with God!

That Jesus was touched, and his person made radiant with the celestial glory of the Christ-Heavens, the light of which is God, is evident from these passages:—"No man hath ascended into heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, which is in heaven." "This is my

beloved Son in whom I am well pleased ;” and, “There appeared an angel strengthening him ;” and, “His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment seemed white as the light.” Thus illumined, baptized, and divinely consecrated, he could exclaim, “I have overcome the world !” “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor ; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives . . . to set at liberty those that are bound, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.”

Cherishing these sublime conceptions of Jesus Christ, I can fervently exclaim, Behold “the Way, the Truth, the Life !” And, further, I can sincerely say, that I believe in salvation through Christ—through the Christ of purity, love, and truth,—believe in salvation, or soul-unfoldment through Christ, just as I believe in opening buds and green fields through the summer showers, and in fruits and waving harvests through the golden sunshine ! Christ, then, is the Sun of Righteousness and the Saviour of the World !

It is my prayer—the soul-aim of my life, to live and walk in the spirit of Christ. And since my visit to Palestine, and the séance held in Jerusalem with my traveling companion, Dr. E. C. Dunn,—at which time the Evangelists and others of the New Testament times came with sweet and holy messages,—my faith has been strengthened and confirmed in the divinity of Christianity.

A spirit, of great purity and holiness, referring to Jesus Christ, inspired these lines :

“ His robe was white as flakes of snow  
 When through the air descending ;  
 I saw the clouds beneath him melt,  
 And rainbows o'er him bending !  
 And then a voice — no, not a voice ;  
 A deep and calm revealing —  
 Came through me, like a vesper strain  
 O'er tranquil waters stealing.  
 And ever since that countenance  
 Is on my pathway shining, —  
 A sun from out a higher sky,  
 Whose light knows no declining.”

I have few sweeter memories of the Orient than my personal interviews with that Hindú Brahmo — speaker, author, and prophet — Keeshub Chunder Sen. He is a man to be loved — a man who lives a life of great abstemiousness and purity. And this Brahmo seer and teacher declares in the most solemn manner that he has seen Jesus Christ and John the Baptist. Here are some of his recent stirring words:

“It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet, nor the fiery cannon that can make our people loyal. No: none of these can hold India in subjection. Armies never conquered the heart of a nation. . . . But your hearts have been touched, conquered, subjugated by a superior power. That power — need I tell you? — is Christ. It is Christ who rules British India, and not the British government. . . . None but Jesus, none but Jesus Christ ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India; and Jesus, the Prince of Peace, shall have it! . . . He is coming: in the fullness of time He will come to you, O young men of India! He will come to you as self-surrender, as the life of God in man, as obedient and humble sonship.”

Spiritualism is a most sacred word, because rooted in God and relating to Christ and to immortality. Spiritualism, a phenomenon, a sunny philosophy, and a divine religion, unlocks the treasures of precious memories, and lays at our feet the living truths of the present. It leads the thirsty to living fountains, feeds the hungry with the bread of heaven, and, plucking away the thorns of life, plants along our paths the flowers of undying affection. It comes to each and all of us personally, pleading with us to pay the price of self-denial, spiritualize our natures, purify our affections, overcoming the world, thus living in precious memories on earth, immortal for the good that we have done.

“Up and away like the dew of the morning,  
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun;  
So let me steal away gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,  
 The brief race of time well and patiently run;  
 So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,  
 Up to the crown that for me has been won,  
 Unthought of by man in rewards or in praise,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,  
 That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;  
 So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed—  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,  
 When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,  
 So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
 The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?  
 The things we have lived for—let them be our story,  
 Only remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing,  
 As its summer and autumn moved silently on,  
 The bloom and the fruit and the seed in its season,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,  
 To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,  
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;  
 He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,  
 Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,  
 Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,  
 Save the truth I have spoken, the good I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying,  
 So let my name lie unblazoned, unknown,  
 Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;  
 Yes—but remembered by what I have done."

Life is a pilgrimage; let us kindly help each other along the tiresome journey; for soon, perhaps, shall we put our sandals off, and lay our weary burdens down by the cypress-trees that shade Death's peaceful river. And when that tremulous hour comes, as it must to each and all, precious will be the

memories of kind words spoken, and the good that we have done.

Let us widen, then, all the fraternal relations of life; cultivate the holier sanctities of the soul, and point the sad and tearful to the infinite possibilities that lie invitingly before them.

Let us remember the Christian graces, faith, hope, and charity, — forgiving others as we hope to be forgiven, and blessing others as we hope to be blest of God and the angels that do the Divine will. Let us not forget that religion — that sweet trust in God — that sincere soul-felt prayer — that the baptism of the Christ-spirit, and the blessed ministries of angels, will prove helps to us in every time of trial.

Let us abide in the vine, ever keeping in mind the new commandment of Jesus, "Love ye one another." "By this shall men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." If I know my own heart it beats in accord with the divine effort to better humanity, and throbs in tenderest love toward all races and the people of all lands.

This is the time of unrest — the moral drift period of the world. The cycle of myth and dogma is closing. The Second Coming is overshadowing us. Jesus with his holy angels is in the clouds of Heaven, calling as never before, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Come, make ready to inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

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