

Yours for the cause
Lillie McGinnis.

From the Land O'The Leal

BEING A BOOK

Automatically and Inspirationally written between the dates of March 15th, 1913, and March 15th, 1914.

By

LILLIE McGINNIS

Consisting of the experiences of all classes, after awakening to consciousness after the change of death.

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Dedicated

To Those of the Spirit World

Who have caused these messages to
be given for the enlightenment
of the people of earth.

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PREFACE

"ASK and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, for everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

The writer of this book does not claim to be a medium, only a seeker of truth, and has always been interested in anything that could throw any light whatever on a future existence. In investigating spiritualism about seven years ago, she became thoroughly convinced there was something in it. Lack of opportunity prevented her from consulting many mediums, but she read everything she could get along this line. She was determined to find out for herself if it is true that our friends who have died can communicate.

About three years ago she received her first communication through her own forces. It was given her on a dial planchette, the same that was employed by Prof. Robert Hare in his famous investigations, and was this: "I have answered your prayer for insight into the spirit world." She was, of course, greatly pleased and continued communicating in this way for some time. One day, while sitting at her machine sewing, without a thought of anything of this in her mind, she picked up a pencil and paper lying near and received her first communication in writing. It was from a relative she had never seen—who had been

in spirit for over thirty years—telling her if she would sit in silence, alone, one afternoon a week, she and others would write for her. She gave up the planchette then, as the writing was much more satisfactory and more rapid.

She wrote in this manner for some time, till she was thoroughly convinced the writings could only come from individuals out of the body, as they claimed, for things were told her that occurred in her old home in Ohio that she did not know anything about, till later letters came verifying them.

Imagine her surprise when she was told that a band had been formed whose members would bring spirit individuals to her to write the experiences of their awakening into spirit life. That it would reveal conditions of life on the other side. And it was to be published in book form to enlighten others as it would enlighten her, and would be as interesting to her as reading something she had never read. She wrote so rapidly she could not thoroughly understand it until it was finished, and she read it over again. If she became too deeply interested while writing and wrote more slowly the pencil would stop.

Later, after all the experiences had been given, the poems were given her, and she has placed some of them in the book. She never wrote a word for publication or thought of doing such a thing until she received this, which she leaves to the reader, whom she hopes will judge it, not by its faults or literary worth, but by the good it may contain.

Lillie McGinnis.

INTRODUCTION

WE, the guides that have been drawn to earth by the law of attraction and our own willingness to again try to do some good on the earth plane, have formed a band for the protection of the one through whom the spirits have chosen to write. We have named this band the "Washington Band," and will bring the spirits here to tell their experiences in their own way. We wish to bring spirits from all the varied walks of life—from the highest of your land to those that were sunk in the lowest depths of depravity. We shall not give names, but many will be recognized. The first spirit that we bring came here by her own hand and she will tell her experience in her own way in Chapter I.

CHAPTER I

I, A SPIRIT, will tell you a story that is true, though stranger than fiction. It is of a home where all joys of home were absent. I, a woman who had all the comforts and luxuries that I wished, yet having all these, came into the unknown by my own hand. I want to tell the world that I repent of this act, and in so doing I commence my own progression. I was a writer of fiction, commencing to write at an early age, and by too close application to this work I weakened myself, both physically and mentally. To relieve my severe headaches, I commenced to take opiates that were eventually my undoing. Strange as it may seem, while I was under the influence of drugs I could write better than before I ever took them. I soon found this out and did not hesitate to use them and keep myself under their influence. I did not realize what I was doing until too late to overcome the habit I had formed. I at last became so despondent that I took an overdose, caring not whether I came out of it or not, for I only wanted oblivion.

What was my surprise to awaken and see my body in its ghastliness. I wondered at this and thought that the drug I had taken was causing me to have horrible dreams instead of the forgetfulness I craved. But I turned from the sight and walked right through the walls out into the atmosphere, which was so dense I at first could distinguish nothing. Then a stranger came to me and, speaking kindly, said: "I am a guide to take

newly-born spirits to the homes they have prepared for themselves while on earth." I went with him willingly, for I now understood I had "died" and I expected to find a mansion much more beautiful than my earthly home. What was my surprise to find a very poor cottage with nothing attractive about it. "Must I live here?" I asked. "Yes, my child, no place else is open to you now; and you must live here, alone, until you realize what you have done. I can only come and visit you. You will have to learn life's lessons for yourself."

I was rebellious for a time and thought none heard my cries of anguish. How I wished myself back in my beautiful earthly home, but I could not go. I had to stay in the poor cottage that had nothing of beauty or even of comfort about it. I wondered if this could be hell, but no fire burned me. My torture of remorse and despair, however, punished me more than fire could have done. Then I tried to quit thinking of myself, and looked around to see if I could find anyone, for I could endure the loneliness no longer. How I prayed, but all was blank; no answer came to me in the silence. At last, however, the answer seemed to come from my innermost being: "Whatsoever a man soweth so also must he reap." My next question was, "Must I endure this throughout all eternity?" I really expected an answer in the affirmative, but to my great joy the answer that was whispered by the still, small voice was, "You can yet redeem yourself; work out of this condition, and in the coming ages be as happy as those who have never sinned and suffered."

Such an answer I had not expected and it was a great comfort to me. I then tried to make my home a little pleasanter and I soon found I could do so. The stranger who brought me to this place again visited me, and seeing the change in my surroundings, knew that I had made my first step in advancement. I then asked for a friend that had been gone from the earth for some time and I wondered if I might see her. I was told that she would soon come to see me. My friend was a woman that had lived a good, pure life and did a great amount of good in the vicinity in which she lived, although having a very humble home and little means at her command. She came to see me and took me to her own home here. Then full consciousness dawned on me and I understood life as I never had before. I thought, oh, that the day may dawn on earth when all will be taught! By your real life only will you profit in the eternal now. For your real self is the one that no one but yourself and the angels know. I had everything to live for had I only used my wealth and talents to help others. Then I would have been happier there and would have builded better for this life. Instead of doing that, when I came here I had to begin at the beginning and do the things I should have done there.

I went back to my own poor home with the determination to improve and use every faculty I possessed to work myself up to a condition of peace if not happiness. This was what my guardian angel was waiting for. He assured me I was no stranger to him, for he had been watching over me for many years. He now asked me if I would

care for a sister woman that had just come into the spirit world in such a sad condition that she could not even help herself. I assured him that I would be pleased to do so. She came and I waited on and cared for the poor, depraved spirit until she came to a realization of where she was and what she had to do. I helped her all in my power and told her all I had learned. We decided to live together and help every poor soul we could find. This decision comforted me greatly. Then my guide and teacher came again and told us he would bring the spirits to our home that needed our care. We now found we could enlarge and beautify our home in a way that was very pleasing to us. The work here is not done as it is on earth, but in a much more pleasant way, without any fatigue whatever. Servants here, as they are termed on earth, are unknown. Here the only way people can get help is by their own willingness to be of service, knowing that by helping those weaker than themselves they are improving themselves. They are not looked upon as are the helpers of earth, but as individuals to pattern after.

All my sorrows and suffering I cannot tell, for it would not be understood, but light dawned on me at last, and while I am not yet happy, I have found the way that leads to joy unutterable. I must first finish the work through another which I should have done when on earth. I will again impress my thoughts on another brain and use his hand to write a book that none who have ever read my books on earth can doubt comes from the same individual. By this means I shall reach that happiness that I always longed for, but never attained.

CHAPTER II

I WANT to tell my experiences. I lived in a little town in British Columbia. I was a miller by trade, and a hard-working man. I was married and had a good home, with three bright children. I came here owing to an accident in the mill. I do not know how it happened, for I was killed instantly. I wondered at the strange sensation I experienced, I felt so light and comfortable. I did not know where I was, for I could not yet see my mangled body. I remembered what I had been doing, but knew I was not now in the mill. I thought: "Is it possible I have gone suddenly insane?" Then I thought, "No, it cannot be that, for I experienced such a sense of peace and contentment." I seemed to be in a tropical country, such a feeling of warmth and comfort possessed me. I could distinguish nothing as yet, for all this occurred in a few moments. Then, all at once, a vision of great beauty burst upon my view. I thought: "I am surely dreaming, or what can have happened to me?" Then a face I knew in childhood looked upon me, and the person said: "Dear Frank, can you not realize what is the matter? You know I have been here for years." Then, as in a flash, I understood, and I asked: "Is it possible that I am dead?" "You have left your body, brother, but are not dead," he said. "I am alive and you recognize your brother that

you played with in childhood and always thought of as dead."

I had never thought much about a future life, being content and happy, but I now understood I had entered it without a moment's warning. "There was an accident, brother, as I will now show you. Be brave, for you have much to endure." I was now taken to the mill and there looked on my mangled body. My first thought was of my loved ones. "Oh, God! comfort them!" was my cry. I was not allowed to go home, for I was not yet able to stand this ordeal and it was mercifully spared me. I was told of the great help I could still be to my family, and this comforted me. I carried a life insurance and my children were almost at an age that they could take care of themselves, for we had given them a good education. So I did not have to grieve over leaving my family in want, as many do.

I was, after a time, taken to my earth home, and there learned much that I had never thought could be possible. I could now see my family as I could not while on earth with them. My wife that I had loved and for whom was my greatest grief was happy to know I was out of the way. My children really loved me, but the sorrows of youth are not lasting and for this I was pleased. But, oh! the sorrow of now knowing how bitterly I had been deceived in the wife for whom I had slaved and whom I had denied nothing that was in my power to grant. I cannot help but think I shall some day see her suffer in like manner for the man she loves and whom she had loved for years, and had met secretly, and who will in time deceive her

as she did me. I cannot as yet forgive her, but in time I hope I may. I am learning much of this life, the beautiful home of the soul, where we can see clearly and cannot be deceived.

CHAPTER III

I AM a man who has suffered the tortures of the damned. My home is in Ohio. I will not give the name of the city, for my family are all living there and I do not want them to recognize me. Some day they will have to know all, for no life's pages are closed. I am not going to tell of my earth life, for many would recognize me then. I will only tell of my experiences here.

In the first place, I came here in such a condition of depravity that it is beyond description. I made it for myself and blame no one. I had wealth and an honorable name at one time, but lost both. Once started, I went the downward road fast, yet I was at an age when I should have been preparing myself for death. Instead, I was placed in an insane asylum. My family could not take care of me at home. I came into this life in the same condition. I have suffered as I hope none others may. Every act of my misspent life has been gone over and must be made right. This is no easy matter, and I do not know how it will be accomplished; but I am assured ways will be found so that I can redeem the past and gain happiness. I have been here for more than five years and just in the past year have I realized my condition. I only know I have suffered tortures that the body knows naught of. Now I am anxious to work in any way the teachers and helpers here wish me. They tell me writing this will be of benefit and help me to progress.

I was not considered a bad man by my associates and I was a devout Catholic; but the wickedness was within. I wronged many, but covered it up by charity, for I was always willing to give to any good cause. I did some good deeds, but these were overbalanced. It was my own conscience that condemned me, but I would not heed. Finally I became unconscious of good, and only thought and talked of evil. Then it was that I was placed in an insane asylum.

I have now learned that I drew spirits around me of like character, and we held high carnival. After I came here they were still my companions, for I did not realize I had made any change. I came to a realization of my condition by coming to a medium. She was one I had tried to wrong, but did not succeed. She only thought of me in pity; she did not want me near her, but told me to go and sin no more. Since then I have tried to follow her advice, but it is harder to change for the better here than on earth, for the opportunities of the evil-minded are greater, as are also the opportunities for doing good when once one gets started right. I have now made the start and all the demons of hell (for there is a hell, and I have been in it, or perhaps it would be more correct to say it had been in me) cannot change me again. I have much to learn and much to make right, but eternity is mine and I shall succeed.

I have told this in the hope of doing some good, for "as a man thinketh so is he, whatever he may profess." I am on the right road at last and this gives me a contentment that I have never known. I have ceased to pray and want to work for and

warn and help all I can reach. I want to learn of this life everlasting about which I know so little. All I ever learned did me no good. Prayers of pope or priest are of no avail. No Saviour can wash away your sins. You must wash away the stains yourself. This I now know I can do, so I will go and commence the work that is laid out for me to do.

CHAPTER IV

A MOTHER'S TRANSITION

IN the poorest part of a city
A white-faced woman lay.
The hand of death had touched her,
She knew she could not stay.

Not stay to rear her children,
Which always was her prayer,
Till they were self-supporting
And would not need her care.

The boy was but a youngster,
The girl was only eight.
The things they'd do for mother
Would certainly be great.

Soft through the room they tiptoed,
Their eyes were moist with tears;
For want had made them sadly
Much older than their years.

The truth had come to Willie,
His face turned old and gray;
A man's strong heart beat bravely
In a little boy that day.

He stood by his mother's bedside
And saw her thin, pale face,
And said, "Now, don't worry, mother,
I'm going to take your place."

"Trust me to care for Nellie,
So do not worry more,
And won't you e'er watch o'er us
From your home on the other shore?"

These words gave her more comfort
Than aught she'd ever had—
The dear, strong words of Willie,
Her own brave, little lad.

"I'll surely watch my darlings,
I'll help you all I can.
Do not forget me, Willie,
When you grow to be a man.

"Don't ever enter a barroom;
That cursed your father's life.
And Willie, oh be faithful
To the one you make your wife."

The end came then so peaceful,
Like sweet, refreshing sleep.
Her promise to her children
She felt that she could keep.

The spirit of that mother
Watched o'er them all their life.
The man was a nation's hero
And Nellie a noble wife.

CHAPTER V

I AM a man that committed the worst crime there is, for I murdered my own mother. I was an only son and had every advantage that wealth could procure. I went through college and it was there I got into bad company. I learned to drink and gamble; and it was but a few years until I had lost all respect for myself and family. My mother was a widow. My father, who was a Confederate soldier, was killed in the war.

I loved my mother and only sister devotedly, but such is the curse of drink that while I was under its influence I would do and say things that, at other times, I would be ashamed to even think of. I came home one night drunk, and wanted my mother to deed all her property over to me. This she would not do. I followed her up to her room, insisting that she do this. She started down the stairs again to keep out of my way, when I gave her a push that sent her headlong. Her skull was fractured and she died almost instantly. This terrible sight sobered me at once, and my first thought was of self-preservation. Running into a neighbor's I told them my mother had accidentally fallen down stairs and I feared had killed herself. My actions caused suspicion, and I was tried, convicted and hanged.

We will not dwell on this, for such things can be read every day. I wish to tell how I came to consciousness here. I realized I was to pay a

just penalty for my crime. I believed I would continue to exist, but had no idea of what I would experience. I did not expect the freedom that I found. My first feeling was one of thirst for liquor. A man I had known came to me and told me he would take me to a place where I could get a drink. I did not know I was dead, for the memory of all that had occurred had left me, and I did not even think of how the man that I knew to be dead could be with me. Mother, home, and sister were forgotten. I only wanted a drink. We went to a barroom that I frequented and where I had spent many a dollar and we began a debauch that you could not think possible. I thought I was drinking in the same way I always had, but I was under the influence of liquor as soon as I entered the barroom; the fumes, or odor, did this.

I soon found I could influence men to drink, and I receive the same effects that they experienced. This led me to wonder what had happened to me; but I was in a dazed condition. I thought it was the effects of drink and I would be all right when I sobered up. This I did not want to do. I stayed in this condition, as near as I can remember, about eight years. Then all at once, like a flash of lightning, it all came back to me—my mother's murder, my trial and conviction, and all that occurred on the day I was hanged. I wonder if anyone can imagine my feelings?

I now realized I was out of my body, but how can I find words to tell of my remorse! I was taken to the home of a man I had influenced to drink, and there looked on the sorrow of his wife and little children. I there made a vow I would

never again be the means of causing them to suffer through my accursed appetite. I have kept that vow and have tried every means in my power to influence the other spirits to let him alone. He does not know why at times he cannot let liquor alone, but it is spirit obsession and nothing else. Now I want to tell you here that neither is entirely to blame. The man who drinks does not know what influences him and the spirits are in a drunken, dazed condition and do not know what they are doing, only that they are satisfying their own appetites. Until they realize what they are doing they will keep on. But missionary spirits are giving their time to this work and are accomplishing much, but it takes time and patience. The only way such as these may rid themselves of obsessing spirits is by staying away from saloons and all places where liquor is sold.

I want to tell you of another strange thing. My mother was at once taken to my father's beautiful home. She understood she had entered eternal life, but did not know the cause. She was a good, pure woman, and now that she had joined my father her happiness was complete. She did not know she could return to earth, but thought, as many do who belong to the churches, that she was in heaven. Though finding it more beautiful and delightful than she expected, and different in many ways, she was content. My father knew, but was not yet ready to tell her anything of this life until she was able to bear it.

At the time of my awakening to full consciousness, my first thought was of my mother. Would it be possible for me to see her, I wondered. My

father came to me then and said he would bring my mother to see me. How I longed for, yet dreaded, the meeting! But good angels took care of her and explained it all, and she met me with the same loving greeting she always gave me.

I wondered if the time ever would come when I could be happy. I am at least in a hopeful frame of mind and those wiser than I assure me that in the future by my own efforts I shall be as happy as they. I have just begun to realize the advantages of this beautiful country. As soon as you make up your mind to do good the opportunities are given you. You are not hampered as in earth life, for "where there's a will there's a way." No limit is placed upon you. Now I have told you of my life up to the present. What the future holds for me I do not know, but rest assured it will never be downward, but up into the heights as far as I am able to climb. Knowing it all rests with myself, I shall be careful, and always do the best I can.

CHAPTER VI

LONGING FOR HOME

I AM tired of earth, with its sorrow and care;
Its burdens seem greater than I can bear.
I want to go home.
I have done but little, and yet I know
We all must reap whate'er we sow,
And be content.

I shall gladly welcome the messenger pale
Who comes to lead me beyond the veil,
Where loving friends await—
Where father and mother with outstretched hand
Will say, "Welcome, my child, we understand—
You have reached a haven at last."

My tired body I shall leave behind
When I reach a sphere that is more divine,
And I shall then be free—
Shall be as free as the wind that blows,
With none of the cares such as earth life knows.
Oh! I shall be happy then!

I shall watch my loved ones from the other side,
And oft be near them to help and guide
O'er roughest places here.
And when they, too, shall cross the bar
I shall stand at the lovely gates ajar
And give them welcome home.

CHAPTER VII

I AM a sunbeam of light and gladness,
Shining on all I may reach with my light.
I am a spirit that knows no sadness,
Only the joys of heaven so bright.

I am a ray in the darkest pathway,
And shine with a light that never grows dim.
I am doing the work I dearly delight in,
Cheering the hearts in sorrow and sin.

I am only a little girl, but want to tell you the good a little girl may do in this life. I came here when I was too young to remember much of my earthly home life. I only know I felt pain and all at once it was gone and I opened my eyes in such a beautiful place. Lovely women and little children about my own age of three years were around me. I went to a woman I loved at sight. She took me in her arms and told me she was my mother. "My mamma is not as beautiful as you," I told her, "but I love her, too." She told me the one I had always loved as mamma was my own auntie who had taken care of me always, for she herself came to this beautiful place and had to leave me behind when I was born. She explained things to me and I could understand. She told me how, during all my short earth life, she had watched over me, how she loved auntie for taking such good care of me, and how she would grieve that I was taken from

her; but that we would go soon and comfort her, even though she could not see us. This was also explained to me and I wanted to go at once. Mother said I must wait until she thought best. She said she would show me many beautiful places.

I wish I could describe the beauty and grandeur that I have seen. Mother said we must now go home and see if there is anyone else there I knew. There was a man waiting for us at the door of a lovely home. Mother said, as he took me in his arms, "This is your father, dear, that came here about a year after I did and left you an orphan; but your aunt and uncle took our places and you never felt our loss. But we are glad to have you with us, for now our home is complete. We wish to teach you ourselves, and you can learn very rapidly." Oh, how happy I was! It seemed like the fairy stories my earth mamma had read to me, for everything I wanted I seemed to get. I wanted to go to the earth again, after a time, to see my old home. Mother went with me, and how natural everything looked. My earth mamma, or auntie I will now call her, looked so sad. I called out to her as loudly as I could, but she never looked at me. I asked mother what was the matter. Then she told me that all could not see us; in fact, very few could; but that we would work over auntie and see if it would not be possible for her some day to see us and know we were there. This we commenced to do, mother showing me how to use our magnetic forces and saying the way would be opened some day. We often went to her when she was alone, for she had no children of her own. She would start sometimes when I would touch

her, and she would look all around. Then I would laugh, thinking she could see me, but I soon found she could not.

This earth home of mine was in Buffalo, N. Y. One day a friend of auntie asked her to go to a spiritual meeting and told her about the messages that were given there. She went one Sunday and mother and I went with her. Oh, how lovely it was, for now we knew we could get word to her. The lady that gave the messages saw us and described us to auntie the first ones. How proud and happy I was! I there met the little message guide of the lady and we became fast friends. I asked my mother if I could not do this work, too. I just knew at once that I could soon learn and the little guide said she would help me. Mother gave her permission and my work commenced. Oh, how I love it! I am now about thirteen years old, but I have learned more than I would had I lived the allotted time of threescore and ten years on earth. So do not think when you lay the little bodies of your babes away that they will not grow up and learn as on earth. Even though born in the homes of the rich they are better off here, for here we never feel bodily pain and for us there is no suffering for sin. We are brought up in such an atmosphere of love that every want is satisfied. We learn what we are fitted for and then commence to work.

I want to tell you now about how my auntie learned to see me. She was deeply interested in the messages that were given her and decided to investigate farther. She went to a trumpet medium and there we convinced her we were still living

and that if she would help us by desiring mediumship and give us a chance to work with her we could soon be seen by her clairvoyantly. We told her what we had been doing and that there were others who would come if the way was opened. We assured her that she could also lecture and give many beautiful truths to the world. Auntie has now been on the platform several years and I am her little message-bearer. I shall continue in this work until auntie comes here. Then I shall take up work here and keep on progressing. My wish is that everybody could be as happy as Little Sunbeam.

CHAPTER VIII

I AM one that had no home on earth, for I am a gypsy and my home was in the forest. I was happy, as our people usually are, for it does not take much to satisfy a gypsy if she is good and true. We are happy if the sky is blue above us, and we have something to eat and covering for the night. I was with my parents when the event happened that took me out of my body. Being only a child in years, I got separated from them one day and became lost in the woods. I was not frightened, for I was at home among the trees, but the more I tried to find our camp the more completely was I bewildered. I became worn out and thought I would lie down and rest. I soon fell asleep. I cannot tell you of that night of horror, for I was carried off and at last murdered.

I awakened in a beautiful country, and I thought I must have had a horrible dream. I looked around me, expecting to see our camp. I must be still lost, I thought, when a lady I had never seen approached me. She was of our own race and I went to meet her gladly, thinking she would take me to my parents and the rest of our camp. She told me we would join them presently, but she had much to tell me first. I went with her to a cottage in a garden of beautiful flowers, where the sun looked to be always shining and the sky always blue. She told me I was not in my body, but I was a spirit that could roam at will, and need fear

none, for nothing could harm me now—that I would never have an ache or pain and could live always in the sunshine. We gypsies love the sunshine and hate bad, rainy weather. I asked her if I could go to our tent. She told me I could and that she would go with me.

My parents were wild with grief, for they could not find me, nor did they ever while on earth learn my fate. They thought I was stolen or killed by some other tribe. This was many years ago, and my family are all here now and understand. I have roamed over the earth and learned much. I now want to travel in the spheres of spirit. I have learned that to be happy we must work and help those we can, especially of our own race. I have stood in the tents of fortune tellers of our race and impressed on their minds the things they would tell, as I could see it, for the people that came to have their fortunes told. They would wonder how it could be possible for anyone to tell of their past so correctly and of their future that invariably came true. This, so far, has been the work that I love and have found very interesting.

I was born a gypsy and such I shall always be throughout all time. We of our race can be as happy as any, but we could not be happy to be changed, for we are as nature made us. So it is with all races. We all can reach the same happy state without changing our natures. Nor do we wish to do so. Our opportunities for progression are the same as yours and all are equal in the sight of the God that created us.

CHAPTER IX

I WANT to relate the experiences of one who had a happy life on earth. I had wealth and a beautiful home. I feared neither God nor man. I did not believe in a personal God and was called an infidel. I gloried in the title, for I could never accept the doctrines I was taught in childhood. In fact, they were repulsive to me from the time I began to understand life in any of its phases. I was successful, although I had many enemies, for I lectured against the false teachings of the orthodoxy of my time. I see now I made many mistakes, but I was honest, and I gave to the world what I believed to be the truth. I have found I fared better on coming here than many that criticized me the most severely. Had I only known what I have since found out, that I was right in most things I advocated, and yet that I was immortal, I should now be satisfied with my life-work on earth. I always said, in speaking of immortality, that I did not know. I now know I should have made it my business to find out by investigating, for it is a scientific fact that life is immortal, and that fact cannot be blotted out.

My awakening in this life was a pleasant sensation, although I could not at first understand. I was not expecting this experience. I thought death ended all. So I did not at first realize what had happened until friends I had known gathered around me, delighting in my confusion and telling me I had entered eternity. My first question was

to ask of God. They told me I had much to learn of conditions here and I must not become impatient, but take things calmly. I was very happy to know I still lived. I went with friends whom I loved and we spent many happy days in talking of our earth experiences. How pleased I was to find there was justice in this life, that a man got what he deserved and that he himself would see and pronounce it just. My life had not been without mistakes. These I was ready and anxious to rectify. I found what grand opportunities were before me to continue in my work, although I would have to change it in some respects. Let no one think that he has *all* the truth, for this is given to none; but let him be happy if he has a part of it. Many have none at all when they enter here and must begin at the beginning to learn of this life. All come here with the same beliefs and opinions they had on earth, and it is according to what these are whether they will be benefited by them or not. There are comparatively few that have any knowledge of this life, but the day is fast approaching when things will be different—when anyone who wishes can learn while still on earth of the beauties of eternal life. The means of gaining this knowledge at present is not popular enough to please the majority. If each soul could investigate for himself without his neighbors or friends being any the wiser there is scarcely one but would do so. But so great is the accursed spirit of pride and fear of public opinion that but a few stand up bravely for what they have found to be the truth, caring not for an accusing public, knowing they are right and fearing none. It is

not those brave enough to defy public opinion who need the help of ministering spirits when they come here. They are well able to care for themselves. It is the cowards who need help. Those who never dare give an opinion, fearing they will be criticized or lose an influential friend thereby. Never being afraid to change one's opinion and always reaching up after higher things is progress. This life is exactly what we make it. Existence on earth is the beginning of our conscious life. As we lived there, so shall we enter here. Whether we had faith in the church and belief in the creed or not, if we did the best we could, the future will be an open way of progress for us.

Some on entering the spirit world are content for years to keep on going to church, singing praises and listening to one who still believes that in this manner only can he reach perfection. But I have found that those who subscribed to no creed are really the happiest; they are ready to accept things as they find them. They can more easily get a clearer understanding of the truth than can those who are bound by such narrow ideas.

Only those who come here with open minds and correct lives are really conscious of what their minds are capable of grasping. They are in a state of happiness not realized by those whose minds are held by the false beliefs of earth. One acting the hypocrite by doing as others do and believing what others profess, instead of having convictions of one's own and firmly holding to them, is sure, sooner or later, of being made unhappy by regrets and disappointments.

The voice of conscience is the still small voice that many call God and is what should guide us all. But each must obey his own conscience and not the conscience of another. The attempt of one to make his own conscience the guide for others is a perversion of nature and ends in disaster. Others imagine their own voice of conscience is the voice of the Infinite and that therefore all who accept this voice and believe what it teaches have the truth.

Is it any wonder religion is split up into wrangling sects—that blind faith has taken the place of knowledge and borrowed beliefs the place of individual conviction?

The spirit world is at all times striving to uplift and educate the people of earth and make better conditions for life. This for us is pleasant work, but we are hindered in many ways by yourselves. We have gained much in the last few years. More ways are being opened for us. We are being made conscious as we never were before of our power to help those on earth. More are thinking along this line than at any time in the history of earth. More on this side are working for this, and many who have been here years without number are just finding out that they can return and help change conditions. This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. We are living here in spirit, in a world of discovery, and, in my opinion, shall always continue to do so. The half has never been told.

CHAPTER X

A PREACHER AND A DRUNKARD

THROUGH the slums of an English city
A preacher was wending his way,
With a Bible under his arm,
Intent on what to say.
To bring to the feet of Jesus,
Their sins to have washed away,
To fit for the heavenly kingdom
Those who had gone astray.

On the steps of a Public House
He saw a man forlorn.
He was bloated and in tatters,
A disgrace to the human form.
His hand he laid upon him;
The man arose with a start
And gave the preacher a look
Which somehow touched his heart.

His usual fluent language
Was checked on that very spot.
He was able only to utter,
"Have you no one to care?
Hard drink has brought you to ruin,
It takes what is manly away,
Come over with me to our mission,
We'll teach you how to pray."

The man drew up most proudly.
"If you wish my story I'll tell,
The first in all these years, sir,
To hear the reason I fell.
Why, whisky is my friend, sir,
It does not make me wild;
It causes me to forget
I had home, and wife, and child.

"I was a lawyer—would you believe—
I won applause in many a case.
My name was almost famous
And was known all over the place.
A preacher then came to our home,
A devil he was in disguise.
The Bible was under his arm
And his mouth was filled with lies.

"He set my wife against me,
And before I was aware,
With lies he had entrapped her;
For me she ceased to care.
I could have shaken his life out,
The miserable, cowardly cur;
But the trembling woman before me,
My thoughts were all for her.

"And for our little daughter,
Who must not know the shame.
And so I left our home
And shouldered all the blame."
The preacher stood in silence—
"My God! Can this be he,
The man I wronged so long ago,
Telling his tale to me?

"My sins have found me out.
How deeply did I pray
To be forgiven, and thought I was,
And continued to teach the way."
A crowd had gathered around
To hear what the preacher could say
To the drunkard who had sat
In the barroom day by day.

A scream rang out on the air.
A child had stumbled and fell
In front of a motor truck.
All stood as under a spell.
At once, with a curse at the chauffeur,
The drunkard gave a leap,
Caught the child and threw her out
To the other side of the street.

But he gave his life for the baby,
As bruised and bleeding he lay,
The mother, with child in arms,
Knelt down by his side to say
How grateful she felt to him,
For whom she would care for life,
Not knowing it was her father,
And her mother was once his wife.

A white-faced, gray-haired woman
Crept into the morgue that night,
And by a birthmark on the arm
She knew the story was right.
The report came out in the papers
That told the story well,
Of how a bright young lawyer
Was wronged by another and fell.

When at the bar of justice,
Where all must some day stand,
To reap what they have sown
In that brighter, better land,
And answer for each wrong act,
With the cause that led to it, too,
Of the preacher and the drunkard,
Which fares the better, think you?

CHAPTER XI

I AM an Indian chief and lived many years ago, when the white man was our enemy. We were contented and happy. My tribe lived in peace with the few settlers that came into the territory where we hunted and fished. Wild game was plentiful and we never went hungry.

But the day came at last when the order was given for us to move forward. This we determined not to do. We organized our little band as best we could, and fought many a bloody battle for our homes, for they were this to us, even though they were only Indian wigwams. Oh, how we hated the white race! We were ignorant and could not understand. They did not give us much chance. They wanted the lands we considered our own. Do not blame the poor Indian for the cruelty that he afterwards practiced, for he was driven to it. It would all have been needless had we been treated fairly. But when once started we became crazed with a desire for vengeance and considered all the whites our enemies.

But we were at last overpowered, and I signed the treaty of peace with Mad Anthony at Greenville, Ohio. But there was no peace in my heart or in the hearts of my few brave followers who were spared. Yet we lived on, moving towards the setting sun, and still being crowded out of our settlements. At the present time only a few of a glorious race of people are living on earth, but

here, in spirit, we are countless hosts, for we inhabited the earth before the white race came into existence. We are nature's own children. This knowledge has always been in our possession. We never feared a devil, but always looked to the Great Spirit to provide for us a happy hunting ground. This we have now found, and no power can take it from us, for we came into our own. We are proud of our race. We delight in coming again to earth and helping those we are able to reach, for the Indian's heart is kind, if he is only treated right. He never forgets a friend. In a few short years our race will become extinct, for the Indian cannot live in the atmosphere of your so-called civilization. He soon succumbs to the diseases of the white race, of which the Indian, in his native state, never knows. We have no hatred now towards the whites, knowing the Great Spirit is their source also. We are all the children of one parent. We all have an equal chance for happiness here, where much is given and nothing taken away.

CHAPTER XII

I AM to give to the world an experience that has never been given before, not since the rich man and Lazarus, at least. I was in hell for a number of years after leaving earth and really thought I was burning all the time. I could actually feel the flames scorching my flesh, as I thought.

Friends of earth, I want to tell you my story. I was considered a great man of my time. I was a ruler and had great power over my subjects. I stopped at nothing to gain my selfish ends. If anyone thwarted me he was soon put out of my way. I thought the world was made for my pleasure, and I accepted everything as my right. I was grateful to none. I was never happy, for such a disposition cannot attain happiness. I thought I could rule the heavens as I could the earth. I was never given any teaching that was of benefit to me. My teachers only flattered me, made me conceited and contented with myself.

I have no memory of leaving the earth plane. I awoke in agony; fire was all about me and I could not get away from it. I believed firmly in a hell of fire while on earth, but thought this was only a place for my subjects who displeased me. The priests assured me I was, through their intercessions, a fit subject for heaven. I had so little sense of my own that I believed them and went on my way committing deeds of shame. I won-

der I was ever released from the torture I found myself in when I awoke. It makes me shudder even now, after years of release, and of work here which I have learned to love, for this was my salvation. I expected to suffer forever. Oh, how every wicked deed was brought to my consciousness until I cried for pardon to a God I knew I had outraged! I do not know how long I was in this condition, but when my own conscience told me I was only getting my just deserts then I experienced a change that I was not expecting.

During all this time I was alone. None heard or saw my anguish. I have often wondered if any others have suffered as I, but I am assured that many have, and will, as long as people are taught as they still are on earth. That there is a hell of fire for those who do not believe and a heaven of rest for those that do believe that Jesus can, by forgiving their sins, even at the last moment of a misspent life, bring them into peace and rest, or by not forgiving, send them to the torment of the flames. Oh, in what agony some of us have to unlearn all we ever learned of a future life! At this time, when I began to think for myself, I had to acknowledge to myself that I was only getting justice, for I had made many suffer.

A man I had had beheaded for a trifling offence came to me. I thought he had come to add to my torture and get his revenge. What was my surprise to hear him say, "Brother, you have suffered enough; come with me and I will show you that there is peace yet for you, and happiness eventually when you deserve it. Many, many years have passed since then and I have pro-

gressed by helping and teaching others. I have attained a happiness that I once thought impossible, for I am now in the sixth sphere, and there is progression still ahead. We, in my opinion, never reach perfection; there will always be new truths presented, each of which will be better than the last. While the door of reformation is never closed, neither is the door of learning, and we can go onward and onward throughout all time.

CHAPTER XIII

I WAS a priest on earth, but find myself not beyond the gates of progress. I have not been here long, but long enough to learn what I never expected to have to learn, that as far as our religion is concerned, we would be better off if we had none. How can I tell you of my surprise? I was earnest and believed in the infallibility of the pope. I believed that all priests were absolved from sins of earth, and if sincere could commit no wrong. How little I knew, with all my education, of the truth of eternal life! As priests we were not allowed to read and educate ourselves along any lines that would be of benefit or lead us to think for ourselves. We are still taught as priests were in the Dark Ages, when there was some excuse for ignorance; now there is none. With the advantages that are now within the reach of all, I wonder how I could have believed all that was told me. But we are taught in such an atmosphere of superstition, that we are hypnotized by those in authority over us and we in turn pass it on to our followers. I cannot say no good is accomplished. There is much; but this is so overbalanced by the false teachings that there is little good comes of it.

The pity of it is that we must wait till we enter eternity before we study out life's problems for ourselves. I, who thought the Church of Rome and what it represents placed us, by following

its teachings, in a heaven of happiness, now know that it has been only a stumbling block to me.

I must now work as I never did before to gain a knowledge of this world of spirit. Kind friends who preceded me have taught me much of the truth and I am anxious to learn. I do not have to suffer for sins, for I was honest and sincere and did the best I could. Many I know will suffer torment on coming here, for it is by right living that we can in any manner be benefited. Those whom I regard as teachers of this life tell me I can soon learn all I so earnestly desire, for the advantages here are without limit and all have an equal chance. The beauties and grandeur of the world of spirit cannot be told. A person must enter it as spirit to understand.

CHAPTER XIV

I AM a little newsboy and came to this place of spirits a short time ago. I was selling papers on the streets of New York. I was cold and hungry, for the wind was bitterly cold this day and the streets were a glare of ice. I had only a few more papers to sell, when I would go to my attic home, where a woman would probably beat me first and give me a few crusts to eat afterwards. I was a waif and stopped wherever I could find shelter for a week or so, then go on to some other place, where perhaps I would be worse treated than before; yet, in spite of the hardships, I was not always unhappy, for we had many a merry game on the streets of New York under the feet of the multitude.

Now, I had a little friend, not quite my own age, who was a flower girl and as friendless as I. The woman with whom she lived—for she was an orphan—took all the money she earned and would often beat her if she thought it was not as much as it should be. I was wishing I was a man and could have a home of my own where we could both live and not be abused or go cold and hungry. She had started to cross the street where a lady had beckoned to her for some flowers. I happened along at this time and just as she was almost across an automobile came around the corner and, although we children of the street are quick of eye and nimble of feet, yet we were not quick enough.

I gave her a push, but too late; it caught us both. I never knew I was hit, but she lived a few moments, I am told. I opened my eyes in heaven, for of all places of beauty I had ever even imagined none could compare with this. I thought I was dreaming and that Jennie was with me.

Many beautiful people were standing around in this lovely place I was in. I thought, "Hully gee! don't let me ever wake up!" Then a lady spoke to me and said, "Jamie, dear, I am your own mother. Both you and Jennie were killed in an accident. Now you will live here with me in this beautiful place and never know cold or hunger again. Jennie's parents are both here and will take her into their beautiful home, where they will be glad to welcome you, for you were almost her only friend and they are grateful. My dear little boy, how often has mother longed to bring you here, but this I could not do until the time came. If we could do this the earth would soon become depopulated, for those who could not bring people through love would do so through revenge. So we must bide our time. I am glad you did not suffer, for you have suffered all your short life. Your father is still on earth. He abandoned you after I came here and never gave you a thought, yet he was well able to have cared for you properly."

I, Margaret, Jamie's mother, have written the above sketch for him, for he still uses the language of the street. I will add that but for his heroism in trying to save his little playmate he would still be selling his papers on the streets of New York. Yet I, his mother, am glad this oc-

curred, for he is here with me now, where he will be forever safe from the temptations of the earth life. For the benefit of all who may read this account which I am writing let me add that when a waif of the streets gets his earth life crushed out it is not wholly a loss. All such waifs escape the snares and pitfalls of sin and never have to suffer for the mistakes that the environments would undoubtedly lead many of them into.

CHAPTER XV

I WAS a bachelor and was never happy and content with a single life. I am in a better country now and can look back over my past and see its mistakes. All my life I desired to possess the love of a woman. Then when I had won the love of one I so earnestly sought I would grow dissatisfied and would not marry her. Many good and beautiful young girls did I disappoint in this way. Yet I did not do this for the purpose of causing disappointment and pain. I would think each time that I had found the one woman I could love and protect and then she would grow so displeasing to me that I could not endure the thought of making her my wife. Had I been a woman I might have been called a coquette. I went through life in this manner with the longing for a companion ungratified. I know my lot was more sad and undesirable than any of the ones I had disappointed, for they in time outgrew their attachment, married and had happy homes.

I grew to be an old man, unloved and uncared for. I had means, so poverty did not touch me. Only those who have the heart hunger can realize what a life of this kind is like. I believe it is better to have wife and family on earth, even though things do not always run smoothly and poverty may knock at the door. There is comfort in having someone that belongs to us to care for and who cares for us. Without such a one a soul feels friendless and alone. No matter how much wealth

one has accumulated it will not ease the heart hunger and longing for a mate.

This desire is natural and does not end with the earth life, but is a part of us here in spirit life. Until we find our own we are unsatisfied and in a state of unrest. It is an unnatural life. I had been here a number of years before I understood the laws of nature as I now do. There are only two souls of opposite sex who are truly mated, however many times they may have married on earth. They, in earth life, in each marriage may have been comparatively happy and yet not be truly mated, as all must be on this side when they have reached this state of progression.

I was here many years before I found that my own other half or soul mate was living on the earth plane. She was the wife of another and was not happy in her marriage. She had the same feeling of longing for love ungratified. I watched over her and cared for her all I could. Yet I could not make her understand. Her life at last became so unhappy that she committed suicide. I could not help her on her coming here until she had repented of much of her past. I at last could get near her and could teach and help her in many ways. I still have certain conditions to make right, while she also has not finished her work that she should have done before coming here and which she would have done had she come here in a natural way. But we both now know that, when we have earned it, such a great joy will come to us that it was well worth both waiting and working for. For the only happiness without alloy is the perfect mating of nature's own children in spirit.

CHAPTER XVI

I AM one who was happy on earth, for I was able to work for the causes I loved—temperance and woman suffrage. I never ceased in my efforts to free the country of the accursed liquor traffic and to emancipate those of my own sex. I am glad to look back and see the good seed that I have sown beginning to bear fruit, though it will be some time before I can see both movements a final success. I am working here now as earnestly as I ever did on earth. As surely as the sun shines, both the causes that I labored for will some day be triumphant, not at once, but slowly and surely, as they are even now gaining victories. Then the earth will be a fit place in which to bring children into existence. As conditions now are, people may well hesitate to marry, knowing the responsibility that will rest upon them and the trials that may be in store. What grief for a mother to see her son come reeling home and what worry and heartache are hers all the time he may be away, fearing and dreading that while under the influence of liquor he may commit some crime or be brought home to her a corpse, being killed in some den of iniquity. When women get the franchise they will put a stop to the accursed stuff being manufactured. This is the only way to end its evil influence. There are many women, I know, who drink, and many would uphold the habit by casting their vote for its continuance,

but not the majority. Too many good mothers, wives and children have seen and known its curse. The abolition of the drink habit may be longer in coming than otherwise, because it is so bitterly fought, not by those who drink, but because of the greed for the gold it brings. The poor drunkard that has to be picked up out of the gutter in his own heart would be glad if it were out of his reach. The blame rests with those who take advantage of his weakness and filch from him his hard-earned nickels and dimes and who sit in their palaces and ride over the country in their automobiles.

They, on coming into spirit life, receive what they deserve. They envy even the drunkard who was in the gutter, for their condition here is often much worse than his. I have seen and know what their condition is. I should pity them more did I not remember what suffering they caused and that the semi-darkness and desolation in which they find themselves are but the result of what they did on earth. My pity goes rather to the drunkards who are in desolation and despair because the tempters wanted their money, caring not how they robbed them of their manhood and much of their ability to live honest, upright lives. I care not who or what one is, he cannot be the man God meant him to be if a slave to the drink habit. There are plenty of pure, good drinks without that which inebriates. But this would not serve the purpose of the money grabbers. It could not rob a man of his reason and thereby make him their prey, giving him an appetite that can never be satisfied, taking from him much that is most

precious to manhood and possibly every dollar he can make as long as he is able to earn. Then he may stoop to crime to get the means to quench his thirst. Such are conditions that exist to-day; but the day will dawn on your fair land when all this will be no more. True, there will always exist the two factors, good and evil, or the developed and undeveloped man, but it will not be so hard to live a good life as now. The temptations will not be so great and things will be more in accord with nature and nature's wonderful laws.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SEARCHLIGHT OF TRUTH

TURN on the searchlight, revealing the heart
Of people you think you know.
How surprised you will be when you see
What the searchlight is able to show.
There oft is a man who seems rude and rough,
Who speaks not kindly, but always gruff.
Yet 'tis not known that often he sends
All he can spare to two aged friends
To keep them from hunger and want.

Another there is whose pictured face
Is seen in every public place.
He gives his thousands to aid the poor,
His praise is sung from door to door.
The searchlight turned on such as he
It shows a man heartless and cold,
Who gives his time as well as gold
To herald his glory and his fame
To win for himself a widespread name.

A woman comes before a throng
With painted face and jest and song.
But oft her heart is good and true,
With a husband ill, no work can he do.
Her hours of service are far too few,
With two babies at home to be fed.

Now comes a woman, pious and meek,
Scattering tracts every day in the week.
The searchlight shows such a narrow mind.
Nothing is good except her kind—
Who prays God's mercy on you and me
Because with her we fail to agree,
We shall at last be lost.

Others there are who carry a smile,
Leading all to think they have no guile.
But what does the searchlight show?
Shows hearts within as black as night.
They take the hand, but stab with might,
When freedom from danger makes safe the act.

My pictures of human life are done
With those who agree with everyone.
And what does the searchlight show of these?
They are cowards at heart and mentally weak,
Being led by all with whom they speak,
With no purpose or plan or will of their own,
Tools to be used by stronger men.

CHAPTER XVIII

OH! Emerald Isle, our native land,
We love thee even more
Than when we walked in flesh and blood
Upon thy rugged shore.

For spirit eyes see clearly,
Our ears have heard thy cries.
We're working for thy freedom
From homes beyond the skies.

I am an Irishman, still with the same desires that I had while on earth, though more than a hundred years have passed since I came to grief through striving for what my native land was not at that time ready for—freedom. Still, I was accused by many of only wanting to benefit myself. This was not true. I was of a very patriotic nature and my whole heart was set on doing something for the country I loved. I grew to manhood seeing our people not being bought and sold as were the negroes later in America, yet, though white, living under, I think, worse bondage.

The slaves were in most cases well cared for, but our people were not. All they could make went to the landlord, leaving them nothing for themselves. When I grew up existing conditions so aroused me that I tried to get certain concessions so our people might have something for themselves. No matter how they worked, they

were allowed hardly enough to live on comfortably. I gave much of my time to the study of these conditions. I could see no way out of our difficulties but by rebellion; yet this only added to them, for we were too greatly outnumbered. I could not, however, be silent while my countrymen were in such slavery, working for the English aristocracy that knew not the meaning of honest toil. Well, I stirred up my countrymen, but it did no good. I was finally hanged for my loyalty and patriotism and my earth life and work are very well known. But I have never ceased in my efforts to bring about what I worked for on earth and I can now almost see it being accomplished. Ireland will never more be kept in ignorance and bondage. England must give our people a chance. Home rule is the first step. But I and others like me will never be satisfied with this. We shall keep on in our silent work until Ireland becomes as free as any country on which the sun shines. Then I shall be satisfied with my work and willing to take up new lines. But nothing else has ever appealed to me as yet. And I have been here many years. We work in many ways, influencing all the people we can with the one end in view to free the little isle we still love, and see it take its rightful place among the nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XIX

WOULD you like to hear the experiences of Patrick O'Shea? I lived in Ireland, sure, for I would not have wanted to live anywhere else. My parents were very anxious for me to become a priest, as the highest ambition in life for a true Irish couple is to have a son of their own a priest. But this did not suit me at all, for I had my eyes on a little colleen even then, and my greatest ambition was to grow up and make her my wife.

When I was about to do this and was going to the city to get some finery for our wedding, my horse became frightened and out I was thrown, my head striking a stone by the roadside. "Sure, Pat, you are in for it now, and what will poor Katie say that you are hurt so badly?" Some people who knew me saw the accident, carried me into the house near by and sent word to my parents and Katie. They soon came and, oh! the crying and wailing they did, sure, and me listening to it all. Well, they sure thought Patrick was all right. But won't they be surprised when I tell them I "ain't hurt at all, but am only stunned?" I wondered why I could see my body, but thought it was because my head had got such an awful knock. Well, they took me home, and didn't I have a beautiful wake, sure? It was very interesting to me, and I thought, "Won't they be sorry they shed so many tears when I get up?" I wanted to wait until they were all in the room;

then I thought it would be great fun to give them an awful fright. I was enjoying it all, for I expected we would soon be having a great thanksgiving over it.

But in the middle of the night, when the wake was at its height, I tried to tell them that they could postpone all their hilarity, for Pat was not dead and did not need their prayers, for he could pray for himself. But I could not make them hear a word I said. I wondered if they were all drunk or crazy. But after they had put my body in the ground I began to think it must be Pat who was wrong after all, for, at the grave, when my good old mother knelt to say her last prayer for Pat, something seemed to snap and I could leave them all. I seemed to float upward and could see forms, but could not at first recognize them. But after a very short time, friends I had known came and made Pat very welcome into the world of spirit, as they called it. They told me I was actually killed by the accident, but that I had only just begun to live really.

Well, I have found they were right, that we have two bodies, a material and a spiritual, and that until the silver cord the Bible tells of is severed, both bodies are one. So-called dead people could then be resuscitated if proper means were taken, as would be the case if this were understood. This is why so-called miracles occur when the dead are brought to life. The new pulmotor is of benefit, for if one were buried for a week or frozen in a cake of ice, as scientists have experimented with, and the magnetic cord were not severed, he could again enter his body and live on the earth, but if

nothing were done spirit friends and loved ones would come to his relief and help him to leave his body. I do not mean that the spirit is buried under ground, but the spirit cannot leave the body very long, nor will the body decompose until the cord is severed. When once severed no power on earth or in spirit can connect it again. But the body goes back to the elements from which it came and the individual spirit lives eternally on. Now you see Pat has learned something since coming here. I also have learned how soon one can be forgotten, for my little Katie soon married my rival and never gave even a thought to Patrick O'Shea.

CHAPTER XX

I WAS on earth a doctor, in a little town in western Ohio, where I lived and practiced medicine. I was considered good in my practice, although I was far from being a good man. I thought I was pretty well educated in my profession, but found on coming here I was very far from being well learned. Though I have been here a good many years, I am still a student and realize I have only started to learn of the great principles of life and the human organism. I have been studying along these lines since coming here, after I worked myself out of the condition I found myself in on entering here. I did not believe in immortality, heaven or hell, and on awakening to full consciousness and seeing myself as others in spirit could see me, was one of the greatest surprises of my life. I was perfectly willing to commence improvement and right all wrongs that I had committed. This was rather difficult, but I was not one that would let obstacles overcome me when on earth, and I persevered. I had kind friends and many loved ones to help me in giving me good advice. This I was very glad to follow, for it took lots of conceit out of me to see how badly I was mistaken in my views.

My first desire was to find the origin of life. This has been my study for years, and I have made but little advancement. I have found a few truths, which I will give you. They are perhaps

known to many, for you on earth have many things given you from spirit people who are farther in the line of progression than I. We all work along lines in which we were the most interested and which we are able to understand. It would be of no use to you to give you anything in medical terms that you know nothing about.

I will give you what I have learned for what it is worth. You know we here have our own opinions the same as you of earth, and differ on many points. My research into the origin of life goes no farther than the soul germs that are floating about in the atmosphere. Whence they came I do not know, but we understand that they come from the one great source—almighty power of God. I cannot find anyone who can explain to my satisfaction who or what God may be. So my research started with the life germs that are always floating in the atmosphere. Each consists of two particles—a male and female—as there are always the two sex forces in everything in nature. They are so minute that the human eye cannot distinguish them. They become separated before being breathed or absorbed into the male. They are transferred to the female through whom they gain their earth expression. The other companion germ finds expression in like manner through another.

I have also found that if the soul germ is thrown out of the matrix before it receives sufficient magnetism from the mother it returns again into the atmosphere as a germ and finds expression through another by reincarnating, not losing but gaining in strength by the experience of which it knows noth-

ing. True, there are many spirit children here that never reached the proper period of gestation, but these had received sufficient magnetism to enable them to continue their existence in spirit and are taken often into the homes of their parents by spirits who give their time and attention to this work.

Now, here is the explanation of the much-talked-of and often ridiculed soul-mate. But it is one of the truths that changes not. Your companion germ that floated in the atmosphere perhaps hundreds of years will eventually be your soul-mate and you could have no other. The soul germs may have had to reincarnate a great many times before being born naturally in flesh and blood, but after this birth takes place they can never reincarnate again, but must gain all progress from that time on. For until the age of three or four years you are scarcely conscious of your existence, but when consciousness dawns for you it will remain forever. If you return again to earth after the change of death it will be to right some wrong you have committed, or because you wish to teach others of the things you have learned and have loved ones that you wish to help by your influence. You may be years in the spirit world before you find your own soul companion, but when the proper time comes you will be drawn together by the unseen, silent power that none can tell whence it comes, but which all recognize as being Divine Power that knoweth all things.

CHAPTER XXI

I WAS a robber when on earth. I was a very bad man. I had all the bad habits which existed. I drank, gambled and robbed so I could get the means to live the life of depravity, which I thought I enjoyed. I had no knowledge of a better life. My parents were my teachers in a life of crime. I had to enter the spirit world to learn that all do not live as I did on earth. After a time I was able to return to earth as a student, and there learn the things I should have learned while in the body, this opportunity having been denied me by my environment. I soon learned how wrong I had lived.

I also found that I could decide which way I should continue to live. I could get in with my old companions and help them commit deeds of crime or I could help them to live better lives. Well, I did not decide all at once. The old ties were the strongest and I went with my companions into the dens of iniquity, but on seeing them with the clear vision of spirit in all their vileness, I resolved I would never again share in their revels, but try and influence them to lead better lives.

The making of a good resolve is a wonderful help, either on earth or here in spirit. I was very earnest this time and determined to learn all I could of life, both on earth and in the world of spirit. Good angels came to my assistance. I

was mystified. I questioned them to find if there was any chance for such as I to reach their own happy state. They gave me their advice and help and told me I would have to begin my work on the earth plane to reach a state of happiness I now craved. My first work was to be with my parents, to influence them to lead better lives. My mother, while never giving me any help in teaching me right from wrong, idolized her boy. I never understood her, either, for had she chosen a good man instead of my father she would have been a very different woman. None on earth are without some good traits and my mother's love for me was a great help to us both.

I could now get nearer her than ever before, and influence her as I could no one else. I stayed near my mother, influencing her in every way possible, until her life, as she was then living, grew so distasteful to her that she determined to leave the city in which she lived and go where she was not known. My father I could do nothing with. I continued influencing my mother until she did as I wished, not knowing I was the cause of her going to a relative in a distant state and there working and living in peace.

I have found there is nothing on earth or in heaven quite like a mother's wonderful love. It does away with the mistaken idea of reincarnation in which many believe. It makes no difference how low in the scale or degenerate a child, the mother's love is hoping and trusting to find it again, purified in spirit, and she will not be disappointed. On the other hand, if a spirit returns to earth and is reborn through another, how could

the mother find her own? It would then lose its identity and be another and the mother would be bereft of her child. This cannot be. I know a spirit such as I can return to earth and do as much good and get as much good, and even more, than if he were to re-enter a body of flesh. A spirit must, for his own good, return to earth if he has not reached a certain stage of progression. I have been able to wipe my own sins away and can go to great heights or planes of progression in spirit. But I am still spending most of my time on earth, glad to help any soul I can reach. I am now one of a band of missionaries laboring for the good of any with whom we can come in touch on earth, and teaching the undeveloped spirits here who do not realize their condition. We shall continue in this line until others come to take our places. Then we shall take up other work here. We have plenty of time for pleasure and amusement, for it is not good for even spirits to have all work and no play. Our work here is so very interesting and instructive that the work itself is a pleasure. In her higher home my mother is always waiting to welcome her boy from his labors of love.

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

What does it mean to you
When death stalks in at the door,
Takes from you your loved ones
Whose forms you see no more?

Do they spend their time in bowing
Around a great white throne
God's anger to appease,
And for church neglect atone?

Instead, the spirits tell us
They live and grow and learn,
And study life's great problems
And not a soul will burn.

They tell us that our progress
May never, never cease,
And that each soul may earn
A life of joy and peace.

CHAPTER XXIII

I WAS the fourteenth president of the United States. I was a churchman on earth, belonging to the Episcopal faith. While not very religious, I believed in the doctrines of my church. I still think the churches do a great amount of good in the world, although mistaken in many things. The welfare of man is what they have at heart. I am speaking of the majority and of no sect or creed. All believe somewhat alike, although differing on many points. The aim of all Christians is alike, to gain heaven or happiness after the change of death. Our aim here is the same. We also differ on many points, but we agree that the heaven one finds on coming here depends on his condition. What one has builded by his life on earth that is what he will receive on reaching here.

Yet we never cease desiring something better. Perhaps we are satisfied for a time. Yet, however great our happiness on coming here, after a time we aspire to greater heights. In striving to reach perfect happiness we progress. Our earnest desires and longings, be they what they may, are what we are building our place of dwelling on this the spirit side. If we are longing for a home of our own and were never able to gratify that desire on earth, it will be gratified here. But the quality of the home will depend upon the quality of the one who occupies it.

This is the only world I know where people are valued for just what they are—no more and no less. If we see someone's spirit form that is glorious in its brightness and beauty we know it has earned this estate and has not gained it by fraud or deceit, as wealth and popularity are gained on earth very often.

Politics still interest me. It is very interesting for us to see the great strides in progress earth's children are making. It is a great comfort to be able to know this. While we cannot reach all, we can reach some and can very easily find them if we wish to do so.

I have never written in this manner before and am greatly pleased with this opportunity. I have a home here beautiful beyond description, but it was not all complete when I came here. I had many things to make right on earth before I could think of my own comfort and happiness, but I commenced in earnest and overcame my faults one by one. Each time I gained more strength and courage for the next effort. By and by to my conscience came the still small voice, " 'Tis enough, come up higher." Then the beauties of spirit life appeared to me and I began to learn many things. Oh, the joy of knowing all our dormant faculties can be brought out and developed and all our heart longings be gratified!

You would be very much surprised to see, as we here do, among the poor laboring classes that toil from early morning until late at night for simply their daily bread, the wonderful talents lying dormant from the lack of means to develop them. Here is where these people can un-

fold and make use of their God-given faculties. Their joy is beyond your powers of conception. We are always striving to learn what is beyond. Just as you of earth are learning of the spirit world, so we are learning of worlds beyond this. Our opportunities are greater than yours, for the spirit has many ways of gaining knowledge that you have not. Yet the time is not far distant when your advantages in this direction will be greatly increased. When the religion and science of earth accept the fact of spirit return, then greater achievements will take place. As in the olden time, those who came to scoff remained to pray, so the scoffers of this truth to-day will in future time become its heralds.

Bright as the morning star,
  Fairer than day,
Are the angels of light
  That are leading the way.

CHAPTER XXIV

A SCRUB WOMAN

JUST an old woman, but angels of light
O'er her are watching from morning till night;
And from the time the night shadows fall
While she is scrubbing they notice it all.

A home she is building to be envied by kings,
Tho' worn and weary, her hopeful heart sings.
She often gives pennies to those poorer than she,
Which will bear her interest in the world to be.

Many, oh, many, are weary and sad!
Have long since forgotten they ever were glad.
With work piled before them they are scarce able
to do,
And moments of rest are always too few.

Just an old woman, down on her knees,
Not praying for pardon or some God to appease.
Only earning her bread in the way that she can,
Charity scorning, she asks help of no man.

Compensation nor justice belongs to this life;
It is nothing but toil and worry and strife.
But if we do our best anywhere we may be,
There's a comfort in this that no one can see.

Tho' old and forsaken, by earth friends forgot,
Let us each do our best whatever our lot.
If sometimes on knees from labor made sore,
The angels may guard us while scrubbing a floor.

CHAPTER XXV

I WANT to tell you of the experience of a mother who had a big family of boys and girls, a comfortable home and a good, kind husband. At an early age I was converted, as I then understood it, and gave my life into my Savior's keeping. I was a Methodist and earnest in the cause and work of my church. My greatest grief was that I could not persuade my husband to join the church with me. I prayed for this all my earth life, yet never saw my prayers answered. My children, too, were a source of grief, for neither would they accept Jesus and join the church. For my girls I did not grieve so much, for they were good and I trusted to my Savior to bring them to Him when they grew up to understand. Yet many, many times have I knelt in prayer and, with the tears running down my face, interceded for my wayward boys.

I wondered how it would be possible for me to be happy in heaven with even one of my children in hell! I have asked this question of more than one of our ministers and this is the answer I always received: "Well, you know, sister, that at even the last moment, if you believe and call on Jesus, your sins can all be washed away. Surely, by your life of devotion to your Savior and the church, your children will all repent before it is too late. But if this should not be, you will see differently when you are in heaven among the

blest. If such should be the case that one or more of your children are, by not coming to Jesus for forgiveness from sin, cast into hell, you will know that they are receiving a just punishment for their sins. It cannot make you unhappy, for you will see as Jesus Himself sees then.''

Poor comfort it was to think I should be so happy that I could forget my own or look on their anguish unmoved. This answer never satisfied my heart. Yet I had confidence enough in Jesus' love to think that He would bring all my children and loved ones to Him in a spirit of repentance and could then forgive them of their sins before they entered eternal life.

Well, I have been here a number of years, and how thankful I was to find I was mistaken about many things when I became able to understand rightly. I found Jesus to be a worthy example and the same teacher as of old, still going about doing good. How often I have listened to His beautiful teachings. I cannot wonder that the people on earth worshiped Him and caused such confusion of the idea of salvation to be imparted to the untold millions. But it does not take long to be righted and my joy was great to learn that I would at some future day see all my children and know that they would never burn eternally, as I sincerely believed while on earth.

My husband is here with me now. While he lived to be an old man in years and never joined the church, no one ever asked of him a favor in vain. He did more good than many that belonged to the church and expected by so doing that a loving Savior would forgive all their sins.

He never forgot my prayers and pleadings. A few days before he came here he had a preacher come to his home and receive him into fellowship. Then he was very happy, for he thought this was required of him. But it was not necessary, as he now knows. His life had builded better than he knew. It did not take a minister of the gospel, who was not as good a man by far as himself, to pronounce a few words begrudgingly over him and tell others that it was a deathbed repentance. The minister will find when he comes here that it takes more to gain happiness than to stand in the pulpit in a long-tailed coat and tell others how they should live, forgetting many times to practice what he himself preaches. I am now gloriously happy, knowing as I do that not one soul that is dear to me can be eternally lost. Could anything give one more peace and joy?

CHAPTER XXVI

I AM one who had sorrow and trouble all my earth life. I never did any great wrong, but lived the best I could. I was a farmer and worked hard. Yet it seemed to me the more I tried the worse things became. I never could understand why this should be.

Many I knew who worked but little and were not honest in their dealings and yet prospered. I sometimes rebelled in my own heart at this, and wondered where God's love and justice were if they were not manifest on earth. I could never see that they were. For the innocent suffered with the guilty and I often thought even more.

Sickness and death often visited my home. Finally I was left alone with my little ones to get along as best I could. How often I knew not which way to turn, but there was always a way found. At last, when my children were grown and I was beginning to have less care and worry, I was stricken with paralysis and could never work again. Then my children repaid me for all my care of them. For three years I was almost helpless and they never faltered in their love and care. But, oh! how I longed for health so I could work, or for death, which I believed meant eternal life. I did not fear this change, but the thought of making it or dying always frightened me. The future after death took place. I felt I was prepared for it. All my life my motto had been, "Do

all the good you can and as little harm as possible."

On coming here I realized I had made mistakes, but as they were mistakes and not crimes or sins, my sorrow for them was sufficient punishment. I hardly understood conditions at once, everything was so beautiful. Friends and loved ones of my youth came and greeted me. I could not understand everything, as my mind was confused at times by my sickness and did not clear up at once. But the wife of my youth came to me. With her came the babe I laid away shortly after she left me, grown here into a beautiful woman, but recognized at once by the ties of nature by which all recognize their own, whether they have changed from childhood to maturity or not. My wife told me this beautiful place was our home and that we should be together throughout all time. Oh, how happy I was!

Then, all at once came the thought, "Where are the rest—my wife I married later in life and the mother of my girls I have just left? I have other children here, too, if this is heaven." How can I tell you of my happiness when they, too, came to see me. My second wife was here; also my boy and girl, both grown to maturity. My only boy, that I was so proud of, who lived but a few weeks, now grown to be a man, and his sister, who also came here in her babyhood, were present. But what of me now in the presence of my two wives? I for a moment was bewildered and they amused. But, oh! how happy I was when Ellen told me how we lived in spirit—how she had watched over her little girls on earth—how happy she was to

know I cared for them always the best I could and that I would soon understand the laws that govern this wonderful world. She told me of her own home and that Nettie and I would always be welcome, as was her first husband, whom I would meet some day, and that her companion was neither husband she had married on earth, but one she was drawn to in spirit. She told me no jealousy existed and that my wives were as dear sisters, as were my children of both marriages. They told me they were often together and all went together to earth to try to make themselves known, and have been working for an opportunity of this kind for years to let those still left know they were living, loving individuals that could help them in many ways. How, you ask, can spirits help you? By your asking us to help you, not by praying but by asking your father, mother, or some friend in spirit to help you in any way that you earnestly desire. If it is for your good they will know it and will work for you. There is little beyond spirit power. Your asking brings them near you. If they see your desires are for your own good, they will work and keep on working for that end. They very seldom fail. So do not hesitate to call on your dear ones in spirit and they will draw very near. Those that you attract can do much for you and are very willing.

If everyone understood this, what a difference it would make in the world! I often wonder how I could have been so ignorant of their presence when I now understand how near they were to me. I could even see and talk to them at times during my last year of earth life. Yet I thought

my head was not quite right on account of my paralysis. I have found that for every sorrow and difficulty I experienced on earth I have here an added joy. So do not doubt but that the All Power knows best and will doubly repay you on coming here. Had I never known sorrow and care on earth I could not experience the great joy of the reverse, for words cannot tell of my happiness. Father, mother, brothers and sisters all have I found. What you may fear as death is only the fountain of perpetual youth—a future life that if you have lived to deserve it is beyond description. It is endless. Each hour of existence brings a new delight. Live to deserve this great joy at once and not have to earn it after coming here, as many do. It may be hard, as my own lot was, but it is worth even more trouble than came my way, for each sorrow has a purpose and is to strengthen you for this eternal life.

CHAPTER XXVII

WHEN I was on earth I was a Mormon. I want to tell you of my life, both on earth and here in spirit. I lived a good many years ago where we thought we had found the only true religion. My parents were Mormons and I knew of no other religion. Polygamy was practiced. When I grew to manhood I fell in love with a beautiful girl who lived near our home. She loved me as devotedly as I did her and it was not long until we were sealed in marriage. Our home was so happy, I vowed that I would never be sealed to another. All others were repulsive to me, for I found in my beautiful Nellie all my longing for love and companionship gratified. The very mention of plural marriages made her shudder. But I so often assured her that I would never take another that she was satisfied and happy. I was a mechanic and was prospering in our town. Our baby girl was born and our home was complete. Our happiness was envied by an elder in the church and he began to lay plans that would ruin our lives. He had daughters that he was anxious to get rid of, for he had many wives. The elders all knew my opinions in regard to polygamy, for I had expressed my views many times. This did not tend to make me especially liked. So they began by talking to my parents and telling them it had been revealed to them that I should seal unto myself another wife—one of the elder's daughters.

I would then, by obeying the laws that were handed down to those in authority in the church, become a great prophet among them. They pictured to my parents great things if I obeyed and the awful consequences if I should not, and continued to live in my selfishness, as they termed it. Then our happy home became a very hell of agony. They told my wife what horrible things would occur if we did not obey. They so worked on her fears for me that she gave her consent. How I rebelled then against such a religion that could prove such a curse. I would have risked all and left that part of the country at once, but my wife would not. I had never questioned the right of others to marry more than one if their wish was to do so. When this came home to me I saw the hideousness of it all—the hiding of lust and licentiousness under the cloak of religion. I determined to be true to my wife and my own principles if I went to hell for it.

Then I went to work quietly to find out all I could about the Mormon religion. I pretended I must have time before taking another wife to prepare a home for her. I kept putting them off in this manner. I sent for literature of other religious creeds and studied these sometimes into the morning hours and worked all next day.

A missionary came to our town during this time —one that belonged to no sect, but who was called an evangelist. I hunted him up and told him of our difficulty. He came to our home, none of our people knowing he was there, and there convinced my wife as well as myself that the Mormon religion was only a cloak in which to hide the sins

of the high officers of the church, who, by their lies and deceit, caused hundreds of innocent people to really think it was what they represented it to be and to follow its teachings. Well, when we were both convinced that our souls would not be eternally damned if I did not take more wives, we decided to leave the town and church forever, which we did. There was much excitement caused by our vanishing from their midst, for the elders and our parents still thought I meant to do as they wished.

We went to another state and began to enjoy life once more. We studied other religious beliefs, for we thought we must belong to some church. But we could find none that appealed to us. We both lived to a good old age without ever joining with any church. My beloved Nellie came here to the spirit world just a few months ahead of me and was waiting, in all her youth and beauty, at the gates of a beautiful home, where we will never more be separated for even a few short months. We belonged to each other and found each other on earth as it is not given to many to do. This was the reason I could not follow the teachings of my parents and the elders, for where two are truly mated no others should interfere. Where neither will be untrue suspicion and jealousy do not exist.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I WAS a queen on a throne on earth, beloved by a few and hated by many. We of royal blood are so hedged in and taught that we know of no other life but our own. It is according to what our inborn nature is whether we are good or bad. We have very little taught us which is for our benefit or that would show us right from wrong. We are made to believe that our will is law. We therefore become arrogant and proud, and to feel it beneath us to do much but satisfy ourselves.

But this is sometimes denied us. Even a queen cannot always win the love of the one she desires. If a great love comes into our lives it must be smothered if it is not one whom we are at liberty to marry. We must marry for the good of our empire and diplomacy decides who it must be. Very few are able to marry for love. This is what causes so much wickedness and scandal, for royalty is only flesh and blood after all. The relative who is chosen for us is seldom congenial and then we look for happiness elsewhere. Imagine the awful times we would have to keep our lovers hidden and our secrets from becoming known. In my time this was very common among us and was only winked at, never very closely looked into. We were all in the same class, the husbands as well as the wives. Such jealousy existed that there was nothing but turmoil and strife. Crimes without number were committed which never became

known. My husband, the king, did not think as much of me as he did of the servants, as our marriage was one of diplomacy, to keep peace between the two countries. He would make love to my ladies in waiting before my eyes and bring ladies to entertain him in his own rooms. If I had loved him this would have been torture. While it was very humiliating I did not care at heart, for I thought as little of him as he did of me. Children we had none, and for this I was thankful. At my husband's death his brother would ascend the throne. I was not wicked at heart, but lived as I was taught. A future existence I was taught very little about. I was young and expected a long life. This I did not have on earth.

I was put to death at my husband's command so that he could live more openly with his evil companions. When I realized I still lived I had no feeling but one of vengeance for the husband who had caused my murder. I followed him about as his shadow, trying in every way I could to terrorize him. When he was under the influence of wine I could make myself be seen by him. I delighted in this and he suffered agony in terror and remorse. No thought of doing anything else occurred to me but to terrorize everyone I could. The castle was soon said to be haunted by my ghost, for others beside my husband could see me at times. I caused all the confusion I could until none in the great place could feel at ease. I could see my husband's deeds of wickedness and could picture it all to him so he could also see it.

I did not seem to feel any better myself that I was getting my revenge and making him suffer.

Finally I began to think and to ask myself the question, "Is this all that life in eternity consists of, to revenge myself on those that wronged me?" None of my friends or relatives who had died had I seen. I was of the earth earthy and could not get into their plane. Then my conscience began to torment me by asking me many questions, and I began to look at my appearance. I was hideous to look upon and did not wonder that I frightened those who could see me. I soon began to suffer on my own account; then I could have some sympathy for others. I knew my husband regretted his deed, but I felt no pity for him until I began to suffer myself. Then I could begin to feel for others and I knew I had not been blameless. How I suffered I cannot make you understand.

I had been spoiled and pampered and now I had to care for myself. This was an experience I did not like, but I had to obey. And I had to care for others who could not care for themselves. How I rebelled and tried to get out of all tasks, but I could not do this. The lowest servant in my employ on earth never did the things that I was compelled to do. By whom you ask? I cannot tell. The tasks were before me and a voice I had to obey bid me work to earn peace. I at last got myself in a condition that I did not rebel, but looked for something I could do for others. I was among other spirits at this time on the same plane as myself. By doing what was required of me I raised myself out of my low condition, and I have for many years enjoyed happiness that those of earth can know nothing of.

CHAPTER XXIX

I AM a Hindu and lived on earth before the Christ. I had great authority over my people. We believed in the teachings of Buddha, which are much like those of Jesus.

Your religions are all based on your Bible. The so-called sayings of Jesus in your New Testament are, many of them, very different from what Jesus really taught. The books of the whole Bible are very unreliable. Many of them were written automatically by inspiration from the spirit world. No prophet, seer or medium is infallible. Mistakes have always occurred in getting ideas from the spirit world and probably always will.

The translations through which the books of the Bible have passed have changed their meaning to such an extent that some parts the authors would hardly recognize as their own. If these facts were known and acknowledged the Bible would not be considered infallible.

Because you can get messages from spirits, either in writing, as was the case with much of the Bible, or clairvoyantly, by seeing, clairaudiently, by hearing, or intuitively, some have mistakenly thought the messages from the other world must be correct or the medium a fraud. They do not consider what difficulties we have to overcome to get even a part of the truth to those living on earth. If you understood this you would not wonder that mistakes occur and would be ever

ready to make allowance. How often a message over the telegraph or telephone is misinterpreted and causes confusion, and yet no blame is attached to the operator. Yet when you get a message through a human instrument that we work so hard to give, if some mistake occurs, how often the first thought is that the medium is a fraud!

Another of your greatest mistakes is that you think all coming from spirits should be truth, that spirits know everything and what is best. Yet you would not follow a friend's advice on earth unless it appealed to your reason. This is what you should do with the advice given from spirits. They may be mistaken, as may you. They cannot always tell what is best for you to do. True, some can see farther than you, but all who may reach you cannot.

Besides this, there may be spirits here ready to deceive you and lead you astray. The first lesson one on earth should learn is how to protect himself from the influence of spirits who might deceive and harm him. As a rule, every person is most susceptible to the influence of those whom he attracts. And he must attract those spirits who are in harmony with his life and his predominant thoughts. Deceptive thoughts invite and open the way for deceptive messages. The best protection against bad influences is a noble, unselfish life. This draws unselfish spirits and these are a body guard. An earnest, honest desire to know of a future life is itself the first step and a strong love for someone in that life is the next step to the free reception of messages. If one earnestly asks he will finally receive.

CHAPTER XXX

I AM a man that once had a home, wife and children in the state of Illinois. I was a farmer and had a farm of my own. But for one thing I could have been successful and have been living on the earth in the flesh to-day and not have been in the awful condition I have been in for nineteen years of your earth time. The one thing was that which has damned more people than anything else. It was whisky. I never drank but very little in saloons. I was never seen staggering on the streets, drunk. My use of it began by my carrying it home in a bottle for medicine—for a stimulant to keep away chills. I soon took it home in a jug and had to go very often for it. I soon got so I could not do without it. It began to tell on my health. I became frightened then, and went to various doctors, but got no relief. The thought that I had been deliberately killing myself by inches so worked upon me that I commenced to weaken mentally.

For nearly nineteen years I have been a spirit and knew it not until a few weeks ago. How have I lived? Just as your vagrants or tramps do on earth. I roamed from place to place, never having left the earth plane. I lived, though not suffering as some do, in an awful unrest. My mind has only cleared recently and I now understand this and many other things of which I have been ignorant for so long. I was only partially sane

when I entered here and I stayed in the same condition. No one was responsible for this but myself. I would go back to my old home on earth and see how much better my wife was doing than when I was there and managing things myself. I would enter the home; they would not talk to me, and ignored my presence. This, I thought, was because of my mental trouble. I would go to my mother's home and it was the same. I was so treated that I would get very angry with them all. I would go to church, but got no comfort there. The only comfort I found was with a cousin whom I loved as a brother. But it was only when he would be under the influence of liquor that I could get in touch with him. At such times I could talk to him and he would understand and talk to me. Whether he remembered this afterwards, when he was not under its influence, I do not know. They tell me that my desire to get near him and talk to him influenced him to drink when he otherwise would not have done so. If this is true, I am indeed sorry, for there is nothing I would not do to make him happy. The last thing I would want to do would be to cause him to drink the stuff that ruined my own life on earth and caused this unrest here for such a long time.

I had no idea of time when I came here, I was in such a mental state, and could not believe it possible that I had been here so long, when I was told this. I could see my children growing to manhood and womanhood, but did not realize it on account of my condition.

On earth I was a strong, healthy man and never thought it possible, when I commenced drinking,

it could cause my death or do me any harm whatever. Doctors here have told me I had what they term alcohol tuberculosis. It caused my cough and literally ate up my stomach before it finally killed me. Only now do I realize what I have done.

The years I have been a wanderer have been sufficient to even up the score, for now I can see clearly and everything looks bright and beautiful. I have found my father and a son here in the beautiful place I can now enter. To tell you I am now happy, that my reason is at last restored, is putting it mildly. I never wronged anyone knowingly on earth, and my only sin was against myself and the sorrow it caused my loved ones to see me do this. We cannot sin even against ourselves without paying the penalty. We also injure those that love and depend upon us. I caused my wife many sorrows, but she has not forgotten me. She will never know how I have repented until she, too, comes here.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHEN on the earth plane many years ago I was a dreamer of dreams, in which I had great faith. Some would be given in symbols that I could always interpret, and many came true. After living my allotted time—for I was an old man on coming here—I did not lose my interest in the earth plane, but have always been interested in its progress. So many changes take place in a few years we cannot wonder at the changes of hundreds of years.

Is it not a glorious privilege to keep up with all progress? I was interested in dreams when on earth, therefore it was my delight on coming here to search for the cause of such experiences. I met with success in my search because of the great advantages I found and the advanced scholars of this the spirit world. I soon found that dreams are caused by the physical condition of the individual; bad dreams arise from overfatigue or a disordered or overloaded stomach. I have also found, what was not so generally known formerly as to-day, that there is a marked difference between dreams and visions in entrancement. The latter are the dreams that come true. How often you hear of or read of people being warned in dreams, or have dreams that come true, and have wondered at the strange phenomena. Such dreams are caused by spirit guides, or loved ones, impressing minds while the physical bodies are in a

state of repose or relaxation. This is the only time some individuals can be worked upon by their spirit friends and loved ones.

The experience is so much like a dream that the individual cannot distinguish the difference. When you hear of some wonderful dream coming to warn or tell an individual something he should know, you will now understand it is an impression from a spirit and is not a dream. I have experimented much along this line and have had many strange experiences I could relate. I have visited many homes on earth and given warnings to many individuals who thought they had a strange though wonderful dream. I will tell of one instance of a young man to whom I was drawn, as all must be who are able to do any work on earth. I could vibrate or get in touch with him only when he was asleep. He was a railroad man —an engineer—and in the same manner you of earth get impressions from spirits, so we here get impressions from higher forces. I received the impression that if the young man went out on such an evening an accident would occur that would cripple him for life, but would not kill him. If he would not go it could be averted. I went to him while he was sleeping very heavily, for he was tired after making a long trip. It was hard to get what I wished impressed on his mind sufficiently for him to remember it the next morning, but I persevered, and for three nights I worked with him, telling him the same thing. He did not think much about it the first night, but after the third night he was very much troubled, and decided to heed the warning, and the accident did

not occur. He never knew that by his not going out on that especial trip the accident was prevented, for it would have been caused by himself. As nothing happened to the train, he just thought himself foolish to have let his dream, as he thought, influence him. He understands now, for he, too, is here, and is also interested along this line. Strange, wonderful things occur every day that you cannot always account for. We are learning new truths each day and even to us who have been here many, many years, this is an almost undiscovered country. It will always continue to give us something new to hand on down to you when you are capable of understanding it.

CHAPTER XXXII

I WAS one of the unfortunate ones of earth, for I was an imbecile, or idiot, as you of earth call us. All I ever knew of my earth life I have learned since coming here, for no gleam of reason or intelligence ever came to me in my eighteen years of earth life. My father was a drunkard. My mother, never strong physically or mentally, by the abuse of my father, entirely lost her reason before I was born. Such were the conditions in which I entered my earth existence. My body was deformed and I could only feel pain and hunger without the faculty of making it known. My mother only lived a short time after I was born and I was placed in an institution for such unfortunates, where I was kindly treated.

My awakening, or real birth, came when I entered this life and it is impossible to describe it. I was a woman grown to maturity with no more knowledge than a new-born babe. Yet I was able to understand in a few weeks what the babe, on coming here, has to grow into. This was my advantage. I did not have to recall any wrongdoing or unlearn anything I had been misinformed in, as most do. My spirit faculties were developed so that the higher forces or spirit individuals who had reached an advanced state of progression could more easily teach me than they can the learned and educated of earth. These have to rid themselves of so much mistaken education that

it takes longer for them to understand, while I was ready to accept spirit truths without question. I soon learned that nature is the all in all and never makes a mistake.

What was my life for with its blank page of eighteen years? you ask. I do not know. Yet I believe it served some purpose that it was intended it should. Nature comprises all there is in existence and gives all a problem to study that eternity cannot solve. Each may be satisfied with his own solution of its mystery, but its grandeur and magnitude are beyond conception. I am happy. I wonder if there are others as happy. Yet I realize that all who earn happiness gain it at some time, yet I did not have to work for this on coming into this beautiful life. This perhaps explains the problem of my earth existence. Had I been intelligent, what might not my earth life have been, being brought into existence under the conditions I have described?

Nature takes care of her own and do not doubt her being able to do so. Although we may not understand, I realize, as you all will some day, that whatever is, is best, and is planned by a power that is divine—that cannot err. Not in the dawning of the morning, but in the coming ages will your minds become capable of understanding. There is nothing that you will not be able to comprehend except the one great mystery which, if solved, would cause absolute annihilation, for then progression would cease, as there would be nothing more to be desired. This is the opinion of one who is desirous of doing some good, be it ever so little.

I am not greatly interested in the earth plane, but want to learn of the realms of spirit. I have written this by request of the Washington Band. They asked me to write, knowing that people have often wondered in what condition such as I was on earth enter into the spirit world. I have told, as plainly as I know how, of my own individual experience, which I believe is the same as with all others so afflicted.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I WAS one who was called a religious fanatic. I wanted to start a new sect, with myself as the head, and count my followers by the thousands. I was earnest at first and thought I was called to do a great work in the world. But I soon found the people who came under my influence followed me blindly. Then the desire for wealth and power overcame all the good plans I had formed and I worked for nothing else.

It is a strange thing to me, even now, to look back over my experiences and see how easily people can be duped when it comes to religion. It only shows how the world is striving for enlightenment, but in their eagerness they can be led by any strong-minded man or woman who gives them something new. No matter how ridiculous it may be, there are always some to whom it will appeal and they think they alone have found the truth.

I founded a colony and lived like a king. But I was then an old man and did not hold my power long. Yet wealth was gained and I enjoyed my power. I did not know that, on coming here into the unknown, I would bitterly repent of what I had taught and be able to look on my deluded followers, and see what I had done. I now perceived that they would come into this life misinformed and I was the cause. My grief and remorse have been great and my work is still among those people. I use all the influence I can com-

mand to undo my work and it is no easy task. I go to their temple, and instead of accomplishing what I wish, it seems I only stir up strife among them and I can see little progress. How often I have regretted what I did. If I had only gone on as sincerely as when I started I could have accomplished some good, but the love of wealth and power was too great a temptation for me and I worked for these ends. So I must now work, as I never did on earth, to undo this. And I can tell you it is very discouraging. There are many here such as I in the same condition of unrest, working now for the good of those we misled. But seeing such small or even no progress is the greatest punishment for us. It shows us our weakness, but when on earth it showed our strength. If you on earth wish to give something new to the world, be sure you are sincere and are not giving it for your own benefit. Even if you are mistaken yet sincere it will not cause you any sorrow here. But otherwise you will regret it in bitterness of spirit such as you cannot now dream. I can see now that I shall some day be happy, but not until I can change the conditions on earth that I made. I have been able to do a little, but not what I wish. I have many helpers with me and hope some day to clear the minds of all those I influenced and taught wrongly. Then I can be happy and go on progressing.

CHAPTER XXXIV

I HAVE only been here a few short weeks, but many are the wonders I have seen. I am pleased with this opportunity of letting my loved ones know how it is with John, and that I am more alive than I ever was in my twenty-six years of earth life. The folks have the right idea of my accident. I was careless, and when I struck a deep hole with the pole with which I was pushing myself across the river on the raft, it caused me to plunge head first into the water, and the shock and my heavy clothing prevented me from making any effort to save myself. I never rose to the surface.

I can hardly explain my sensation; it was not one of pain. My first thought when I realized I was drowned was that my earth life is taken even as I have just taken the lives of the birds. Then for the first time in my life I realized the cruelty of the hunter, when it is not necessary to kill for food, but to kill for sport. I believed in eternal life, but had no idea of how such life existed. I had friends who believed in spiritualism and this interested me, and also aided me in understanding things here. My brother came and took me away, so I did not see them find my body. We did not go with them to my funeral, for my brother, who had grown to manhood, and now looked like his twin brother on earth, would not let me. He said I was not yet strong enough to see the grief of

my parents and brothers and sisters, but he said we would go later when they felt more resigned.

It was a shock to them that will never be forgotten while they are on earth. My only sorrow was for them. Though young in years, with the prospect of a long life before me, I realize even now it was for the best and that I shall escape sorrow untold by my early entrance into eternal life. Think of the pleasure it will be to me to visit all parts of the world and, I am told, many more worlds when I have progressed enough to do so. I was a roamer, with the desire to see and learn of different places, and these desires can now so easily be gratified without money or toil.

I can now go to Panama in a few moments, while it took me days when I was on earth. I can view the work there with the clear vision of spirit, and see mistakes in the work that I could not when there. I do not feel the heat of the climate as I did, but can see its beauty as never before. I fear the canal will never be the success that is expected of it, for there are many flaws in the construction and climatic conditions are not in its favor. But many here are watching it with interest. I was interested in this kind of work on earth, so why should I not be now? I have opportunities that I never could have had on earth of learning along these lines. So do not think, you who recognize me, that I regret my going, for I do not. I am only glad that I have made the change that you all must make.

How pleased I was to learn that *no life* can be blotted out. The little birds that I killed in my last act on earth are living, happy creatures here

in spirit, more beautiful still than they were on earth. So it is with all living things. The change of death purifies all bird and animal life. Birds are beautiful here beyond description.

CHAPTER XXXV

PEG O'THE POORHOUSE

IT was Christmas at the poorhouse,
An old woman sat forlorn,
Wondering for what purpose
She was ever born.

Eighty years' work for others
Is ended at last, you see.
Now I'm "Old Peg o'the Poorhouse,"
And not one remembers me.

Memory takes me backward
To the place I first saw the light,
In a little home in the country,
And it was on Christmas night.

I was happy in my childhood,
Oft tripping over the snow
To the little country schoolhouse
When the winter winds did blow.

For the schoolhouse was the center
Of all our youthful joys,
For there we always gathered,
We country girls and boys.

'Twas there we had our Christmas tree,
All loaded with gifts and light.
Then I was Margaret Weatherby,
And a country belle that night.

It was there I met my Donald—
My lad who was brave and true.
We had two years of happiness,
When he donned his country's blue.

They sent him home—he was dying—
To me and his baby dear.
And my grief—it was so bitter
That I could not shed a tear.

I tried to live for my baby,
And struggled in hope, alone,
Thinking I might be happy
When my little Donald was grown.

But even this was denied me.
Before one year had fled
My beautiful boy was lying
In the churchyard's narrow bed.

Life held for me then no purpose,
And death past me would fly;
To me it would have been welcome
As the lonely years went by.

Now I'm "Old Peg o'the Poorhouse,"
And have not one friend on earth.
Just eighty years this very night
Since the Christmas that gave me birth.

* * * * * * * *

O where did you come from, husband?
Did you come that I might sever
My connection with the poorhouse,
And be Peg o' your heart forever?

That I can leave this tired old body
And be young and glad once more,
And live with you and Donald
On yonder beautiful shore?

Thus they found "Peg o'the Poorhouse,"
The sun shone on her white hair.
At last she had found her loved ones
And a home most sweet and fair.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ANOTHER mother wishes to give her experience. I came here, as near as I can remember, about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago. It is very hard to be exact in regard to time, for we count it as naught on this side of life. We know eternity is before us and time matters not. I came here while still young in years, leaving five little children behind me, practically, as I soon saw, to shift for themselves. When their father left me a widow I had not the means to keep them with me, but gave them into the keeping of my husband's sisters. How I longed to make it possible to have them all with me again, but this I was never able to do.

I went to care for a sick friend whose sickness developed into the cholera, which at that time was raging over the state of Illinois. I took it and never recovered or was able to look on the faces of my little ones again while in the body, but I have watched them unseen and know them better than had we lived in the same house on earth all these years. I want my boys to know that my whole aim while in earth life was to have them with me again. I was working with this end in view when death changed my plans for me, and I had to leave them. While we have not been parted, I have had to live unseen and unknown by them. That is one cause of sorrow for me.

How often, oh how often, have I followed them

to places to which I did not want them to go—into barrooms where many spirit mothers stand by the side of son or husband, trying to persuade them in their silent, unseen way to leave the accursed places, and go to their homes. Sometimes I have been able to do this and sometimes I have failed; but our patience never falters, and we are there again the next time. While I have never been able to influence them to quit drinking, I have always, so far, been able to keep them from getting killed or injured.

For this I am thankful, for I do not want them to come here to work out of this condition, as they must, if they do not fight against it on earth. All bad habits must be conquered, and it is easier done while still on earth. It does not take long. Make up your mind, be firm and the battle is fought that will make you happier and make mothers in spirit happy beyond expression. We are not always on the earth plane with our loved ones. But we, in our beautiful homes in the skies, can tell instantly by intuition, when our dear ones need or want us; and we go at once from any distance to the earth and help them in our silent way. The fathers, too, are interested in their children's welfare; but a father's love is not like a mother's. A father can easily be weaned away from his children by new interests, but a mother never. The happiest day that will ever dawn for me will be when I have them all safe with me here. Yet I know I shall have to wait many years. All are older in years now than I was at the time of my coming and they were so young that they scarcely remember ever having a mother. But it

is the truth that no mother ever forgets her own, no matter how long the separation.

Time and space are unlimited. Years count as naught. As ages roll on, we only gain in knowledge. We retain our youth always with no pain or ache in our spiritual bodies. We can go and come at will any distance, in a moment of time, with no conveyance but our desire. If we desire to go to a certain place, there we are. It is a mistaken way to put it, to tell you we are always with you. This is not true. But we are always in touch, we will say, for this expresses it the best. We know when you want us or have need of us and we come at once and do what we can, then return again to our homes. We do what pleases us best and are not required to do what is distasteful to us after we have made all wrongs of earth life right.

CHAPTER XXXVII

YOU have read of the experience of mothers. I will now tell you of the experience of one that refused this sacred, natural duty. I lived on earth many years ago, but to-day there are more women following in my footsteps than ever before. Let me tell you what may be their fate through relating my own experiences. I was rich in my own right and my husband had great wealth also. All my ambition in life was to procure jewels, to gain admiration, and to be a leader in society. I was beautiful and I used everything money could buy that was beautiful to adorn myself. My husband was proud of me and I loved him, but I loved myself and the admiration of others more. Children I thought of with contempt and would have none of them, for I did not want to lose my beauty of form. So I resorted to abortion time and time again. But instead of keeping my beauty by this means, it was the very thing that caused me to lose it and helped to send me early into spirit life a pauper, without a home.

Here I found myself in an agony of mind that I cannot picture to you. I had never had to even put on my own shoes, or comb my own hair, having maids from childhood to wait upon me. Imagine my condition, if you can, on finding myself in a world where all must wait on themselves and care for themselves. I could not get into my old

home on earth. I found myself on what appeared to me a desert. No homes were there.

I suffered, not with cold or heat, but in mind. I could look upon myself and see my beauty gone and myself hideous to my own sight. But the worst of all was my loneliness. I afterwards learned that such was my condition, though spirits could approach me, I could not see them or know they were near. Yet they were watching over me, the same as they are over you on earth, though unseen and unknown by you until you make a way possible for them to let you know of their presence and help. This I had to do. I had to suffer alone till I realized the cause of this condition.

Then worse agony was in store for me; for nothing can equal the torture of remorse. I inquired at last what I could do to better my condition! The answer came to me out of the silence: "Go to the slums of your city and there work among the infants that are brought into existence in poverty and disease." I hesitated for a time, but the voice again bade me go, and I consented. No sooner did I give my consent than I found myself there among wretchedness that I never knew existed. I wondered what they would think of my presence, but I knew I would never be recognized, for I was clothed in a somber robe that fell in long, loose lines about me, so that my own husband would never have recognized his once beautiful wife. But I soon found they could not see me. At first I thought that even these people ignored me, but I soon found they could neither see me nor sense my presence, but the wailing,

suffering infants could, and my work commenced. I could touch them and quiet their pain when their mothers could do nothing with them. Many are the babes I saved to live a life of great usefulness in the world. I do not know how long I worked in this way, but it was years.

I was not long alone, for when my earnestness in the work began many lovely spirits came to my assistance and the work I once shrank from I then began to love. At last that part of my nature which had lain dormant all my earth life began to be awakened. It was mother love. It is a natural attribute and if not awakened in earth life it is likely to be here.

Now, another sorrow came. I realized that I could never feel the touch of my own babies' hands or ever hear child of mine call me by the sacred name of mother. You have read of soul germs and that they cannot be killed, which is true. If I had had my mother-nature developed to the extent that I wanted children, I would have found them in spirit. But I did not do this and they reincarnated and are children of another who let them find their earth expression by being born naturally; and I shall never know who or what they are. This is a regret that I have never been able to get over and I do not know whether I ever shall or not. I have a beautiful home and surroundings here now that I have earned. But for this drawback I could be happy. I am told that happiness will, some day, be mine, but it has been long in coming. Yet I know no one is to blame but myself. If our ideas of right and wrong are dwarfed on earth, we have to work our-

selves up to a higher standard here. Then our real education will begin. By our own efforts only can we gain the happiness which is possible for us to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

I WILL not speak of my earth life only that I had consumption, the kind that develops slowly and wears life away. I thought I was prepared to die and would welcome a release from suffering. I trusted to a Savior that I thought had forgiven my sins and would welcome me to eternal rest and release from pain. I was not a young man and in my youth I had wronged many. This I had in a measure forgotten. I had been tortured so long with the terrible cough that I prayed almost unceasingly and thought I was forgiven and at peace with my Maker.

I came here suddenly at the last, when I was not expecting it. All at once I felt perfectly strong and vigorous. All pain left me. I could see no Savior or golden streets. What I viewed was a very natural sight that one could see every day. I had not left the earth. I walked about the place. It was summer and everything looked beautiful. Now that I was free from physical pain, I could see beauty in everything. I knew that I had changed, but I was not sure that it was death, for I was not expecting anything like this. I felt the health and strength that was mine in my youth.

I went into the house, and never shall I forget that sight. My wife was growing old. Her hair was like silver in its whiteness. She was kneeling there over my emaciated body, that looked

horrible to me, in such sorrow and grief. How everything came back to me then. How I had neglected her in so many ways, taking all her care and devotion as my right and even thinking, many times, I was not treated as I deserved, I was so extremely selfish. Oh! how I tried to get her to understand I was not there and to ask her to forgive me for all my harsh words and unkindness; but I could not make her hear.

My agony was far greater than her own, for she had nothing to regret and I had. How clearly I could now see, and how bitterly I repented. If I could only have gone back into that old worn-out body, how gladly I would have done so, even to suffer again the wrecking cough, if, by this means, I could make up to her my neglect and unkindness and think only of her and her comfort for a few more years. But this I could not do. My sorrow was so great that eternity can never efface it from my memory.

I loved her dearly, but never showed it. Now it was too late to let her know. I could see all she had suffered through her love for me. I hope that those who read this will be kind to their own and never do and say things that they will regret. It may not always be easy to do this, but, oh! it will pay. I tried to comfort her, but could not do it.

It was not long till she, too, came here. When I saw this change coming, how glad I was, for I thought, "Now I can make it up to her." But my joy was only short lived; for, when she entered here, she was far above me in progression and my power to reach her was in vain. Thus

my sorrow was greater than ever. But I soon learned that I can, by earnest effort, reach her state, and we can be happy together at last. There was so much I had to make right that my own progression has been slow, but I can see a happy reunion in the distance. She has been a great help to me and has taught me much. But I have to work myself. When I am able to reach her side and we can work hand in hand and in harmony of spirit together, such great happiness will be mine that I wonder if I shall care to farther progress. But I am assured that we can go on and on together and greater joys will be ours.

We lived together over thirty-eight years, had a family of children that grew up and had homes of their own, and we were not happy. Yet love was in our hearts for each other. It was all my fault that inharmony existed. We were mated on earth for eternity, yet I had to enter here to find this out and that it was my own cruelty and unkindness that caused our unhappiness on earth. She has been waiting for me all these years and the day is now not far distant when I shall again live in her presence and we be happy together forever.

CHAPTER XXXIX

I AM of the African race. I was born a slave and never knew freedom till I found it here. Was I black? Yes, so black that, as the saying is, "Charcoal would have made a white mark on my face." Am I black now that I am a spirit? No, yet I am still a negro. When I come to earth again I am still black, for I take on my old earth conditions and therefore must look as I did on earth. While we are not black here, we are not white unless we desire to be. Yet we are as beautiful as any. The most of us desire a rich, dark color. Very few stay entirely as they were on earth. As our lives were, so are we. If we were good then we are beautiful in face and form; if not, we are dwarfed and hideous as are the spirits of all races. As the flowers of earth vary, so we of different races vary here. All have their own particular beauty, yet all are different.

I cannot say that, even though a slave on earth, I was unhappy; for I had a kind master; and my lot was better than many that are free to-day. Are you not all on earth either masters or slaves? You who have to toil for daily bread and sometimes have to take all kinds of abuse are in as bad a condition as were we. I sometimes think, as I look over the earth and see it as it is, that we fared the best. The slaves, while not having the best by any means, never suffered for food or clothing. It did not pay our masters to abuse

us in this way. It made us unfit for work, and work was what was required of us. So, on the whole, we were not badly treated. It was the old story that caused all the trouble—the greed of gold by the masters.

They began a traffic in human life to gain gold. But the great Civil War, that freed our race from the traffic of openly buying and selling, did not end slavery by any means. To-day the slaves of earth are counted by the hundreds of thousands and they are in a much worse condition than were we. Capital is the master and labor its slaves. The majority of the wealthy on earth would sell people body and soul, if they could, to gain more gold. Money is rightly called "the root of all evil." For it, intoxicating liquors are manufactured, which destroy the body and bring misery to the soul. Yet people cannot live in modern civilized countries without it.

The spirit world is the only place it counts as naught. All the gold one could handle in a lifetime can do him no good here. Furthermore, if he has gained it by fraud, or by enslaving those that earned it for him or did not give them fair return for their labor, he will wish, when he comes here, that he had been a pauper. It will be the means of causing him great suffering. He and those like him can then see the suffering they have caused others by making them labor from early morning till late at night and not giving them even a living wage.

Such slavery, as I view it from this side of life, I consider worse than that in which I lived. But we have hope that conditions will change for the

better and that all may have a better chance than they have at present. But I fear things will grow even worse before this change will take place. However, it is bound to come. Labor will demand its rights and will get them, too; for, without labor nothing can be accomplished.

CHAPTER XL

I AM a woman and was born in slavery. I was born in South Carolina and my earliest recollections are of a little cabin home among the magnolia trees near the cotton fields. I had a kind master, and one that took great pride in his slaves. He did not treat them harshly, but made them work. The overseers were not so kind and many received the lash that our master never knew anything about. I grew to womanhood in the cotton fields and I was happy. In the evening we would all gather at some cabin and sing and dance till the small hours. In the morning we would again go to work. If I could always have lived under this master and married one of his slaves, as I intended doing, I would have been spared great suffering.

But a rich planter noticed me one day when he was riding with master over the plantation and wanted to buy me for a house servant. My master at first refused. But as he was offered a good price and was pressed at this time for ready money, he at last consented and I had to go. He wanted the man to buy Martin also, so we could be together and be married as we had planned. This he promised to do a little later; but it was only in order to get me. He had no intention of doing this.

My life was accursed from that hour. I was not fit for the housework and knew nothing about

it. This would anger my master's wife and she would treat me very cruelly. At last, after vain efforts to please her, I was told I would have to work in the fields again. This I was glad to do, but the slaves here were not treated as they were by my old master, and Martin was never permitted to see me. I was told I could have a little cabin by myself, by my master. But I did not want this, for I was afraid. But in the end I had to submit and my master gained the desire that he had planned from the first. My heart was given to one of my own race and I had the true woman's instinct to be true to myself, which every woman possesses for her protection, no matter whether a slave girl or a lady. But what was I to do when I was not allowed to do this?

I had to submit to my owner. Then such a hell of anger entered my heart for the whole white race that I determined to be revenged. I did not have to work in the fields now that I had found favor with my master. But I was biding my time. I had hidden in my bosom the dagger that I, at last, got the opportunity to use in striking home into the heart of the dastard who ruined many poor, innocent slave girls in the same manner. I took to the swamps and for days I had nothing to eat but roots and wild fruit, but I existed till I got word, by meeting one of my old master's slaves, to Martin, that I was fleeing for my life and of what I had done. I knew they would not betray me. I also knew he would not dare come with me, for we would be too easily tracked and captured. Well, it was some time before I finally gave up. I had nowhere to go. No one would

take in a runaway slave. I knew if the bloodhounds got on my track they would make short work of me. So I did what many poor slave girls had to do. I jumped or rather fell—for my strength was gone—into a peaceful southern river that closed over my poor, tired body and gave me the comfort I craved. I never made a struggle; neither did I feel pain, but only a sense of rest and security that I never knew before. I do not know how long I stayed in this pleasant, dreamy state.

People of my own race were around me when I awoke to consciousness. They told me to fear not, for nobody could harm me now; that I was beyond the power of masters to harm, and that I was a slave no more, but free as the birds I had so often envied. Peace and happiness have always been mine since coming here. But not so with my master. How he begged my forgiveness for wronging me and how he has had to atone for his sins! Justice could not condemn me for stopping his career of crime, so I never suffered for his murder. There are always two sides to everything, and here is the only place we can see and judge correctly. While the open traffic in human life was put a stop to by our great martyr, Lincoln, whom we here all revere and love, you to-day need another Lincoln to put a stop to the white slave traffic which is a blot on civilization and worse than the slavery of my time.

CHAPTER XLI

I WAS a child of the street. I belonged to those of whom many know so little that they class them all together as undesirables. I wish to give my side of the story. Home, I can say, I never had. I never had the influence of a mother's love. If I had only known, as I now do, that a loving mother was watching me from her heavenly home, what a difference it would have made in my life. I was taken from an orphans' home into a family that cared nothing for me, only what I was able to do for them. I worked early and late, and received nothing but unkind treatment. I was only about ten years old at the time I was taken from the home where, if I was not happy, I was not unkindly treated, and where we all fared alike. The home I was taken into had children of about my own age. While they had pleasures and fine clothing, I was neglected and only knew hard work. This made me envious of them and when I got a few years older I determined to enjoy life myself. I would slip out of the house after all thought I was in bed, for this was the only time I could get. I could not meet anyone in this manner who was good, but I did not know this then. The companions I made soon led me into vice, of which I did not even know the nature. I was ignorant, and innocent, and easily led. I had grown very pretty and made friends wherever I went. Oh, how I craved love, and kindness!

If I had only received these from the family with whom I lived, I would not now be writing this. They have much to answer for. My first mistake was to go to the dance halls, and from there into the wine-rooms. Then my downward course was fast. Someone told the people where I lived that I was frequenting the dance halls, and had been seen with questionable company. They asked me of this. I did not deny it, but told them I had to have some amusement and, as they never permitted me to have any, I just took it as my right and would do as I pleased. Well, they turned me from their doors. They were very religious people and went to church very regularly. I went to my companions and we drifted together. If we sinned, we also suffered. But what were we to do? No one held out a helping hand or ever encouraged us to make a new start in life. Some who lead a life of crime and sin have happy homes and good parents, who tried to bring them up properly, I know. But it is not so with the majority. And who are you to judge? You can never see clearly till you come here, where all wrongs must be righted.

I did not live long on earth. My health was never good, and I soon came here. I died on the streets, the only home I ever had on earth, of hemorrhage of the lungs. None ever gave a thought of pity that one so young in years should go in this way, but were glad the city was well rid of such as I.

Well, how did I fare when I came to consciousness here? Pious people who draw their skirts away for fear of contamination will no doubt be

surprised. An angel mother, more beautiful than any picture I had ever beheld, took me in her arms and said, "You are my beloved daughter, and if you have sinned your sufferings on earth have paid the debt and now I can take you with me to a home the first, my child, that has ever opened its doors in love." Can anyone imagine my joy—mother, home and heaven—all mine at last; not for a time, but for eternity!

CHAPTER XLII

I AM a suffragette. I have not been here long, but long enough to know the time is ripe for our work, and it must continue. I am an English woman. I rejoice at the large number of women in America who are in sympathy with, and working for the same cause. Many of you are criticizing us for being so radical and resorting to violence to gain our ends. The stories have been greatly exaggerated by the press. The majority of the papers that are published are against us. They do not give correct accounts, and only publish one side of the story. Men must finally give us equal rights with them. Why should they set themselves on a higher plane when they owe their very existence to woman? She it is who suffers to give them birth, yet they, when grown to manhood, think themselves so superior and so much more capable than even the women who are better educated and better informed on current events of the day. They are so unfair as to think women are not capable of casting the vote that gives to the man elected the power to make the laws under which she has to live and work and which she must obey. While I regret that the English suffragettes, of whom I am still one, had to resort to violence before they could get a hearing or any notice whatever paid to them, they were so insignificant in the sight of men, yet we have started the ball rolling that will gather adherents from all over the world.

We on this side are still as eager as any; and are helping by standing by our leaders, and giving them of our help and influence in all ways we can. There are many on this side watching the struggle. I was enthused to such an extent that my coming into the spirit world hardly changed me at all. Although I thought my work as a militant suffragette would end when I found I must die, my surprise and pleasure were great when I found that I was the same person and could work with the many I found here who are interested in the cause. If my co-workers on earth could realize that I am still with them, I should be greatly pleased. I can do more now than I ever could before for the cause I love. There is every reason to be encouraged. You will win in the end. Men will not always consent to putting their mothers, their wives and their daughters on a lower plane of life than themselves. My message to all womankind is to stand up bravely for your rights—to gain that which should be yours without even the asking—the right to be the co-worker and have equal rights with man.

CHAPTER XLIII

THIS book would scarcely be complete without the experience of a preacher. My earth life I will not dwell upon only to say I was a Methodist minister and sincerely tried to practice what I myself preached. My home life was very happy, with wife and children. My greatest pleasure was to gather the children of my congregation about me in Sunday school and hear them sing the songs that I loved. How my heart would throb with gratitude to the God I worshiped for giving me this work to do. But when I would get settled and begin, as I thought, to accomplish something, conference would send me to some other place. This is one of the mistakes of our church, as I can now see.

I came here while still comparatively young in years. I soon found how very little people of earth know of a future life with all their colleges that are supposed to be authority on all theological points. I was at first, I must admit, chagrined to think I was so badly mistaken. But I soon got over this when those I loved who had preceded me came to me in this world of beauty and grandeur and explained things that had puzzled me in my work on earth. I was overjoyed to know that things were so much better than I had imagined they could be. The worst mistake I made was to teach and preach of Jesus' power to save to the uttermost and that He was the only

begotten Son of a living God. It did not take me long to discover this mistake. Jesus of Nazareth, whom I loved and worshiped all my life, came to me and taught me the truth. He showed me that we are all children of the same God and that He was only our elder brother, born as we all are, of an earthly father and mother. He said he never taught that He was the Savior and Redeemer of the world, but taught all His earth life the Golden Rule—To do unto others as you would have others do unto you. And that when the ruler came to Him to inquire the way of salvation and what he must do to inherit eternal life, He told him he must be born again. Which meant being born into the spirit world, which is called death. When this is taught from church pulpits, there will then be no empty pews.

But there will have to be radical changes before this is brought about. All the old teachers such as I was will have to pass away. If the ministers of to-day had to depend only on those that attend the churches regularly for their salaries, they would have to beg or starve. Those that subscribe the most toward their salaries think this justifies them in staying at home or going to some place that interests them more. I used to condemn such as these very bitterly. But I see plainly now I was mistaken.

The man who stands in the pulpit to-day must be progressive and not teach the things Moses taught. The rules of the various churches should be changed according to the times. The people of to-day ought not to be expected to live up to the rules of the Methodist church. Those min-

isters who want to change the church so that it will not tend to make hypocrites of members who wish to enjoy innocent pleasures that the church has forbidden ought to be encouraged and put to the front. The church should teach how to live, instead of how to die. If people live right death need have no terrors for them. Death is only a very short experience and the awakening here is glorious. I have investigated all religious faiths and creeds and I can see grave mistakes in them all. I fear I, too, must admit that it is better to have none than to depend on church or faith to bring one into happiness here. The golden rule is better than all the rules and professions of faith or forms of worship of all the churches.

CHAPTER XLIV

A SPIRIT SIGNAL

NOT far from a distant city
On a warm, bright summer night,
A train was thundering loudly
With all its power and might.

The engineer was sleepy;
His run was a long, hard test,
That strained his nerve-tired body.
He was longing for his rest.

In a home quite near the railroad
A child quite sleepless lay;
Full of unrest, she wondered
If she couldn't go out and play.

Perhaps she'd find her mamma,
But mamma, nurse said, was dead,
And would come no more to kiss her
As she lay in her little bed.

She stepped out of bed so softly
And wandered out in the night.
The cool, clear air inspired her;
She ran with all her might,

Until she reached the railroad
And saw the shining track.
She thought, when she was rested,
She'd quickly hurry back.

But her little feet were weary,
She soon fell sound asleep.
Her curly head was lying
Where the train so soon would creep.

"What's that red light a-gleaming?"
Thought the engineer, amazed.
"The road just here is straightest,
I must, indeed, be crazed."

Should he reject the signal?
He knew his train was late.
With human lives in keeping,
He dared not risk their fate.

He saw a white-robed woman
With the signal in her hand;
With a shriek of the engine's whistle,
Train stopped at its command.

Frantic, they all were searching.
The father, in fear and pain,
Hurried down to the railroad
To see what had stopped the train.

"I went to find my mamma,
And she com'd," was all she'd say.
The father clasped her closely
And gratefully did pray.

"Sir, where is the dark-haired lady,
With the signal in her hand?
Why didn't she take the darling?
I do not understand."

Replied the father, tremblingly,
So stunned he scarce could speak,
"It was my baby's mamma,
She died but just last week."

Among the many passengers
But few would ever guess
That 'twas the angel mother
That flagged the night express.

CHAPTER XLV

WOULD you care to hear the experience of one of a class of men who have caused more suffering, both on earth and here in spirit, than any others? They are men who have helped to fill the penitentiaries, the insane and orphan asylums, the poorhouse and the potter's field. I am speaking of the saloonkeeper—the man that hands over the bar the poison that stains men's souls. I lived when on earth in the city of Joliet. Many living there to-day would recognize me if I would give my name. I kept what was considered a decent place. I would not sell to a man who was already drunk, but I did what I now know to be worse. I started him by selling him drinks when he was in his right mind and refused when he was no longer responsible. He then went to worse places, where he would very often be robbed of what money he had when he left my place.

If the saloonkeepers were made to take care of their poor victims there are few that would stay in the business. They allow their victims to stay in their places only as long as they have money to spend; then, when they are helpless, they put them out on the streets, often on cold nights, either to freeze or to go home to their families, where they are liable to commit murder before the effects of the accursed liquor are cleared from their brain.

Picture my agony of remorse if you can when I had to look on all this. Many men patronized

my saloon who, I supposed, had plenty of money and provided well for their families, because they paid me much money and paid promptly. But when I came here I could see them as they were. I could look into their homes and see the poverty existing there. I could see many frail, brave little women, bending over the washtub to get the very necessaries of life for themselves and their little ones, could see the sorrow it caused, the bitter tears shed for husbands and fathers, the suffering of little, innocent children, crying for something to eat, while the means to procure it were handed over the bar. Oh, God! Could any torture be greater? I am not overdrawing the picture. How often I have looked on just such scenes of suffering since I have entered this life. The Bible hell is very mild in comparison to my agony of remorse. If I were to live on earth in flesh again, how gladly I would take up the pick and shovel to earn my daily bread. Had I done this I would not have had to suffer as I have. Yet I know and realize that I have got justice, for here justice reigns supreme.

We are not the only ones in spirit life to suffer for the liquor traffic. Let us reflect a moment, and see where the responsibility really lies. The brewers are in the same class as are we, and share, I think, a greater responsibility. We can go farther. The blame must rest where it properly belongs, with the government for allowing it to be manufactured. Then, my friends, can you not see that a part of the blame rests with yourselves as voters and makers of the laws? You see that the man that stands behind the bar is not alone re-

sponsible, but suffers only for his share in the distribution of the poison. I used to think as long as it was a legitimate business I had a right to keep a saloon, as my not doing so would not lessen the traffic. I might as well have my share of the proceeds. Well, so I had. It is for the government to put a stop to its manufacture and for each individual voter to see that it does. Until this is done it will continue to be your country's curse. Each individual who has a right to vote is responsible for conditions as they exist. Yet this does not relieve the saloonkeeper, for each must suffer for his own share.

If this should be read by any of my brothers in the business, that is a curse to every civilized country, my advice is to lay aside the white apron, which is a badge of dishonor, and trust to Providence to give you a business that will be honorable and will not cause you the suffering that I have had to endure. It is no use to say you could do nothing else, for there is no greater truth than "where there's a will there's a way." Dire want is needless in your land of plenty. If you have health, strength, ambition and will power to do and dare, you cannot help but be successful in any honorable business. I want to tell you some of the things I have learned here. Through suffering we are purified. We get our education through actual experience. It matters little the length of time we have been here as you count it on earth. It is our ability and worthiness that benefit us. In the twinkling of an eye some can learn what the noted and educated of your earth may be years after they get here in finding out by patient study

and careful research. We are led by various paths through our earth existence, and are still led, when we come here, by the unseen power to learn what is for our own good. When I entered this world I found myself on the earth plane or astral plane, where I remained a long time, it seemed to me then, looking on the havoc my business had wrought. I thought there were none who required greater atonement or remorse and sorrow for their sins than did such as I. But I am in a position now, and have been for some time, to see others as I saw myself.

The saloonkeeper is not alone, by any means. You, too, will some day see people whom it will surprise you very much to see suffering the same agony of regret and remorse as did I for various sins of their own that they were able to keep hid while on earth, but could not here. I have visited various churches of earth and there have seen with clear sight many things. I have seen people kneeling in churches saying prayers by the yard that were written out for them to repeat. What good can this do them? I have seen priests and preachers standing before large audiences teaching the way of salvation, with their own hearts as black as night. I have seen men and women kneeling in the amen corner of various churches, with long, pious faces, who would frequent the barrooms and worse resorts under cover of night by secret passages, known only to themselves. I have visited trumpet and investigating circles where the odor of liquor was very apparent and yet they expected to get truth from the true. I know absolutely that you cannot do this, for like attracts

like. Many spirits that have not progressed out of the earth conditions often mislead without intending to do so. They can only tell you of what they themselves have learned and many are lower in the scale of progress than yourselves. Death itself is only a change of garments. Because you may not be able to understand all phenomena is no reason why it may not be true. "You may be in the right church, but in the wrong pew," is a slang phrase, but contains much of truth. While immortality is a truth, while spirit return is a truth, while "the door of reformation is never closed to any human soul, either here or hereafter," is a truth, yet from this broad highway there are many winding paths that lead one wondering. I have a friend on earth with whom I have been experimenting for some time. I can go to her in her home and hypnotize or entrance her as some can do on the earth plane. When I get her under my influence I can tell her she is in Egypt, and describe some place I myself have visited, and she will get the impressions so accurately that she believes that her spirit is actually there, which is a mistake. Many make this mistake. All so-called soul flights are made in the same manner. While true descriptions are given, it is done by guides, who can go and come at will in an instant of time and who are not hampered by their earthly bodies. While a sensitive person can sometimes see his own physical body, when in an entranced or hypnotized state, he cannot leave his body until freed by death. Some sensitives think they can go to different realms in the spirit world also and see the homes of beauty and

grandeur there, but it is only pictured to them by their own spirit friends. Yet it serves the same purpose. Guides can also go to different places and represent the ones through whom they work. They can imitate their voice through a trumpet so genuinely that those hearing it are deceived. I do not know what good can be accomplished by this unless it is done to show what the wonderful power of thought can accomplish, for the ones that are represented must send their thoughts there for the guide to express to do this. Yet it leads many in one of the winding paths.

Some of your workers claim they can go in spirit to the astral plane to help some spirit in darkness there. True, many on earth can help spirits here, but the spirits are taken to them for their magnetic influence; they do not go to the spirits. None who have ever experienced these things will believe them until they come here. Their experience is so vivid and genuine and they can remember it so clearly that they are honest and sincere in believing and stating that they actually leave their bodies.

How often do you have dreams that are so much like actual experiences that you can scarcely, after awakening, realize that you are not at the certain place of your dream. Yet it takes only a few moments to dream what would take days to go through by actual experience. It is very easy for the guide to picture any place to your consciousness that he wishes by impression. This is another winding path that many are traveling.

Remembrance of various reincarnations is common. This is caused by guides or loved ones who

are drawn to you by attraction, trying to tell you by impression, of their own lives, who they were and where they lived when on earth. You may get it very truly and clearly, yet it is their own experience and never yours. You live on the earth in flesh and blood but once and can never pass through that way again.

I have written this by request and make no apologies if my views of life, as I have found it, do not appeal to your reason. What I have told you will perhaps be criticized, as it is in opposition to many of your scholars and writers on your side of life. We were told to give our experiences in our own way. This I have done, and I thank you.

CHAPTER XLVI

A "LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR"

ON earth I was a "sister,"
And went from door to door;
A member of the order
Of "Little Sisters of the Poor."

As a girl I was gay and joyous,
My parents thought me wild;
So in a convent placed me,
I was their only child.

I could have cursed them for it
Before my spirit was cowed.
At last as a penitent
Before the Cross I bowed.

No day did I have gladness,
Nor girlhood's pleasures see.
Yet sin I had never committed,
From evil my heart was free.

I longed for a home and children.
I was starving just to hear
The lips of a babe say mother,
And whisper its love in my ear.

Nature was strangled within me
By men who taught, as a whole,
We must torment the body
For the lasting good of the soul.

Just live a life that's loving.
Of no angry god have fear.
Partake of innocent pleasures
While you are living here.

After many years here in this world of spirit that no pen can portray, I am enabled to tell the earthly friends the reason for my unhappiness. I have found it was a needed lesson for me to learn in order to fit myself for a broader and more useful life here and enable me to teach others. My object is to give my own experience and all the information I can about life here and where it is located. That heaven is a condition, dear friends, is true; if you are happy you realize heaven. Everything that has life has spirit. The material of all things is only the shell for the indwelling of spirit to manifest, first on earth for growth and experience, then to be cast aside for a higher and more beautiful life located all about you, as is the material world. You see a beautiful rose and few things can be lovelier. Here we have the spirit of the rose more beautiful still, for it is perfect and will never fade or wither. So it is with all nature. *We* cannot see the material of earth, but only the real or spiritual part. *You* cannot see the spiritual unless you develop this, and then you see with your own spiritual vision and not with the material. This faculty all possess, but is developed in but few. The American Indians in their native state understood this better than any others, but are fast losing the power to converse with nature as they become civilized (so-called). All possess a spiritual counterpart

that never grows old and which permeates and surrounds the body. You often feel a cold sensation up and down your spine that causes you to shudder. This is spirit decarnate touching spirit incarnate. A medium is used by spirits to convey their knowledge to others who have not developed sufficiently to be thus used themselves. I have found here all the happiness that I missed on earth.

In a beautiful home in the city of Washington I was happy, as an only child with kind parents can be. But my parents were very religious and thought I was too wild. I was sixteen years of age and full of ambition and fun. There was no wickedness in my nature. But my parents were wealthy and the Church of Rome desired their money. Certain officials set about trying to obtain it. Through designing priests and sisters—not all are like these—they made my parents believe that the only way to keep their daughter from being lost was to persuade her to become a nun, and I was placed in a convent. I rebelled and caused them all kinds of trouble until I made bitter enemies among them. I defied them as long as I dared and my earthly body went into the grave with scars of the lash upon it that I received before I at last humbled myself and accepted my fate. I lived it a few short years.

But death released me early and I found I was right—that the spark of the Infinite was within and I needed no formality or sacrifice to be saved —that everything saves itself.

I can now see with prophetic vision a new era dawning for the whole world. Monarch rule, rum

and a false religion have had their day, and in a few years will be wiped from the face of the earth. New teachers will come forth from all over the world teaching nothing but the Golden Rule, and "Whatsoever a man soweth that also must he reap"—that each must bear the responsibility of every act of his life and that nothing can save men but their own right thinking, right doing and right living. This will save all souls from unhappiness and this is all there is to be saved from. Hell is sorrow, pain and remorse for wrong doing and heaven is joy, peace and contentment, which are earned by well doing and which cannot be bestowed upon anyone. Earth life is a school of instruction and should be realized and accepted as such. It is wise to improve every opportunity to learn while there, for knowledge is the only thing you can bring with you into this life.

One needs just what one gets if he cannot overcome the conditions, as in my own case. I am not sorry now for the experience, for it taught me more in my short earth life than I should have gained had I lived the allotted time on earth. Then I would have had to live in spirit perhaps hundreds of years, as many do before they understand self and their own part in nature's or God's plans, for both are one. Do not live a life of selfishness and expect the Holy Mother to pray for you and intercede for pardon for your sins and set you free from them. You will find yourself mistaken when you come here and understand. Here, with the searchlight of truth turned upon those of earth, it reveals you as you are. Great would be your surprise could you see as we do.

There are on earth those who are living in such poverty that they do not know where the next meal is coming from, and look with envious eyes on the rich merchant and banker riding around in their limousines, yet how often are they living in a hell that the poverty-stricken ones can know nothing about. Oh! let me impress just this simple message of right living upon you, that alone includes all there is of good!

CHAPTER XLVII

A DREAM

I DREAMED we built a temple;
On every stone was placed
A deed done by the giver,
Which ne'er could be effaced.

Good deeds were writ in golden
And shone with brilliance bright;
Bad deeds in letters scarlet,
Both seen by day and night.

You'd think great deeds were written
And awful crimes you'd see;
But no; they were the *smallest*—
As done by you and me.

We saw in golden letters,
Recorded near the door,
A name of one—a giver
From out his scanty store.

And here was shown in scarlet,
In a conspicuous place,
The name of one who cheated,
And for shame should hide his face.

Another in scarlet letters,
That ne'er could be erased,
Was one who spread a falsehood
Which caused a foul disgrace.

And here in glitt'ring letters,
Like diamonds all aglow,
Was one who fed the birdlings
When the ground was covered with snow.

CHAPTER XLVIII

HIS LAST MESSAGE

A FEW years ago two men were riding along in an automobile near the city of Memphis. It was a beautiful summer day and the sun was shining brightly. One of the men noticed a man lying under the hedge near the roadside with the sun shining directly in his upturned face. They stopped their car and got out to investigate. The man was dead. He was old and gray and poorly clad, with dissipation plainly written in every feature, but with a smile on his upturned face, as though his last vision on earth had been pleasant. One of the men stayed by the body while the other went to a beautiful old colonial home called The Beeches, near by, to telephone the coroner.

"Give me 287, please. This the coroner? There's a stiff lying out here under the hedge near The Beeches. Send a wagon out at once. No, no marks of violence. It is only an old vag who has cashed in. My name? It doesn't matter. A friend and I were passing in an automobile and discovered him. Good by." Thinking they had lost enough time from their pleasure trip, they got into their machine and rode away. In a short time the coroner arrived, placed the body in the wagon and took it to the morgue for identification. On examining the clothing the coroner was surprised to see that the undergarments were neat and clean, although the outer clothing was ragged

and dirty. Pinned to the undershirt was a cotton tobacco bag and inside this a roll of paper and a pencil. The coroner wonderingly unrolled the paper and read the following:

DOWN AND OUT

Whoever finds this paper
A story it will tell
Of one who tasted deeply
Of heaven and of hell.

At home with a loving mother
My boyhood days were passed;
And often I was wishing
They evermore could last.

I sometimes sat with pistol
Pressed to my breast—and then,
"Brace up, Johnnie; I'm watching;
Don't do that thing again."

I tried to fight more bravely
The demons that wanted rum;
But, oh! how weak the spirit,
Naught was I but a whisky bum.

At night I heard my mother
And felt her unseen hand.
This filled me full of wonder,
I could not understand.

I thought death all things ended,
But fain had passed me by,
Yet each day found me wishing
I could lay me down and die.

Last night was sad and weary,
To-night I am young and gay.
Mother is standing by me
And bids me this to say:

"You may be down, my Johnnie,
With not a friend on earth.
Mother has never left you
Since the day she gave you birth.

"You've been my joy and pride, dear,
For in your deepest heart
Not one have you wronged ever,
But oft have given a start.

"Oft many have prayed for you
To whom you've lent a hand.
All this your mother has known,
A mother can understand.

"I come to-night to guide you
As led by nature's plans,
Out in the great eternal
To a world not made with hands."

This message I leave to the finder and sign myself—J. L.

The coroner dropped the paper as though it had burned his fingers. On looking again closely into the face of the corpse he exclaimed, "My God! Johnnie Lowe! who had the distinction of being the youngest soldier who marched with Sherman to the sea, a hero of many battles and at one time the idol of this city. He was born in his

father's beautiful home, The Beeches, but disappeared many years ago and was never heard of again. Surely his mother was the guardian angel who guided his footsteps back to his old home to die. No potter's field for you, John Lowe, but a few of your old friends shall follow you to the cemetery, and this old body that contained the spirit of a man and a brave soldier shall rest in the grass-grown plot by the side of your father and mother and where a marble shaft now stands with a space left upon it for their only child.

CHAPTER XLIX

MESSAGE FROM THE GUIDE

I, THE guide, who formed the "Washington Band of Spirits" for the purpose of bringing various spirits here to give their experiences which we thought would prove interesting, wish to say we are well pleased with the contents of this little volume. It contains the true experiences of these spirits. Their communicating in this manner has helped many of them, and we hope it may be the means of helping many on earth to see the necessity of living the best they can under all circumstances. If you do this you need not fear death. You will come into your own especial place here that no other but yourself can fill. It all rests with you. The people here who are interested in you can do nothing unless you make the way possible and you can all do this if you wish. All people on earth are more or less mediumistic; some in one phase, some in another. All spirits are the same living, loving individuals they were on earth. All desire to make themselves known to their friends on earth, but if those friends co-operate the work is made more easy and certain. Happiness on the spirit side is highest and soonest found when life on earth has been most unselfish and most devoted to what is noble and true. Some in spirit life make no advancement for years simply because no, or but little,

advancement towards higher living was made on earth. If the experiences given in the preceding pages cause even a few to realize how much the condition of these entering the future world depends upon the habits formed and the kind of life lived on earth, the "Washington Band" will feel well repaid for its efforts.

Our duty to our loved ones,
To home and native land,
Is the secret of right living,
That each can understand.

Then all will live as brothers,
Each hand will join with hand;
Then all will stand united
In this broad and beauteous land.

True faith is found in doing right,
In the Golden Rule it lies;
It lifts the soul to a higher life,
To a bliss above the skies.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2004

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