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A Visit to the Astral Plane

or another proof of

Life Beyond the Grave

BY

EMILY L. FISCHER

This volume is published at the request of many of my acquaintances who are interested either directly or indirectly in Psychic Research. Any reader desiring to inquire further into the matter their questions will receive immediate attention.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN order to be permitted to view the beauties of the Astral World one must live according to the teachings of Christ who was the wisest and most Divine Philosopher and Healer this world has ever known.

The words of Jesus, upon which one should meditate in order to become Psychic, will be found at the back of this article, other quotations that were of great value to me in my Spiritual development will be found in the same place.

Those of my readers who desire to become Psychics of great note should read, study and live according to the teachings set forth in *Heart and Soul Culture*, for one must become as a little child in order to visit the Astral Plane.

The garden of the mind is next in beauty to the Astral World, if it is peopled by pure, unselfish thoughts, but this garden in order to be beautiful must be carefully weeded from hour to hour. One should search diligently for the mental weeds known as fear, remorse, revenge, regret, anger, hatred, untruthfulness, jealousy and worry of all kinds. These weeds are of rapid growth and have been known to spring up over night, and if over-

looked will poison the atmosphere of the mental garden and the more delicate virtues may be crushed and overgrown by the poisonous weeds until the mind may develop into a place where such ideas as suicide and murder may find a lodging place. On the other hand, if well cared for, the mental flowers known as love, hope, patience, charity, forgiveness, sympathy, truthfulness, honesty, reliability and industry will yield you compound interest in the Bank of Heaven, for the Angels never forget a kind or generous act done by anyone who loves God well enough to love his neighbor as himself.

Thought is the only gardener of the mind and thought is everything and the only true builder of character. The power of thought can be seen by comparing the thoughts of a man when he is living a wicked life, with the thoughts of the same man after he sees and lives the truth which makes him whole through thought alone. This proves that thought makes the man, not man the thought.

Take for example the man addicted to strong drink. He thinks the taste of liquor is delightful; he thinks he could not live without it. He likes the aroma of sin which distinguishes the saloon from any other place. He thinks the ragged, half-starved men he meets in the saloon are all right, and he laughs and enjoys their silly conversation, and considers the man who will treat him until

he becomes thoroughly intoxicated his very best friend. He hears sermons on the curse of drink or rum, and ridicules the orator. He burlesques the prayers of his mother, wife or sister and defies their tears.

This same man in his unhappy home, from which rum has driven his heart-broken wife and half-starved children, sits with his head in his hands, the very picture of despair. A pure thought, which is the only angel of God, who goes to all alike, enters the room calling the man by name—"John, what a foolish man you have been! Will you not quit the path of sin before it is too late?" With a shudder he pauses and thinks he sees the precipice of sin over which he will shortly be dashed.

Suddenly through his mind runs the thought, I can be a man—I will be a man. From that moment his eyes are opened he sees the terrible demon of rum in its true sense. He shuns his old companions and regards the man who tempts him with the proffered drink as his worst enemy. He asserts his will-power; procures a position; wins back the confidence of all who knew him, and once trusted him, and in less than a year has his family and loved ones about him and becomes once more a happy man.

This change has been wrought alone by thought, for the man is the one and the same man. He is simply living according to the thought uppermost

in his mind, that is the only difference. Some say they cannot change, and as long as they persist in saying "I can't" they cannot succeed in their undertaking, but if they will repeat over and over, I can and I will, they will grow the I-can and I-will brain cell so much needed in carrying out their good resolutions. This can be done by repeating over and over the words I can and I will, but the cell can be grown in time, just as water constantly dripping can wear away stone.

CHAPTER II.

PREVIOUS VIEWS OF LIFE.

BEFORE describing to you the beauty of the world beyond the grave, I must tell you something of my disposition and life before taking this journey, for I have never been the same since I gazed upon the world not made by hands.

As a child I was meditative and loved everything in nature from a blade of grass to the most beautiful flower or bird. Many times I have laid my head on the grass and imagined it was talking to me. I was always cheerful, willing, obliging and ready to lend a helping hand to anyone. As I passed from girlhood into womanhood I expected to work out all the wonders of life by cause and effect, but when I found that innumerable things, even life itself, had to be accepted without anyone being able to tell the reason of the Divine source, I grew skeptical and cast off all religious creeds, dogmas and superstitions and started out to live my own life according to the dictates of my own heart.

I attended Sunday-school at Grace Episcopal Church in Petersburg, Virginia, from five to seven years of age. My memory was good, for, although I could not read, I could recite the "Child's

Catechism" without a mistake. The pastor, Dr. Gibson, was very fond of me. He came into our class nearly every Sunday to have me answer the questions for him, then folded his hands on my head in silent prayer. The reason I relate this seemingly trifling occurrence is because I believe I owe my whole life to those prayers, for the "prayers of the righteous availeth much." I believe all I have been to humanity and all I ever will be is in answer to the noble prayers he prayed over me when I was a baby child.

When I was seven years of age my mother, being a Presbyterian, sent me to her church. I made rapid progress there also, for at the age of ten years I received the "Story of the Bible" for reciting the "Shorter Catechism with the Scriptural Proofs." But my heart was with the Sunday-school of my infancy and whenever I chanced to meet Dr. Gibson he would shake hands with me, calling me his child, and on parting with me he would always say, "Emily you will be a good, great and glorious woman some day." His words sunk into the sub-conscious mind and hung as a picture of the good, great and glorious on the wall of my young mind, and although I had cast aside all religious beliefs I endeavored to follow the beautiful characteristics of Christ and lived according to the Golden Rule.

Things went well without a God until I married and the curse of drink entered my home. Acting

upon reason alone we separated and finally the divorce court put an end to the once happy union.

With hatred in my heart toward all masculine creatures I started out in the business world. Being educated, honest and reliable I found no trouble in procuring a position, but my sensitive nature caused me to resign one after another until finally I became miserable. It was all right to be without a God in sunshine, but now that the rainy weather had set in to whom could I turn for comfort?

At last I realized I was powerless to rule my own life. I would lose my temper at the slightest provocation and drive from me the best of friends by unkind words. One day I reached out my hand to try to find the God in whom Dr. G—— believed and I cried out, Oh! God, if there be one, lead Thou me. From that moment everything of a worldly nature dropped from my mind. I lost all thought of fine dress, society, theatres, etc. I was seized with a desire to be to humanity what the April showers are to May flowers. I commenced studying suggestion and mental science in order to help weed out the garden of my mind which had become overrun with the mental weeds mentioned in the beginning of this article.

Having completely obliterated the mental weeds with which my mind had been infected my health improved and I was soon in a position where I

could help others who were sick, unhappy or unsuccessful, and the desire seized me to become a healer. With this desire in my mind and heart I called on a Miss C—— of Baltimore, who was at that time a healer and teacher of the Christian Science Church. I told Miss C—— that I had read and studied Mrs. Eddy's work, but I still believed in fresh air, sunshine and exercise, and I believed in using olive oil or any vegetable remedy that was harmless when I met a patient too material for me to reach by suggestion alone. I told Miss C—— that I would like to join her class and go through the complete course of study in order to obtain a diploma and be able to practice. To my surprise Miss C—— refused to teach me and informed me if I could cure disease without being a Christian Scientist I was a hypnotist therefore I could not enter her class.

Strange, this rebuke did not discourage me at all for I realized I was being led by the God in whom I had placed my hand over a year before that time, and evidently Christian Science was not the door through which I was to enter my life work. I kept up my study in therapeutic suggestion and psychology and cured everyone I could, free of charge, while I earned my living as a teacher of elocution and physical culture.

Shortly after my visit to Miss C—— I saw in one of the Baltimore papers that a gentleman would like an educated woman to board his son

of eight years of age and be a mother to the child. I answered at once and took the boy.

The boy was weak mentally and physically and I knew this would afford me excellent practice as a healer of mind and body; so I looked upon him as a gift from God and I began my work with a strong will. In a year's time I had helped him wonderfully and I had learned to love him dearly, and he seemed to adore me.

I took the boy in 1902, and in 1904 I opened a New Thought reading room at 505 North Second street, Camden, N. J. The room was an old hall over a bakery. At this time my name was Emily L. Neal instead of Fischer.

In this room I received some very strange visitors and it was in this same place that my spirit friend first visited me. Now I will proceed to give you my experience without adding to or taking from it one word.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

ABOUT two months after I opened my reading room a gentleman about fifty years of age, wearing a gray mustache and a few gray whiskers on his chin, called on me one Sunday afternoon about 2.30 o'clock. He informed me that he had called to invite me to a lecture to be given on "Higher Spiritism," by Madam ——. I do not remember her name because at that time I was so little interested in what he was saying to me. He said that the lecture would be at the Spiritualist Church, Twelfth and Thompson streets.

I looked at him in surprise and told him that I could not think of doing such a thing for I did not believe in Spiritism, and in my opinion it was all a fake. He told me that I lived the Christ life and that I was already a Spiritualist although I was not aware of the fact. I laughed at him and told him that he was wrong, that I lived right in order that I might find no trouble to die right, that I had never seen an apparition of any kind and had not the slightest desire to be a medium between two worlds, that when I died I hoped to hear the words "Well done, thou good and faithful

servant," and that I would perform the work assigned me in that world in the same manner.

Finding that he could not influence me he said with tears in his eyes and a trembling voice, "May God be with you through what you are going to be called to pass." Then looking me straight in the eyes he said, "I was sent to tell you that in less than forty-eight hours you will have proof of Spiritism and that you will never succeed in your profession until you own by what force you alleviate suffering." I said, How can I own a force I do not possess? For I never saw a spirit or even heard an unaccountable noise in my life. He shook hands with me and left with the words "You will have proof within forty-eight hours."

After he had gone I laughingly told my friends what he had said to me and asked them what next did they suppose I would meet in that reading room.

Now while I did not believe one word he had said, I knew that the dear old gentleman was sincere and thoroughly believed every word he had uttered and was really grieved over what he imagined was going to befall me within forty-eight hours.

At that time I was in the habit of spending from 2 P. M. to 2.30 P. M. each day in a state of meditation. So on the Monday following the old gentleman's visit I seated myself as usual in my

rocker opposite the wall on which hung one of the thetascopes sent out in April, 1904, by the Order of the Iron Cross, Buffalo, N. Y. In the space at the top of the thetascope I had the word healer on which I was to concentrate until the black and white on the thetascope assumed a yellow cast. Well, I gazed as usual until the yellow appeared, but I gazed a while longer when I saw a thin vapor-like cloud between me and the wall upon which hung the thetascope. This frightened me because I thought I had ruined my eyes by gazing longer than I should at the thetascope so I clapped my hands to my eyes and kept them closed for two or three seconds. When I removed my hands, there stood a woman wrapped in a beautiful snow-white drapery which wound gracefully around her ether-like pink-tinted body which seemed to be transparent or filled with air or ether for it floated two or three feet from the floor and the beautiful toes were exposed as the nebulous drapery floated. She had no wings, but the drapery hung like kimono sleeves and looked like wings, being even more enchanting than real wings would have been. I gazed and I would have been frightened to death if the words of the old gentleman had not come to me and I thought it was some of his faking. So when she offered her hand and said, "Come!" I commenced with my auto suggestion, I won't, I won't. To this she said, "You must come, you

do not have to enter but you must look." I knew this would mean suspended animation if not death to me, so I said to her what will Edward think when he returns from school and finds me dead in my chair? To this she replied, "You will be back before that time." Then she took my hand and said, "Stop breathing." I obeyed and I felt myself going, I knew not whither. Immediately I was wrapped in the same nebulous drapery for I floated into space, and while I could not seem to see myself, yet as we turned to go I looked back at my body in the rocker and it was to all appearance as dead as it ever will be when it is dead, and that sight will never fade from my memory.

When we started, doors, windows, locks were as nothing, for we knew no barriers, we soared above for a time but I have no idea whether we were gone ten minutes or thirty. When we approached the wonderful world a cloud-like curtain about as wide as five blocks of a street went up noiselessly and then its beauty did I behold. Words are inadequate to describe this heavenly beauty but I am going to tell you what I saw to the best of my ability.

As I gazed with breathless awe, I was impressed first by the color of the light which overshadowed the country. It was exactly like the beautiful red of our sun when it sets in the clouds in the form of a great crimson ball, but I did not

see their sun, I only saw the sunlight as it fell in restful splendor on the pure, white streets. These walks wound about in a serpentine manner. The circles made by their winding were filled either by a fountain or a plot of flowers. The fountains were beautiful, the water rose to the greatest height and the sprays were so fine that it did not look like water, it looked like clouds or beautiful snow-white smoke. The flower plots were very, very large and looked like a large bouquet of flowers, so artistically were the colors blended. When I looked in wonder at the flowers she said, "These bloom perpetually," and this was the only explanation she gave me while we stood at the threshold of that glorious world. In this world were four classes of people and each class hovered a little higher than the other. They did not mix. One class wore the white robe like the one that came to take me away, and they hovered nearest to this world. The red-robed class came next; the purple-clad ones next; and the ones wearing the golden colored robes were higher and farther from this earth. The birds of that world were numerous and beautiful. In size they ranged from the little humming bird of the most brilliant coloring to the large white eagle with outstretched wings. The trees were all sizes, from the most minute to the tallest I ever saw, but strange to say the foliage was all the same. The leaves resembled the maidenhair, only the maidenhair sets up and

this hung down in a lace-like manner which made the most sublime shade the human mind could conceive.

While standing at the opening I was constantly pulling at her hand, begging her to take me back to my body in the chair. So as soon as I had viewed the beauty of this world of wonder she took me back. She said to my body in the rocker, "Breathe," and I took one long, slow, soothing breath and I was myself again; but, oh! so sick, just as though I was awaking from a drug of some kind, and it was three days before I was able to stand or take food. I sat in the rocker until 3.30 P. M. when the boy came home from school and then he went for a neighbor who assisted me to my bed and remained with me until I recovered from the effects of my journey beyond the clouds.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STATION BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

THIS place I viewed was not heaven, for there was not a mansion, not even a house. It seemed to be a world hanging in space, for I did not see anything except clouds, for it seemed to rest upon clouds and there was a beautiful sky above filled with the most charming vapor-like clouds. It seemed to be a station where these people assembled to await commands, and many of them must have received messages while I stood at the entrance, for many of them disappeared into the glorious distance with the velocity of a meteor as it falls from the sky to the earth beneath. Everything was noiseless, calm and sublime as if everyone was in a state of meditation, but their faces wore the expression of love, sympathy and benevolence and all seemed divinely happy.

I was puzzled in mind for two years to know the name of the country I had visited, and although she talked with me frequently, she never offered to take me with her again, nor did she materialize again, but I always knew her by her voice. Just before I went with her I had taken a patient who was suffering from partial paralysis of the right

arm and being a writer it was a shocking loss to him in his business. I told this patient that I would make no charge, for I had never handled a case of the kind and I did not know whether I could cure him or not. I had given him several treatments and he seemed to be improving. I continued treating him after I recovered from my visit to the world beyond.

When the father of the boy came I told him of my wonderful and terrible experience. To my surprise he listened with interest to what I was telling him and he asked me to describe the woman to him. I told him she was a woman about five feet five inches in height, with beautiful, kind-looking eyes, which were of a gray color, and her hair was flowing down her back and the hair was between a drab and brown in color, a color I never remembered seeing before. He asked me if I thought I could recognize her from a picture. I told him certainly. He returned with the exact picture of the woman who had taken me away. This woman he informed me was Bertha, his second wife, who was a trained nurse, but she died suddenly eighteen months after he married her. She was the step-mother of the boy I had taken and had loved the baby boy devotedly.

Well, this satisfied me on one point, and I felt glad that Bertha knew my boy and would help me to train him, in order to overcome his many

bad traits that were alarming to me. So I loved and appreciated my new spirit friend, and, thank heaven, she is still my friend.

Three weeks after my visit I felt a chilly feeling back of my right shoulder, as if of air in motion, and a voice I knew to be hers said, "Go to Norfolk, if you want to see an old friend of your childhood alive. Go and cure her." I replied, I have no money for a ticket. She said, "You will have it; stay three weeks," and with this she departed leaving me more puzzled than ever, but I went about my duties as usual. A few days elapsed and she came in the same way and said, "All is well by tomorrow 2.30 P. M.," and as that was the hour she took me away I became frightened and went upstairs and asked the lady to listen out for me the next day at 2.30, and told her what I had been told by my spirit friend. She promised me she would do as I had requested her, but that if I did not stop that foolishness I would soon be in the insane asylum.

When 2.30 P. M. arrived, instead of my spirit friend appearing, the door bell rang. I answered it. There stood a boy with a special delivery letter with a check from the man with the diseased arm, saying that he was well and sent this out of gratitude and wished he was able to make the amount five hundred dollars instead of the inclosed amount.

Now imagine how I felt, I had the money and knew I must go to Norfolk, but she had not given me any name of the lady supposed to be sick. I think this had been neglected in order to try my faith. Nevertheless I paid up all my expenses a month in advance, closed the office with the following words on the door: "Will return in three weeks," bought tickets for the boy and myself and left for Norfolk, the home of my childhood and where my parents still resided. When we arrived unexpectedly and told my mother why and how we came, she simply said, "Well, I am delighted to see you, but please do not tell anyone that nonsense, for they will surely think that you are crazy." This of course conveyed to me what she thought of us.

CHAPTER V.

A SPIRITUAL CURE.

I ASKED mother if she knew of any old lady who loved me when I was a child. She replied, "Mrs. Coke." Now that lady had been paralyzed for fifteen years. I could not believe it was her, but I went to see her and talked with her and massaged her, but at the end of two weeks the only difference in her condition was that she rested better than usual. Then I begged mother to sound her memory and she exclaimed, "Oh! Emmie, I know, old Mrs. Nunnally, but she has been in bed over a year with a cancer." Cancer! I exclaimed. How can I cure a cancer? Then that familiar voice whispered, "Go." I decided to go in the spirit and do or say whatever came to my mind, whether it sounded like the truth to me or not, that I would for once leave self out of the case entirely.

I had not seen Mrs. N—— in fifteen years, so when my mother and I entered, Mrs. N—— almost screamed out, "Oh! Emmie, you here? What brought you? I have not seen you for years." I said I was sent here by my spirit friend, who made it possible for me to come,

and said I must go and cure you. Therefore I am here. Mrs. N—— looked at me with surprise and said, "I wish I had something that could be cured, but five doctors have failed to help me. Each pronounced it a cancer on my leg." I said nonsense, don't you know a spirit would not say I could cure it unless it could be cured. I looked at it and will never forget the sight, but I said that is no cancer. It is a worry sore. Have you been worrying about anything? She looked up in surprise and said, "Oh! yes, I nearly died of worry when Mamie, my daughter, got angry with me and went to Europe to live without telling me good-bye or even letting me see her babies before she went." I explained to her how science had discovered that worry or anger could poison the blood, and she became convinced that the poisonous matter might have gathered in this one spot, forming the sore pronounced by doctors to be a cancer. I persuaded her to sit in her chair for a few minutes, which was the first time she had been up for several months. When we left she said she felt better and requested me to call again. I visited her every day until my time for returning to Camden arrived. The day before I left I explained the power of suggestion to her and asked her to think of me every morning and evening. This she promised to do.

I had been in Camden only a few days when my friend called and said, "A prayer for Mrs.

N——, to pray at least once a day." I took a pencil in my hand and when she ceased to speak the prayer was written. I do not know whether she increased the speed of my writing or whether she wrote through me. I folded the paper. I did not read the prayer for it seemed it was strictly for Mrs. N——, but what I remember of it was that it was a complete surrender of self to God and to His service. I mailed the prayer, and Mrs. N—— told my mother that the prayer covered everything she could wish to be for the remainder of her life and that she did not seem able to have the words leave her for one moment.

I will here quote a few lines from a letter that I received from my mother about four or five weeks after my return from Norfolk. "Well, I must first tell you about Mrs. N——, she called to see me last Monday was a week. She inquired about you. She said, 'Mrs. Coleman, I know you are going to laugh at me, but you know Emmie told me to think of her every night and morning; and I thought of her almost all the time and do now, and my leg is just as well as it ever was, and God knows I never did anything but wash it in the carbolic acid water, just as I had done for the last year and a half, so I must believe it is Emmie that has done it.' She said, 'She was so much better in health and did not feel half so blue.' Now, Emmie, I do hope you will keep that poor old thing alive for a good while yet

on account of Tom's little children. She said to tell you Tom's throat was entirely well also."

When I read the above words I wept for joy, and this is only one of dozens of cases she has helped me to cure. My hands, through her power, are almost death to pain of any kind, and I have rubbed out so much that if I get a pain my friends exclaim, "Oh! are you not afraid it is some of the pains you have taken from others?"

CHAPTER VI.

NO FEAR OF PAIN.

I DO not fear pain for as soon as she gets time to come to me she always tells me what to do and generally explains the cause, as she did the other day. I had suffered agony from a burning pain in my shoulder, it felt as though one was grinding a red hot wire into the joint. I exercised it, put hot cloths on it to no avail. Then I began to treat for a cold with like results. Finally I threw myself into the rocker with the words, Why don't you tell me what to do? The familiar voice began thus: "How foolish! Do you not know that the joint of any machine by over-exercise will produce friction which causes the burning? Oil! Oil!" and with this she vanished. I had my shoulder rubbed with white vaseline for several nights and took a tablespoonful of olive oil three times a day until I had used half a pint of it. The pain left and has not returned, but should it ever return from over-exercise I will not suffer as many minutes as I did days that time, for I will begin to oil.

I cannot tell anyone what it means to have such a devoted spirit-friend. I would rather lose every relative I have on earth than to part with

her, for I could not live alone again. Not only does she help me to cure myself and others, but she sends me to where there is suffering so that I may help them. I will here give you a few of her messages in order that you may see what I mean.

In the winter of 1907 there came a terrible cold spell and the snow began to fall about six o'clock. At 7 P. M. my supper was over and dishes were all washed, so the boy and myself had retired to the front room to watch the snow fall. While looking out the window the voice of a widow woman with whom I once had rooms, came to me with the words, "I am so cold." I turned to the boy and said, Edward, did you hear that? He said he heard nothing. I said, Mrs. L—— just told me that she was cold, and from the sound of the voice I fear she might be freezing, so I am going to take that extra money I have and my big oil heater and I am going to Master and Eleventh streets and make her comfortable. I told Edward if it got too bad for me to return in safety that I would remain over night and he should be a good boy and obey the lady in the house who would do for him as her own until I could get back. So I kissed the child good-bye and started from my comfortable home on Thirty-ninth street in West Philadelphia.

When Mrs. L—— came to the door and saw me with the oil heater she said, "Who told you

I was cold?" I said you did, and with that she began to cry. She said she had been sick and that her roomers had been obliged to leave on account of her not being able to do her work or buy coal. So she said she thought she would stay the month out because the rent was paid in advance and that she had been keeping warm by the gas stove, but as she did not have the money to pay her gas bill the man had come and cut off the gas, and that when the snow commenced to fall she wished for me.

It being Saturday night I chased from place to place, and in an hour and a half from the time I left my home I boarded the car for West Philadelphia, and I assure you I was much happier than I was when I left, for Mrs. L—— had light, heat, groceries and money enough to last her until she could make a change for the better.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOST POSITION.

ONE of the men living in my present neighborhood lost his position three or four weeks before Easter, 1913. This man had four little children and had lost a position paying him a salary of fifteen dollars per week and a commission. Lost it through strong drink, and like all other such men he had no money saved, so the loss of the position placed his family in immediate need. On Good Friday I had just returned from Mrs. D——'s after taking her a basket of groceries. I was wondering what would become of the children as he found it so difficult to procure another position, when the familiar voice said, "Why don't you 'phone? You could get his position back for him." I caught my breath in surprise, but I almost ran to Mrs. D——'s and asked her where her husband had worked and the name of the man that discharged him, telling her that I thought I could get the man to take him back. Mrs. D—— said he had worked at the Martin Beef Co. and a Mr. R—— put him off and he would never take him back, because her husband came near letting an auto run over the two horses besides being intoxicated.

I went home, called up the company, but Mr. R—— was home sick. I 'phoned to his home and the 'phone was taken to his bed. After inquiring after his health, and being assured that he was strong enough to talk with a stranger, I proceeded to plead for Mr. D——. Mr. R—— said the position was filled and gave me very little encouragement, but said he expected to be in his office on Easter Monday. I asked permission to trouble him with a 'phone message at 9 A. M. on Monday. To this he agreed. On the stroke of nine I was at the 'phone to know if he had found anything for Mr. D——. I told him he must not say no for the sake of Mrs. D—— and the infant in her arms, and that Mr. D—— had promised never to get intoxicated again. So on Tuesday morning the 'phone rang. I rushed to it. Mr. R—— said, "Mrs. Fischer, tell Fred D—— to come back at once to his old position." I went. He had gone in search of a position, but his mother found him, and by noon he was reinstated and he is still there, for I saw him pass my door with his same wagon a few days ago. This is only one out of dozens she has enabled me to help.

In 1906 I moved to Baltimore, taking the boy with me. I was making a great success as a healer, but the boy's father grew homesick for the boy. So this night I was debating in my mind whether I should part with the boy or

return to Philadelphia where the boy's father could visit him as he had been accustomed to do. While in this state of meditation the familiar voice spoke thus: "You might as well go back to Philadelphia and do for Edward. Your whole life is to be spent in doing for others. What you do for the people of this world will serve as pillars for your mansion above, but you will not be allowed to stay there longer than you rest; you will be sent to the world of 'The Messengers of Love' and from there back to this earth to heal the broken-hearted of this world."

These words answered the question about which I had puzzled for two years, and not until this moment did I know the world I visited was the world of "The Messengers of Love."

I returned to Philadelphia, and from that moment self was buried because living or dead I knew my fate; therefore I condemn wrong and uproot evil in the most fearless manner wherever I see or hear of it. I alleviate suffering to the extent of my purse, which has always been limited, because I do not know how to wish for wealth. I love the intelligent common people, the ones who have helped to beautify this world and whose names have seemingly been buried with their bodies. If I had a million it would go to alleviate suffering and to elevate the boys of this world. So I am contented as I am, and at times I am exceedingly happy, for my spirit

friend has promised me the one wish of my heart before I die, and if she keeps her word, as she has done in all other promises, I will have a Home College that will accommodate at least fifty motherless and so-called incorrigible boys, but the boys must be sound in mind and body and of good parentage, whether rich or poor. There is no reason for boys with the brightest of intellects to be behind prison bars, when I could make the same boys the pride of their countrymen.

In the Home College evil could not enter, we would ignore it and think only of the good and beautiful. No misdemeanor would be punished; we would make the offense a psychological study for the class and encourage the boy to try again and again to overcome the thought that prompted the wrong action on his part. If it ever became necessary to punish a boy he would be his own judge and inflict his own punishment, by selecting any one of the following punishments: Weed the garden, sweep the lawn, sketch a scenery, write a composition, solve a difficult problem or recite a poem.

In either case he would be losing no time while he was trying to correct the evil thought that caused him to commit the offense. The graduates of this Home College would be servants of God, with a knowledge of their heart and soul, as well as of books. They would be optimists and

regard adversities as developers of character and real stepping stones to success. They would have a thorough knowledge of the government and all civic affairs. They would be temperate in everything, they would be good citizens and good providers with a common-sense view of life and a sense of brotherly love. They would have a thorough knowledge of business, from manual labor to an expert accountant or an artist, and above all they would possess the following attributes of character: ability, reliability, integrity, power of endurance, work and action, coupled with a clear conscience and a loving heart.

I have told you, my readers, what my spirit friend has promised me; so that when you hear of the Home College you will know it is a gift of the angels, promised in 1907. (The Home College will be a monument to the angels and the spiritualists of this world.) I have been waiting since that time and I am happy to wait her time because I know she is getting together my helpers. One of them came to me in the form of my present husband, whom I married in 1912. He had been a teacher of German and a professor in a business college for a number of years, at present he is a designer and artist; so you see what his knowledge would mean to my boys. He is also a great lover of boys. He is devoutly religious, but like myself is a member of no orthodox church. We are ardent followers of Jesus,

whose whole life can be summed up in five words, "Who went about doing good." Jesus did not content himself with simply talking good. Boys of all denominations will find a hearty welcome in the Home College when it is sent by my spirit friend. I am preparing and have been since 1907. I save everything beautiful or inspiring I can find in paper or book. The latest methods on education are being bought and laid aside, not that they will be followed in the Home College, but I will need them for reference.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUAL HELP INDISPENSABLE.

WITH the help of this mighty companion I have changed the thoughts of men and boys after a few minutes' talk, and have shown them how they could turn their temptations into mental punching-bags upon which they might exercise their mental strength and increase their will-power and energy. I began life as a teacher of public school and I hope to die a teacher of what the world calls bad boys.

The child with an over amount of intelligence, energy, will-power and industry is sure to be bad and uncontrollable unless that energy is properly directed by a skilled disciplinarian.

For the comfort of the mothers of what the world calls bad boys I have annexed an article written by the step-son of my spirit friend, the boy whom I took to board in 1902. The article was written in 1910 and will show the power of correct thought as a builder of character.

In the following paragraph will be found the exact words of my spirit friend concerning reincarnation.:

In October, 1913, I wrote the Philadelphia Theosophical Society, offering to relate my expe-

rience on the Astral Plane. The president of that society called to interview me on the subject. He listened to what I had to say and then attempted to prove that reincarnation was the only thing. I told him that I knew I would never live in the flesh again and if I thought that I would have to be born in this world of sorrow and see people suffer and not be able to do any more for them than I can at present, that I would never be happy again, not even for one moment. To this he unsympathetically replied, that I was not consulted about my presence here this time and I would not be consulted about my reincarnation. His conversation made me so thoroughly miserable that I decided I could not meet a body of people of similar belief; therefore I never visited the Theosophical Society.

I grieved and worried over what he had said for two or three days and what puzzled me was that this man fills the spiritualist pulpit at least once a week and preaches to devout spiritualists.

After I had worried myself ill my spirit friend spoke to me thus, "How foolish for you who have seen to fret over the belief of one who has not seen? I tell you that you will visit this earth frequently to heal the broken-hearted of the world, but you will be in your spirit body, not in the flesh. When a babe is born it has all its faculties in an undeveloped state, but the soul or the God-derived portion is not there until

it catches its breath and fills its lungs with the ether or God-force of the universe, and when that God-force in form of a breath leaves the babe or the grown-up person it is said to be dead. If one develops the soul or the God-derived portion by loving deeds of kindness, good works, self-conquest, faith and industry, he will build for himself an indestructible ether body into which his breath will enter on leaving the human body, and he will have what is known as life eternal. If he fails to develop the soul and permits it to deteriorate until it perishes, the human being may become more brutal than the lower animals. When such a person dies it is like the blowing out of a candle, and the out-going breath mingles again with the God-force of the universe, and as every infant gets its first breath from the same source, in that sense some people may be said to be reincarnated over and over again until they have built for themselves a spirit-body in which to reside eternally. In this spirit-body it will continue to progress in order to become righteous enough to look upon the face of the Creator who gave it being in the beginning.

"Pure thought is the language of God, and some day thought transference will be perfected to such an extent that we will be able to talk from one universe to another as we use the wireless at the present day from station to station.

"With men this may seem incredulous, but with God all things are possible, there are a small number of persons at the present day that may be said to walk and talk with God, so be not disturbed by the belief of a materialist be he ever so learned." With these words she ceased speaking and from that moment the President and his reincarnation became a thing of the past with me and I became my own happy self as I was previous to his visit.

In closing I would say that the messages given in this book are simply to illustrate the comfort and happiness as well as usefulness of a highly developed spiritual life, and what it means to have grown worthy of a spirit friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I could not nor would not live without her. I earnestly recommend to those persons seeking spiritual knowledge that they meditate daily on the following quotations and study as well as read *Heart and Soul Culture* which can be bought from A. L. Fischer, Room 222 Mutual Life Building, Philadelphia, Pa. The book contains 218 pages, cloth binding and retails for one dollar.

CHAPTER IX.

QUOTATIONS FOR DAILY MEDITATION.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. 5: 8.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.—Matt. 5: 42.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5: 16.

But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.—Matt. 5: 44.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. —Matt. 7: 18.

Ye shall know them by their fruit.—Matt. 7: 16.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. 7: 7.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.—Matt. 7: 1.

Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. —Matt. 6: 34.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. 5: 7.

Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—Matt. 5: 42.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. —Matt. 6: 20.

The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4: 18.

He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.—Rom. 12: 8.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God.—Ps. 50: 23.

The truth shall make you free.—John 8: 32.

Speak evil of no man.—Titus 3: 2.

And this I say unto you, walk in the spirit.—Gal. 5: 16.

Blessings are upon the head of the just.—Prov. 10: 6.

Neglect not the gift that is in thee.—I Tim. 4: 14

All things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark 9: 23.

And I will pour out in those days of my spirit and they shall prophesy.—Acts 2: 18.

Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.—Luke 9: 55.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.—Prov. 20: 27.

There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.—Job. 32: 8.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit.—I Cor. 12: 4.

It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect.—Ps. 18: 32.

And He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick.—Luke 9: 2.

Use one quotation daily. Meditate thereon for at least five minutes.

The Following Article was Written

by the

Stepson of My Spirit Friend

The Article is Important

Because it Proves the Power of

Correct Thought

As a Builder of Character and a Developer

of Mind and Body

A BOY'S LIFE REVOLUTIONIZED BY CORRECT THOUGHT.

In relating this experience it is my desire to let everyone know just what correct thought did for me. The greater part of my early boyhood was spent in an Episcopal Home in Waverly, a suburb of Baltimore, Md., where I remained until eight years of age. While there I never showed a bit of intelligence, my mind was exceedingly childish and not susceptible to study of any kind.

I was sent to the district school with the boys of the Institution at nine o'clock in the morning, before noon-time I would be back at the Home with a note of complaint. I would of course receive the regular punishment for such an offense and be sent back to school. I would remain changed for a few days because I had a strong dislike for all kinds of punishment, especially that of being kept from my play. However I would soon forget the consequences of my misbehavior and there would be a repetition of the offense.

The only truthful and possible excuse for my condition was my inability to concentrate on any subject. This was much aggravated by my poor health and extreme nervousness. I could no more

think of sitting still for five minutes than I could think of flying, and this was most frequently the cause of my being sent from the school-room. As a proof of my extreme nervousness, which at times seemed involuntary, I would attempt to study a lesson, read a book or remain quiet for a short time, now, mind you, with an earnest desire to be quiet. At the expiration of a few minutes I would feel a twitching sensation running through my whole body accompanied by a sudden disinterest in what I was doing. I would jump up impulsively as though impelled by some mysterious force and do something mischievous.

I possessed no self-control because my nerves were weak, no power of concentration because my mind was untrained and no health because my body was not governed properly by my mind. Mine was indeed a grievous condition and it was not ameliorated by my surroundings or the people with whom I came in contact. My faults were corrected by penal punishment, but the real, tangent reason was not sought out and explained. I needed attention unlike the other boys received. I was like the sensitive plant that requires exceptional care in order to thrive or flourish. The punishment I received only irritated my condition, and I would have undoubtedly perished like an insufficiently nourished vine if it had not been for the change which took place soon after my eighth birthday.

I had a kind, considerate father who thought all the world of me and he knew that I was not receiving proper care. It was his custom to call to see me every Sunday, but one Saturday afternoon the assistant matron informed me that my father was in the study waiting to see me. I was so surprised that I could hardly believe her, for I had never known him to call on Saturday, besides it was contrary to the rules of the Institution. On entering the study I was immediately relieved of all doubt, for he was there in earnest conversation with the head matron. My father told me he had come to take me away, that he had found a better place for me. I went into ecstacy over the information, for somehow I knew intuitively, I suppose, that I was going to a better place. Thus I received the first intimation of my future, and what a grand and glorious future it did prove to be. All during the ride on the car, that was conveying me to my new home, I was assiduously inquiring about the particulars of it.

My father good-naturedly satisfied my inquisitiveness by telling me that he was going to put me in the hands of a good Christian lady who would take the best care of me, in short be a mother to me—and a good, good mother she has proven herself to be. She has never said one cross word unnecessarily or administered one

punishment without justification during the whole eight years I have boarded with her.

When we reached the house and rang for admittance a woman came to the door; I reached up spontaneously and kissed her without knowing whether she was the one in whose care I was to be placed, she won my confidence instantly. There was something about her whole appearance that seemed to draw me to her. Her face beamed with the radiance of love and kindness and it was these beautiful characteristics that made me love and respect her as I did.

My improvement was slow at first, although I liked the change and felt a strong desire to do better. I had not divested myself of my physical and mental weaknesses which so handicapped me in everything I undertook to do. My benefactress set herself about to strengthen the weak body and to obliterate other deficiencies and build for me a strong body which would be capable of promoting mental stamina.

This lady adopted the plan of treating me mentally by means of suggestion while I was under the influence of natural sleep. She affirmed that I would have increase of energy and vitality, she denied the presence of weakness and disease, and affirmed the presence of strength and perfect health.

Special attention was paid to the preparing of my food, which consisted of vegetables, cereals,

nuts and fruits, no meat being used, although I was given all the milk and eggs I desired. Certain physical exercises were used, and deep breathing was practiced several times a day. With such attention I could not help acquiring perfect health. I was thus treated unconsciously, but to show how rapid and effectual the treatment was, in a few months my body began to assume larger proportions and grew rapidly stronger, my face filled out and my mind grew less fluctuating. My disposition changed for I was learning to obey, that is while in her sight.

Progress was slow but ever so sure. We are all familiar with the words, "Rome was not built in a day," well it was just so with my persevering architect, but perseverance will conquer if allied with a strong will and determination, as it finally did in my case. I honestly believe that if my instructor could have worked without opposition she would have accomplished her undertaking much sooner, as it was she met with opposition on every side. My father remembering that I was born of a consumptive mother declared I was bound to be afflicted with the disease through heredity. "Nonsense," she would say, "there is no such thing as heredity, any condition, mental or physical, can be changed by changing the mode of thinking and living." She was at last successful, for at my present age of sixteen I am perfectly developed and I thank her persistency for it.

Then there was an old lady living in the house with us, a Mrs. Taylor by name, who happened to be present when I was being scolded about some mischievous act. My lecturer said something about the principle of the thing when this old lady exclaimed, with the air of the impossible in her tones, "You trying to put principle in that boy? Why he will never have any principle, he is a veritable Jack the Ripper."

My lecturer said nothing in immediate reply, but smiled in her quiet, persevering way and quietly said, "Oh, yes! we'll get it there." Well, I can hardly blame this good old lady for what she said about me, for she had seen me do so many terrible and audacious things that I guess she thought my reformation well nigh impossible.

There was also the difficulty about school to be overcome. I was continually being complained of on account of my inattention and misbehavior, so that at last my care-taker decided to teach me herself. This was all I needed, my power of concentration increased and my memory improved rapidly, so much that when I returned to public school I had to go only two years before I graduated from the Belmont Grammar School with honors. I have become inseparably attached to all my studies and I am considered a fine scholar in literature, history and French language by my teacher at the Central Manual Training School. I have developed a fine thinking capacity, a

strong power of concentration, a good disposition, in short, all of the qualities necessary to make a success of life, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to this lady for what she has done for me.

To illustrate the greatness of her many achievements with me I will cite an event which took place in Camden, N. J., in 1904. The Professor of a certain Business College had heard of me and said he would like to try me in arithmetic. I was taken to his college. I worked several problems in fractions, percentage, simple and compound interest. The Professor was greatly astonished and called the teacher of business arithmetic and he said, "I do believe the boy can do as well as some of our students in the graduating class." I was ten years of age and I suppose it was wonderful, specially so in my case because my mental foundation had been so weak in the beginning.

Now everyone can see and be convinced that this woman, who was a stranger to me when I came to her for a better home, has done more for me than the average mother would have done. I intend to repay her some day and I have resolved to have her act always as my spiritual guide, and while she exists here materially I shall love, reverence and respect her in thought, word and action. I will remain a strict adherent to all her teachings which have proven to be so bene-

ficial to me. I realize that the magnetic and spiritual force she has instilled in me will, if used judiciously, prove an irresistible claim to success.

EDWARD DES ROCHE,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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