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After Death

OR

LETTERS FROM JULIA.

A Personal Narrative

by the

HON. WILLIAM T. STEAD.

A WORK OF PRICELESS VALUE TO SPIRITUALISTS

FOURTH EDITION
FOURTH THOUSAND

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PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.

We take great pleasure in presenting this volume to the general public. W. T. Stead is a noted Englishman, standing exceptionally high as a leader in all reformatory works, and at times his movements and influence have agitated England from center to circumference. Such a person, so pre-eminent in all matters, literary, civic and political, will exert a wonderfully beneficial influence in the ranks of Spiritualism, through this book. Every reader thereof will bless him, and thank him, too, for permitting the undersigned to publish it. Thousands upon thousands of copies will be distributed.

106 Loomis Street. M. E. CADWALLADER,
Chicago, Illinois.

PREFACE.

Eight years ago I collected together and published the series of messages contained in this volume under the title, "Letters from Julia, or Light from the Borderland, received by automatic writing from one who has gone before." Since then the little volume has been six times reprinted in England, and at least one translation has appeared abroad. I have received so many grateful letters from persons in all parts of the world, who, after sorrowing for their dead as those that have no hope, felt on reading this book as if their lost ones were in very truth restored to life, that I can no longer refuse to issue it to a wider public. I have not changed a word or syllable in the letters themselves. They stand exactly as they were printed in the original edition where they were reproduced from the automatic manuscript of the invisible author who used my passive hand as her amanuensis. I have also left unaltered the introduction explaining how these letters were written. But I have changed the title to one which is more challenging than "Letters from Julia," and which also indicates more explicitly the subject of the book.

It may save me some unnecessary correspondence if, when introducing this new edition of the communications received from my friend Miss Julia — who "what we call died" on December 12, 1891, I state once for all that the narrative given in the preface is a simple statement of fact. There is no "dressing" of any kind. The friend whom I call Ellen is still alive. Miss Julia — was well

known to many who are conspicuous in good works on both sides of the Atlantic. Many persist in regarding the name Julia as if it were some fantastic appellation given to an imaginary entity. It was simply the Christian name given to my friend in infancy when she was baptized, and as she was known by it while in her former body, her friends continue to call her by the same name. There is no more reason for changing one's name because we change bodies than when we change dresses. I would have no hesitation about giving my friend's full name with all particulars as to her life history, were it not for two reasons. Some of her relatives might object, and if I published her full name I should deprive myself at once of a very simple test, first, as to the non-authenticity of messages professing to come from pseudo "Julias," and secondly, as to the futility of the popular delusion that psychic messages are always to be explained by thought transference. Her name is, of course, perfectly familiar to me, but in a dozen years, out of scores of psychics and mediums of all kinds, all of whom on the telepathic hypothesis ought to have had no difficulty in reading her name in my mind, only two have ever been able to tell me her surname.

I have not one word to alter or to modify in the statement made in the original preface, where I vouch for my absolute belief in the authenticity of the communications received through my hand. I am positive that the letters did not proceed from my conscious mind. Of my unconscious mind I am, of course, unconscious. But I can hardly imagine that any part of my unconscious self would deliberately practice a hoax upon my conscious self about the most serious of all subjects, and keep it up year after year with the utmost apparent sincerity and consistency. The simple explanation that my friend who has passed over can use my hand as her own seems much more natural and probable. I have many friends who, being still in their bodies, can write with my hand automatically at any

distance. If this capacity be inherent in the soul of man, independent of the body, when incarnate in flesh, why should it perish when the bodily vesture is laid aside like a worn-out garment? Automatic telepathic writing received from those whom we call living persons does not prove that similar communications can take place after one of these persons has put on immortality. But as it accustoms us to a mode of communicating thoughts without any conscious or visible use of the body of the communicator, it does away with the chief obstacle to the acceptance of messages from those whose physical bodies are mouldering in the dust. If my friends' minds do not need to use their own hands to write to me but can control my hand for that purpose while they are still in the physical body, why should they lose that faculty merely because they have put on a spiritual body? It is not their material envelope that writes with my hand at a distance of hundreds, or even thousands of miles, but a subtler something that is quite independent of their body and even their physical consciousness.

As to the salient truth asserted in these messages, the return of one from beyond the grave to inform those who remain behind of the life beyond, and of the light which the other world sheds upon this, I can only say that I believe it to be true. Those who reply by quoting Shakspeare's saying about the bourne from which no traveler e'er returns, may be disposed of by the remark that Shakspeare himself was of a different opinion. If that saying be true, the Christian religion is based on falsehood, and not the Christian religion alone. The reminder, recently afforded, that to the Japanese the constant and conscious presence of the spirits of the departed is as much a reality of their everyday, work-a-day existence as their artillery and ironclads, may do something to reconcile some of our superior latter-day Christians to a reassertion of one of the fundamental truths of the faith in which they profess to believe. When my friend describes her own experiences after death, I accept her statements as I ac-

cepted her description of what she saw at Ober Ammergau the year before she died. She was always a truthful woman, and I don't think that the change called death was likely to impair her veracity. At the same time I do not for a moment believe that her experiences are to be accepted as those common to all the departed. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and each soul goes to its own place.

Apart from what is peculiar or personal to herself, two or three things common to all appear to be clearly asserted in these messages. The first is that death makes no break in the continuity of mental consciousness. Our personality persists with so vivid a sense of its own identity that there is often at first some difficulty in realizing that death has taken place. The second is that the period of growth and probation is no more complete at death than it is on leaving school, finishing an apprenticeship, or retiring from business. The environment is changed. But the principle of growth, of evolution, of endless progress toward ideal perfection, continues to be the law of life. The third is that it is not only possible but lawful, and not only lawful, but an absolute duty on the part of mortals to renew and keep up a loving intercourse with the loved ones who have gone before. Such an imperious duty imposed by the loving heart is not to be thrust on one side by quoting inapplicable texts by which the Hebrew lawgiver three thousand years ago sought to deter the children of Israel from resorting to familiar spirits, and the black magic of primitive times. As earnestly as any writer in the Pentateuch I raise my voice against any tampering with the unseen and potent spirits of evil which lie in wait for the soul. But our friends do not become evil demons merely because they have changed their bodily raiment. Of this let readers of these messages from beyond the grave form their own opinion.

It may be asked why, if this be the case, I have done nothing to establish the Bureau of which my friend writes so much. I have been willing, but I

have not felt the imperious call which impels me to thrust aside all obstacles and say it must be done. I am a public man, immersed in public affairs, and I have felt that call in relation to mundane things, which left me neither means nor leisure to attempt to found the Bureau. If any who read this book feel called to co-operate in such an effort, I shall be very glad to hear from them, if they have any practical suggestions to make or help to offer.

I am often asked if I still hear from my friend. I am glad to say that there has been no break in the intimacy of our relations. I have a mass of other messages, which some day I may sift out and publish. But the letters contained in this little book are complete in themselves. I asked my friend before writing these last sentences if she had anything to say. Using my hand as she has ever done she wrote:

"I have only to add one word more.

"All that I have written is true and good. I have nothing to alter. With all that I have much more to say that I do not say now. These years, which to you seem so long, to me have been but as the gleaming joy of a summer's day. You will go on and you will see how true is all that I have said. As to the Bureau, I am as strong for it as ever. But perhaps I was wrong in urging you to undertake its organization. There are others with more leisure and more means. But I still feel that although others may provide the means and undertake the management, you are called from this side to see that the Bureau is established.

"The one thing more that I would like to add is this:

"All that I wrote about the joy and the glory of the Love of God, which is manifested to us more and more exceedingly, was too weak, too poor to give you any idea of how Life becomes transfigured when the atmosphere of Life is Love.—JULIA."

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

Moscow, October 10, 1905.

INTRODUCTION.

to

"LETTERS FROM JULIA."

JULIA and ELLEN, two women in the prime of their years, were united by a lifelong friendship, which not even death was strong enough to sever. They were both devout Christians, more absorbed in good works for the living than in speculations about the dead. But when at times the tomb cast its chill shadow across their busy lives they would renew the pledge so familiar to those whose love overleaps the barrier of the grave, and would again exchange the solemn covenant that whoever was taken first would, if it were permitted, return to the other who was left, and keep a solemn tryst. The visible manifestation of that actual presence of the departed would thus banish all doubt and convince the survivor as to the uninterrupted continuance of both life and love beyond the grave.

The years passed on. Julia died. The blow of the bereavement fell heavily upon all her friends, but upon none so cruelly as upon Ellen. The light of her life seemed to have gone out in the blackness of the darkness of death. For some months it seemed as if existence without her friend was a burden too great to be borne.

But one night the promise was fulfilled. Ellen was sleeping in her old home, when suddenly she was waked up. It was night, but the room was full of light. And close to her bedside she saw Julia

in her habit as she lived, radiant with life and peace and joy. She had redeemed her promise. For some moments she stood there, smiling but silent. Ellen was too awestruck to speak. The sudden and unmistakable fulfillment of the desire of her heart seemed to rob her of all faculty but that of feeling unspeakable joy. Then the figure slowly, almost imperceptibly dissolved away, and Ellen was once more alone.

Several months later Ellen visited this country, and again Julia fulfilled her covenant and kept her promised tryst. I happened to be staying in the same country house, and as I had known Julia, and was interested in such matters, Ellen told me the story of these two visits. After describing how Julia came the first time, she continued: "I saw her again the other night, in my room there. In both cases I saw her in the same way. I was sleeping. I was suddenly woke up, and saw her standing by my bedside. Then she faded away, and I only saw the light in the place where she had been standing. The first time I thought it might have been an hallucination, as her death was recent, and I was in such terrible distress about her; but the other night there was no mistake about it. I saw her quite distinctly. I know it was Julia, and she has come back to me as she promised. But I could not hear her speak, and I cannot bear to think that she may have come back with a message for me, and yet I could not hear what she had to say."

As I had at that time—much to my own surprise—begun to develop a hitherto unsuspected gift of automatic writing, I offered, in case she were willing and able to use my hand as her own, to allow Julia to write what message she pleased by that means.

Automatic writing, I may explain for those unfamiliar with the term, is writing that is written by the hand of a person which is not under control of his conscious mind. The hand apparently writes of itself, the person to whom the hand belongs having no knowledge of what it is about to write. It

is a very familiar and simple form of mediumship, which in no way impairs the writer's faculties or places his personality under the control of any other intelligence. This writing may proceed from his sub-conscious mind, or it may be due to the direct action of independent, invisible intelligences. What is certain is that it does not emanate from the conscious mind of the writer, who often receives messages containing information as to past events of which he has never heard, and sometimes perfectly accurate predictions as to events which have not yet happened.

It was in this way that I began to receive the communications, some few of which are collected in this little volume. All the "Letters from Julia" were received by me in the same manner. Sitting alone with a tranquil mind, I consciously placed my right hand, with the pen held in the ordinary way, at the disposal of Julia, and watched with keen and skeptical interest to see what it would write. The bulk of the first series was written as letters from Julia to Ellen. They were written as from one friend to another, beginning and ending just as if the writer were still in the body instead of having to rely upon the loan of my hand. The second series was written for publication at irregular intervals. The first series is really a compost of extracts from letters which were written every week for nearly six months, with some intercalated observations made to me at the time of writing. The second series is composed of the communications written as printed at the dates given in the text. The reader will probably regret the continual interruption of the narrative by the interpolated objections and questions printed in italics. On reflection, however, he will probably agree that the reproduction of the letters just as they were received, with the contemporary record of the thoughts of the conscious mind of the writer, whose hand was the unconscious agent for their transmission, was necessary, if only in order to show how far it is from

the truth to assert that the Julia letters were the outcome of my conscious mind.

It is not necessary for me to enter into a detailed statement of the evidence which has led me to the conclusion that these "Letters from Julia" are really what they profess to be—communications from the disembodied spirit of one who was my friend in her earth-life, but whose friendship has been far closer and more real to me since she was taken from us six years ago.

The evidence may be briefly summarized under the following heads: (1) The beginning of the communications as above described. (2) The giving of a test in the first message of an affectionate *sobriquet* bestowed by her on her death-bed, which was known to her friend but unknown to me. (3) The minute description of an incident which had occurred in or about 1885, of which I had never heard, and which Ellen herself had entirely forgotten until her memory was revived by the mention of details of place and time, which were quite unknown to me. (4) The writing out with my hand of names, Christian and surname, entirely unknown to me, who were her friends in her native land. (5) The intense personal and affectionate interest taken by the user of my hand in persons and movements in which my interest was by no means so deep as was Julia's. (6) The strongly marked and unvarying personal idiosyncrasy of the writer of these Letters, which is certainly not my own—is, I am afraid, in many respects very much superior to my own.

In addition to these internal evidences, there was the evidence of psychic persons gifted with the power of seeing the spiritual forms which surround all of us. To those who deny that such forms exist, or are visible to anyone, this evidence naturally does not count. But even those skeptics would probably weaken in their dogmatic incredulity if, after accompanying me to seer after seer, persons to whom I was totally unknown either by name or by features, they were to find that each and all of these

gifted with psychic vision described, among others, the easily recognizable form of Julia. Those who know that certain persons have this gift of clear seeing will realize my increased sense of the objective reality of her presence when I state the following facts: (1) That strangers who have never heard of her existence have described her as standing near me when my automatic hand was writing. (2) That several of them have not only described her but have given her name. (3) That one here and one in her native land have also given her surname, which I have refrained from publishing, and which I have equally in vain endeavored to telepath to the minds of other mediums. (4) That in one case the seer picked Julia's portrait out of a score, from which there was nothing to distinguish it, and identified it as "the lady who writes with" me. (5) That in another case details were given in the description by the seer which I believed and asserted were mistaken, but which, on reference to her more intimate friends, were admitted to be correct; and (6) That, by arrangement, Julia has kept appointments with seers at great distances from me.

Besides these reasons for believing that the intelligence which moved my hand when the "Letters from Julia" were written is not my own, but a superior intelligence independent of my work-a-day consciousness, there is the fact that on several occasions she has foretold with no less persistence than accuracy events which did not happen for months, and which I roundly told her I did not believe could possibly happen.

Hence I feel it impossible to resist the conclusion that these communications are what they profess to be—real letters from the real Julia, who is not dead but gone before. I know, after five years' almost daily intercourse with her through my automatic hand, that I am conversing with an intelligence at least as keen as my own, a personality as distinctly defined and a friend as true and tender as I have ever known. From those who scout the possibility

of such a phenomenon I would merely ask the admission that in this case their favorite theory of intentional fraud, at least on the part of the medium, is excluded by the fact that these messages were written by my own right hand, no other visible person being present. No one who knows anything of the prejudice that exists on the subject will deny that I have no personal interest to serve in taking up the exceedingly unpopular and much-ridiculed position of a believer in the reality of such communications. For years I have labored under a serious disadvantage on this account in many ways, both private and public. I am well aware that the contents of this Preface will be employed in order to discount and discredit everything I may do or say for years to come. That is unfortunate, no doubt, but of course it cannot be weighed in the balance compared with the importance of testifying to what I believe to be the truth about the messages written with my hand.

In conclusion, I have only to say that, while the source of these messages is of course a matter of the first importance in so far as they bear testimony to things not within human ken, the intrinsic value of three-fourths of the "Letters from Julia" is no more dependent upon theories as to their origin than the merits of Shakspeare's plays depend upon theories of their authorship. Grant, if you will, that the Letters were written solely by my sub-conscious self, that would in no way impair the truth or diminish the force of these eloquent and touching pleas for the Higher Life. I only wish my conscious self could write so well.

W. T. STEAD.

Mowbray House, Temple, W. C.

Christmas, 1897.

LETTERS FROM JULIA

FIRST SERIES, TO HER FRIEND*

I. CROSSING THE BAR.

When I left you, darling, you thought I was gone from you forever, or at least till you also passed over. But I was never so near to you as after I had, what you called, died.

How You Feel After Death.

I found myself free from my body. It was such a strange new feeling. I was standing close to the bedside on which my body was lying; I saw everything in the room just as before I closed my eyes.

How She Felt In Dying.

I did not feel any pain in "dying;" I felt only a great calm and peace. Then I awoke, and I was standing outside my old body in the room. There was no one there at first, just myself and my old body. At first I wondered I was so strangely well. Then I saw that I had passed over.

I waited about a little; then the door opened and Mrs. H. came in. She was very sad; she addressed my poor body as if it was myself. I was standing looking at her, but all her thoughts were upon the poor old body I had left behind. It seemed so absurd I could not help laughing. I did not try to speak at first; I waited to see what would happen.

An Angel and Her Mission.

Then I felt as though a great warm flood of light had come into the room, and I saw an angel. She,

* These "Letters" are partially made up from extracts from letters written with my hand, by Julia to her friend Ellen in 1892-3, together with others addressed to me. As these grew out of the correspondence with Ellen, I have included them in the first series. The black-letter headings are, of course, my own.

for at first she seemed to be a female, came to me and said:

"I am sent to teach you the laws of the new life."

And as I looked, she gently touched me and said: "We must go."

Then I left the room and my poor old body, and passed out. It was so strange; the streets were full of spirits. I could see them as we passed; they seemed to be just like ourselves. My angel had wings; they were very beautiful. She was all robed in white.

We went at first through the streets, then we went through the air, till we came to the place where we met friends who had passed on before.

Reunion and Separation.

There were Mr. M——, and Mr. M—— and Ethel A——, and many others. They told me much about the spirit world. They said I must learn its laws, and endeavor to be as useful as I could. The angel who remained with me all the time helped me to explain.

The spirit friends had their life much as it was here; they lived and loved, and if they had not to work for their daily bread, they had still plenty to do.

Return to Friends.

Then I began to be sad about you, and I wanted to go back; the angel took me swiftly through the air to where I came from. When I entered the death-chamber there lay my body. It was no longer of interest to me, but I was so grieved to see how you were all weeping over my worn-out clothes, I wished to speak to you. I saw you, darling, all wet with tears, and I was so sad I could not cheer you.

The Veil Not Yet Drawn Back.

I very much wanted to speak and tell you how near I was to you, but I could not make you hear.

I tried, but you took no notice of me. I said to the angel:

“Will it be always thus?”

She said, “Wait; the time will come when you will speak with her. But at present she cannot hear, neither can she understand.”

The Voice of the Invisible.

I was then called away. I found myself in a great expanse of landscape where I had never been before. I was alone; that is, I saw no one. But you are never really alone. We are always living in the presence of God. But I saw no one. Then I heard a voice. I did not see whence it came, or who spoke. I only heard the words, “Julia, *He who saved thee would fain speak with thee.*” I listened, but no words other than these were spoken.

The Flame-Bright One.

Then I said, “Who is it that speaks?” And, behold, a flaming fire—really like fire, though in human shape. I was afraid. Then he spoke and said, “Be not afraid. It is I, who am appointed to teach thee the secret things of God.” Then I saw that the brightness as of fire was only the brightness that comes from the radiant love of the Immortals.

“Behold Your Savior.”

Then the flame-bright One said to me, “Julia, behold your Savior!” and when I looked I saw Him. He was sitting on a seat close to me, and He said, “Beloved, in my Father’s House are many mansions; here am I whom you have loved so long. I have prepared a place for you.”

And I said, “Where, oh, my Lord?” He smiled, and in the brightness of that smile I saw the whole landscape change as the Alps change in the sunset, which I saw so often from the windows of my hotel at Lucerne. Then I saw that I was not alone, but all around and above were fair and loving forms, some of those whom I had known, others of whom

I had heard, while some were strange. But all were friends, and the air was full of love. And in the midst of all was He, my Lord and Savior. He was as a Man among men. He was full of the wonderful sweet mildness which you are acquainted with in some of the pictures that have been painted by the Italian Fra Angelico. He had an admirable look of warm affection, which was as the very breath of life to my soul. He is with us always.

Heaven Defined.

This is Heaven—to be with Him. You cannot understand how the consciousness of His presence makes the atmosphere of this world so different from that with you. There are many things I wish I could write to you, but I cannot, nor could you understand them. I can only tell you that He is more than we have ever imagined. He is the Source and Giver of all good gifts. All that we know of what is good, and sweet, and noble, and lovable are but faint reflections of the immensity of the glory that is His. And He loves us with such tender love!

The Love of Jesus.

Oh, Ellen, Ellen, you and I used to love each other with what seemed to us sometimes too deep and intense a love, but that at its very best was but the pale reflection of the love with which He loves us, which is marvelously and wonderfully great beyond all power of mind to describe. His name is Love; it is what He is—Love, Love, Love!

I cannot tell you everything; you could not understand it. But I am in a state of bliss such as we never imagined when on earth. I am with my friends who went before.

The Raiment of Immortal Youth.

No one seems to be old. We are young, with what seems to be immortal youth. We can, when we please, assume the old bodies or their spiritual

counterparts as we can assume our old clothes for purposes of identification, but our spiritual bodies here are young and beautiful. There is a semblance between what we are and what we were. We might recognize the new by its likeness to the old, but it is very different. The disembodied soul soon assumes the new raiment of youth, from which all decay has been removed.

The Life Beyond.

I find it so difficult to explain how we live, and how we spend our time. We never weary, and do not need to sleep as we did on earth; neither do we need to eat or drink; these things were necessary for the material body; here we do not need them. I think we can best teach you what we experience by asking you to remember those moments of exaltation when, in the light of the setting or rising sun, you look out, happy and contented, upon the landscape over which the sun's rays have shed their magical beauty. There is peace; there is life; there is beauty; above all, there is love. Beauty everywhere, joy and love. Love, love is the secret of Heaven. God is love, and when you are lost in love you are found in God.

How Sin Appears to Her.

You ask me what we feel about the sin and sorrow of the world. We reply that we see it, and seek to remove it. But it does not oppress us as it used to do, for we see the other side. We cannot doubt the love of God. We live in it. It is the greatest, the only real thing. The sins and sorrows of the earth-life are but as shadows that will flee away. But they are not merely on the earth plane; there is sin and there is sorrow on this side.

Hell, and the Joy of Heaven.

Hell is on this side as well as Heaven. But it is the joy of Heaven to be always emptying Hell.

We are learning always to save by love; how to redeem by sacrifice. We must make sacrifices, otherwise there is no salvation. What else is the secret of Christ?

II. THE SURPRISES OF THE NEW LIFE.

While my hand was writing a letter to Ellen I thought, "I wonder if the new life surprised Julia much." Instantly she wrote:

Yes, I was not prepared for such oneness in the life on both sides.

The Soul After Death.

When the soul leaves the body it remains exactly the same as when it was in the body; the soul, which is the only real self, and which uses the mind and the body as its instruments, no longer has the use or the need of the body. But it retains the mind, knowledge, experience, the habits of thought, the inclinations; they remain exactly as they were. Only it often happens that the gradual decay of the fleshy envelope to some extent obscures and impairs the real self which is liberated by death.

The Real Self.

The most extraordinary thing which came to my knowledge when I passed over was the difference between the apparent man and the real self.

How We Are Judged.

It gave quite a new meaning to the warning, "Judge not," for the real self is built up even more by the use it makes of the mind than by the use it makes of the body. There are here men who seemed to be vile and filthy to their fellows, who are far, far, far superior, even in purity and holiness, to men who in life kept an outward veneer of apparent goodness while the mind rioted in all wantonness. It is the mind that makes character.

It is the mind that is far more active, more potent than the body, which is but a poor instrument at best. Hence the thoughts and intents of the heart, the imaginations of the mind, these are the things by which we are judged; for it is they which make up and create, as it were, the real character of the inner self, which becomes visible after the leaving of the body.

The Power of Thought.

Thought has much greater reality than you imagine. The day-dreamer is not so idle as you imagine. The influence of his idealizing speculation may not make him work, but it may be felt imperceptibly by more practical minds. And so, in like manner, the man who in his innermost heart gives himself up to evil and unclean thoughts may be generating forces, the evil influences of which stir the passions and ruin the lives, it may be, of his own children, who possibly never knew that their father had ever had a thought of sin.

The Thoughts and Intentions of the Heart.

Hence on this side things seem so topsy-turvy. The first are last, the last first. I see convicts and murderers and adulterers, who worked their wickedness out in the material sphere, standing far higher in the scale of purity and of holiness than some who never committed a crime, but whose minds, as it were, were the factory and breeding-ground of thoughts which are the seed of crimes in others. I do not mean by this that it is better to do crimes than to think them. Only that the doing is not always to be taken as proof of wicked-heartedness. The sins of impulse, the crimes perpetrated in a gust of passion— these harm the soul less and do less harm than the long indulged thoughts of evil which come at last to poison the whole soul.

When the body is cast off the real state of the case is visible. Then it is for the first time that we are seen as we really are or rather have been

thinking. The revelation is startling, and even now I am but dimly beginning to be accustomed to it.

The Nothingness of Things.

Then there is another thing that surprised me not a little, and that was, or is, the discovery of the nothingness of things. I mean that the entire nothingness of most things which seemed to one on earth the most important things. For instance, money, rank, worth, merit, station, and all the things we most prize when on earth, are simply nothing. They don't exist any more than the mist of yesterday or the weather of last year. They were no doubt influential for a time, but they do not last; they pass as the cloud passes, and are not visible any more.

An Appeal for Help.

I want to ask you if you can help me at all in a matter in which I am much interested. I have long wanted to establish a place where those who have passed over could communicate with the loved ones behind. At present the world is full of spirits longing to speak to those from whom they have been parted, just as I longed to speak to you, but without finding a hand to enable them to write. It is a strange spectacle. On your side, souls full of anguish for bereavement; on this side, souls full of sadness because they cannot communicate with those whom they love. What can be done to bring these sombre, sorrow-laden persons together? To do so requires something which we cannot supply.

The Sting of Death.

You must help. But how? It is not impossible. And when it is done death will have lost its sting and the grave its victory. The apostle thought this was done. But the grave has not been so easily defeated, and death keeps its sting. Who can console us for the loss of our beloved? Only those who can show that they are not lost, but are with us more than ever. Do you not think I have been

much more with Ellen since I put off my flesh than I used to be? Why, I dwell with her in a way that before was quite impossible. I was never more with her than I have been since I came to this side. But she would not have known it, nor would you have heard from me at all but for the accident of your meeting.

Wanted, a Bureau of Communication.

What is wanted is a bureau of communication between the two sides. Could you not establish some such sort of office with one or more trustworthy mediums? If only it were to enable the sorrowing on earth to know, if only for once, that their so-called dead live nearer them than ever before, it would help to dry many a tear and soothe many a sorrow. I think you could count upon the co-operation of all on this side.

We on this side are full of joy at the hope of this coming to pass. Imagine how grieved we must be to see so many whom we love, sorrowing without hope, when those for whom they sorrow are trying in vain every means to make them conscious of their presence. And many also are racked with agony, imagining that their loved ones are lost in hell, when in reality they have been found in the all-embracing arms of the love of God. Ellen, dear, do talk of this with Minerva, and see what can be done. It is the most important thing there is to do. For it brings with it the trump of the Archangel, when those that were in their graves shall awake and walk forth once more among men.

A Spiritual Revival.

I was at first astonished to learn how much importance the spirits attach to the communications which they are allowed to have with those on earth. I can, of course, easily understand, because I feel it myself—the craving there is to speak to those whom you loved and whom you love; but it is much more than this. What they tell me on all sides, and especially my dear guides, is that the time is come

when there is to be a great spiritual awakening among the nations, and that the agency which is to bring this about is the sudden and conclusive demonstration, in every individual case which seeks for it, of the reality of the spirit, of the permanence of the soul, and the immanence of the Divine. I said: "*But how can I help?*"

She wrote: "You are a good writing medium. If you would allow your hand to be used by the spirit of any on this side whose relatives or friends wished to hear from them, you could depend almost confidently upon the spirit using your hand. At any rate, I could always explain why they could use your hand."

III. ON THE BLISS OF HEAVEN.

The Difference Between Heaven and Earth.

On another occasion I asked her, "What is it, for instance, which makes heaven so much better than earth?"

She wrote: There are degrees in Heaven. And the lowest heaven is higher than the most wonderful vision of its bliss that you ever had. There is nothing to which you can compare our constantly loving state in this world except the supreme beatitude of the lover who is perfectly satisfied with and perfectly enraptured with the one whom he loves. For the whole difference between this side and your side consists in this—without entering now into the question of body and matter—that we live in love, which is God, and you too often live in the misery which is the natural, necessary result of the absence of God, who is love.

The Secret of World-Saving.

There is much love on earth. Were it not so it would be hell. There is the love of the mother for

her children; of brother and sister; of young man and maiden; of husband and wife; of friends, whether men or women, or whether the friendship is between those of the same sex. All these forms of love are the rays of heaven in earth. They are none of them complete. They are the sparkling light from the diamond facets, the totality of which is God. The meanest man or woman who loves is, so far as they love, inspired by the Divine. The whole secret of the saving of the world lies in that—you must have more love—more love—more love.

Love is Self-Sacrifice.

You may say that there is a love which is selfish and a love which is evil. It is true, but that is because the love is imperfect. It is not love when it leads to selfishness. The love which leads a mother to engross herself with her own children and neglect all her duties to other people is not wrong itself. It is only because she has not love enough for others that her love for her children makes her selfish. The great need wherever love seems to make people selfish is not less love for those whom they do love, but more love for the others who are neglected. You never love anyone too much. It is only that we don't love others enough also.

The Divine Ideal.

Perfect love all around is the Divine ideal, and when love fails at any point, then evil is in danger of coming in. But even guilty love, so far as it takes you out of yourself, and makes you toil, and pray, and live, and perhaps die for the man or woman whom you should never have loved, brings you nearer Heaven than selfish, loveless marriage. I do not say this as against marriage. I know you think that this is dangerous doctrine. All true doctrine is dangerous, but is not less true for its danger. There is no doubt that much so-called love is very selfish, and is not love at all. The love, for instance, which leads a man to ruin a woman, and

desert her when he has gratified a temporary passion, is not love. It is not easy to distinguish it from the deadliest hate. It is self-indulgence in its worst shape. Now, all love is of the nature of self-sacrifice. There are many things also to be borne in mind. We have all not merely to think what is the result to ourselves, but also to other persons, some of whom may not yet be born.

What True Love Means.

To love, therefore, anyone really, truly, means that we are putting ourselves in his place, loving him as ourselves; that we desire for him the best, and give up ourselves and our own pleasure in order to secure it for him. This is true love, and wherever you find it you find a spark of God. That is why mothers are so much nearer God than anyone else. They love more—that is, they are more like God; it is they who keep the earth from becoming a vast hell.

God is Love.

Now, my darling, hold fast to this central doctrine: Love is God, God is Love. The more you love, the more you are like God. It is only when we deeply, truly love, we find our true selves, or that we see the Divine in the person loved. O Ellen, Ellen! if I could come back and speak in the ears or the children of men, I think I should wish to say nothing but this—Love! Love is the fulfilling of the law, love is the seeing of the face of God. Love is God, God is Love. If you wish to be with God—love. If you wish to be in heaven—love! For Heaven differs chiefly from earth and from hell in that in heaven all love up to the full measure of their being, and all growth in grace is growth in love.

The Alpha and the Omega.

Love! love! love! That is the first word and the last word. There is none beside that, for God, who is love, is all in all, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, world without end. Oh, my dar-

ling Ellen, this is indeed a true word. It is the Word which the world needs; it is the Word which became flesh and dwelt amongst men—Love, love, love!

IV. ON MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

The following letter was written to a dear friend who was utterly broken down by excessive grief over the death of a beloved relative. I have suppressed the passages which were exclusively personal to the friend in question, but the letter as a whole might be addressed to any of those who mourn for their dead as those who have no hope.

At a Death-bed.

I was often with you during the last illness of your dear one, and oh I did so want to help you, but I could not make you see me or hear. I was with you that day when she came over to our side. We were all waiting around for her, and I felt it would have been such a comfort to you to have told you just how happy she was with her mother and husband and the others. But, alas! alas! you were all so unintelligent we could not make you hear anything.

A Tender Remonstrance.

My own beloved, what do you mean by mourning as one who has no hope? Is it then all mere talk that Christ brought life and immortality to light? Why is it that with the certainty of the continued existence of your loved ones you feel as disconsolate and forlorn as if there were no other world, and as if Christ had never triumphed over death and the grave? Why do you grieve as those who have no hope? Do you not know that you are as a city, set on a hill which cannot be hid? How many thousands, nay millions, of poor souls all over the world will have their lives saddened by the drip of your tears, who might have been gladdened by the

sunlight of your smile—if you had only believed really in the love of God!

A Lost Opportunity.

I do not say you have been very bad, I only mean to say that, whether from ill health or overstrain, you have not made the most of an opportunity. My dearest friend, I beg you not to think that I would dare to say these things to one to whom I owe so much, and from whom I learnt almost all that has been useful to me on this side, but I am on this side, and we can see things here which you cannot.

Joy the Natural Right of the Believer.

I still hope you will be able to give to all the whole world an example, not of what is called Christian resignation, which is often only another word for despairing acquiescence, but the gladness and joy unspeakable that is the natural right of those who live in the love of God. This is not my message only. It is the message of all on this side. Why were you raised up, why are you set on high in order that all eyes may see you? I know you. Not for your own sake, but in order that you in your life may reflect His love to all who see you, as a mirror reflects the rays of the sun.

The Real Cause for Grief.

My dear, dear friend, why do you not weep, not that your dear one is with us, but because you have made so little of the magnificent opportunity of proving to all that the other world is God's world to you, and that those who are lost to others are not lost to you who believe?

It is no use saying you believe if you don't believe. What is the use of saying you are warm if you shiver? I must beg of you not to be vexed with me, and not to think that I would say one word about anything that might grieve your mind,

nor that we see so clearly, oh so clearly, what a chance there is now of proving to all the reality of Christ's triumph over death.

Conductors of God's Love to Man.

What can I say to convince you? It is easy, you say, for me to scold you, but you cannot hear me; see me. You stretch out your hands in the darkness for your dear one who stands close to you, and you feel nothing, and you are disconsolate, and your heart rebels and you are unbelieving. Well, so far as you disbelieve, so far you lose your power to be the conductor of the love of God to man.

The secret of all power to help man is for you to be just the passive instrument in God's hands to teach, to show, to prove what he says. When self or unbelief comes in, there is weakness and loss of power. I don't mean by self what people call selfishness; I mean the darkness of material things which shuts us out from God and His Truth.

Grief a Measure of Unbelief.

It is no use saying you believe when you feel sad. No one who really believes can ever feel sad. The measure of your grief is the measure of your unbelief. We who live in the atmosphere of the Love of God are often sad at our own imperfections. But where the deed is not ours but His, when the fact is what His wisdom and love have accomplished, not what our selfishness and sin have brought about, then all sorrow is the register of the spiritual thermometer of unbelief.

Death and the Sorrow of the World.

Forgive me; I hate having to say these things to you, you who have been my teacher, to whom I owe all I am now, oh my own beloved friend. It is not pleasant for me to say these things. It is a hard thing. But I know your faith, and I know your love, and I trust to see them shine forth radiant

and as the Love of God before the eyes of a sorrowing world.

How awful a sight is the human race. Nothing you have ever said, or written, or dreamed could adequately express the sense of the horror of the sum of misery and anguish that prevails in the world by the presence of Death. By sin came death, Christ came to triumph over both. But He has not triumphed if those who call themselves by His name have no realizing sense of the immortality of their loved ones. Christ destroyed the dim veil that sin drew between the two worlds. Christ opened up the spirit world to those on earth.

The Work of Christ Partly Undone.

But since His time that veil has been gradually restored, until now Death is as palpable a separation as it was in the pagan day. That is to be changed, and you are charged with one great part of the work of changing it. It is a proud privilege, a glorious opportunity. Go back, not as one who sorrows for the dead who are lost, but one who rejoices for the lost who are found.

And if you are faithful, then will the joy of the Love of our Lord, which will fill your heart, be as the Dayspring from on high to the dim, sorrow-beared eyes of the human race.

Now, my dearest and honored friend, forgive me! What I write, I write not for myself alone, but for all on this side whose hope is placed in you. Good-bye.

Your loving friend, JULIA.

V. THE LAW OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

One of her communications, which came on the 18th June, 1893, was obviously addressed to me throughout.

Spirit Communication Not Harmful to the Spirits.

I am over the border, but I am in constant com-

munication with you on the earth-side. To me this has been the means of great blessing. I cannot conceive how anyone can consider that such communications can possibly retard growth. Growth depends upon love and service; and you limit the area of both when you put a wall of iron between the spheres. The conception of such as a geographical place is very material. You think too much in matter. You cannot realize that to me and to all on this side you are spirit-fogged in a little body limited and conditioned by that fog. But the real self is spirit, not flesh-fog, and life is ministry and sacrifice and service and love. As, therefore, this means of communication enables me to minister to and serve those whom I loved, who are often sorely pressed and troubled, you can see how absurd is the doctrine that it is a hindrance to development.

The Lesson of the Incarnation.

The question arises at once, Was Jesus wrong? Did His Incarnation impair or harm His Divine Nature. If not, then remember His own example. As He saved us, we also must save others, walking so far as we can in our Lord's steps. You are able to bear witness to the fact whether or not for the eleven months during which I have communicated with you I have ever sought anything but your welfare and the welfare of your friends. Would it have been good for you to have been without my friendship? I have been ever near to you, and have more than once been able to tell you of what was to come, to explain what seemed mysterious, and generally to help and encourage you in all your work. What is there in this to harm one? I am surprised that anyone should be so matter-minded as to imagine the earth-sphere is a geographical and not a spiritual limitation. No one is on the earth-sphere who lives in the spirit of the Lord. The place is immaterial; the spirit is everything.

The Wail of the Bereaved.

Now, there are millions of good souls here whose love for those whom they left on earth is vast and consuming. There are mothers who have been taken away from their children; there are women who have lost their ~~lovers~~ and their husbands; there are numberless men who love and have lost their only joy in life when a gulf was made between them and those whom they loved. Oh, my dear friend, don't talk such nonsense! What is the use of saying they ought to find all consolation in the love of God? How is God revealed to me? He is revealed to them only when they love; there is no God where there is no love. Do you think that we, on this side, because we live more visibly in the presence of God, and are more consciously in the light of the love of our Lord, therefore love less those whom we loved on earth? I tell you, nay. It is quite the opposite. We love them more and more and more continually as we grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord.

The Barrier to be Broken Down.

But how is it that we find ourselves thus cut off by a barrier from those whom we love? Partly, no doubt, by our own fault. But, also, largely by yours.

One Army of the Living God.

You have had teaching as to the communion of saints; you say and sing all manner of things as to the saints above and below being one army of the Living God, but when any one of us on the other side tries to make any practical effort to enable you to realize the oneness, and to make you feel that you are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, then there is an outcry. It is against the will of God! It is tampering with demons! It is conjuring up evil spirits!

Argumentum ad Hominem.

Oh, my friend, my friend, be not deceived by these specious outcries! Am I a demon? Am I a familiar spirit? Am I doing what is contrary to the will of God when I constantly, constantly try to inspire you with more faith in Him, more love for Him and all His creatures, and, in short, try to bring you nearer and closer to God? You know I do all this. It is my joy and the law of my being. I should go on doing it even if you were to refuse to let me use your hand. I am more privileged than most, because I can consciously interpret my action to you. But I am only doing consciously to you what is being done to others who are more or less unconscious of the influence they are subject to.

A Blessing from on High.

Take my darling Ellen, for instance. I never write to her now with your hand, because I can, and do, constantly communicate with her direct. I do not visualize myself before her eyes; but she knows I am with her constantly, and always most with her when she is most troubled. But if you had not happened to be at F——, as you would say, Ellen would only have had a vague semi-consciousness, hardly daring to call itself a hope, that I was with her. Now she knows. And you can ask her whether the knowledge is not to her as a great blessing from on high.

The Ocean of Heavenly Love.

Oh, my friend, my friend, you do not know the volume of refreshing water that will rush forth if you strike the rock, and save this people from perishing in the arid wilderness of unbelief. I am not now speaking about religion. I am speaking about love. There is love in this world like the water in the sea. Its waves are wailing and sobbing on the shore of human life; but you cannot hear, you do not understand. Why not try to flood your world

with this heavenly love? Is it not worth while doing? If not, what is worth doing?

The Dangers of Communicating Across the Border.

I want to say one word now about the danger of the communications about which you hear so much. I have not much to say. That there is love on this side is true. The devil and his angels are no mere metaphysical abstractions. There are evil ones, false ones, frivolous ones on this side, as there are on yours. You can never enlarge the scope and range of existence without at the same time enlarging the area of possible temptation and probable loss and peril. But the whole question is one of balance. And what I want to ask you is this, Do you or anyone else in your world ever cut off your communications with your children when they have gone into the larger life of a city, because they may bring you into the vortex of a city's temptations and the risk of evil and danger? You laugh at the suggestion. Why not laugh equally when those whom you love have passed on, not to New York, or Chicago, or London, but in the presence of God?

I do not ask that you should open a door into your souls through which all who feel disposed on this side should enter in to possess it. You can, if you like, either on this side or that, enter into companionship with the good or the bad. And I dare say that it is as true, on this side as on yours, that there is a possibility of making acquaintances who may be difficult to shake off. But so it is in London. You do not shrink from coming up to London from the country because in London there are many thousands of thieves, drunkards, swindlers, and men of evil and vicious life.

The Risk: Nothing to Love.

You say you came up to London to do your work, and that it was therefore necessary to run the risk. Yes, and so it is necessary to run the risks of communicating with the wider field of spiritual

existence. You say why? Oh, my friend, why? Is it necessary to ask that question? If so, then you have never loved, or known the craving passion to help the loved ones. I rest the case on love. I will not argue it now upon what you believe and know, of the importance of realizing the segmentary nature of earth-life. I base it on the wide and universal want of the human heart not to have its consciousness of the presence and existence of the beloved suddenly severed by death—what you call death—which is really the entrance into life. It is necessary to risk the danger of evil spirits for the sake of keeping in conscious touch with the loved who have gone before.

Nothing Supernatural.

And, believe me, the danger is monstrously exaggerated. It springs entirely from the false and foolish notions which have prevailed. If only you grasp the idea of the continuity of existence; if only you remember that, though the conditions of existence are altered, the life itself remains the same, you will no more have to face so many evils as those which come from believing that, when we speak to you, you are confronted by a kind of spiritual earthquake—a rushing into your life of something altogether supernatural. There is no such thing as supernatural. All is natural, and our Lord is the Lord of all.

SECOND SERIES.

TO THE WRITER.

I. AFTER THE BORDER HAS BEEN CROSSED.

Although my communications with Julia have been more or less regular, for the last five years they have been chiefly about matters in which I have been personally interested, and for nearly two years I

abstained from questioning her as to her life on the other side. In one of the last letters which she wrote, she excused herself from writing further at that time. She said she felt that it was almost a presumption for her to describe a country in which she had made so brief a sojourn. Travelers should not attempt to describe a continent as soon as they land on its shores, and she adjourned for a season all communications on those subjects. This silence I respected, but at the close of 1894 Julia announced that she would resume her communications, and this is the result. The headings are my own. It will be noticed that here and there, in these communications, there are remarks by the way, asides, as it were, interrupting the tenor of the message. That is owing to questions which I ask, or mental observation which I make, as I read what my hand is writing.—W. T. S.

December 17, 1894.

My Dearest Friend:—My duty to you and to those whom you reach is very grave. My task, however, is a pleasant one. For you are to allow me to tell those who are still in the body something more of the life which they will lead when their bodies are no longer useful.

In the Hour and Article of Death.

In my earlier letters I told you how I experienced the change which you call Death. I have since then exchanged experiences with very many others on this side, and I now know more than I did then. With me the change was perfectly painless. I wish that it might be so always with all who are appointed to die. Unfortunately the moment of transition sometimes seems to be very full of pain and dread. With some it lasts a comparatively long time; I mean the time of quitting the body. With some it is momentary. The envelope opens, the letter is released, and it is over. But sometimes the

deathbirth is like childbirth, and the soul labors long to be free. There is no visible cause why this should be. That is to say, I do not know why some should pass so much more easily than others. That it is a fact is true. But, after all, the parting of soul and body is but an affair of moments. There is no reason to regard it with so much alarm. The tranquil soul that prepares and knows need not feel even a tremor of alarm. The preliminaries of de-cease are often painful; the actual severance, although sometimes accompanied by a sense of wrench, is of small account.

When the soul leaves the body it is at the first moment quite unclothed as at birth. The spirit-body disengaged from the physical body is conscious, at least I was, almost from the first.

I awoke standing by my dead body, thinking I was still alive and in my ordinary physical frame. It was only when I saw the corpse in the bed that I knew that something had happened. When the thought of nakedness crosses the spirit there comes the clothing which you need. The idea with us is creative. We think, and the thing is. I do not remember putting on any garments. There is just the sense of need, and the need is supplied. When we stand for the first time on this side there is not so much fear as great awe and curiosity. The sense of being in a land altogether undiscovered and unexplored, where there may be all manner of strange beings, perhaps hostile, fills you with a moment's trepidation. And then it is that the good Lord in His kindness sends to the newly-delivered soul the Guardian Angel of whom I wrote before.

The Guardian Angel.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, this Messenger of Love and Mercy meets all men when they die. In this there is no distinction made between the saved and the lost, and the Messenger is sent alike to all. But the lost have not the faculty to see him. The saved not only profit by his counsels, but feel him,

and know he is with them. It is to all that the good Lord ministers—to all on your side and on this. His loving kindness is over all his creatures. But some know Him not, and when He would draw them nearer to His heart they are as if they saw, heard, felt nothing. But I think He loves best those who need Him most. The orphaned souls He cares for, though they see Him not; and they suffer, as it is necessary that they may be rid of the sin-stains which their loveless life has left upon their souls.

In Outer Darkness.

The sinfulness of sin chiefly shows itself in the inability to see God. The punishment of sin which is remedial, is the sense of loneliness and darkness which overwhelms the loveless souls when they come into this world, the atmosphere of which is eternal love. This they endure until such time as they love. When they love they turn to God, and see in the darkness a ray of the Love infinite and everlasting, in which they are able to realize, as we do, that they live, and move and have their being.

There is much about this of which I will tell you later. For the present let me just say this: There is, when the loveless soul comes here, as much care taken to welcome it as when the soul of love arrives. But the selfish soul is blind and dark, and shudders in the dark. The imagination, which here is far more powerful than with you, fills the solitude with spectres, and the sinner feels he is encompassed by the constantly renewed visions of his deeds. Nor is this all; he sees those whom he has injured, and he fears. If ever a soul needs a Savior and Deliverer, it is when imagination and memory without love recreate all anew the selfish acts of a loveless life.

Alone in a New World.

December 18, 1894.

When you stand all alone for the first time on this side there is not always, as you would think, a great longing to go back to the world you have quitted. The first sense is not that, but of awe, and of curiosity

as to the new world. When I awoke I was so astonished and amazed at what I saw, and at the strangeness and sameness, I did not want to come back. The mind has not room for too many strong emotions at once. After the first shock of the entire novelty has subsided you begin to remember your friends. I remember seeing the nurse at my bedside and trying to speak to her, but I was soon convinced that it was impossible, and the new life lay before me.

You see it is this way: There is so much that is familiar and so much also that is unfamiliar, that you don't feel as if there was any immediate hurry to examine the old which you have seen all your life, and go on seeing, while there is so much that is new which you have never seen. You naturally are absorbed by the new, and only after you have felt and seen and understood what the new things are does your mind revert back to those whom you have left, and you wish to go back to tell them of what you have experienced.

No Desire to Return.

Have you ever wished to be back again in this life? She wrote:

No, I have never for one passing moment wished to be back in my body again.

The body is such a miserable substitute for the spirit in which we live and move and act as we think. No, if I might come back and live on earth as I used to do, I would not; it would be all loss and no gain. There is nothing the body could give me that I do not now enjoy. Only in an etherealized but more real way, and much that I enjoy I should lose by being again in my body.

No Separation From Friends.

What about being parted from friends who survive?

That is, I admit, a deprivation to them and to you, inasmuch as you see them lamenting their deprivation. But it is not a real deprivation. You are with them to help them more than when you lived. When

the departure entails material loss, as of the father who earns the money with which the family is supported, and the children are hungry, are scattered, or are sent to the poor-house, you may think that it is hard to bear. And in one way it is. But you can have no idea of the abiding sense of the things which most impress us here. The first is the vivid realization of the love of God; the second is the exceedingly transitory nature of all earthly things; and the third, the extent to which poverty and misery minister to the creation of character, the development of love. These things make you feel very differently from what you, who are still immersed in the fever of matter, can quite understand.

The Difference of Perspective.

We see so very differently the perspective. We realize that what often seems to you hard and cruel is the greatest benediction of the love of God. We know that He is Love, and what seems least loving is the irreducible minimum of suffering necessary to create the soul anew in the likeness of the love of God. Whatever else you may doubt, never lose hold of this:—God is Love. The atmosphere of the universe is the realizing sense of the love of God, and the more I live here the more impossible it seems to doubt it. The sun shines. The light of the sun fills the sky, and there is no doubt about it. God is Love. His love fills the universe; to us there is no doubt about it. Nor does the cloud or the night make us doubt the sun. And we do not doubt God because of the sin and the darkness where He is not seen.

Oh, my friend! my friend! I am ashamed of the poor, paltry, miserable words and metaphors with which I am now trying to give you some idea of the abounding and overwhelming sense which we have of the love of God. That, my friend, is Heaven; and when you have it Heaven is there. All is summed up in that: God is Love, Love is God, and Heaven is the perfect realization of that.

December 28, 1894.

What I want to write about this morning is the state of the disembodied soul immediately after death. When it meets the Guardian Angel there is usually a blank wonderment.

The Same Yet Not the Same.

All is so new, and there are such unexpected samenesses as well as differences. When, for instance, we wake into the new life we are still in the same world. There are all the familiar things around us—the walls, the pictures, the window, the bed, and the only new thing is your own body out of which you stand and wonder how it can be that it is there, and that it is no longer you. And then you begin clearly to understand what has happened. It is very much like experiences you have in dreams, which, after all, are often due to the same cause, the conscious soul leaving the physical frame, which, however, remains breathing. The first thing you notice that is not the same is the Angel. You are the same. I mean that there is no break in your consciousness, your memory, your sex. I was woman in my bodily life, and I am woman still. There is no change there. But you are in a manner different.

On the Wings of Thought.

The Angel Guardian who came to me had wings, as I said. It is not usual, but if we please we can assume them. They are no more necessary than any of the contrivances by which you attempt to attain the mastery of the spirit over the burden of matter. We think and we are there. Why, then, wings? They are scenic illusions useful to convey the idea of superiority to earth-bound conditions, but we do not use them any more than we use steam-engines. But I was glad my Guide had wings. It seemed more like what I thought it would be, and I was at once more at ease than I would otherwise have been.

The Voice of the Guide.

When my Guide came he spoke to me in a very

sweet, strong voice that had in it the confidence of the Invisible. And I was thrilled through and through with its note, which did not seem strange to me. Nor was this strange, for he had often been with me during my earth-life, although I had never seen him. I recognized him as an old and familiar part of myself, and this at first made me think that it was a woman. And when he said: "Come!" I did not hesitate. There was, as it were, a natural response to what seemed as the prompting of your own conscience. This is often the case. We have all our guides. These angels, unknown and unseen by us, prompt us to all good actions and dissuade us from evil. They are with us in thought, and we often receive their warnings as if they were the promptings of our own spirit. So they are; but the spirit which prompts is quite outside our own conscious self.

Our Higher Self.

The Guardian Angel is indeed a kind of other self, a higher, purer, and more developed section of your own personality. This is perhaps a little difficult to understand, but it is true. There are, as well as good, evil angels, who are with us no less constantly, and they are also sometimes visible as Angels of Darkness when we come across. They are with us always, and we are with them here when we leave our bodies. We are always swaying hither and thither towards our good and evil guides. We call them, or we did call them, impulses, wayward longings, aspirations, coming we know not where or whence. We see on this side where they come from.

The Senses as Blinkers.

The soul in the body hears but dimly, and sees not at all the innumerable influences with which it is surrounded. The first and most startling thing we have to learn is that our senses, material senses, are not so much to help us to see and hear as to bar us off from seeing or hearing. We are on earth as it were, with blinkers on. We must not see or hear or

know much that surrounds us. The physical consciousness which is part of us, needs for its development the temporary seclusion of life from the realities of the world of spirit into which it is ushered at death. Hence, when we close our eyes in the sleep of death, it is more of a laying down of the blinkers that limited and confined our vision than almost anything else. I am speaking of the conscious change to our senses.

God and Evil Spirits.

We then can see what were the sources of these vague impressions, intuitions, and aspirations, both up and down. We were in the midst of these Beings always, but we mistook them for parts of ourselves. They are distinct, although united, for no one can live to himself alone. We are all members one of another, and this is as true of spirits as of bodies.

These evil agencies exist. That I know. We see them; but we cannot fear them. For greater is He that is for us than all they that are against us. He is Love. And He is stronger than hate. The only power the Evil Ones have is due to our fear and lack of faith. They are powerless when we yield to the good Guardian who is ever near us, or when we know of God, who is love. I have not seen much of this evil side of life, and my information must be more or less second-hand.

A New Freedom of Movement.

When I began to move I walked as I used to walk, and it seemed natural to do so. My Guide walked beside me, and we saw the world as it was with spirits moving among men. I did not see at first which was which. They were all living people, it seemed to me. But I saw the spirits pass through matter and move away, as physical bodies could not do. Then I asked my Guide, and he said they were like myself, those who had lived on earth and had passed on. Then I saw that they moved sometimes as if they were still in the body, and at other times as

if they were angels, coming and going with great speed, and I remarked upon it to my Guide. And he said, "Yes, they can do as they please, for it is in the power of the mind to go slow or fast."

Then I thought, if they can, I can. And I asked, not speaking, but thinking in my mind, if this were so? And my Guide, without my having spoken, answered and said, "This also is possible to you." And I said then to him, "May we go as they go whenever we are going?" And he smiled and said, "As you will, so it will be." And then I had my first experience of the new freedom of locomotion. The earth seemed to grow small beneath my feet.

A Flight Through Space.

We went through space at a great speed. I did not feel the speed so much while in motion as when we stayed and discovered how fast and how far we had come. When we stayed it was not in this world at all. We had left your planet and were now—speeding through space. I was hardly conscious of movement. We went as we think. Only the things we saw at first disappeared, and there was nothing to check or time our flight. We were together, my Guide and I. We went to a place at a great distance from your earth. The distance I cannot measure. Nor do we take account of distance, when you have only to think to be anywhere. The stars and the worlds, of which you see gleaming twinklings at night, are to us all as familiar as the village-home to a villager. We can go where we please, and we do please very often.

The Passion to Know.

For there is one Passion that increases rather than diminishes on this side, and that is the desire to know and to learn. We have so much to learn and such facilities! We shall never be able to say we know everything about this world, for the marvellous wisdom of God is past finding out. When we reach what we think the ultimate, there is a new vista of marvels which we see before us. We pass through, and

when we come to a stand, beyond us again stretches a new invisible marvel-world, into which we also may at some new stage of development begin to see.

What oppresses us, if we may use the word, always and everywhere is the illimitableness of the universe. Up and down we see it unfolding always and ever. When we make the most effort to exhaust the subject the more inexhaustible it appears.

The Journed Beyond the Bounds.

The journey which my Guide took me was a long one, how long I did not know. He led, I only willed to follow him. The motion was not flying. It was thought-transference of yourself. When I look back I see that it was made slower and simpler to give me the sense of distance. Now the movement is instantaneous. But then at first it was gradual. From walking we seemed to glide into the air without effort. The world simply sank away from us as when you are in a balloon; then it slid away behind, and we went through the air or through space in ether without landmarks. He went a little before me. I was at first a little frightened. But he was with me, and there was beside me such an exhilarating sense of liberty and power. You don't know what a prison the body is until you leave it. I exulted, I was so well, so free, so happy.

A Place Very Pleasant to Look Upon.

(Question—What about those you have left in tears?)

No, I did not think much during the journey of those whom I had left behind. They were alive and well, and they would soon come over and be with me. The overpowering rush of new sensations seemed to leave no room for regrets or thoughts of the old life. Well, you may regret this, but I am telling you facts. You will find it so also your first day. And I think it is good and not evil. For otherwise it would have been different.

When we were journeying I spoke little. My thoughts were busy and yet I was not conscious of even thinking, only of feeling and seeing, drinking in at every point new impressions. When we seemed to be arriving at a new world, I spoke. I asked my guide, "Where is this? Is this Heaven?" He replied, "Wait and see. You will find those there who will teach you what you want to know."

The place was very pleasant to behold. The air was sweet, and there was a delicious fragrance as of flowers in June. The World—for it was a world we were approaching—seemed not unlike our old world, but it was different—there was nothing to jar. The sense of restful peace and contented love was everywhere. The place had a placid smile of tranquil joy; the note I remember, the details I will not enter upon.

II. LIFE ON THE OTHER SIDE.

My Dearest Friend:—I wish to write with you quite a long letter this morning.

I will postpone anything I may have to say about personal things, in order to tell you the message with which I am charged.

It is a message not personal to yourself, but general, and one which I wish you to publish in *Borderland*. We have not often so good an opportunity of addressing those who are still in their bodies, so I beg you to allow me the full use of your hand and pen for an hour at least.

Reunion With the Departed.

You may remember that in my last I told you how we traveled to the land where I met my beloved friends. The meeting was very pleasant, but also in some way strange. There was a sense of difference. Those whom I met were still as loving as when I had bidden them adieu, but they were also somewhat different. There was nothing that reminded

me of the pain and sorrow in which I had last seen them. They had grown spiritually. I felt myself a poor child beside them. Yet they were not haughty, only they knew more and loved more. They were very tender and kind to me. My Angel Guide handed me over to them. She* said, "She needs what you can give her."

The first thing they were to teach me was to see those whom I knew on this side. That is almost always the way. I was no exception. When the soul wakes up on this side it is often encompassed about by those whom it has loved and served in life. But sometimes a little space intervenes, as was my case. Why, I shall tell you hereafter. But the space is small. We talk of space to you because you are still dominated by earth conditions, and when you come over here you find it difficult at first to escape from the old conceptions. They gradually fall off you as the chrysalis drops from the butterfly. But you will find that the Guide and the loving Father are wonderfully accommodating to your weakness and ignorance and prejudice.

Why They Did Not Meet.

When I came here I had not lived long on earth. When I passed over I was still in the full energy of my prime. Among those who were here before were none who had been so close to me on earth as to make me long for them more than for all else. If Ellen, for example, had been on this side, my first thought would have been for her, and she would have been with the Angel. But as it was, all the longings of my heart were for those still on your side. My affections were set on the world and the souls still in the body. With regard to the New World, what I felt was more curiosity and wonder than the immediate passionate longing of the heart

* Julia speaks of this Guide indifferently as he and she explaining, when I asked, that in our sense angels are neither male nor female. See pp. 2 and 45.

to meet those who had gone before. Hence the Angel met me alone. Hence the apparently long journey through space.

(Question—What about space?)

My dearest friend, it is impossible for me to answer all your questions. When you can understand what I might call the other side of everything, and can realize that the things seen are temporal, but the things unseen are eternal, you will be able better to understand what I am now trying to tell you as to the semblance of space.

Recognition.

When I found my friends, there were about five or six of those relatives and near friends who had been on this side for some time. My dear little sister was the loveliest and dearest of all. I saw before me the semblance of her childhood, just as she was in the long years ago, when I had parted with her it seemed forever. But she was only assuming the child-form to gain recognition. After a time, when I learned more about the life here, she revealed herself to me as we see her now, as a spirit who is a woman grown. There is no difficulty in our assuming whatever form we need for the purpose of the moment. No, I do not mean to say that I could assume permanently any disguise; but you can make yourself appear for the time what you think you wish to be. For the subtle thought is as an artist not merely in color or marble, but to all apparent semblance in the actual person.

The Analogy of the Double.

You should not marvel at this, for have you not many proofs of this even on your side in the phenomenon of the Double? Yes, the Double only reproduces himself. But if you, when you are still encumbered with bodies of flesh and blood, can reproduce your apparently real and living counterparts, clothed sometimes in dresses which exist only

in your thought, why should you doubt that we can do the same, only to a much greater extent? We have no need to do so for our own purpose; but when a new comer arrives, or when we have to manifest ourselves to you who are still in the body, then we need to use this thought-creation, and body forth the visual tangible appearance with which you are familiar.

(Question—Can you tell me how to do this?)

No, I will not enter upon that subject, there is much more important matter to write about than these induced materializations.

The Chief Surprise.

My little sister having embraced me, and welcomed me to the sphere where the loved and the lost are united, took me by the hand and brought me to the friends who were close by waiting for me. They were all very kind and loving, and they told me many things. The chief surprise that I found was in the fact that we were all so very much the same. We did not seem to have become angels or saints. For my part I was, I fear, by no means saintly. There was at first a certain awe that numbed me; but as that numbing sensation wore off, my old natural self asserted itself, and I really felt that I was as I had been, only with a much greater sense of power and of freedom. There was the increased sense of vitality—doubly and trebly delightful after my illness—and a great feeling of restful absence of fret.

No Sense of Perfection.

But don't imagine that I felt myself a saint or an angel; I did not, and I fear that I do not now. The sense of imperfection is still with us. Oh, my friend, my friend, there are heights to scale which you have not dreamed of; there are depths of infinite love which we have not even attempted to fathom. And the more we see, and know, and understand of

the Divine love, the more we feel lost in the contrast between the immensity of His love and the infinitesimal meagerness of our own souls. But the difference between what we feel here and on earth is that here the consciousness of love is everywhere. We see what we are, and we often regret it, and mourn for our shortcomings. But we know that we live in the very love of God, and that our very stumblings tend upwards. But we do stumble and fall short of the glory of God.

The Persistence of Individuality.

Even here! oh, my friend, my friend, do you think that if that bundle of passionate and eager forces which make up what you call your Ego were to come here, if the earthly house of your tabernacle were to be dissolved, that you would, in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, be quite other than you are? Would that spirit of yours be freed from the characteristics which make you really you? No, I tell you no. Individuality is not eliminated, but rather accentuated in its essence, and harmonized in its accidents. The trouble in the world is that there it is the other way. There is so much friction in the horns and hoofs and armor of individuality that the real individuality often perishes.

No, I don't mean that we never get into a temper; but we are in what you might call a moral and spiritual sanitarium. We have brought with us all our diseases. We get cured. You can understand that by analogy with the effect of certain climates on earth on physical maladies. The ozone of our life here is love. And, my dear friend, if you had but love enough you would have heaven where you are. Believe me, that there is no truth greater than this. God is Love! God is Love!

How Love Makes Heaven.

And heaven differs from earth most of all in this. There is more love in it; and every love that throbs in the human heart makes earth more like heaven. No, I will not be led into a discussion about differ-

ent loves. I have written about that before. All that I need say now is that the love which takes you out of yourself, and makes the happiness of another so important to you as to make even pain and trouble joyous, and more to be desired than the greatest pleasures, if they are for the welfare of the beloved, that love is the love that overcometh the world. Sin is only the absence of love. Sorrow would be turned into joy if only you loved. I know what you mean. But the sorrow that comes from loving one too much—no, you can never love any one too much. You often love others too little, and the misery you feel because, as you say, you love one too much, is really because you love the other too little.

And Lack of Love Hell.

You have, for instance, lost, by parting or by misunderstanding, some one whom you idolize. You are wretched, and life seems dark, and there is no object worth living for. This darkness and misery are not because you love, but because you don't love. For that which troubles you is the void, the blank left in your life. You have never mastered the secret of the true life until you have learned that love is the magic wand that can transform the world, and that wherever it is not transformed it is because you do not love. For instance, if your heart was always full of love for all men as it is for the woman whom you most passionately adore—if every human or sentient being were so much loved by you that you were as much rapt into ecstasy by a chance of helping them, and of making them glad, as you are by similar opportunities for her whom you love—you would never be a blank, nor existence a burden. No, my dearest friend, believe me when I say, whatever else I may have to teach you, there is nothing that for a moment is comparable in importance to this—the open secret of heaven's love. He who dwells in perfect love is in heaven. Hatred is hell, and God is with all

who love. God is love. Those who do not love are without God.

Death Exists—for the Living.

But your questions and objections take me away from what I was saying. When I came to talk with my friends, they told me many things that at first startled me. They said, for instance, that I should be able to go among all those whom I had left, and that I should feel no sense of separation. For the spirits of our friends are open to us on this side. Then I said, "There is no death," and they laughed merrily. "Of course not," they said, "not to us who are 'dead.' Death is only a sense of deprivation and separation which the so-called living feel—an incident of limitation of 'life.' Death only exists for the 'living,' not for us." And I wished at once to go and see if it were so; and immediately as I thought, I was back among those whom I loved. I saw Minerva, and tried to make her see me. I saw Ellen, and she would not listen to me; and so I came back and said: "No, there is death." They cannot hear, or see, or speak, or feel my touch. And my friends said, "There is death for the body, and those who are in the body feel death even when in life; but when they sleep, and some when they wake, they can hold converse with the spirit before death." And, as you know, I have found it so. But sometimes the soul is so immersed in matter, it is so preoccupied with the affairs of the world, that even when sleep liberates the higher soul it sees nothing of us. Mostly, however, we can see, and speak, and communicate freely with the spirits of our living friends. But they seldom can communicate their impressions to the physical consciousness, which is to us almost as inert and unimpressionable as the body of a man asleep is to the living men around.*

* In the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, of April 1895, we have a very elaborate paper

The Meeting With Jesus.

March 22, 1895.

My Dearest Friend:—May I resume my message? Thanks, so much. When I had tried in vain to communicate with Minerva and with Ellen, I began to be a little sad. It seemed to me as if I were away from the real interests which bound me to life. It was, no doubt, very pleasant to be well, and delightful to move about as freely as you think; but still the people I loved most, and the work I was most wrapped up in, were there; and I was rather sad. Then it was that the Good Angel who had welcomed me into this world took me to see my Lord. I have nothing to add to what I wrote before.

Sadness and Sorrow Fled Away.

It was beautiful and glorious, exceeding all my powers of description. There was no expectation of the meeting, nor was I even able to realize the fact that I had met Him until I saw the whole landscape flame and glow as with the radiance of opened heaven when He spoke to me. The cause for this difficulty was, I suppose, the extreme naturalness of all that I saw and heard. There is such a difficulty in realizing that to-day, as yesterday, is the same. When there is something of what we used to call the supernatural order coming in the midst of what seems so very natural, it is difficult to realize it. But, oh, my friend, when it is realized, what a change occurs! The whole world was transfigured in the realization of the intensity and constancy of

by Mr. Myers upon the experiences of Mr. Stainton Moses. On pp. 87 and 88 we have what professes to be an account of communications made through Mr. Stainton Moses, July 21, 1871, by the spirit of no less eminent an ecclesiastic than Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester. Whether the communicating intelligence was in any way connected with the disembodied spirit of the bishop, I do not propose to discuss; I merely wish to call attention to the communication received, which purported to come from this source, in order to show how naturally and simply, and, as a matter of course, the

His love. And from that moment I have never been sad, save for my own shortcomings and my own lack of love. Oh, my dearest friend, if only we could live more in the realized sense of His love.

(What about the Divinity of our Lord?)

The Divinity of Jesus.

Oh, why do you trouble yourselves about these scholasticisms? The thing that matters to you is surely what is—not what may have been defined centuries since. My dearest friend, when you come to this side and have a more vivid sense of the majesty and marvel of the universe; when you see, as we do every day, the great unfolding of the infinite glory of the Infinite Father; and when you see also, as we do, that the whole secret of all things is Love, and that there was never so much Love revealed to mankind as in Him, you can understand how it is true that there dwelt in Him the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

March 23, 1895.

My Dearest Friend:—That is right be quite passive; ask no questions, but allow me to write as if I were using my own hand. What I want to say to you, and, through you, to the world of men and women among whom I once lived as an embodied spirit, is not a message which you can help out by eager questionings. Ask me what you please after I have done; but, meanwhile, make your mind as passive as possible. I will do the writing.

The Divine Power of Love.

Now, my dear friend, I wish to go on from where I left off, telling you, as far as I can, consecutively what my experiences were when I first found my-

Intelligence communicated information which corresponds pretty closely to "Julia's" account of "Life on the other Side."

Footnote continued from page 55.

"When my spirit awoke to consciousness of the eternal life and its surroundings, I found myself in company with bright and blessed angels, the ministers to me of the abounding mercy of God. The shock that severed me from earth had been so sudden that at first I was not conscious that I was in the spirit world. But my dear father made himself known, and convinced me that I was indeed alive and amongst the ranks of the shining ones. With him was my dear mother; and they were joined after by the pure spirit of Keble, and philanthropic souls who delight to gather around him who on earth was a chief amongst men in philanthropy and deeds of love. By them I was conducted to the home where my guardians rest. From them I learn that which is requisite for me, and am taught to put aside much that I once thought of vital moment. Ah! how easily does the spirit put away the opinions of earth to which it so fondly clung! Through my guardians I received the request that I would put myself into communication with you. It was conveyed to me through your presiding spirit, who now writes for me. I complied with joy, and am now pleased beyond measure that I can touch the plain where so many dear to me still live; though alas! alas! I cannot reach them. They know not, and will not learn as yet. Since I left the earth I have been occupied in learning my work, and in preparing myself for the life of progress to which my being is now devoted. Already, under the guidance of my guardians, I have passed through the first sphere, where are gathered those who are bound to earth by the affections, or are unable to rise as yet. There I saw some whom I had known in the body, and learned from them, and from others, much that I needed to know. My work will be of a similar sort till I reach my appointed sphere. I have come to give you this brief word of comfort and consolation. Be of good cheer."

"One has so much to ask. Are the spheres like this world?"

"In every way similar. It is only the change of conditions that makes the difference. Flowers, and fruits, and pleasant landscapes, and animals, and birds, are with us as with you. Only the material conditions are changed. We do not crave for food as you; nor do we kill to live. Matter, in your sense, is done with; and we have no need of sustenance, save that which we can draw in with the air we breathe. Nor are we impeded in our movements by matter, as you are. We move freely, and by volition. I learn by degrees, and as a new-born babe, to accustom myself to the new conditions of my being."

"Are things real to you?"

"Quite; and very beautiful."



self on this side. When I had seen the splendor of the love-light that flooded the world, I was beside myself with joy. All the many loves which I had known on your side faded into insignificance beside the great glowing radiance of that love which swathed me about as with a garment and enabled me to see what marvellous possibilities, what undreamed-of powers were all the while in the heart of each of us. For there is no other word for it but love. God is Love, and Love is God, and the mystic power of God is Love. We may become as God so far as we enter into His divine nature, which is love. We may be God as we love, and we remove ourselves from God as we don't love. When you feel as if you were unable to sympathize with any person, by so much as you are unable to sympathize even with his sins, you are out of God. He is all in all, and all His all is Love; and you cannot work out His purposes in hate and unkindness. Oh, if only I could make you see as we see it here, how true it is that they only live who love; that all that is not love is as death; that the soul that does not love is without God in outer darkness; and the only way to save the world is to drench it with love; yes, love even for the worst. It is not by disliking men, even for their sins, that you will save them from their sins. Pardon me, but this is the truth; all else that I can tell you is but as the fringe; this is the central essence of all.

The Impression Left by Jesus.

When I had, as it were, recovered from the delighted amazement of the new light, I felt overpowered by a sense of the marvellous condescension of my Lord; for there was about Him nothing of the majesty that terrifies and repels. The one supreme idea which He left on my mind was that of the infinite attraction of love; and a love, too, that was personal to myself. There was no jealousy in my love, but I felt that He loved me as much personally as He loved any one; and He wished for my love, and that without it neither He nor I

could be complete. (I know you think this is a blasphemy; I should have thought so once.) But there is the incompleteness of the not yet realized ideal; and the thought of God will not be completely embodied until every heart throbs in responsive love without one jarring note to the All Lover, in whom we live and move, and have our being.

And with the great new joy in my heart I talked with Him. * * * What I meant and what He understood was very simple. I longed, simply longed, with an all-constraining desire to make known this love that passeth all understanding to those I loved; and He smiled with loving satisfaction at me as I spoke, and I knew that I was not denied.

The Patience of God.

But I was not then allowed to begin my work. What I had to do was the beginning of preparation for my work. I had to learn so much; and among the lessons I had to learn, this above all was enforced upon me, to apprehend the patience that waits. He waits; for with Him time is not, and He sees the end from the beginning. And when we, in our impulsive eagerness, would rush in and change, forgetting that time is but a mode of thought, He restrains us; and I was restrained. But it seemed hard; I wanted to go at once and tell you what the truth of the world is. But I must wait. Wait and learn. And I was prepared to execute my mission.

March 31, 1895.

My Dearest Friend:—I gladly continue my message. You are so busy, I sometimes fear that I shall never be able to tell you what you want to know.

Character the Only Test.

The worth of character, which you sometimes ignore and never rightly recognize, must be seen as we see it here to be appreciated. We have wonderful surprises here. We see men as they are. Not, of course, all men always. But when the wrappings

are off, we see the nature of the soul, and the factor that decides is the character. I know this sounds like a commonplace. But it does not seem a commonplace when it is applied as we see it applied here. No. You can hardly, by any stretch of imagination, realize what a change it is to live in a place where the only test is character, where property, station, and work do not count—no, nor religious profession. The idea that you so often have in the world, that the words which you say with your lips have magic influence on your hearts, must be seen in all its hollow absurdity to be understood.

Judge Not.

We see things as they are, not as they are labeled. We have such surprises to encounter; such amazing upturns and revolutions of the estimate in which men and women are held. Oh, my friend, my friend, if the first word of my message is, God is Love, and those who Love are living in God, my second word surely must be: Judge not. Judge not. For you cannot see, you cannot understand. You are all as children in the dark, making guesses at the colors of shadows thrown upon a screen. You do not see the color, and yet you pronounce confident judgment. Judge not until at least you see the man as he is. Often what seems to you the worst things are the best. Sometimes the apparent best are among the worst. Motive is not everything, but it is a great deal—so much that those from whom motive is hidden cannot judge fully. My own experience of all this was very varied, and I soon became accustomed to disregard all the distinctions I had made so much of when in life. Then I used to ask if So-and-so were religious, whether he belonged to this or that or the other church; now these things do not interest me any more than the new frills and facings of fashion. We don't ask what church. Here let me say that you may misunderstand what I have written. It is not that I think being religious is of no importance. It is of all importance.

Churches and Real Religion.

What I meant was the asking of any one of his church connection as a way of knowing whether or not he was religious. That is the absurdity we never practise. We never ask about these things except so far as they stand in the way of the real religion. We lament, and have continually to deplore, the fact that they are substituted for the love which is the fulfilling of the law. The degree of love with which any one loves, measures his religion.

The Test of Irreligion.

The degree of hatred, or indifference which paralyzes love in the soul, is the test of irreligion. Love eats into selfishness as the sun's rays eat into the black and dark night. That is God in life. That is what we see. Light that shines in the darkness. Love is that light. We don't care for the shape of the shutters that shut it out. Nor for the endless discussions, as to the windows that let it in. These questions are so simply answered.

The Best Test of a Church.

The best window, what is that? It is the window that lets in most light. Where, then, is the light that is the test of the window? And the light of life is Love, and Love is God and God is Love; and those who do not love are those who sit in outer darkness, and in the valley of the shadow of death. Sin consists in the living without God; that is to say, without love. But the more you think the more you see that love that is selfish is not love, and love that injures its object is not love but cruelty. The love that sacrifices the permanent welfare of the loved one, to the immediate gratification of the pleasure of the moment, is not real love. All love supposes some degree of restraint, and this is true of the Highest as well as of men and women. Restraint that is born of the intelligence that foresees. And real love is the keenest-sighted of all things.

III. HOW TO WIDEN THE CHINKS.

September 18, 1896.

I have much to say to you, and I hope that you will be quite passive and not interrupt me.

Charged With a Message.

Now listen. I am going to write a letter to the readers of *Borderland*, which will be a very useful communication. We have been thinking it over for a long time, and I am charged to deliver it to you at the first opportunity. I will write it straight away, and continue day after day till it is finished. I think it will take me about a week to finish it. And you must let me have the uninterrupted use of your hand. It is to give them what we know to be the most important advice that there is to give for the conduct of life.

The Thought of God.

We have all seen with intense interest the efforts which man is making at present to discover, if he can, what lies beyond. We who are beyond are not less anxious to communicate to you—who have still to slough your bodies—what will be the best for you on earth to know, in view of the new life which awaits you. And I had hoped that, in the letters which I began in *Borderland*, to have explained many things. But they were interrupted, and I now see that it was better so.

No Claim to Infallibility.

We who have ceased to dwell in matter often make mistakes in our expectations, as you do, and err in our judgment. No one save Him who is above all knows all. We are not made infallible because we put off our bodies. We see many things you do not. But we are making progress through darkness into light, through ignorance into knowledge. And hence it is that while we may, and I hope often will, say what will help you and enable you to guide

your way better, we never arrogate to ourselves the right to dictate. We are only too glad to impress you with our thought. But it is not Divine wisdom—only the thought of your friends who, being disencumbered of their earthly bodies, have the open vision, and dwell in the land of Love and Light.

Not New Light But More Light.

Our chief difficulty in framing our message is the fact that we have nothing to say that has not been anticipated, more or less, by one or other of those messengers who have taught men the way to God. But this is obvious. You have to recognize the fact that God has not left you in darkness all these ages, nor has He given you misleading light. What we have to do is not to give you what I may call a revolutionary revelation, so much as to widen the chinks through which the same light may stream through a little more clearly. The fullness of the glory of that light we cannot describe. We who dwell in it are discovering more and more of the imperfection of our vision. And so it will ever be. Progress, eternal progress, ever forgetting the things that are behind, ever reaching forward to those which are before it, is the universal law.

There are many things, however, on which we think it possible to widen the chinks. And I will at once proceed to explain what it is that we wish to impress upon you as most important.

(Remark—I thought at once, “Love?”)

The Gospel That Will Save the World.

I am not going to repeat what I have often said before about Love. There is nothing to add to or to take away from what I said about love when I first wrote with your hand.

Where God Is.

For the identification of love, wherever it is found, as God, as a ray from God, pure and bright, the authentic emanation from God, in proportion as it

is unselfish and sacrificial in its nature, that is the Gospel which will save the world. And when men ask you where God is, then you can answer, where Love is. That I have said before, and I might go on saying it always. But repetition would not widen the chinks.

And what we want to do is to widen the chinks, through which more of the light and glory of this world may stream into the world in which you live.

A Reproof.

Yes, it can be done if you will but be passive and not make your mind a whirling wheel of interrogation. When you are done asking, I may get on writing. But when your mind is so excitable and runs along so many of its own channels, I cannot trust your hand as the instrument whereby to transmit my message.

Yes, I can understand. But the understanding why does not suffice to make the instrument work. When you are passive I shall resume my message. It is of great importance to have a passive, quiet, receptive mind.

September 19, 1896.

Now to resume where I left off.

Her Message.

What we wish most to say to you is that you should endeavor to resume the habit of contemplation. You are all too much hurried. You are all getting to be too busy. How do you think that you are to keep the door open between you and Him who is Love, unless you have at least some moments in the day when you can be alone with Him, and with us? Oh, my friend, when we see you absorbed day by day, and far into the night, over the things of your life, being so preoccupied that no voice from the other side can reach your ears, what chance have you to grow in the knowledge of the Spirit? About as much as a girl dusting out a boarding-house in a hurry has of learning the higher mathe-

matics. Oh, my friend, what the world needs is an arrest of this fretful fever about trivial things which perish with the using.

What the Age Most Needs.

What the age needs is time to think, time to meditate, time to pray, time, in short, for the Divine and Eternal. What is it that we most need in our efforts to bring this world of ours into touch with yours? Why have I failed with you, comparatively? Why is the Bureau I wrote about years ago not established? All because of one thing, and one thing only. You have no time. That is to say, that all the time you have, you spend on the things of this whirling transitory life. It will not do. Your world will gain no glimpse of the other side, open we the chinks never so widely, when the whole day is spent in the desperate pursuit of an unceasing multitude of this world's affairs. No; to truly live, you must make time to think; to clear, for some moments at least, a silence where our voices may be heard. That is nothing new, but the world seems to be forgetting it more than of old. We can do nothing to establish the connection unless, for at least some brief season, you can say to yourself, "Peace; be still!"

Five Minutes' Meditation.

We do not ask impossibilities. We do not wish men in a newspaper office to practice the contemplative life of the monks of the Thebaid. But we do affairs possess them. But if there were but five minutes in every day in which to possess their souls in peace. All the rest of the day the world and its affairs possess them. But if there were but five minutes daily for the soul for quiet thinking on the relations between you and love—which is God manifest in life—would it not be better for you? Would you not have more chance of the open vision that you have lost?

(Question—Am I not myself suggesting the illustrations at least?)

An Explanation by the Way.

Oh, my friend, how little you understand the working of mind on mind. All that I see in your mind—knowledge of the English language, for instance, or associated ideas—are to me so much material by which I can get my thought into your consciousness. All your stored-up ideas, memories, associations, are like the letters inside a typewriter. I strike whatever I need. The alphabet was yours, but the touch was mine.

What is necessary to be done is to get the idea impressed on the mind of this generation, Rest. And whatever there is in your mind that I can use to impress this idea I use without hesitation. It is easier working with familiar tools. When I try to make you write words with which you are not familiar I fail, at least as often as I succeed. Hence, I am always more pleased when I can revive an old idea, or use a metaphor that would be familiar to you, than if I were to laboriously try to move your fingers to trace words which you had never seen before.

Now I hope you understand. What I want you to say I make you feel in the readiest way possible, always your own language and your own ideas as I use your own pen and your own handwriting. But I use them to impress my idea, to deliver my message.

Don't Crowd God Out of Your Life.

And what we have to say to you and through you first of all is this: You must have time to think of God and of His Manifestation as Love, otherwise you will crowd God out of your life; and a life without Love is a life without God. What you all need is a halting-place now and then; a resting-place in which the angels of God can commune with the soul. What chance have you of realizing the truths of the other world if you are perpetually racing to catch trains in this? I know you must catch trains, but what I plead for is that you should make

time, at least for a few minutes a day, in which to catch Eternity or a glimpse of it and of Eternal things.

Yes, that will do. I will write to-morrow.

September 27, 1896.

Now then to resume. It is a mistake to say that there is no longer time in which to think. With the increased rush there are many oases. But with the continued rush there disappears the capacity to utilize them. And what I wish to do to-day is to point out some of the methods in which the lost Meditation-time may be recovered.

Meditation Times.

What I want meditation-time for is to get a chance at your soul. The mundane and material veil the soul from us. We catch fitful glimpses of your soul as if through thick hanging clouds. We want to see more of it. And to influence you more in Time with the thought of Eternity.

To do this we must get you to help. And the first way to help is to teach you how to utilize your spare moments. Here let me answer that thought of yours as to the idleness of purposeless meditation. It is not my purpose that your meditation should be purposeless.

To Develop Love.

What I want you to do, if you find an opportunity, is to modernize the Rosary. What you have to do is to get the ordinary man who will not pray, and who is not given to spiritual meditation, to take the first steps towards the realization of the Divine. This you can do only in one way. Where Love is, God is. There is no formula so true as that. To get man into the presence of God, make him love. And the worst sign of the latter times is when the love of many has grown cold. But do not quench the smoking flax. Break not the bruised reed. Wherever life is, love is not impossible. For the complete absence of love is the final cessation of life.

Love is often latent as heat is. But the development, the expansion of love—that is the growth of life.

First, for Your Higher Self.

Hence the use of the meditation-moment is primarily the development of Love. And this can be done quite simply by giving the Divine nature within each a free chance to assert itself. For all around man lies the quickening spirit of God. And you have but to allow it a chance instead of hustling it out of the way to see the God-germ grow.

(Question—Must man, then, think first of self and not of the others?)

Now you are surprised and I see your thought. But what a man ought first to think of when he meditates is himself. What am I making of myself? For love begins at home. And if a man is cruel to his own soul—? No, you must care for your higher self, the God within. What are you doing with that? Giving it exercise? And what? Since when has it had an opportunity of doing anything worth doing? And are you stunting or starving or killing it? Soul-murder—are you guilty of it? For it is possible to murder your own soul.

Second, For Your Enemies.

And then the next thought must be, My enemies, what good have I done them? For an enemy is the man with whom you have failed. It may not be your fault, but if he is your enemy, you have failed; for it is failure when any fail to realize that One is your Father, and all ye are brethren. Whom you dislike, that is an enemy—a failure. Have you done anything to make him a success? You may do nothing. But have you thought kindly of him, pitying his blindness and his shortcomings, longing to see him better?

(Question—But sometimes it is best kindness to punish?)

Yes, I know you are quite right in thinking that there are times when it is necessary to punish evil-doers; but as you punish, love! And remember that punishment without love is not of God. Have, then, a list, long or short, of the people you dislike, and run over them lovingly. Out of joint with this, with that, with the other—this is not in the Divine order, and you ought to try to be in charity with, that is to like, all men.

Thirdly, For Your Friends.

Then your friends, and those to whom you are related. Your success depends upon individualizing. Take each in turn. What have you done for him, for her, since yesterday? What have you left undone?

In short, evil is the want of thought. Think—a loving thought is a prayer. You have not time to pray? Then make time to think of those you love. Without thinking on to people you lose vital connection with them. To all men and women you know you owe some duty, however slight. It may be a smile, it may be a word, it may be a letter, it may be praise, it may be blame; and there is more love needed to blame rightly than to praise. But whatever it is, it is due from you to each of these. Have you paid your dues? Not in the lump, but to each his due?

What is the excuse for half the unkindness in the world? What is the cause of most of the sadness? Not poverty of this world's wealth, but poverty of loving thought. You do not think; you forget. You neglect for want of thought. You allow the love that is in you to grow cold. For love dies when you never think of the person loved.

Thought as Prayer.

Therefore think of them all. If you can do nothing else, think of them lovingly; for the loving

thought of a friend is an angel of God sent to carry a benediction to the soul.

Yet, in this way we all fulfill, or help to fulfill, our own prayers. You see dimly in your gropings in the region of telepathy the influence of thought, and you will discover more, much more, ere long. But when you think with real feeling and earnestness of another's welfare and long to help him, you do help him. Here is, as it were, the secret source whereby the fire is fed which would else have flickered out and died. Oh, my dearest friend, if you only knew the power of thought, and if you would but think, think, think!

Now I have ended for to-day. To-morrow I will open up the second point of my message. But do not forget my first. The supreme need of the soul of man is time to think, which means time to love, i. e., time to live.

The Bureau of Communication.

September 26, 1896.

All that is written has been well written. Nor do you need to disturb yourself about whether it all comes from me or from your Subconscious Self. When you know all about your Subconscious Self, as you call it, you will understand. What is important is that, however directed, you should get my message right. The first word of my message was Love, the second Leisure, and now we come to the third and what you may deem the most practical part of my message. I mean the old and very important application which I made to you about the Bureau of Intercommunication between the Two Worlds.

A Remonstrance.

I have never for a moment ceased longing for its establishment. There is something to me almost inconceivably pathetic in the yearning that all of us here have to be able to communicate with you on your side. And what saddens me so much is that while I see so clearly how it can be done, you do not

as you ought try and help me to do it. What a long time there has been since I first came to you. And what have you done? What progress has there been made towards this indispensable Bureau? My friend, my friend, why have you tarried so long? Why, when the Borderland is mournful with the sighs of the severed, have you done so little to unite?

(Remarks.—Excuses, various, suggested in reply to this reproach: (1) Preoccupation; (2) difficulty of finding available trustworthy mediums; (3) difficulties in the way—(a) personation, (b) elementals, (c) evil spirits; (4) disappointments and failures. When I have tried you have not been able to manifest to some clairvoyants, and have never been able to be photographed. Health, also, this last year, etc.)

Excuses Brushed on One Side.

Yes; I know all that. But what does it all come to? Nothing at all.

Nothing at all. Any one who allowed himself to be deterred by such excuses would never achieve anything. Now what I want you to brace yourself up to is to answer this question—Is the establishment of an assured and verifiable mode of communication between us and you an object worth trying for? Is it not the one thing of all other objects best worth trying for? What other object is so important as to prove beyond all doubt that all that the saints and sages have taught is true, that when the body is put off the spirit lives, that when men “die” they begin a new life which is not cut off by any impassable abyss from yours? And what I want you to do is to put this question fairly and squarely to your conscience. And then, having answered it, act. Do not say, “Yes, it is the most important thing,” and then subordinate it to the most trivial. Don’t say, “Yes, I think this is the supreme thing mankind needs,” and then leave the quest to chance or caprice. All that is not rational.

"Is It Worth While?"

(Remarks.—Yes; I agree—if the chance of achieving were good enough to justify the needful sacrifice of time and energy. But I have seen so many so utterly disappointed after years of patient investigation that I, who am busy with pressing duties, feel the chance is small indeed of my succeeding where they have failed.)

How do you know that they have failed? What you have to do, surely, is to see whether your own chance, as you call it, is worth while. And what I tell—

(Remarks.—Interrupted. Resuming, two hours later, I observed, That this is the kind of thing that always happens.)

An Exhortation.

What I tell you is that you ought to take the subject more seriously. You are dealing with the highest of things as if it were a mere holiday pastime, to be put on one side whenever any obstacle has to be overcome. Now if, as I know you believe that this is the most important thing that lies before mankind, will you begin to apply yourself seriously to the matter?

(Question—What do you mean by seriously?)

By seriously I only mean that you should prosecute the study with the same serious resolution and businesslike methods that you devote to the study of much less important things. You see there is no chance of doing anything from this side unless you will help. Give me your time, and I will give you my assistance.

(Question—How much time?)

• **Half an Hour a Day.**

My dear friend, why do you speak so grudgingly? You know how ready I have always been to make allowance for your work. I do not want you to give up any of your work. That is your first duty. But I think that if you tried, really tried, you might get half an hour always before starting work. That is what I ask—that for half an hour always before breakfast you allow me the use of your hand in order that I may make some sustained systematic effort to accustom you to the method of intercourse with us on this side. When you are dead tired I will not press you. But, as a rule, let me have the opportunity.

(Question—I wonder if it will be any good?)

You are a doubting Thomas. Yes, it will be of good. Great good, as you will very soon perceive. Yes, I know that there have been mistakes—yes, and there will be. Your own experience with the phonograph should illustrate how difficult it is to read off the transcript. But courage! As for the mistakes you think of, they are not mistakes except as to time, and we sometimes fail to distinguish thoughts from things. But it is only by experimenting, patient, loving experimenting, that we, you and I, can learn how to avoid these errors. Now, my friend, good-by. If you will begin at once, I will do what I can to realize the longing of the heart of man.

IV. THE USE AND ABUSE OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

The Proposed Bridge Across Borderland.

December 5, 1906.

My Dearest Friend:—I am now going to give you what we think on this side is a word of advice which is much needed. You are very eager to make a Bridge, you say, between the two worlds. And we are more so. But when you say this, do you realize what it implies? What the realization would effect? I am more and more convinced that the establishment of the fact, and the certainty of communication between this world and yours, may be described without exaggeration as the most important thing in the whole range of the possible achievements of mortal man. There is nothing like it for the far-reaching influence which it will exercise over all things. For it will modify thought, and thought makes the world in which you live. No one can understand how true that is when he is still immersed in matter.

Its Effect on the Focus of Life.

You must not, therefore, think that I am drawing back or wish in the least to deter you from the task to which you have set your hand. But before you seriously begin to bridge the gulf, I think that it would be only right to point out to you what it will do, or rather what it will bring about. For it will alter the focus of life.

The focus of life is at present, to the majority of men, confined between birth and death. The focus will be changed when once you make it clear, not as a may be, but as a scientific certitude, that we live here and can communicate with you. And when you alter the focus of life, what is it that you do? You alter the perspective of everything.

A Change Not Altogether Good.

You cannot realize how changed a world it will be. The change will, I know well, be for good and mainly for good. But no revolution ever was which did not do, incidentally, much evil, and your bridge will not be any more than anything else, an unmixed benefit. You must be prepared for many disappointments, and you will often wish you had never touched the subject. The work of the bridge-builder is to cross the abyss. And abysses are abysses. They are not paradises. And the more useful the work the more it will be opposed. No, don't imagine that it is easy. Via Dolorosa, always Via Dolorosa—the dolorous way is the Via Crucis. But it is the way of salvation.

Well, then, I will go on. First, you will alter the focus of life. That you see. The perspective, which is right when the focus is fixed by a limited line becomes wrong when the line is drawn out indefinitely. You are impatient. But I will go on.

How It Will Affect the Churches.

Secondly, you will, in so far as you are successful, destroy as by a sudden—[here I was interrupted]. Where have I left you? No, it is nothing; you were rung off. Oh, yes, I was saying that you will destroy, as if by a sword-cut or razor-slash, the whole theory of the future life that is conventionally held and believed by the churches. You will allow those of us who are here to speak as to what we know, and see, and feel. And it is not what you have been conventionally taught to expect. Now I do not think that you will find that what we have to tell you differs from what the more intelligent and spiritual believers have arrived at or have received by inspiration. The fundamental principles are the same. We have nothing to tell you that was not declared by Jesus. But we have to tell you that the ideas which have been received, and are still taught by many churches as to the future state of man, are simply not correct. They make you believe what is not true. And there is no doubt at all that if you succeed in

opening the Bureau that is to bridge the abyss, you will render these ideas quite unbelievable by any one.

A Serious Danger.

When you do that you run a great risk. And for this reason. These ideas, crude, raw, and false as they are, nevertheless, are probably the nearest approximation to the truth that many men can assimilate. That is what makes every transition from lower to higher truth so dangerous. Some cannot follow to the clearer statement of the same truth. And so they are lost. And when you once establish the truths of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of communication between the worlds, there will be a great gap—no, not gap—a great void left in the faith of many. This is the reason why these things are not revealed too suddenly. If you could do all that is in your mind to do at once, you would do more harm than good. It is only by slow degrees that the new truth must make its way. But that is no reason for refusing to recognize it. There must some one be the first, and there is never any good in flinching from what is your plain duty.

No. You must go ahead, but the consolation that will sustain you when you meet with disappointments, is that if you had made more haste you would have made less speed.

The Plea for Ruts.

What I want you to realize is that the great established ruts in which the truth has embedded itself cannot be destroyed without injuring for the time the truth itself. This is what I feel I must say to you. For there is too much danger that if you expect too much and forget the shadow, if you are impatient and forget the slow processes of nature, you may give it all up. And that would be a crime. I will tell you at once what the result will be. When once your Bureau is established, and when any one can get into communication with the disembodied spirits of their relatives or friends, there will be an immediate—

(Question—Disbelief in hell?)

No! you are wrong. No, the chief result will not be the abolition of the old belief in hell, for that is already abolished. People don't believe in the hell of fire of any more, and they have by their recoil forgotten that there is a real hell, which will be revealed very clearly by your Bureau. No! please let me say what I have to say without thrusting your questions in upon my message.

The Chief Result of the Bureau.

The chief change that will be made by the Bridge Bureau that you are desirous of making, will be to increase, to a quite inconceivable extent, the consciousness of the responsibility of life. You may think it strange that the verification of another life should increase the importance of this. But such is the fact, and you can never understand the importance of your life until you see it from *this* side. You are never, for one moment, idle from influencing eternity. You may think this a figure of speech. But it is not. You are, far more really than you imagine, making this world of ours in that world of yours.

You Make Your Own Next Life.

Yes, this is a manufactured article, so to speak. You are, in the loom of time, weaving the fabric of this world. You make your next life. Yes, and you make your life here. You make your next life. You do it day by day, you do it hour by hour. You make your next life.

I wish I could express myself more clearly. You will say that this is the truth of all religions. Yes, and what all religions teach is truth; but you do not realize it, and you often deny it. If we could communicate with you, you would deny it no longer, for there is here no sudden transformation. You are as you were. There is no break of continuity. You start where you left off. What you are you remain.

Yes, you must let me write you what I have to say without interrupting me, as you do.

The Reign of Law Eternal.

What I see will be the result of the Bureau is to immensely deepen and strengthen the sense of the responsibility of life. This will be good, no doubt; it is what needs strengthening. But it will not be all good. There is a danger that you will make the reign of law seem as inexorable on this side as it is on yours, and the Fatalist will then have Eternity as well as Time. You will see that the will of God, which you decipher here and there as law, stretches unbroken from your side to ours. You will find that we, on this side, who have been able to see and feel and know that God is Love, will also tell you that love, no more on this side than on yours, precludes pain and sorrow and the phenomena of imperfection. We have not attained. We press forward to the mark of our high calling here as there. Think you that we are transfigured into the fullness of His glory because the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved? Nay, verily. We are as we are. When our earthly garment decays we remain. The increase of this sense of continuity of existence of the reign of law and of the responsibility of time for eternity and all that that implies, will be the greatest change that your Bureau can make.

The Increase of Seriousness.

There will be great and a determined seriousness of life. There will be much more seriousness in life. There will be no more consolation that many have taken to themselves that death ends all. Death does not end all. But it begins much, much. But do not let me dishearten you. There is much more good than evil. And if the Bureau should add to the sadness of those who know not God—for there is no escape from Him, not even in the grave—it will make the whole universe His temple, wherein the air, the light, the whole, is Love.

December 12, 1896.

My Dearest Friend:—When you get the Bureau of communication established you will be overwhelmed with applications from both sides.

Death as the Servant of Man.

And you will find that there are multitudes who will ask for messages, but will receive none. You remember I said that I told you at the very beginning that I could either get you an answer or tell you why no communication could be established. Now there are many on this side who have been trying to get into touch with those on your side, and they have failed. You have many on your side who will make the same attempt, and who fail also. And so it will be. And so it ought to be. For there are many times when Death the Divider is the most necessary and the most useful agency that can be provided for the service of man. Nothing but evil would result if all the dead, as you call them, could haunt the living. The other world, as you call it, would be too much for you.

(Question—Then had we better not let it alone?)

No, I am quite sure that the Bureau could be a very great blessing. But it could also be a very great curse. When you have the dead hand—no, the phrase “dead hand” is not right. But it would be wiser to say that there multitudes of spirits whose removal from direct action upon the embodied living is much to be desired.

Death the Deliverer.

There are multitudes of souls to whom Death has been a great deliverance. I mean that it has taken away persons who have been harsh, cruel, and despotic. Nay, it has sometimes been kinder in removing those who have been too kind, and whose care has dwarfed, whose love and tenderness have weakened, the growing life. These influences are to be deplored which prevent the full developmnt of

the soul. But while there is little danger that the victims of tyranny and oppression will seek to re-establish relations with their oppressors who have come over to this side, there is great danger the weaklings whose staff and whose stay has gone will seek to lean again upon the support which enervated them if they can reach it through the Bureau. But there is not too much danger on that score to deter you from doing this good work. For the influence of those who live with us here in the light of the Love of the Father can only be for good.

Possible Evil of Spirit Guidance.

But there are many spirits but lately disembodied whose communications, even though framed with care and inspired by love, would be mischievous and not helpful. Why, my dear friend, when you ask me for guidance, I often feel that I might be a great curse to you if I gave it you as you wish to have it. What I can do—all that I can do is to tell you how things seem to me, to remind you that while I often see more than you, you, who are living in conditions that do not prevail here, are in a better position to judge as to many things than I can be. Occasionally I am permitted to tell you things in advance for purposes of test and to give you assurance. But I should be nothing but a curse to you if I were to attempt to tell what to do. It would be like a mother always carrying a child. It would never walk. Besides, I do not know. You must not think me omniscient because I have not got my body—my old body.

The Lesson of Self-Reliance.

Oh, my friend, if you would but see and understand what is the purpose of life, you would understand how fatal it would be to allow any and every cry for direction and guidance and help to be answered. And there are many who will, if the communication be opened, forget this and give advice and will attempt to direct those who consult them, and who who will make sad trouble. For it is not for us to steer you. This object of life is to evoke.

to develop the God within. And that is not to be evoked by allowing others to direct you. But you will find the purpose of the Father will not be allowed to be spoiled by the folly of His children, whether on this side or on that. Those spirits that attempt to interfere too much will be confounded. They will err, and be found out. Their authority will be destroyed. And so in the end things will come right again.

But unless you are on the look-out you will find much harm will be done by the attempt of those on your side to get their thinking done for them by us. And there are many fond parents and others on this side who are only too eager to continue to exercise the authority by which they overshadowed the souls of their children on earth.

The Balance in Favor of the Bureau.

Why, then, you say, should I be so anxious to get the Bureau established? Because the use of it would be so much greater than the abuse. Because you wish to have a telephone you do not want to be always rung up, or to be always told what to do. Telephones, no doubt, may easily become a nuisance. And this Bureau of mine might be a nuisance. But just think what it implies. If you could secure the communication so as to prove that life continues, that love lasts, that the other world is in contact with this—is that not enough? If it were only that, and nothing more, it would be worth while. Only to restore the consciousness of the invisible world and the reality of Eternal Love. Only!*

* Julia's "Only" was written on the morning of the day on which I came across George Anderson's despairing poem "Immortality" in the Agnostic Annual for 1897. I reproduce the closing stanzas, illustrating, as they do, how much there is in that "Only" of Julia's:—

Of all the millions of the dear death-parted
 No soul hath e'er returned the tale to tell;
 No sign—no word—to cheer the broken-hearted,
 Or give the sweet assurance, "All is well."

To Make the Unknown Known.

December 31, 1896.

When you are ready I will tell you more about what happens when you pass over to this side. Oh, no, I don't want to write that for this number. I was only thinking about E. (a friend, who lay dying), about her and the Unknownland. Why we want this Bureau so much is to make it a Knownland. That is what you will do more and more the more you make possible the communication with this side. "The Unknown known or the truth about the Beyond. What we have to expect." That surely is what you ought to feel is worth while getting to know about at first hand. You will find that the spirits who will communicate to their friends through the Bureau will make very different statements. They will differ indefinitely according to their different temperaments and the manner of soul they are.

Conflicting Authorities.

They will make statements which will differ so much as to confuse those who think that the infinite multitude of individual experiences can all find a single expression. There will be any number of creeds based upon after-death experiences, which vary according to the character of the individual. The man finds this world very much what he has made it. We all make what we live in. And as every one

We ask for proof, and not for poet's fancies;
 We hope, but with dim and starless hope,
 Clouded with doubt, that evermore enhances
 The dark uncertainty in which we grope.

Oh! give us back our early faith unshaken,
 That our dear dead are watching us for aye,
 And know and love us, though on earth forsaken,
 Soon reunited for eternal day.

No answer comes to that vain supplication,
 And none will come—or ever came before,
 For widow's hope or mother's consolation,
 Our dead, alas !are gone, and gone for evermore.

makes a different future life for himself they will all give you different versions of the life they lead. You will find as little uniformity here as on your side. But, nevertheless, you will find that the Bureau, and all who would use it, will agree upon certain things. They would differ endlessly about the laws, the theories, and the possibilities, but they would agree about the Facts of Being.

For instance, you will not find from us on this side any authoritative declaration as to any religion that will be recognized as true by all spirits communicating. They are of all stages and phases, and the religion of some will be absolutely unthinkable by others.

The Continuity of Existence.

But this you will find. There will be no spirit of any stage of development who returns to communicate through your Bureau, but will affirm that there is no breach or break in the continuity of individual existence. They will all tell you that death is a transition rather than a transformation, and that, although the transition is very important, it in no way destroys the life of the soul. All will tell you that. All will testify to the fact that they went on living a conscious existence, that was marked off by no gulf from the life they led here. There is, no doubt, a change. But it is of circumstance rather than of character. The memory appears to be quickened rather than dulled. The mind sees more clearly.

The Unreality of Matter.

The phantasmagoria of matter disappears, and the masks and masquerading that conceal the truth dissolve away—that is important and that is universal. There is not one spirit who returns, who will not assert that the matter in which you are immersed is a vapor, a mere phantasm of the mind, which vanishes away and is not. Spirit alone is whether in the body or out of the body. And the soul lives, lives on. These two things: continuity

of conscious identity and the hollowness of matter they will all tell you are known to them, are universal facts which they will attest one and all. Where we are there can be no mistake on these points.

What you are asking I understand. Yes, I understand. What you say is true. But all spirits do not realize its truth. What I said about Love being the breath of our life is true. But what is sad, is that there are multitudes here to whom it is as much an unknown thing as it is with you.

How the Bureau Might Do Harm.

December 20, 1896.

When you have established the Bureau, of which I have written to you so often, you will be pestered with many who will want to get into communication with those on the other side, for no good purpose. The two worlds will help each other much. But they can also hinder. And when the hindering exceeds the help, then the open door is closed. Now, I will give you instances; but please note that it will be quite as often people on our side who want to enter into communication with people on your side, for evil and not for good.

Now, there are three classes of persons who are certain to seek to communicate for their own hurt:

(1) To Those Who Have No Self-Reliance

First, there are those whose independence of character and self-reliance have been sapped by the extent to which those who have gone overshadowed them. They will seek to be guided still, and if they succeed it will do them harm. For the benefit of what you call death is that it leaves room for the remaining ones to develop. When you get those who have been spoiled by the care and authority of parents or guardians seeking to be guided still from beyond the Border, they will only harm themselves if they succeed. What you have to do is to grow strong and independent. What you have to avoid

is to be mere shadows or echoes, or worse still, mere puppets of another will. Death has rescued many of the living from what would have ruined them. And if you open your Bureau they will try to avoid being saved. Those who have learned to lean will lean on the disembodied spirit, whereas they ought to lean on themselves. Who will not trust his own soul has lost it. And who will not rely upon the voice of God in his own soul, will seek for it in vain in the voices from beyond the Border.

(2) To the Idly Curious.

Secondly, the second class of persons to whom your Bureau will be mischievous is composed of those who are merely curious. Mere busybodies, with an inquisitive itch, will come to ask from no deep longing for knowledge of the other side, from no real desire to communicate with the departed. They will throng your Bureau as they would go to a dime museum and put a penny in the slot to get some novelty. They will get no good. They are not serious. They merely come from motives of curiosity and a love of sensation. They will get no good. They may get harm.

(3) To Partners in Sin.

Thirdly, there are those who are by no means so few in number, who will wish to perpetuate a sinful relationship. They will not admit this. But they will seek it earnestly, desperately, more often than you imagine. And it may be granted them. The alliance that had been severed by the grave may be resumed. Yes, this is possible and is done. There is a possibility of the resumption of relations, which you believed had been severed forever by death. There is danger here, and it is a danger against which you must be on your guard. Therefore, I say, do not think that the Bureau will be an unmixed good! Much as I desire its establishment, I see that for many it will work almost unmixed evil.

Men will find what they bring. And the majority of men will seek not good, but what they desire.

Now, the desire of men is by no means always for that which is highest and best.

(Question—Then, do you think we had better drop the idea?)

But Still Establish the Bureau.

My dear friend, what nonsense you talk! Do you propose to drop navigation because you hear of storms and rocks and quicksands? No! no! no. What is necessary is to recognize that the Borderland is as important (at least) to cross as the Atlantic, but that it is not any more safe. What you seem to forget is that the Bureau, with all its risks, will do what is the most important thing of all. It will practically abolish the conception of death, which now prevails in the world. You have become mere materialists. We must break through the wall of matter, which is stifling your souls. And the Bureau will make a way for the light from beyond to shine through. That is enough to justify the facing of any risks, such as I have described.

Yes, the New Year will be with you soon, and I hope that it will not close without some serious effort being made to establish that Bureau, of which I have written so much. Avoid as much as possible the these classes of whom I have written, and confine your attention and concentrate your efforts upon the verification of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of securing unmistakable communications from those who have passed the Borderland. Now, good-bye.

JULIA.

V. THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET.

[The following message is printed as received, with interlocutory observations by the transmitter in parenthesis. The statements which are made are capable of verification, but the assertions contained in this message are certainly not such as I should have dreamed of making on my own authority; and

even on Julia's, as will be seen, I hesitated about publishing them, and only did so on the assurances of two independent investigators that, much to my surprise, Julia's message embodied what they regard as indubitable truth.*]

March 14, 1897.

My Dearest Friend:—I am very anxious to give you the message that I spoke of when I last wrote. We have been very interested in the recent manifestations of the apparitions of which you have so much to tell and to hear. But we are not satisfied with any of them. Where they occur they are so fitful and uncertain, they are practically worthless.

What is Wanted.

Now what we want to prove is, that when you conform to the laws governing Borderland, there is no more reason why you should not have apparitions as regularly and as certainly as you have light when you strike a match. Because, as you know, the apparitions are there all the time, only they do not appear. That is nothing but a difference of the focus of the eye. When you have a focus adjusted only to see material things, you can only see material things. But when you are able to adjust your focus at will, you will be able to see what there is to be seen; and that with as much certainty as the astronomer sees through his telescope stars invisible to the naked eye. As the heavens are strewn thick with unsuspected worlds, so all around is full of beings which are as real as the smaller or more distant stars. When you look for the stars in the glare of noonday they are not to be seen; but they

* Colonel Olcott, writing in the April Theosophist, says: The leading article in the April number is a "Message from Julia," the contents of which astounded Mr. Stead far more than they will any student of Raja-Yoga, even though but little advanced in his acquaintance with Patanjali's system. The facts are as old as Aryan time, and the only wonder is that Mr. Stead should be learning them at this late hour. Julia's message is almost like a chapter out of the Yoga Shastras, and Mr. Stead ought to give her every opportunity to continue.

are there all the time. And so it is with the masses of mankind. We are all around you, without you seeing or feeling our presence. And I am not sure that, as a rule, for the mass of human beings, it is not better that they do not see. The mariner who steers by the familiar constellations might lose his way if the dim invisible stars revealed by the telescope were suddenly to become equally visible to him as the others.

To See the Invisible at Will.

But all that we want is that those of you who can, should be able to see at will those beings which are normally invisible to the naked eye. I do not know whether you will always relish this consciousness of your existing, as it were, under perpetual supervision. And then the Beings which you will see when your eyes are adjusted to the Borderland are by no means always agreeable, nor are they always calculated to help you to live the life that is highest. These things exist on both sides. And you may say, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But more are they that are for you than all those that can be against you; and the opening up of the new vista will not weaken but strengthen, if you are strong and do not fear. Waves which drown the timorous are helpers of the brave. And in Borderland there are many waves.

(Question—But what is the message?)

The Sixth Sense.

Well, do not be impatient. What I have to tell you is, that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you term it, so developed that they can, at will, become sensibly, or through their senses, cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about, can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate.

(Question—Everybody?)

Yes, it is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see, when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It all rests with yourselves.

(Question—Well, tell me how?)

Yes, that is what I am coming to. What you want is a prescription, a kind of apothecary's pill, to purge away the dullness that darkens your eye. My friend, that is impossible. I have no such pill. The road is one that must be traversed. The lessons must be learned. The laws must be obeyed. And that is not a matter of prescription, or potion, or charm.

No, there is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism; but that is not all that I mean. What is possible is for every child of man to become what you call normally clairvoyant. That is, for any one to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround you.

Must be Under Control.

The power is one that ought to be under control. There would be only harm done if you could not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if, when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of Borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive attention. If you cannot control your sixth sense you had better not acquire it; better be without it than be controlled by it. You should have it at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope. But better have neither if you were to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours, to interrupt the work of life

by the spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth (so-called).

The Unseen.

March 15, 1897.

Now let me begin by stating, once for all, that the secret things of the world are those which are the most common, the most universal, the most important. It is not things seen which are eternal. The secret forces of what you call material nature, gravitation, heat, electricity, ether, everything, in short, which is anything, is the unseen and yet universal. So it is with the spiritual entities which are all around, and which you can demonstrate the existence of as unfailingly as the existence of these other invisible things I have just spoken of.

The Three Requisites.

But as in any research you must equip yourself with tools and instruments; so in this it is necessary for you to be provided with such things as are necessary. And the first indispensable is that you should have the heart of a little child. There is no one who will enter into the kingdom who has not got the heart of a little child. That does not mean that it must be ignorant, but that it must always be simple, and must always think first of what it perceives and not always of itself. The intense self-consciousness of age, the constant questioning as to how this or that will affect yourself, and not simply what it is, will play havoc with the chances of your success. When you have determined to approach the phenomena, or whatever you call it, in a spirit of a child, you have the first desideratum. The second is not unlike. You must not only have the heart of a child, but you must have the keen reason and common sense of a man. There are plenty of illusions, and there are many pitfalls. You need all your mental faculties. Be vigilant, accept everything as a child does; but examine and test every-

thing as a man does, without prejudice and without partiality. And the third requirement is patience. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience. But if you have the heart of a little child, the mind of man, and the patience that, being fed by hope, never wearies, you will have the three essentials.

The Love Motive.

There is another thing that I might have mentioned. And that is what lies under and over and around you. It is Love. If you do not enter upon this quest, prompted by love, I do not say that you will not succeed—if the laws are followed you will—but it will make all the difference to your results and to the comfort and peace you will have in attaining them, if you pursue the investigation from a love motive and not from mere cold curiosity. Love of truth is good. But you will find that when to love of abstract truth there is added a spirit longing for communion with other spirits who are on this side, the double current is more potent. And your results will be better. You can grow flowers in the tropics or in the arctic regions; but the flowers are brighter and more easily cultivated in the tropics than amid the snow. And in all spiritual things the temperature depends upon Love.

Physical Conditions.

And now, having spoken of the mental qualifications, let me speak next of the physical. When you are setting about the investigation, you may not be in good health, and you may succeed notwithstanding. But the odds are heavily against the diseased or the infirm, in this as in all pursuits requiring attention, energy of mind and courage. The best-equipped investigator may be paralyzed by a physical ailment. What I have to say on this subject is nothing new. Practise the laws of health. Wash you, make you clean! While many dirty saints have seen visions, they would have had clearer vision had they had cleaner skins. Take exercise; live not to eat, but eat to live. No, I make no restrictions upon

diet. Eat what makes you most efficient. There is only one rule about food and drink. Use it.

(Question—Then you don't insist on vegetables?)

No, I do not think for the purpose that I have in view, it is well to insist upon vegetarian diet. If you had been always a vegetarian, that would be different. It might, and possibly would, be better for you. But for you, and all those who are accustomed to a mixed diet, to become vegetarians in order to be better clairvoyants would not be wise. For your health would suffer so much in the period when you were being accustomed to the new diet, the loss would be greater than the gain. And, on the same principle, I do not think that for married people there is any duty of abstinence from conjugal union as a condition of success. There must never be union without love. But when there is perfect love and perfect union there is a nearer approach to the perfect existence which, as one of its elements, has the clairvoyant gift.

March 17, 1897.

We will now begin the more special part of what I have to say to you. What I have said is only the general rule of life, and it is as useful for any one as for the psychic student. All may be summed up in one word, viz., Live and Love. Now for the particular message which I have to give you, and, through you, to the readers of *Borderland*.

Observation by Recipient.

(Now here I may as well interrupt my contributor by saying that I have not any glimmering of an idea as to what she is going to say. I fear that I am very skeptical about it. I distinctly do not believe that it will be so easy or certain as she says to reveal the Invisible. I may, of course, be wrong. I can never forget that when Julia told me about automatic writing with living people I was almost as skeptical, but

she was right then, and she may be right now. But the odds seem to be very heavy against it. I hope that I may be wrong. But if anything is given to me that at all corresponds to the sweeping announcement with which this message was begun, I think it only right to put on record the fact that my physically conscious mind is absolutely a blank on the subject. I cannot even form any kind of imagination what she is going to say.)

No, I know that is so. Sometimes I am able to impress your physically conscious mind, and I do so. Sometimes I cannot. Sometimes I might, but I prefer not to. This is one of the last cases.

Be Alone.

Now the first thing to be got is a place where you can be alone. Enter into thy closet! Solitude, exclusion from the world of sense, that is the first thing. When thou hast shut the door, remain alone for a time, long enough to allow the waves of the world's thoughts and cares to subside. Sometimes you could be quiescent and passive in a very few minutes. But at other times you could not regain the tranquil mood in any number of minutes. When you are about to verify this message you must be at peace. When you are in a whirl, or are in a bitter mood, or when the mind goes on and on creaking round and round like a wheel that is not greased, don't try. But when your health is good, when your mind is calm, and your mood is quite serene and happy, then go into your closet and shut the door.

(Question—And close the window-shutters?)

You need not darken the room, unless the sight of the contents or the view from the windows distracts mind and prevents the concentration of the attention. But it is probable that at first, if you are not very restful, a shaded room would be better.

And Be Still.

When you are alone and still, and the door is

locked, so that no one can disturb you, sit as easily as you can so as to be as far as possible unconscious of any physical discomfort or anything that reminds you of your body.

(Question—Sit and not kneel?)

I do not recommend you to kneel. The posture is not convenient for long, and any posture that reminds you that it is a posture is wrong. What you have to do is to avoid reminders from the other senses of their existence.

(Question—Why not lie down?)

I do not advise you to lie down because it suggests sleep, and I do not wish to confuse the revealing of the Invisible with the visions of the dreamer. Sit, therefore, as easily as possible, and as far as possible also avoid everything that will remind you of your body.

Objection by the Recipient.

(Now here I interrupt again, to say that it seems as if she were about to recommend some kind of self-hypnotization. Some fakir-like gazing at the tip of your nose, or something or other like that, which I don't like—and as far as I have formed an opinion or a prejudice, I don't believe in. So far all that she has said seems practical, simple enough, but—but—. Well, now I will let her proceed.)

A Well-deserved Rebuke.

What an impatient unbeliever you are! What you like or don't like does not matter much, does it? What you want to know are the laws by which you must abide if you wish to avoid failure. Tides are inconvenient very often, but the wise mariner does not indulge in prejudice against tides. Listen, I am not wasting your time. I have this to tell you, and if you will do as I direct you will have the results. If not, not. There is no compulsion. You wish to see

me, for instance, and to hear me, instead of merely reading what I write. You will both see and hear and touch me if you will obey my instructions, and not interrupt with your likings and dislikings, which, after all, are not important.

An Interruption.

When you are alone in the darkened room—for you better try it with shade at first—then you must do this.

(Here the writing broke off. Then in another handwriting came:)

The good angel of guidance will come again, and you will be told all. At present you must stop. No more now. Never mind.

March 18, 1897.

I am so sorry that I had to leave you yesterday. But there was an urgent call for me elsewhere. So I had to go. But now I am with you again, I will resume where I left off.

The first thing to be done, if you would have your eyes opened to see the invisible ones who surround you, is to be very still. As I said, make no effort. Be still and wait. You need to be quite passive, so as to let the other world outside slacken its hold on you, and the real world within and around you make itself felt.

How to Proceed.

Then, when you are quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive, in the body, it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she were also to be passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less. But you must be agreed. One must wish to manifest, the other to be manifested to. And during the seclusion do not change the parts. Close your eyes, and, in the ab-

sence of the outside, imagine as quietly and distinctly as possible your friend. If he is to come to you, think of him steadily, concentrating your thought on him and him alone. Think of him in detail. Make a thought-image of him, as if you were actually creating him. And all the while let your heart and soul go out in a steady longing for him to come. At the same time let him, wherever he may be, be also alone sitting with closed eyes, willing steadily to come to you wherever you may be. Let him, on his part, think of some simple heartfelt message to you. Let it be on his tongue to say it; not loudly, but with quiet, earnest confidence that you will hear. Let him repeat it quietly with the wish that you should hear it. That is all.

A Promise.

If you, or any two who are in accord, will do that, do it steadily in the right spirit, you will be able to see each other and to hear each other speak. It is not to be done in a day, except in rare psychics, who are in absolute accord. But if you try it for yourselves, you will see that I have spoken the truth, just as you did about the automatic handwriting from living persons. This requires more effort than the other. There are no difficulties but those of excluding the rushing, distracting flood of cares and worries. Be alone; be silent; be in a mood to receive, and you will be able to verify what I say.

(Question—How long must this abstraction continue? And how often must it be tried before there is any reasonable hope of success?)

Everything depends upon the nature of the person and the extent to which he can distract his attention from the things of this world. As you know, there have been within your knowledge cases where the Double of a living person has come in response to appeals both from the sleeping and from those who are awake, without any long abstraction. But at first there is a possibility that the unusual effort may

in itself distract. You will think so much of the effort as to be unable to think of the friend.

Never Force Things.

There is no hard-and-fast rule. I should say that the best general rule is never to force things. If you are tired in five minutes, stop then. If you can keep up the concentrated, quiet attention for a longer period, do so. But remember, the sense of strain is bad. There must be no strain; there must be no effort. Only passive readiness to see. Do not make the mistake of imagining that intensity of muscular or mental will tension is what is wanted. It is the reverse of that. Be still, and listen and watch. You must be guided by your own experiences. If you suffer in any way, drop it. If it distracts your thoughts from your daily work, do not touch it. But if you acquire this power, and have it under control as a constant possession, for you parting will be no more; unless, of course, there is a mental breach. But that is not what people mean by parting.

(Question—But is this not only a sustained effort of the imagination? Is there any objectivity in the image thus created in the dark?)

The Form Not Subjective.

What is imagination? If you see only what you willed to see, your objection would hold. But, if having imagined your friend in a grey suit, he should appear to you in a brown, or if the image which you have imagined should speak, telling you what you did not know, but what your friend was at that moment saying to you, would that be imagination only? No, what I have said is true. You can secure the living presence of the friend with whom you are in close accord if you will but adopt these simple rules.

(Question—Humph; I wonder—?)

They are so simple you do not like them, I see. You would have preferred something more magical—

more out of the way. But there is no need for these wrappings. The simple truth is that you all have the capacity to do this if only you would use your souls instead of being immersed in your material bodies.

(Question—But will the image not be a mere clair-voyant vision, seen with closed eyes?)

But a Tangible Reality.

At first, as a rule, it will be so. But after a time you, or at least some of you, will be able to materialize it sufficiently for it to be visible to the physical eye in broad day. Others may not see the person who is to you visible, audible, and touchable. But you will be conscious of his presence.

(Question—Then does the same rule hold good as to the spirits of the disembodied?)

Yes; only there are differences. With the disembodied, for instance, you cannot, as it were, check the accuracy of the psychic sense by the impressions of material things and the physical consciousness. That is why it is better to begin with the spirit of the embodied. But spirit is spirit everywhere, and the accident of its embodiment does not render it more easy or more difficult to communicate.

A Neglected Heritage.

Oh, my friend, how I do wish you would but open your eyes and see. You are living in a cell whereas you might go out and occupy and possess the whole world. Why should you, with a heritage which I have faintly endeavored to describe, live only in the material senses? Why, when you can defy time and space, and live with any of your friends, no matter how far you may be severed, should you live and think and act as if you were confined to the narrow cell bounded by your physical consciousness? All that it needs is to be alone, to be silent, to be passive. But, of course, you must not imagine that all this unseen world of spirit, which is now opening before you,

can be taken possession of in a moment. There are many things to be learned, many stages to be passed through. But make a beginning; and know that what you know of the reality of the Double, which at present goes like the wind where it listeth, is for you a sign and a pledge of the possibility of making the sense-world appear but as a dungeon compared with the immenser possibilities of the Spirit.

VI. ON THE LOSING AND THE FINDING OF THE SOUL.

July 11, 1897.

My Dearest Friend: What I am now going to write is for *Borderland*.

(I have no a ghost of an idea what it is to be about.)

Oh, what an opportunity you have this year of making a memorable and permanent memento of the Queen's Jubilee.

(Question—Humph! Does the Jubilee interest you.)

Yes, we are interested in this as in all that stirs the heart and moves the soul of man. We see what you are thinking, and we see what you are doing. And we see also what you ought to do if you would but use the opportunity aright. And that is what I want to write with your hand to-day.

(Personally, I rather resent Julia's intervention with Jubilee affairs. The feeling may be absurd, but I wish she would not mix herself up in this business.)

Yes, I know, but when I have to say things, what

you like or dislike does not matter. What I have to tell you is that the Jubilee gives you a great chance of effecting permanent good. All that you have done has been well done and useful. But you have now to begin the real Jubilee.

My Message or Julia's?

You have to make up for the self-jubilation and vainglory of pride and power by humbling yourselves before the Giver of all these gifts. Otherwise you will not have long to wait for the humiliation to come.

(This is what I have said already myself.)

Oh, why will you not let me write quietly and leave your objections? I will say what I have to say, and you can object afterwards. But let me say at once that you will find it very difficult to distinguish between what you say yourself and what we impress upon your mind. But now that I am writing, please let me write without interruption.

What I want to say is that the people at large will be more receptive to the truth now than they were before. The Jubilee was a great mind-waker. And when the mind is awakened up your work is half done. What you have to do is to go through the open door which stands wide before you; and if you will but let me have my say without these restless questionings and objections, I think you will admit I have something to say which you have not said, but which I hope you will say hereafter. What you have said about a revival is good; but I wish to point out to you how that revival can be brought about.

All that is to be told would take a long time. But there are some things which can be said quite briefly, which you will see are not at all your ideas.

The Worst Evil of the Day.

First of all, what you need to think of above everything else in regard to this matter is, what you or any one of you are doing to make the Real World real to men. The worst evil of the present day is not

its love of money, nor its selfishness. No, but its Loss of the Soul. You forget that the Soul is *the* thing. And that all that concerns the body, except so far as it affects the Soul, is of no importance. But what you have to realize is that men and women in this generation have lost their souls. And this is a terrible truth. It is not what we used to think of losing the Soul in hell, after laying aside the body. It is a thing not of the future only, but of the present. Your Soul is lost now. And you have to find it.

What Lost Soul Means.

When I say lost, I mean it. You have lost it as you might lose a person in a crowd. It is severed from you. You are immersed in matter and you have lost your Soul. And the first, the most pressing of all things, is to find your Soul. For until you find it you are little better than an active automaton, whose feverish movements have no real significance, no lasting value. The Loss of the Soul, that is the Malady of the Day; and to find the Soul is the Way to Salvation.

How the Soul Has Been Lost.

The finding of the Soul is the first thing and the most important thing. You will never find it unless you give yourself time to think, time to pray, time to realize that you have a soul. At present, then, do you remember that? You remember when you must catch trains. But when do you remember that you must catch your Soul? No, no! All is rush, and jump, and whirl, and your Soul gets lost, crowded out of your life. You have so many engagements that you have no time to live the Soul-life. That is what you have to learn. No doubt your work is important, and duty must be done. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own Soul?

The Soul of the Nation and of the Individual.

The way the Jubilee helps is that that the ordinary man has discovered that there is something he seldom thought of which he now sees is most important.

He has at least got a glimpse of the Soul of the Nation, and sees the greatness of the sight. Now teach him that it is even more important to find his own soul—the lost Soul which he has crowded out of his life.

You understand that? You grasp that?

How to Find the Soul.

Now I will go to speak as to how to find the Soul.

There is only one way. There is no chance of salvation if you never give yourself time to think on things that are timeless, that transcend time, that will be when time shall be no more.

You have no time but for the things of time which perish with the using.

And if you would find your Soul you must give time to the search.

You say you have no time. But you have time to make money, to amuse yourself, to make love, to do anything that you really want to do. But your Soul, that is a thing you do not care about. And so you have no time for the Soul.

You are getting less and less spiritual. The old ordinances, the services, the prayers, the meditation, the retreat, these gave you time. But one by one they all go—these cases where you could rest and meet your Soul. And you have materialized yourself even with the fretful struggle against materialism. For what is more important than struggling to stem evil is to save your Soul, to possess your Soul, to hold it and not let it go.

The Importance of the Soul.

What seems to me quite clear is that the indifference to the Soul is caused by not understanding that the Soul is the Real Self, the only part of you which lasts, the Divine in you, which you are sacrificing to the things of the day.

What you do not understand is that it is through the Soul alone that you can commune with the Spiritual World that is all around you. And the Spiritual World includes all the world excepting the perishing things of time. When we say Spiritual World we

include what you call God and His Holy Angels and the sainted dead. All these are lost to you when you lose your Soul. For the Soul alone communicates with the Real World.

It is through the Soul you obtain inspiration. The Soul links you with the Universe of God, with the Soul of the World. And when you lose touch with your Soul you become a mere prisoner in the dungeon of matter, through which you peer a little way by the windows of the senses.

(That is what all religions always say, and will the mere saying of it again do any good?)

What all religions say is true. But what I say is a little different. Not to what all religions have said, but to what materialized religions say now. And therein lies the difference.

Its Divine Powers.

For what I say is that the Soul has Divine powers, but if you will but find your Soul, and develop its Divine potency, there is opened before you a new heaven and a new earth, in which Absence is not, nor Death, and where the whole Universe of Love is yours.

(Question—Miracles, then?)

Yes, I maintain that what you call miracles are the natural capacities of the Soul. Miracles of Healing, Miracles of Movement, Miracles of Power, which you little dream of, are within the scope of the Soul. All that you have read of about the power of Spirit over Matter is nothing to the reality. You are as caterpillars to what you might be.

But the doorway into the Infinite is the Soul, and the Soul is lost. When you have no time to think, no time to pray, you have no time to live. Therefore you must before all else make time.

(Easier said than done!)

much matter whether the rush and whirl and preoccupation is ecclesiastical or financial—the Soul is lost, and there is nothing to do but to find it again.

Make the Soul the Center.

You may sum up what I have to say in one or two words. What I wish you to do is to make the Soul the center, and make time to use the Soul, which alone can do all things. Make Time to save Eternity, nay, to possess it now and to know God. JULIA.

VII. PARTING WORDS.

September 19, 1897.

My Dearest Friend: My heart is somewhat sad within me at the thought that this may be the last time for some months that I shall have the much-prized opportunity of communicating with my friends, whom I have so often addressed through the pages of *Borderland*. It is now nearly four years since I began to write for them, and I have had much blessed evidence as to the help which my letters have given to many who had otherwise almost despaired.

Her Parting Word.

Now that for the present, and only for the present, my letters must cease, I feel more than ever impressed with the importance of insisting once more, more strongly than ever before, on the great truth that God is Love, and that all who love really and truly are in God and He in them. I have said this many times. But you do not seem to realize how literally true it is, and how absurd it will seem to you when you come over here and see how God has been kept out of your lives because of the lack of love in your hearts. There is nothing in all the worlds so true, so vital, so universal as this. Love and God are the same, and when, from any cause, you hate or do not love, to that extent you shut God out from your life.

If I had only one message to give, this is the message—Love

On Being as God.

If you would be as God, love! Everything you love is a step toward heaven. Everything you dislike so as to make you incapable of loving any one, takes you down the steps away from Him. You think that it is righteous to be wrath, and you do well. But although you may be righteous and wrath, you cannot be at one with God if your wrath makes you to be out of charity with the offender. You may punish the offender—but in love. If you love to punish, if the pain you inflict pleases you—beware! You are out of love, and to be out of love is to be out of the very Being of God.

(Question—But does this not result in spoiling people?)

On Punishing.

No; this is not to spoil people. Be just; nay, even be sternly just. You do not neglect to punish your child because you love him. But the pain you inflict is felt first by yourself. You cannot punish another rightly but you must bear it upon your own heart first. All bitterness, all desire for vengeance, all hardening of the heart that causes you not to feel the pain you must inflict upon another; these things are contrary to love and, therefore, are enemies of God. Love is not more yielding to pleasant, easy-going complacency or indifference; that is not love, but self-love. The love that spoils a child is cruel as hate. It is selfishness. You must often smite in love. But love feels the blow before it is delivered; suffers first and feels the most. This is one of the many, the innumerable lessons of the Passion of our Lord.

On the Gain of Death.

When I have written of late months I have not said so much as I did in my earliest letters about the spirit-life and the ever blessed realities of our union with Him who is Love, and with whom to be is heaven. But there is nothing that I wrote that I have

to unsay. Rather, if I could, would I repeat it all over again, more earnestly, more lovingly than ever. The greatest, the most delightful, the only important thing, compared with which all other things are as nothing, is that by what you call Death we have come into a far closer, more intimate realization of His presence, of His Life in us, and our Life in Him. All that we can say, all that has been but as faint and imperfect symbols.

On the Love of God.

Oh, my friend, my friend, you know not, nor can I ever pretend to begin to explain the exceeding wonder, and glory, and infinitude of the sense of the realized Love of God for us, in which we live, and move, and have our being. I wish that I could make you feel it more. I wish I could explain it better. But I cannot say more than that—it is more than I ever dreamed of, more, far more, than I tried to explain in my first letters. All that you know of earthly love—the love of mother for her child, the love of bridegroom for bride, the love of husband and wife—all earthly loves and ecstasies of affection, are but as the alphabet of the language of heaven. And the more ideally and unselfishly you love, the more you understand God and have God in you, the hope of glory. What the glories of sunrise are to the grey twilight that precedes dawn, is our life of love to the life you lead, excepting in those high moments when the heart glows with a divine exaltation which is born of the inspiration and consecration of love.

On the Vision of God.

Alas, how feeble are my words! I cannot utter what I feel. I only know that when you will know you will feel as powerless as myself to explain.

Now, this is why I am always saying to you, Love, Love, Love! Because the difference between your side and this side is chiefly in this—there is more love here, as there is more sunshine in summer than in winter. If there were but more love in your world

it would be even as ours; for to you also would be given the Vision of God.

And that brings one to another truth, which I would fain once more insist upon before I close my letter.

On the Last Enemy.

Your world is not at all so hopeless as you think. You have far more Divine attributes than you imagine. The worst of your world is the want of love. If there were love where there is hatred or indifference, earth would become heaven. Even your most skeptical people admit that. But they say that even with love there would be the anguish of parting and the misery of death, and while this is so, who increases love increases sorrow, for the closer the tendrils twine the more anguish it causes to tear them off.

And that is why I have ever been so insistent upon the fact that if you will but cultivate your souls and cease to immerse yourselves in inert matter you will be able to triumph over the last enemy. For you who have so imperfectly, and at such irregular intervals, made proof of what I say, know that it is often possible, even to you whose life is so engrossed with worldly cares and pressing duties, to communicate or to receive communications from friends far away of so intimate and constant a nature that they throw into the shade all speech and correspondence.

Gleams of the Coming Day.

You know also, from the experience of friends, that the possibilities of the multiplication of person, the creation of the apparent Double of one's body, and its transport to any place with the speed of thoughts, is no mere phantasy of the imagination. These things with you are fitful gleams of the coming day. They can be, as I have told you, developed until parting will be no more, and the greatest drawback to the increase of love will vanish away.

There is no sense that shall not be satisfied, no demonstration of the reality of this latent energy of spirit that shall be wanting. The spirit that takes no

heed of the limitations and trammels of the body when the body lives is not less free when the body is laid in the grave. The power that creates a Double can cause the living who love to receive their dead again.

(But all these years I have never seen you.)

An Objection to a Reproof.

Now, my dearest friend, it is true as you object that you have never seen me since I passed over. But when the water is disturbed there is no reflection of your face. There must be a calm and placid surface even for a mirror. And how often have you been calm and placid, tranquilly waiting for the manifestation of the Invisible?

You know that, though you have not seen me with your own eye, others have, and that under circumstances which preclude deception. And if you have not seen me, have you not had constant witness of my presence in messages and communications which have never failed these five years?

(But, perhaps, after all, they may have been——)

Julia on the Evidence of Her Existence.

Oh, I know well the skeptical doubt. These messages which you have received at all times and seasons; of which possibly a hundredth part have been published in *Borderland*, may, you suggest, have been due solely to your subconsciousness, your other self. Your hand which has written things unknown to you which have occurred in the past, and which has written things as yet unknown to any one which have been fulfilled in the future, is, moved not by me but by some hitherto unknown segment of your soul. Well, you can take it so if you please. But you know, best of all, whether these communications, many of which ran directly counter to your own views, and all of which form a consistent whole with a distinct character and individuality of their own, did, or did not, emanate from your own mind. They certainly

did not emanate from your conscious mind; and if you know nothing of their contents, you know nothing of their origin. I, who know both, have always told you the same thing. I am your old friend on earth-life who passed away some five years ago, and who has ever since been with you to teach, to console, and to assist you in direction.

When we speak of death as separation, has it separated us? Have I not been more constantly, more faithfully, more intimately with you than ever was possible to me when on earth? Then, if that be so, and you know it is true, why should you doubt that it can be so with all mortals? For what one attains is a measure of the latent possibilities of all beings.

I have often regretted that you did not take more particular steps to establish the Bureau of which I have been too impatient. The times and the seasons are not revealed to us, even here. But it will come, and when it comes you will understand. JULIA.

FRAGMENT

ON LIFE HERE AND HEREAFTER.

(The following fragment was begun on April 12, 1897. It has not yet been finished. I include it chiefly because of its concluding passage.)

THE TRUTH OF LIFE: HERE AND HEREAFTER.

By One Who Has Lived on Both Sides.

Life at Birth.

April 12, 1897.

When man first finds himself conscious of life he is purely animal. There may be in him the breath of God. But his consciousness is limited to the wants of his animal nature. He has hunger and thirst. He is warm or cold, and beyond these things he has no consciousness worth speaking of. He has not even sight, as we understand it. For the art of seeing is not an innate art. We see, but we do not understand what we see until experience has taught us how to distinguish and how to connect shapes with certain sights. He hears, but all that he hears is vague noises which he cannot distinguish one from the other. But that is what life is to the new-born child. A sense of hunger and cold, of warmth, of thirst, a capacity to suffer if his skin is bruised or scratched, with a certain dull perception of light and sound. That is the beginning of life in the world for man. Wherein there lies a parable and an allegory.

A Parable and an Allegory.

For what the infant with its five senses of sensation, what the infant with its purely rudimentary animal consciousness is to the full-grown man, to Plato, to Shakspeare, to Newton, that the full-grown man in the highest stage of his development on earth is to the man as he is capable of becoming when he leaves his body and becomes a denizen of the other world. All that you know and feel and understand is but as the beginning of things. It corresponds

strictly to the simple consciousness in the newly born. It is a beginning, a germ, a prophecy of things to be, the basis and foundation for that which is to come.

Difficulty of Explanation.

Now as the full-grown finds it impossible to explain the conceptions of philosophy or of science to the child in the cradle, so it is impossible for those of us who have attained to the life beyond to explain so that you can understand the fuller life which lies before the human race. Hence, when I have undertaken to tell you the Truth about Life here and hereafter, I do not mean that I shall tell you all the truth even as I perceive it, much less all the truth that is to be perceived hereafter. For we never fully attain to the knowledge of all truth. All that I can tell you is conditioned in two ways; first, by the limits of my own knowledge; and, secondly, by the possibilities of your own capacity to receive and understand. But, subject to these limitations, I will explain all things that it is useful and needful for you to know.

The Advantage of the Standpoint.

I have not got any startling revelations to make. But I think that it may be helpful to you to know how life appears to us, for as it appears to us now, so it will appear to you hereafter. There is always an advantage in looking at your life-work from a point a little removed or outside yourself. You make fewer deviations from the true line when you glance along the way you have traveled from a fixed point behind to the goal towards which you are aiming. You are always in danger of missing your way. You are liable to mistake the main road, or passage, and to stray into byways which lead nowhither. The problem of life is surely to avoid the waste of straying into *culs-de-sacs* or being led into devious ways which do not help you forward. In other words, what you have to do is to see the point towards which you are tending and to persistently press towards it.

Prepare for That Which is to Come.

You need to accumulate strength for faculties that

will be used. It is no use spending life in developing a sense that will not be needed hereafter. If you were to spend your life on the sea, the obvious duty of those who educated you would be to prepare you for the seafaring life. And so, when you come to this side, your first thought will be of the waste of life that has gone on in the past. Waste of opportunities, waste of strength, waste of growth, for the conditions of life, the object of existence, here are so different that to many the first impression is that of bankruptcy. They have spent their life in accumulating treasure, and so the deposits in the bank on the other side cannot be drawn here, and they are undone.

(I objected that this was but the old text about laying up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt or thieves break through and steal.)

The Old, Old Story.

Yes, I know, and if you think that I am going to tell you anything that has not been told many times already by those who have gone out from this side to teach you on that, you are very much mistaken. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves do break through and steal," is a maxim which you have heard often enough; but do you attend to it? I have only to repeat it with new accents and to tell you that the testimony of all of us is the same. It is the things unseen which are eternal and the things invisible which are alone of value. And my object is to urge you to concentrate life in the body on objects that will last after you reach this side, and not on those which cease to profit after death.

April 13.

What I wrote yesterday was a kind of preface. Now I am going to write straight on, just what my message is.

CHAPTER I.

On Life Here.

Life here is sensation and consciousness of Being. And the more you analyze it the more you will come back to this. Sensation and consciousness of Being are the two signs of life. And they continue as long as man lives.

Now sensation is a thing of the outward mechanism in which the spirit lives.

Pre-Existence of Soul.

What you have to realize is that the Soul was before the birth of the body and continues after the body is dissolved. All that is needed in that body is a mechanism whereby under the physical conditions the incarnate soul may acquire the experience necessary to its evolution. The conditions of that mechanism are sensation and consciousness. The consciousness is needed in some cases not continuous with life. The mechanism sometimes lives on where consciousness manifesting through the body appears to be extinct. There is, for instance, no consciousness of existence during sound sleep. But life continues. And the senses feel even in sleep. What I am trying to do is to explain life.

And I say as I began, Life is sensation and consciousness of Being.

The Two Signs of Life.

When sensation ends, death of the body begins. There is no such thing as death of the soul, at any rate at the physical stage of its development. What there may be hereafter I may speak of hereafter, but not now. What you call life is sensation and a consciousness of Being occasioned by the sense of sensation.

(I became somewhat impatient, not seeing what she was driving at.)

I am going on all right, only your mind is anything

but passive. Wait and see what I have to write, you are so skeptical. What I have to tell you is my affair. And because you don't know what it is is no proof that I don't know what it is. Let me go on.

The Soul Before and After Death.

Now life here being sensation communicated to the soul through its physical mechanism, what are we to think of life before and after? When I say before, you instantly think of reincarnation. But do not be misled by phrases which you do not understand. What I am telling you is not reincarnation, about which I say nothing, but the pre-existence of the soul. All souls are eternal, being parts of the Divine Essence.

For reasons known to Him who is over all, it is deemed essential that the soul should be passed through the training of physical life. It is part of the process by which the soul attains its ultimate evolution. The soul may have been incarnate before. The law is absolute but infinitely various. I—

(Here the writing broke off.)

APPENDIX

NOTES ON THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET.

(1) By the Transmitter.

After receiving the foregoing message.* I hesitated for some time as to the right course to adopt. The statement, so precise, so positive, and yet so marvelous, seemed too astounding to be published even on the authority of Julia. In such matters I usually take counsel with Mrs. Besant; but Mrs. Besant is in the United States. I therefore sent proofs of the communication just as it was received to Mr. Leadbeater, to whom Mrs. Besant told me I could refer any questions upon which I wanted advice in her

(* See Page 85.)

absence, and who is well known as the author of the remarkable papers, entitled "Invisible Helpers." I also sent a proof to Mr. G. H. Lock, of Hull, who for years past has made a profound study of things occult, approaching them, not from the Theosophical, but from the Swedenborgian standpoint. In sending the proof, I simply asked them for their opinions as to whether they thought there was anything in it, as I rather shrank from the responsibility of publishing a statement so portentous unless I was encouraged so to do by those who had paid much more attention to such subjects than in my busy life I have ever found time to do. I append their replies.

(2) By a Theosophical Expert.

Mr. Leadbeater wrote as follows:

Thank you for sending me the proofs of Julia's last letters. Her statements appear to me to be perfectly accurate, and I should have no doubt at all that the results she describes could be attained along the lines which she indicates. You would probably obtain such results almost immediately, but I should say that to gain the necessary control of thought would take the average business man very much longer than he would be at all likely to devote to the attempt. I agree with much that Julia says, though if I had myself been giving such advice I should have insisted more strongly upon the necessity of the experimenter's subjecting himself to severe moral training first of all, in order that he may not make an improper use of his powers when he acquires them. But I suppose she takes this for granted. Could you ask her to add a word of emphatic caution as to the terrible fate awaiting those who attempt to gain such powers for evil ends?

Also, I think what she says about absolute passivity may be misunderstood. I know perfectly what she means, but I doubt whether that is the best word to use. It may be taken to signify the condition of a medium—a mere instrument whose wires may be swept by any passing wind; whereas her meaning is rather that a man should hold his mind perfectly still, while his consciousness, keenly alert and watch-

ful, functions in that which lies beyond and higher than the mind. She shows this by remarking that even in the state of passivity the thought must be steadily concentrated, and the heart and soul must go out in a definite longing.

I have been taught to attach more importance than she does to celibacy, vegetarianism, and abstinence from alcohol. I quite admit that it is undoubtedly a man's duty to keep his body in health; but I think he should control and use it—not allow himself to be dominated by its cravings. And I fear that, unless a man had developed his moral nature and obtained perfect command over his desires and passions—unless he were absolutely pure in heart and mind—there would be great danger of his falling before the temptation to use these astral powers for selfish ends, and so degenerating into what is called in the East black magic. The methods suggested are accurate enough, and much of the advice is very good; but I do think that much more stress ought to be laid upon the imperative necessity of the moral qualifications.

(3) By a Disciple of Swedenborg.

Mr. Lock replied:

With reference to the paper submitted to me, there are two points on which I think it incorrect. The first:

This about *difference of focus* is inaccurate, except as regards spirits in astral (elementary physical) bodies, or lowest-plane doubles. No change in optical focus could make a pure spirit visible.

I do not believe in this "perpetual supervision" in the sense suggested by Julia. Good spirits quickly get out of their astral plane, leaving the riff-raff, with whom association is not desirable. Under normal conditions, spirits are as unconscious of our presence as we are of theirs; for this depends upon the planal difference in the substances which compose the two kinds of bodies.

The rest of the paper seems to me quite right, and I am very glad to see so much insistence upon the importance of never losing control of your faculties.

Potentially, we are all clairvoyant. But the whole social conditions are against the development of the faculty. Then, also, constitution has much to do with it, as I am absolutely certain. Those born under passive signs of the Zodiac, as Cancer, Pisces, and Virgo (this latter your own), are much more psychically susceptible than others. [Your ruling planet is in Cancer; and six out of the nine planets in your horoscope are in passive signs. Hence you have some capacity in this direction.]

As to the rest—all this is nothing new, and is perfectly correct. It is knowledge that has been handed down the ages by Rosicrucians and others, and expressed in different forms. I already possess—have long possessed—the clear statement of these processes, together with much that Julia has not told you. It is to all intents and purposes the process adopted by “self-developed” mediums. It is in part the “Yoga” practised by Theosophists. Julia has expressed the truth in the simplest and least objectionable form. You need have not the slightest objection to publishing it—nor the slightest fear. Moreover, one thing is quite certain; the few who attempt the process will not all succeed; the conditions of life are against it. Some few, who might thereby become useful, may be waiting for this very information.

Here was confirmation and encouragement indeed, after receiving which I decided to publish Julia’s message, leaving it to my readers to verify for themselves the accuracy of the statement which she has made. I have not yet had time to make the experiment. When I have leisure and opportunity I shall put the matter to the test. I hope any of my readers who try the experiment will keep me advised as to the results which they attain.

JULIA’S REPLY.

After receiving these communications from Mr. Leadbeater, I asked Julia what she thought of it. She replied as follows:

(1) To Mr. Leadbeater.

With regard to Mr. Leadbeater's caution, I think my message is better left as it is, and I think he will agree with me when I have finished. There is nothing gained by advertising dangers that you feel are too attractive. Personally I do not think that the danger referred to is so great. That it is real, I do not doubt, and you know there is truth in the possibility, but these things are under the control of a higher power. The opportunity to materialize Doubles is not one that is given to mankind without limit; it is permitted by the higher powers, but it is not a power that any one can make use of. You know how anxious I am for the highest life, and how sad I should be if anything was said that would deprave or degrade; but I don't think the warning necessary.

"If you put in Mr. Leadbeater's warning, you must say that I have always recognized that there are great dangers in the communion with the invisibles, and that if any one thinks to hold such communion for any purpose which he would be ashamed to acknowledge before all men, he had better not seek it, for it will be open before the eyes of all hereafter, as it is now to the eyes of spirits. That is all I need say as to that.

"I do not deny that the practice of asceticism may, after the practice is a custom, help the manifestation, but any physical privation that reminds you of physical existence entails more loss than gain.

(2) To Mr. Lock.

With regard to the criticisms of Mr. Lock, she wrote:

About the focus—I think I understand what his point of objection is. And to an extent I agree with him. But I think that while I made the statement too absolute, as it were universal, his would narrow the truth too much. For instance, there is no focus in the strict sense which would reveal the Invisibles to the eye of the mind. Yet there is a detachment of the mind, from the material, which enables it to become sensibly conscious of the existence of spirits

embodied or disembodied which were before invisible.

While I do not deny that there are many things hidden from our eyes, we have far greater range of vision than you. I remember when I first dropped my body, this addition of the faculty of seeing spirits among men was something new and superadded to what I had before seen. I have not lost that gift, but rather extended it. I feel a difficulty in explaining how the law operates. But of this you may be quite sure. Your lives are open to the eyes of those invisible spirits who are permitted to see what you think and hear what you say. You are compassed about by a far greater company of witnesses than you imagine. They—but why try to persuade, when soon you will see for yourself?

No, I don't think that he is right about the communications being possible only from lower levels. We find such a difficulty in making you understand that we are not conditioned by your limitations. Where I am there is life, and a life that has love as its vital breath. That Divine thing can and does survive the difficulties of communicating with persons still on earth. But you need not go to Borderland for analogies. If your saints and sages can hold converse without loss of holiness or wisdom with savages and fools, why cannot we? There is more difference of plane between a good man and a bad man than there is caused by the accident of embodiment or disembodiment.

THE COMPANIONS OF THE ROSARY.

"What I want you to do, if you find an opportunity," wrote Julia on September 27, 1896, "is to modernize the Rosary." "I don't think you can do better," she wrote on September 26, 1897, "than to have the list prepared (1) of persons and (2) of causes to whom and to which you are in some relation. Go through them all seriatim every morning before you begin your daily work, thinking, What can I do for this? What ought I to do? And when you finish jot down for your guidance any suggestion that may have occurred to you. The exercise will be most helpful."

This use of the meditation-moment is strongly insisted upon by Julia in the chapters "How to Widen the Chinks."

By way of helping to carry out this idea, I have bound up with these "Letters" several pages of ruled paper on which may be written a list of persons and of causes to whom and to which the reader may be in some relation. Such a list kept constantly at hand and regularly conned before the day's work begins would serve the purpose of a modernized Rosary. But it is not only in the early morning hour that it is well to run over in thought the names of those who have at one time or another entered into our lives. When waiting to keep an appointment, when traveling, or when sleepless at night, the practice of going over one by one the Companions of our Rosary will be most helpful. For as Julia says:

"Your success depends upon individualizing. Take each in turn. Think—a loving thought is a prayer. You have not time to pray? Then make time to think of those you love. Without thinking on to people you lose vital connection with them. For love dies when you never think of the person loved."

In a Rosary there are divisions or sections convenient for aiding the memory. When I was drawing

up my own private Rosary, I found it very necessary to divide it into sections. There are first the members of the family into which you were born. Then come the members of the household which you have created and all the branches. After these two great sections of blood-relations come the various categories of friends, or foes, neighbors, dependents, or superiors. I found it most convenient to mark off these sections chronologically. There were, for instance, those amidst whom I grew up as a boy. Then came my school-mates, then those with whom I served my apprenticeship, and so forth. There is the section of those whom you have been in love with and the section of those with whom you have been at feud. Then there are the categories arranged according to their geographical grouping, or their relation to various departments of life. There is the psychic group, the religious group, the philanthropic, and so forth. There is the section devoted to Russians and that devoted to Americans, and so forth.

All those who have in any way by sympathy or antipathy come into direct human personal contact with our lives form in a very real sense a part of our lives. If Julia's suggestion of a modernized Rosary were carried out as a part of the daily ordering of our lives, it is obvious that the flood of loving thoughts which is the heart's blood of the divine life in man, would be enormously swollen, and human relationship would feel in every nerve the quickening stimulus of sympathy and affection.

Until we begin to draw up such a list, we have no idea of the extent to which we have allowed what were once healthy, helpful, friendly relations to be atrophied by neglect. The mere compiling of a list of Companions of the Rosary is useful, even if it is never used as Julia suggests. But if her advice be carried out and the long list of those who have mingled their lives with ours be scanned, however hurriedly, before the morning meal, who can estimate the means of grace which thereby would be opened up to mankind ?

For as Julia says, "What is the cause of most of the sadness of the world? Not poverty of this

world's wealth, but poverty of loving thought."

And to all the Companions of the Rosary I commend her Message concerning our duties to our friends.

"If you can do nothing else, think of them lovingly; for the loving thought of a friend is an Angel of God sent to carry a benediction to the soul."

WILLIAM T. STEAD.



DEATH

As Illustrated by that Remarkable Medium,

MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.



PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.

In addition to W. T. Stead's remarkable work, we are greatly delighted to present in connection therewith various **Spirit Messages on DEATH**, by that most excellent medium, Mrs. M. T. Longley of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Longley is universally esteemed for her many noble qualities. As a medium, lady and lecturer in the ranks of Spiritualism, she has made a deep impression for good upon the world. We are certain that her views on Death will prove a very valuable supplement to the work by Mr. Stead.

M. E. CADWALLADER,
106 Loömis Street. Chicago, Illinois.



CHAPTER I.

An Old Man's Departure to Spirit Life.



HE WAS an old man, bent and aged and wan, weary and battle-scarred with the conflicts of more than four-score years. This life had been a rugged one; from early childhood it had been his lot to toil, and that almost without ceasing, for the necessities of life. Left an orphan at an early age, with no one to care for him, the little fellow had shifted about as best he could, picking up a living by running errands, doing odd chores, selling scraps of iron, old bottles and whatever he could find in alley or street that would bring a penny, and often suffering from hunger, cold and loneliness.

It was remarkable that the little fellow remained honest through all this trying ordeal of his early years, but he was a sensitive, and somehow the good angels managed to keep very near him and to guide his young life. The society of rude and profane boys had no attraction for him, and thieving no temptation.

And so his youth passed, and by dint of pushing and striving he managed to get along and to get a great deal of knowledge of human life. He could read and spell, for his mother had taught him this before she passed from earth, and he had spent many an hour reading old papers that he found in ash-heaps and dumps until he got money enough to buy and sell papers for himself; and so on through a score of years, pushing, striving, learning, little by little, working ever and gaining a hard experience as the years went on, for there was no "royal road to knowledge" for him, and no wealthy benefactor to take him and his needs in hand.

In early manhood he contrived to learn a trade and to support himself at manual labor, and although held down in the narrow limitations of a factory life, he was satisfied. In time marriage and humble family life became a part of his experience, but the years brought sorrow and added hardship, for his dear wife and three loving children passed into the great Beyond, and he, crippled in resources, feeble in body, depressed and unhappy, lived the lonely and forlorn life of the forsaken—a simple history, and only one of thousands that could be told in the same breath.

But now he was old, and the end had come, alone and weary, lying in his dingy garret, unthought of by neighbor or friend, it had come to him—The Great Change.

He did not know how long he had been lying there covered by his old and worn-out coat; it had seemed like ages to him. As he was too feeble to rise he had suffered silently through the long day and into the night, but all at once it seemed to him as if he was rising, rising without effort upon a violet, billowy cloud, soft, restful, inviting to repose. A delicate mist-like substance surrounded him, like the hue of a thousand delicate flowers, and perfumed like violets. This vapor he seemed to absorb, and how it rested him, soothing his every nerve, filling him with a delightful sensation of peace, and of languid joy.

Dimly he perceived a change in the old apartment; even the heap of rags that had served as his bed, the bits of old furniture, and the very walls seemed transfigured and to grow in beauty in the beautiful, half-toned violet light that had suffused and glorified the place. He was dimly conscious of this, as he lay in tranquil beatitude, amid the splendor of this spiritual dawn. For a time he lingered—an hour, or was it a year?—he knew not, but happy, happy in the new sensation of absolute rest and peace.

Then the magnetic influence that had enthralled him seemed spent, and he was alert, alive! Every fibre and nerve of his being thrilled as with new and wondrous life! **JUST TO BE ALIVE**, how the thought thrilled him! No shade of loneliness encom-

passed him now; no tinge of sorrow; no hint of pain, of age, of weariness; nothing but a sense of joy in life!

As yet he had been aware of no living presence, yet he felt no loneliness. The old room, the familiar and battered possessions, even the thought of material things had faded from sight and mind. He had no view of them, no thought of what he had been. He was simply master of life, and that life was himself.

Then came strains of music—soft, sweet, thrilling—breathing harmonies over his being and within him. He was music itself! Life was music, harmony! All was good.

Then consciousness of standing erect, stately, a being of power, strength and mental energy, clothed in befitting garments; and then a knowledge of companionship, for beside him, smiling upon him, greeting him with outstretched hands and loving arms of welcome were a group of shining ones—happy souls whom he intuitively and at once recognized as his own people. First, his mother, who had left the earth form seventy years before; then the wife of his bosom, and the three radiant ones, whom he felt to be the children they had loved and lost—all there greeting him, lovingly caressing him, and showering welcomes upon him—not a trace of sorrow upon them, and not a shadow of sadness in his own heart.

Then came the recollection—what of himself, his past, his aged, crippled body? He felt a tugging as of some invisible cord, and yielding to the pull, he seemed to turn when, lo, at his feet lay the old body, wrapped in a white shroud, and men were about to take it away; but this was not self—only the outward form. It held no attraction for him, and he did not even try to follow it to the charnel house of clay. To be freed from that form was a blessed relief, and again he turned to follow the blessed company that was guiding him over pleasant pathways of light to higher scenes.

But what a glorious sense of exaltation in this motor power, floating, gliding upward, buoyed by some internal spring of activity, knowing no fear, no

hesitancy—simply going and leaving all trace of dust and turmoil behind. At length they paused, not from fatigue, for the spirit had no sense of weariness, but because they had entered what appeared to be a beautiful valley of the greenest verdure, of beautiful trees and smiling streams, flower gardens and restful parks, pretty homes and shining structures, a veritable Arcadia of harmony and peace.

And in this delightful spot the newly arisen spirit found his home—a home, dainty and inviting, comfortable, and full of light—one he had built himself, he was told, with the ethereal substance and power of his own harmonic vibrations and magnetic emanations of a long life of sacrifice and labor which he had patiently endured. This home he had literally brought into shape by the aid of wife and children in some of the hours that he had spent with them in spirit while his poor mortal body slept, for often had he, as countless mortals do, taken nocturnal flights from the earth body during its hours of repose, and mingled with the dear ones of the other shore. Thus had he partially lived with them, partaken of their studies, participated in their interests and occupations, gained spiritual growth with them, and by these experiences, been able to preserve a calm mien and patient endurance—yea, a spirituelle nature—amid the long and harassing vicissitudes of a narrow and painful earth existence.

CHAPTER II.

A Deserted Wife's Entrance to the Higher Life.

A HOT and stifling atmosphere; a room barren of appointments and conditions such as make for bodily comforts and the gratification of esthetic tastes; a few pieces of worn and plainest furniture, a low bed which bore the emaciated form of a woman whose lot on earth had been a hard one, the slave of toil, of drudgery; one who had lost health, courage and hope in the struggle for bread for herself and little ones. The world has many such; we do not have to draw on the imagination for a scene of this description. Deserted by her husband, forlorn and unhappy; in a great city, one child on the spirit shore, two still on earth, she is now in the last moments of her sojourn in the pallid physical frame. The dispensary doctor has made his last call and has told the neighborly women whose sympathy has drawn them to this upper room in rough but kindly attendance on the dying one, that he could do no more in the case, and that as soon as death ensues they are to send for the city undertaker who will attend to the body. The awed and crying children are in charge of the officers of a children's home, and the last act in a life of tragic sacrifice is about to end.

The poor woman has suffered to the depths; her crowning bitterness came in the moment, but a few days since, when the physician told her in sympathetic tones that her hours were numbered and that her little ones had better be sent to the "Home," as his influence could secure them a place therein. She was grateful, though loth to let them go, so dear were they to her heart; yet she knew they would be better off in the public home than left to the mercy of the street. She had made a good fight for them, had toiled early and late to keep them free from public charity and with herself—three

years and five—such tiny things to lose a mother's care, but it had to be, and she knew it was best for them to go ere the breath had left her panting form.

What is Death? Who could answer her simple question? Reaching out into the unknown, she gasped as one who has a sudden chill. For days she had struggled. She had no wish to go. She knew nothing of the hereafter. Her two babies called her here. She wanted to stay, so she drifted on in silent struggle, paying no heed to the women in the room who thought that she did not know they were at hand. Ah! but she did know all that was going on. With quickened vibrations, with acute sense she was beginning to know many things that had been mysterious to her before. Fighting inwardly the great battle with self, she began to see more clearly why her life had been so hard, why sorrow had been her portion, why disease had laid its hand upon her form, why Death had come to claim her now.

In the gathering shadows that softly fell over mortal sense, came sweetly stealing a roseate hue, as beautiful as that of a summer dawn. Through the sound of the low murmurs of the neighbors' voices, swept the gentle cadences of song; melody floated everywhere. She had loved music and had never been filled with it. Street organs and rude instruments in the hands of indifferent performers had sometimes given her pleasure and sometimes pain—but THIS—THIS was music. ECSTASY.

So the hours of the night had sped, and now it is just before the dawn of a heated August day. A little breeze sprang up an hour ago and feebly entered the window; the women were grateful for its fetid breath. She did not notice its advance; but now, to her soul, all is beautiful; to her there are no walls to the room, no dingy sights around her. Her eyes, half closed, are beginning to take note of other things. The roseate hue is there, the soft and shining mist of a higher morn is around her; she feels its penetrating cool and fragrance; the sound of music is in her ears, the glory of the Inevitable is bathing her every sense in light.

The battle is fought. She has an inner feeling that

soul has won, that death is after all but soul changing its base of operations and source of supply. This is her intuitive knowledge. She has had no schooling to speak of, only a few years in childhood, ere her parents went the Great Way. Her educational advantages were of the humblest kind. She was not a reasoner nor a sage; only Love and Intuition now are telling her what death really is.

The music rolls on as the minutes pass; now sweetest of human voices are mingling in the strains; the glorious light deepens into finer beauty; there is nothing like it on land or sea. She is deeply conscious still of mortal affairs. She knows the women are waiting for the end; that her children are not by her side. The mother love is strong. She inwardly longs for those tiny ones, but not with bitterness, but with a calm serenity, a soft, sweet clinging to them in spirit, a gentle desire to be with them always with tenderness and blessing as a shield and guide. And the moments are passing. She can think so quickly; the thoughts of an ordinary day can be now spent in a few moments. And this is Death!

The splendor of the rising sun finds little reflection in this tenement room, but the glory of the Eternal Dawn is there, and now it is beginning to shine in the face of the dying; even the neighbors notice it, and nod to each other that the end has come.

She heeds them not, though she is grateful to them for their kindly vigil, and in all their days to come she will endeavor to aid and bless them, but now, the walls have given away and all things are bathed in the roseate light and fragrance; she is discerning a transformation scene. Gradually she beholds another apartment, a long room in which are many tiny cots, and she herself seems to be drifting to one of them. All at once she sees that on it is her youngest child, her baby girl, asleep. How she hovers over it; now she is crooning a lullaby song and smiles, then baby opens her eyes, looks upward and holds up her arms to mother. She feels herself drawn to the next tiny cot; yes, Sadie is there, too, the little caretaker of baby Sue. Over this one she bends and whispers loving words, and Sadie smiles in her sleep.

The mother gazes long at the treasure of her heart; all the while the music and celestial singing goes on; all the while the roseate hue pulsates and throbs around her, and she is steeped in fragrance. And this is Death!

She has no more consciousness of the narrow room, the neighbors' offices; she pays no heed to the undertaker's call and his work. She is with her children now; she sees them awake and knows when they are dressed. She stays by them through the day; they are now in a bath, then at the table of good but simple food, again at tiny desks where their study is like play, and she dimly remembers what she has heard of kindergarten schools. By and by, they are in a shaded yard and at happy play. Sadie is looking after little sister, and baby has lisped to her that mamma came in the morning time. They have not cried for mamma to-day and the caretakers are relieved, but the influence of mother love is with them and felt by their plastic souls, and that is why they do not mourn.

She is in the beauty realm of color, light, fragrance, music and love; she has felt no need, no hunger, no thirst, no weariness; she is happy to be where her treasures are. And this is Death!

She lingers with them; days pass—they have no weariness for her. She learns that her children are cared for better than she could look after them in the olden times. She hears that the children in this particular home are kept till they reach the ages of ten and twelve and that good homes in private families are found for them, where they are guaranteed school advantages and industrial training; she hopes her darlings may find a home together, but she will not fret about that now for intuitively she feels that she can minister unto them, that she can follow them wherever they may go, that she can be a force of light and sweetness and love between them even though they should be parted on this mortal plane.

So the days sped. The earthly form had been consigned to the dust of "Potter's Field." She neither knew or cared. Her few household possessions had been taken by the landlord for rent. She had no

concern about it; she was with her darlings where her soul had longed to be. Now she knew that all is well, and satisfied that she could not lose her own, her thought began to wander to other things. Somehow she knew that "Death" had claimed her, but there was nothing in this experience to give her pain or fright. So far, everything had been beautiful, but what lay beyond? She is beginning now to wonder, to question, to want to know; and the light around her is changing to a delicate, glistening shade of pearl; she is floating away, but is not dismayed, for she sees a slender twofold golden cord—lengthening as she glides, but never breaking, threads linking her to her girlies and she feels that it will bring her back to them. So she speeds, and the pearly light grows more beautiful; her sight becoming adjusted to its vibrations, she perceives that she has company, a lovely woman of about middle age, a man who seems embodied strength and manly comeliness, and a beautiful boy about ten years of age. They are shining angels, and she does not question them. They are apparently leading the way and her only will is to be led. After awhile they are in what seems to be a grove, but the trees are not thickly set. Dwellings are here and there, and stretches of beautiful flowers. This is a world such as she has never seen, too lovely to be described. The atmosphere is soft but radiant; the light is delicate yet of glorious tint, the music is enchanting, its every cadence seems to echo—"HOME."

She enters one of the snowy dwellings. It is furnished simply, yet with what to her is elegance—perfume, light, color and refinement everywhere. She feels that she has come to her own heritage. She knows she is ignorant of many things; that there is much to be learned, that she must study, reach out, grow; she feels this, but she also felt that she is capable of growth and study. Now, she is stirred by an upward power which causes her to turn with more perceptive glance to those who had led her thither; gazing at them with her own Soul perception she realizes now their identity—the lovely woman is her own sainted mother; the man is the sire she had never

known to deny her childish desires in the far-off days, and that beautiful boy—oh! who IS HE? Again she gazes, and then she knows—knows beyond question, her own bright and darling boy, her first born who had died in the babyhood of his mortal life. **Here, then, is home, love, immortal life, her own people! And this is Death!**

CHAPTER III.

The Pathetic Death of a Little Girl.



CITY alley; tenement houses swarming with human beings, large and small; the signs of squalor and poverty everywhere—sin and crime are not unknown in that dingy lane, a poor place at best for the breeding of children, yet they abound in that locality. Little mites of humanity are tumbling over steps and each other, ragged and soiled, they show but little of the immortal soul that dwells within their dusty forms.

In a back room of one of the 'dirty tenements, a little girl lies dying; the surroundings are unattractive, all its conditions are foul and dingy. The child burns with fever and tosses to and fro without relief. All her little life she has known only want and the conditions of dire poverty; often extreme neglect; yet she has sang and danced and played in the streets and has not known the difference between happiness and misery. But she is dying; her father is away with other drunken companions; her mother, a bloated and miserable creature, watches the child in a half dazed and stupid wonderment. The little one is oblivious to the surroundings; a soft haze—unseen by mortal eyes, envelopes her; in its cool meshes she is gradually growing quiet; the fever is lessening its hold upon her frame; a sense of something sweet, something so restful steals over her. It is so cool, so cool; not cold, like winter frost, nor

chilling like damp and gloom, but cool and beautiful and all the fevered pulses are becoming still. Death is in the air; the child is enmeshed by its delightful atmosphere, enthralled by its entrancing power. She is but six years old, yet she has lived long in experience in those half dozen years; she has learned much of hardship, of life's conditions; in home and street these things have come to her, things no child should know, but now she is drifting away from them; they have no part of the spiritual atmosphere which is slowly enveloping her.

Out of the mists, white forms appear. Tender faces are smiling at the little child; beautiful beings hold out beckoning hands to her; there are children among them and she smiles back to them. The unkempt mother does not see these forms, nor is the lovely mist apparent to her, but she does notice the smile upon the lips of her child, and is awed by it. The little one pays no attention to external things; she is gazing on other scenes now; a land of loveliness is opening to her consciousness. Now she feels herself being lifted in strong arms and folded to a gleaming breast. She is in the arms of a sweet woman and being borne away, far away, followed by those other bright beings who came in the shining mist. As she is thus traveling outward into the clearer and still clearer light and sweetness, still tenderly held in that motherly embrace, the child becomes insensible to her surroundings and in this magnetic slumber is borne to a beautiful pavilion in a garden of delight and placed upon a bed of snowy, fragrant flowers. Time passes, the tiny earth form is carried from sight; the mother for a day bemoans the death of her child, then becomes buried in her own sordid affairs, and soon the thought of the little life passes from her mind, for Maggie had been an unwelcome babe, and the woman had done her utmost to prevent its birth, and now that the burden had been removed, she has but little grief and no regret.

But what is Death? Where is the child of squalor and of ignorance? Not in the low vibrations and murky atmosphere of the parental quarters; not amid the crime and sin of a polluted city; not in

dust and tears. A higher and grander force than that of mortality has swept in and has borne the child to other scenes and rates of vibration, where she will be quickened with finer activities, purer consciousness and environed by more beautiful conditions. During that magnetic sleep in the bower of roses, Maggie has changed vibrations and lost her childish connection between the old home life and her spiritual being. The mother, who had no welcome for her, was mother of the physical body only; she has no claim upon the spirit of this ascended one; yet in later years, when Maggie has acquired power and knowledge she will be attracted to the presence of this woman whom she once called mother, and by her soul intelligence and magnetism she will be instrumental in drawing that latent soul force to a spiritual and progressive consciousness and expression.

In time Maggie awakens amid the flowers. She is happy and free from suffering. Everything around her is beautiful. A sweet lady bends over her, prettily dressed children with joyous faces are by her side. She is strong and feels perfectly well. She has no thought of the old life. Now she arises, and as the sweet lady makes passes over her form, the misty substance that enveloped her becomes shapened into a fleecy, beautiful gown. She is thus arrayed in light, and her own features are shining with beauty. Her attendant holds a crystal bowl containing a foamy substance surrounded by an amber liquid; this sweetness she feeds to the child, and all sense of hunger is allayed. Now the children beckon to this new comer and she is at happy play with them.

After awhile school lessons are in order, and Maggie takes her place with the others. The good lady is teacher as well as matron and caretaker, and the lessons are simple and full of interest, much like play. A home of peace and harmony, well appointed and of fine conditions is there; the children inhabit it, and the good lady cares for them. She was a tender, motherly, sensitive soul when on earth, one who was passionately fond of children, but to whom the joys of maternity were denied. She faded from earth, and

the many sorrows that she knew, and had gravitated to this sweet home among kindred souls, where she had found her vocation in caring for the waifs that she could reach and bear from poverty and gloom to her home of love, light and peace.

Another Scene.

A ward in a children's hospital—the free ward where poor little sufferers receive care and treatment at the public expense. Maimed and crippled children are here, a score of incurables whose tiny forms are often racked with pain, yet they are cheerful, too, and bear their misery with fortitude and courage that many an older person might well imitate. The nurses, passing to and fro between the cots, are of kindly touch and gentle word. They are pleasant to look upon in their simple uniform of striped gingham gown and snowy cuffs, collar and apron; all is neat and tidy here, but suffering abounds and many a little heart herein is also lonely and forlorn. The hours come when the screen is placed first around one tiny bed and then another. The Angel of Death has come. Little spirits are set free from their pain-racked bodies. Ministering spirits are there to take those little ones in charge and conduct them to happy homes above. There is no gloom in the rosy light that surrounds them, no chill of disease in the soft, sweet air of heaven, no crying with pain, no sobbing to sleep—all is beauty, comfort and joy. All who pass from this and similar places do not go to the same spot. Sanitariums, home schools, abiding places where love and protection abound, are in the great universe of spirit in plenty for all who come, and each is taken care of according to his needs and temperament. The law of life is the law of Nature, and the going out of the mortal is under the operation of this vast beneficent law and purely natural.

But we will turn our attention to the closing of the mortal life of one of these little sufferers; a news-boy but ten years old, and yet a buffeter with the world for his daily bread. Jimmie was brave, and he was cheerful even after they had amputated his

feet, and he knew he would have to go through life with only stumps to walk upon. The accident that had mutilated him had injured others, too, and in his boyish sympathy he had frequently asked concerning their fate. A bright boy and full of fun. Jimmie had not lost it all when he emerged from the wreck and misery, but even now the brightness shone in his face and his words were those of cheer; but he was dying; vitality had not been sufficient to bear him through the ordeal, and he knew it as he said to his nurse, "I'm going somewhere, I guess; I don't know where, but if I have feet and hands there I know I'll get along." In the silence of the midnight hour he floated out; conscious only of a restful feeling in all his little frame; and as the nurse bent over to catch his whisper, the words in feeble but glad tones, "I've got my feet," fell upon her ear. In that moment Jimmie had gone. Let us watch him as he glides from sight; watch him with spiritual vision and not with eyes of earth; yes, he is there, and not alone. Happy beings are with him; they are taking him home; but he has feet and is gladly using them as he moves through space as naturally as a boy swims in the lake. Everything is bright and pleasant in his path; at once he feels at home with the physician who is by his side—one of the many benevolent souls in the higher life, who spend their time in doing good, and of the class that is naturally attracted to the hospitals and other institutions of earth where sickness and sorrow reign.

Jimmie, feeling fully at ease with this man, sensed rather than heard the question, "How are you?" and responded in the old-time boyish spirit and vernacular, "Bully."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"What would you like most of anything?"

"A good swim."

"You shall have it," and in a moment the boy was in the centre of a beautiful, shining lake; the water was warm and soft; it gave him a delicious thrill, and as he moved about in its limpid waves it seemed to him as if it went through and through his frame;

he scooped some of it in his hands; it was sweet as if mixed with some saccharine substance. It was all so strange to him, yet so pleasant and enticing. His conductor had not entered the water with him, but seemed to be floating just above its banks, and finally he floated down, caught the boy in his arms and placed him on the sward. Obeying an instinct, Jimmie shook himself as a spaniel would on emerging from a pond, and was surprised to find all moisture had vanished from his limbs and clothing, and now he observed that his garments were fine and well shaped, handsomer than any he had ever possessed before, and that his hands were different from the little roughened members that he has possessed. Looking up at his guide, he said in an easy, off-hand tone, "Reckon I'm dead?"

"Yes, my boy, the earth people call you so, but you are all right; a new life is before you, and you are now going to your new home; we are already there. How do you like it?"

At the entrance to what appeared to be a small temple of purest white substance that gleamed in the mellow light, they paused, and from its portals came trooping perhaps about a dozen children with happy faces and springing steps. Behind them stood a woman whose sweet face and loving expression gave Jimmie a modest, shy, yet sensitive longing, such as had been very foreign to his independent little heart. As the children gathered around him, his guide introduced him to each one as a brother who had come to live with them and share their studies and sports, and then the beautiful lady came forward and clasped him in her arms, calling him her own boy, stray child without compass or guide, but at home amid conditions of love, harmony and peace, where the richest attributes of his being are fostered into strength and unfoldment, and the cruder conditions of human nature, belonging to the animal plane, are suppressed for want of nourishment and support. To him, Death has been a deliverer, the blessing and the benefactor, the opening of an endless round of progress infinitely beautiful.

To the human spirit it is nothing to be feared. To

the earthworn soul it is infinite gain. Not that all who have to meet it are at once ushered into gardens of delight or temples of beauty and homes of light. Many there are, who, because of their willingness to live amid the vibrations of sin or selfishness, find themselves engulfed in waves of darkness which have emanated from their own unholy lives.

Another Scene.

A beautiful apartment in a home of refinement and plenty; a dying child upon a bed draped in snowy linen and lace; a pretty little girl, perhaps eight years of age. Everything is in this home that heart could wish; cultivated minds, refined natures, gentle hearts, loving parents, harmony, peace and prosperity. An only idolized child is dying, and the parental hearts are rent with grief. A quiet hush pervades the room till the child arousing from her seeming slumber speaks.

"Mamma, dear, I was not asleep. I knew you and papa were here, but I saw such a beautiful place; lovelier than any you ever read to me about, or said we should visit when I grew up. I can't tell it, mamma, but it isn't like heaven that you read of; it's more lovely, for it has trees and flowers, and, oh! such grand buildings! I'm going there, mamma. Don't cry. I'll never be sick there; no one ever is. I saw grandma, and she said I am to live with her. It's all right, mamma, dear."

We shall not linger over the dying scene, nor dwell upon the grief of the stricken parents, especially that of the mother whose sensitive nature had been wrapped up in the life of her child. We are gazing behind the veil and watching how life fares with the ascended one. Again we behold beauty indescribable, light ineffable; homes of peace where all is sweetness and love. The little girl is there in one of these homes. During the day of earth she is drawn back to the parental home, is in the mother atmosphere, her innocent spirit bathing the stricken mother in rays of love. The child is there because her sensitive nature is attracted by the powerful force of the mother spirit, and it is the magnet that draws her

earthward. By and by, when the mother life is adjusted to the spiritual conditions that the change has brought, and thus becomes more reconciled, the child will not spend so much time in the earth home, but now it is her beneficent mission to be ministering angel there, and she is happy.

But at night, when the mother is asleep, she floats out from contact with the body, held to it only by a light, elastic magnetic cord, and comes into the realms of spirit. In her slumbers she beholds her child, clasps her to her heart, goes with her to the spirit country, visits the home of beauty there, enters the schools and halls of music where her darling is to be trained and developed, realizes that she is safe, happy and pure, and then at last returns to the pallid body, refreshed, peaceful and happy till she opens her eyes upon the empty chair, and beholds the tokens of absence of the cherished form.

But this mother is growing spiritually. She knows that in her dreams she is with her loved ones, and gradually a sense of peace is permeating her being. After awhile she will become clairvoyant and behold her child and others of the spirit with the inner sight; then she will use her talents and powers in good works; in one way and another she will accomplish much for humanity; she will be good to the poor and needy children that she meets, and at length will adopt a little waif and rear it to a useful and intelligent womanhood, because of the precious child that early went to the heavenly life.

Such is Death; a beneficent power, even in the grief which it creates, a power to beautify human hearts, stir them to nobler deeds and make them of blessing to the world, in memory and tribute to the dear ones that it bore away.

CHAPTER IV.

**Death of One Who Wanted to Spread Good Cheer
and Sunshine.**

THE student's room—not very inspiring quarters; no sumptuous appointments; no marks of luxury—only bare, plain and most humble surroundings and articles of necessity. The occupant of the room is a young man, himself plain in appearance and unpretentious; his hands show marks of daily toil; his garb is worn to a threadbare appearance; his face is thin and shows signs of suffering. It is night, and his room is dimly lighted by the oil lamp upon the table at which he sits with his books. He is a son of the people, a worker in the shop for his daily bread, yet he has a thirst for knowledge that cannot be quenched. His people are poor like himself, and his friends are of the humble class of workers who dearly pay for all they earn. Night after night he has sat thus, studying the books he has obtained from the city library, and finding pleasure in the information they impart. But his health is frail, and the lamp of life is steadily burning to the finish, though he knows it not. At length, as the midnight hour comes, he closes his book and wearily prepares for bed; but he does not at once fall asleep; many thoughts agitate his brain; it is a good brain, and it will ponder on what the books have said; it will ask questions and formulate ideas and its desire to expand, to evolve originality and send forth power, is insatiable. And so he ponders and half dreams for an hour or more before sleep comes to the exhausted frame; then in spirit he is away, out among mental workers, thinkers, inventors, intellectual lights, masters of mind, drinking in refreshment of soul from their atmosphere, gaining new impetus for his own mental calculations and training from their influence. His vibrations, now that he is absent from the mortal body, are so accel-

erated that he can link on to those of these spirit teachers sufficiently to be in harmony with them and their ideals—he is at home among his own kind; they know him and he is familiar with them and their methods of work.

By and by, however, the body makes demands upon him; habit with it has made it master! the needs of the outward life have made it imperative that he be up at an early hour to get ready for the shop work, which he dislikes, but which he has to do, and which he does do with a cheerful heart and willing hand in spite of its meagre recompense. So the body vibrations are astir; they are pulling at the magnetic cord that connects the spirit with the mortal form. He must respond for the students and teachers “Over There” tell him that as yet he is not fitted to remain with them permanently; his own soul tells this also, even elects to return into the narrow conditions and humble environments of the earthly state for further discipline or labor, therefore he returns to the outer consciousness of frugal toil and of unrequited aspiration.

It is unfortunate that he cannot bear back to the body some impress of what he has done and seen on the other shore. That he cannot register on the mortal brain the memory of spiritual things he has discerned and experienced? That the consciousness of those other scenes is suppressed because the shock of returning to the body has so changed vibrations as to disconnect him entirely for the time with not only the associations of that other life, but also with any remembrance concerning it.

Surely, it would seem as if a memory of the glories he has witnessed, the studies he has participated in, and the knowledge he has gained would be of inestimable blessing to his waking thoughts on the lower plane; but on the other hand they might be of unpleasant effects, rendering him unhappy, impatient and utterly dissatisfied in the outer life with all that “Nature,” “Destiny” or “Evolution” had created for him here. However, it may be the law of Vibration is the check that disqualifies him from registering the emotions, memories of associations, scenes

and incidents that have been his in his periods of soul absence from the body, and only little flashes of something he has "Dreamed," fragments of thought or of experience now and then recur to his mind and haunt him through the day.

Days, weeks, months pass; the man is developing mental power; his studies are opening up to him a wondrous reservoir of information; life for him vibrates with intelligence; his influence is helpful to those around him; he is doing them good; they appreciate his sympathy and aid. But conditions are not improving with him. He cannot secure any better employment. The daily grind and nightly study are telling upon sensitive brain and nerve. The body grows visibly weak under the strain. Another night comes. Again we see him in his humble room at study with his books. By and by his strength wanes, his head droops upon the open page. All things grow dusky to him. He has no power to rise. He feels himself letting go—not exactly sinking off to sleep, but he is loosening his hold on things around him. Presently he knows he is soaring upward, and he is regaining his sight, for he beholds another self in a chair below him. It is bending over, its head touching the open book. Now he sees that a slender cord has been holding him to this other form, but it is vibrating rapidly towards him, and swinging loose from the prostrate body. He watches it with interest, till the thread seems to grow more luminous and to become absorbed within himself. This other body is not himself; he is aware of that, and he turns from it without question. He feels so light and airy, and so free. How grand it is, so good to breathe. He has not felt as well for many a year. It seems like a holiday to him, and he wonders what he had better do. Now there is coming to him so many memories—thoughts of the past, of his boyhood, memories of long ago, recollections of his parents who died when he was young; of old friends of theirs, and of his later acquaintances and friends; remembrances of many things he has done and said, and of some things that he left undone that he wishes he hadn't; and while all this is going through his mind it is like

a glass held up to him that he may see himself; some of it is pleasant—not all—and he would like to turn from a contemplation of his mistakes till it is borne in on him that only by attention to, and study of, our mistakes, can we grow wiser.

Then he settles himself to a self-contemplation and to an analysis of his past deeds and motives; he feels that he does not need to hurry, for he has so much time; never had the like before—so much time in which to study this wonderful, and after all, this curious thing—SELF.

Everything around him is pleasing; the air is so clear, but the sense of life so keen—no effort to breathe at all. He does not feel the want of anything—no hunger, no thirst, no demand of any kind, but to study himself for awhile. As yet he has not come into the high rate of vibration he has been wont to gain when going to sleep at night, and he is retaining a strong and firm hold on the avenues of sensation and of memory, such as have affected the body through all his mortal years. So his self-examination goes on, and as far as he knows, he is alone, and his communings may have lasted for hours, when at length he raises his head with a lofty toss and says: "Whatever I have done that was not right, whatever I have failed to do that should have been done, I have tried not to injure my fellow beings. I have wanted to spread good cheer and sunshine, for if I could not give much financial help to the needy, I have wanted to make them happier. I have not been perfect, far from that, but I have tried to overcome my weakness. I have longed for knowledge, and my prayer has been for light. I must take myself now as I am, but strive to grow better every day and to be of more use to the world."

With this conclusion he turns, and as he does so a flood of light breaks over him. A thrilling strain of music pours into his ears. He is uplifted above the old life and its vibrations. The world for him is illuminated, or rather, he is in another world. Everything seems familiar to him. The surroundings are by no means strange. He beholds men and women and young people who smile and pass around him.

They know him, and he recognizes them. Here is a beautiful woman, whom, in spirit he has often seen. She is his mother. There is a man who was a scientist once, and is so now; another who was a college professor on earth and is a teacher now; and so on; innumerable friends flock around and give him welcome, and he realizes that at last he has come into his own heritage and to his own people. After awhile he discovers that his earth body was found in its room, and that it was pronounced "Dead from heart failure, caused by overwork and insufficient nourishment." But it had no sorrow for him. He was not dead, but intensely alive in every part of his being, and ready for work, for experience, for exploration, study, experiment and for sacrifice, if needs be, for the attainment of knowelge.

But his sacrifice had already been made; in his earth life and experience, the soul had endured that which had spiritually opened to him the kingdom of truth and knowledge, that would never be closed to him again. Soon he discovered that his bent of mind, study, training, that had commenced in the humble room of his earth body had prepared him for companionship with learned souls that he might gather power from them to reach other minds on earth endowed with inventive faculties, and stimulate them into action for the benefit of their fellow men.

Time passes. Our friend who was the daily toiler and nightly student of other years, is a student and searcher after truth still; but he has attained far greater knowledge than was his then, more of wisdom, grander mental and spiritual unfoldment. Why should he not, since he has had the advantages of all the expressed and acquired knowledge of the ages for his guidance and training? A worker in the spiritual, yet not neglectful of human needs on earth; an influential being long since, sought out another student on earth whose proclivities and bent of mind were like his own, but mortal conditions for this later student were more favorable for the outgrowth of powers, mental and physical. This later student is an experimenter; he is a student of electrical force, and its application to human needs. He has invented

devices of utility and comfort, and is engaged in greater works. The spirit man is not doing the work for his mortal protege, but he is stimulating the mental force of the mortal. is quickening the vibrations of brain by his subtle influence, and thus helping to illuminate the mind on those subjects and questions of importance to him and to the world. By and by, this mortal will invent wonderful instruments and appliances for human comfort and health that will be accounted the marvels of the age and cause people again to gasp in questioning amazement, "What next?"

What is Death? Did it bring aught but good to the earnest student, the lonely, sickly man in his garret. Was it not for him an emancipator from bondage, a revelator of light and truth? Did it not open to him vast fields of learning, of wisdom and of power, and is he not well repaid for all his past experience by the enrichment of his being, and by his opportunity to aid this modern worker in his researches and discoveries for the blessing of mankind?

In the great schools of spirit instruction and of experimentation, minds are trained—not crowded; they are stimulated to the expansion of their inherent qualities, wisely led to the unfoldment of the intuitive faculties that respond to the forces of the universe and absorb knowledge therefrom; are quickened in vibration to an understanding of law and of life's problems. All the students, all the thinkers, philosophers, scientists and workers of the ages are alive; they have gone forward to wider fields of experience, but they are not so engaged in further exploitation of Life's mysteries that they give no attention to the needs and the ignorance of humanity; nay, they are busy for the race; they are inspirers, teachers, guides and helpers to multitudes who seek for understanding, for truth, and they have schools, colleges, temples of art, of literature, of science, of philosophy, of all brands of learning for the service of the eager souls who thirst for the light and knowledge that was denied them here.

Death to the progressive soul, is an arising; it is a glorious promotion; an uplifting to a higher

grade of all good; a change of base to a grander and a better world; not one to be voluntarily sought, not one to be gained by suicide, for that step would defeat the desired end by enmeshing the spirit in the web of earthly conditions, but one to be graciously accepted when Nature works her will with the worn-out body.

CHAPTER V.

The Death of Two Criminals.



DINGY shed of rough boards, a pallet of straw and a few bits of furnishing of the rudest sort—nothing attractive or of consequence in its appearance; a shack it is, far away from human retreats, abandoned and storm-beaten, yet it is now the resort of a hunted fugitive; a wan, forsaken and sorry creature he is, in the guise and the ragged garb of a man; one who should be in the prime of health and vigor; but he is sick unto death, dying and alone. He has crawled into this homely refuge from the fury of the storm as well as from the search of the officers of the law who are after him. For he is not guiltless of criminal intent and deed; for years he has been thief and vagabond and outside the pale of lawful deeds. By and by they will find this hut and its pallid occupant; they will come to take him, for the row in which he has been concerned was one that demanded punishment for all who were actors in it. But they will not find him, for by then he will be beyond the jurisdiction of court or law on earth, for he is dying. He is conscious and realizes that he is "done for." The storm beats outside, and he hears its furious onslaught against the old shed. This place is not repugnant to him, for he has sel-

dom had much better quarters in other days. The silken raiment and dainty food of others he has never known. To die, and alone, does not seem so terrible to him, for he is exhausted and weary of the battles of life. He is vaguely wondering what is beyond,—if there is really any life after death,—and now and then he murmurs something of his thought, though there are none of earth to hear.

“Wonder if there’s anything after,” he mutters. “Wonder if what the preachers say is true. Don’t know, seems t’ me, can’t be much more of hell there ’n here; been hell allers t’ live here. No chanst anywhere; allers hard scraping; never any show fer a feller to git on. What’s yer goin’ ter do; yer’ve got ter push or be pushed; seems I’m pushed fer good this time. Wonder what’s after anyhow. Well, if its anything I’ll soon know.”

Soon he falls into a half doze. The old shed appears to him to be wrapped in a sheet of grayish mist; there is no golden hue, no roseate splendor of eternal dawn, but a quiet hush is there, a sense of something brooding, yet not terrifying; he feels as if falling quietly to sleep. The sound of the storm grows dim, the sight of the room is fading, the gray mist enwraps him, his limbs are growing numb. A little while thus, and then he starts and murmurs again; he is peering into the gray shadows. Some form is there. “Who are you?” he asks.

“A friend.”

“I have no friends. You come to take me? Where? To a better place? It’s dim—I can’t see.”

More murmuring; evidently he listens to some presence, for again he speaks. “Will I have a chanst? I never did have a good chanst, never; kicked and cuffed when a kid, battered and kicked allers; no, they never gave me a chanst, allers suspected anyhow.”

“What’s that? Yer’ll help me; that’s what the cops allers say when they want ter clap a feller in th’ pen. Honest? Well I’ll go, but I can’t see, it’s dark.”

A clear, blue light shines through the gray mist,

the light of a missionary spirit, and the man beholds it; he moves as if to follow it, and as he does so his spirit passes from the battered form, and like a vapor gathers above the pallet of mouldy straw, gradually forming into the shape of a human being; but it is not beautiful and bright as are the spirit forms of spiritual beings who walk in light; neither is it of dusky darkness as are the forms of many who have reveled in wilful sin, whether of high or low earthly position. He has been the creature of circumstances not of his own seeking, and has been held by them down in the dregs in spite of his desire and effort at times to rise. The vibratory forces of his nature and conditions are of that plane that could only give off the smoky emanations for the formation of the spirit body. To him, the surroundings are murky, but to the spiritual missionary who has taken him in charge all things are light.

Now the man is freed from the mortal, and is following the blue light of his leader. Soon he can see more clearly. He finds himself in a strange country; it is hilly, and they are not great hills, but brown and barren; they seem to surround the whole plane—no outlet between them. Here and there he sees men and women at work. They seem to be digging or boring through the hills, and each one has a place and part of his own. They pay no attention to him, and he has no desire to speak to them. Soon his guide pauses before a hill that shows no sign of having been tampered with, and now a silent—a mental conversation goes on between him and the being who has conducted him. It is to the effect that this hill has been raised by himself during his past life; that in his deeds and thoughts, by his emanations and forces he has made this hill between himself and the fairer country beyond where he can find the “chanst” for home, liberty, comfort and for becoming a useful and respected citizen among men of more or higher spiritual degree. But to gain that condition and country, he must level this hill by his own work; it will take time, endurance, work and patience, but the guide

tells him it can be done, and he can win success and honor in the faithful attention to duty.

When he comprehends the situation, and that he is not to be condemned by anyone, not to be hunted down, not to be imprisoned for his past, but that here is his first "chanst" to climb, and that other and more attractive opportunities will come, he shows a willingness to begin his tasks, and he goes to work. He will accomplish what he undertakes; in time the patient and willing labor will bring its own reward. He will grow sympathetic and ready to help others, though he will learn that each must dig for himself; still a helpful influence of sympathy will make the labor seem less arduous and severe. In time the hill will be leveled, and he will pass over to a fairer country where sunny fields and pleasant scenes abound, there also to work for his continued progress and for others who are in need. He will not be alone, for congenial associations and companionships will be formed. Guides and good friends will enlighten him; teachings will help him to master many lessons that were denied him on earth. He has set out upon an upward path even now, when he has but entered the land of Life through Death, and every stroke he makes will be one toward freedom and release from the chains that cramp the soul.

Another Scene.—A prison cell containing only its narrow cot and stool upon which stands tin basin and cup; nothing, absolutely nothing for comfort or even convenience. Upon the cot lies a young man waiting the dawn that is to usher him into eternity at the hands of the law. It is true that he did commit the crime for which he is to pay this arbitrary penalty; in a moment of passion he felled the man who had been his taskmaster and tyrant. The blow had proved more violent than he had intended, but this was not taken into account by the majesty of the law; his persecutor was dead, killed by a blow, and this boy of twenty-one is awaiting the hour when he shall expiate the crime. He was not a brutal boy—nothing like the oppressor, who,

by a long continued series of nagging and abuse had tormented him till at last he had goaded on this "criminal" beyond restraint. There had been extenuating circumstances, had the Law but taken them into account, for the persecutor had in earlier years been the taskmaster of the widowed mother of this boy, and had ground her down by his exactions and the mere pittance that he gave her for her toil till she faded and passed from earth. Then the boy, a lad of twelve, worked, too, like a slave in the factory, earning but little for his toil, just enough to keep body fed and clad in the humblest manner, putting up with the nagging and insults that he and all others in the place had to bear from the man whose greed for gain never had been satisfied. At the trial it was shown that this boy had been heard to threaten the master, that at one time and another, in his anger he had boyishly declared that there was not room enough on earth for the man and himself, hence it was contended that this was not merely an unpremeditated blow, but rather one that had been cunningly planned and executed in such a way that would be sure to produce death to the smitten one. But this was not true, for although George had, in moments of anger, made the threats and insinuations charged against him, he had never intended to carry them out, and the final act had only come as the culmination of abuse and the conditions of a moment of overmastering wrath. However, his tormentor was dead, and he is waiting to himself master the secret of Death, and to meet the dread "Unknown."

At first and for weeks he had rebelled with all the savagery and passion of his strong young heart; he loved life, he did not want to leave it even if it had been one of hardship and sorrow for him. After a while he grew sullen, and then for a time melancholia set in. Through many gradations of mental torture and anguish he passed till at last there came to him a state of calm which only the word "resignation" can define. Before coming to this condition, however, he had been having experiences, for,

during the lonely hours of his solitude, the psychic qualities of his nature had come to some expression. It had come to pass one day while he was in the midst of his melancholy that a light appeared to him; it was not large, perhaps the size of a plate, and it was of a delicate azure cast. He gazed upon it with a wonder, then in awe for it presently disclosed to him the face of his mother—not wan and emaciated as it had been when she left him ten years before, but now beautiful, and lighted from within, although the smile was sad and the eyes, so lustrous, so beautiful, as never eyes of earth had been, seemed full of unshed tears.

Long he gazed, for in that silent and darkened cell the vision held until he had felt its beauty, its power, its love and its meaning, sink into his awakened consciousness; then it faded, leaving with him a sense of calm that he had never experienced in all his life.

In a few days it came again—that wondrous peace-inspiring vision, and again and again. After awhile the disk-light ceased to appear, but instead there often came a soft illumination in which appeared the entire form of his dear mother, self-luminous and beautiful. Soon his mental perceptions were still more aroused, and communications from this celestial visitor were borne in upon his consciousness, there was no spoken word, but the message was ever sure and complete; from this he began to gain instruction, for his mother imparted many things to him; she told him how wrong it was that he had indulged his temper during the years after she left him, and that the nourishment of his hatred for the man had brought him to this cell and to his doom; that his morbid and passionate states had woven a web of gloom around him in which he was to an extent enmeshed, and from which he could not be saved except by his own efforts and labors by and by, also that the best work he would have to do to free himself from the darkness and chill which he would surely find beyond, would be to help save the man he had untimely sent into spirit life, who was still bound as by cords of steel to his old haunts and

ways. Intuitively the boy felt and understood these lessons; under his mother's influence he imbibed magnetic strength to meet his fate, with resignation and to be "a man" in accepting the penalty here and hereafter for his deeds; for in the messages and visitations he felt comforted. He learned that no sulphurous hell awaited him; that he would enter a place of consciousness and environment such as he had made and deserved, and that it would not be inviting, but he felt it would be no worse than what he had known on earth, and that he could bear whatever it might bring, since it held out to him hope for release from bondage, opportunity to atone and to work upward, while he also had the promise that his dear mother could reach him even as she did now, with her sympathy, encouragement and cheer. As for helping the man he had bodily slain—well, he was not prepared to do that. He had not yet forgiven him for the past, nor did he want HIS forgiveness for sending him out of the mortal; but the mother, wise in her spiritual knowledge, did not urge the point, for she knew that when in spirit places this boy should feel the quickened powers of his own soul; he would know that contrition, atonement and forgiveness come from the elements of service to humanity, and that in good time he would become eager to help his oldtime foe from the chains which bound him down to the dust of earth and to the lust of greed which were a part of his very life.

Now the morning of the execution is here. The "death watch" has done its work and departed. The guards are at hand to attend to their duties. The young man is passive in their hands, indeed he pays but little heed to them for he is in a magnetic trance, which renders him almost oblivious to his surroundings and fate. We shall not follow him to the hour of his doom; suffice it that his debt to the "Law" and to "Society" for its protection was fully paid; and his spirit was duly sent upon its way. This is no fancy sketch, nor are any of the illustrations of this series of papers on the import-

ant subject, "What Is Death?" They have all been witnessed by the spirit intelligence who inspires these articles for the enlightenment of those who wish to know.

A sudden shock, a jolt, not pleasant but by no means violent; a start and bewildered state of consciousness, and he knows nothing more of the earth conditions or the sensations of mortality; he is freed from them; for awhile he is dazed and half-slumberous, but conscious of a sensation of calm and peace. In time he arouses, his sensibilities are awakening, and he gazes around; he knows that he is himself, yet not like what he has been; his hands and his form seem somewhat different—not quite so clumsy and opaque; but they are of a grayish tint that he does not like; it is not smoke or dust that makes them so, for it will not rub off; it is something ingrained. His surroundings are also of the deep gray tint; it is like looking through smoke, and it blurs his vision. He is in a great field, and it seems to him he has got to work it all over and tread it again and again. After awhile he sees that it is not untenanted; there are such little people there, mere pigmies, and they are working, too. He himself,—yes, he, too, is so small, not at all in height that he used to be. He doesn't like that either. Now he sees that some of the people are larger; they seem to have been growing, and he, too, must grow; he must go to work, and he looks about for something to do, and he finds it; it is psychical labor, but it corresponds to hard pulling and digging; then comes study, and it, too, is difficult, but most of the others are busy and he will not be outdone by them. How long this goes on he has no idea; it may be months or years. During the time, he has occasionally seen his mother in a light, but not often, and only when he has accomplished some unusually heavy task that he is determined to do. **He is growing**, and is learning, and the smoky substance is fading somewhat from body and surroundings, but still he is not satisfied; something tugs at his heart. He is conscious of his

discontent, but not till he has grown considerable can he understand it. Now it is made plain; he knows that he must forgive and help the man whom he wronged. He learns that "two wrongs never made a right," and it is his duty and work not only to forgive all the old-time complaint and abuse, to seek also to be forgiven for his crime against a human life, but likewise to help the man who is in greater darkness than himself. He has occasionally seen this man, a being shrouded in blackness, with fierce mien and sombre eyes, one continually haunting his old scenes, yet as continually being jerked back by an invisible chain—the force of attraction—to a spirit atmosphere that is of dusky hue.

So, at last, George comes to the work. He attempts to kindly reach the old man, but it takes many efforts and struggles on his part, and many repulses from the other side, before he at last wins out and succeeds in awakening in that hardened heart a sense of justice, honor and right. Forgiveness in time came from each, atonement on either side to the other, united work for the blessing of other lives, and a mutual recognition of human right and needs at length brought advancement to them both. So, in time came the elimination of all the smoky particles from the spirit body of George. Light, beauty, and ethereal elements possessed him, the gray shadows receded as he floated out to new scenes and associations. For some time his mother had been with him, just waiting for his work and redemption to be complete. Now they are traveling together into clearer spaces and more beautiful scenic conditions; every aspect is delightful; the atmosphere is pure, odorous and balmy; no hint of storm or cloud is here; all around is splendor, and yet she tells him that the most beautiful scenery and the utmost perfection of association that he or she can as yet attain are as nothing in grandeur to those that are to be reached in coming experience and states of consciousness as the ages roll. But he is just now content to enjoy the beauty of the hour; each scene is unrolled before him in magic

splendor; and he is so happy. Life is glorious to him now; he has earned it, and it is his to enjoy. Eternal Good is everywhere—he knows no fear; he is a boy again in his mother's care, and life in boundless satisfaction belongs to him and to all creatures. Still they go. He has always wished he could travel, but always been held down to disagreeable spots, such as alleys, factory, cell, spirit gloom and labor, till now he is on the wing, and going through the loveliest of places and with perfect ease. He sees fair countries and delightful cities. Nations unroll their boundaries before him. He beholds many people and they are of strange customs. He is imbibing knowledge, and at the same time is feeding his sense of beauty. All is Good.

Now the time comes when he is satisfied with his travels, and his dear guide, this loving mother knows, so they turn towards home, and home it is; a beautiful spot in the spirit world, fashioned by a mother's love, furnished in beauty by a magnetic material woven from his own life renunciations, sacrifices and achievements; a glorious home and one worthy of all praise and admiration. Moreover, there are dear people here, workers, teachers, companions with whom he really is at one, for in spirit they are of his own plane, and they belong to him as he belongs to them. He naturally has musical tastes, and here he can develop and gratify them; he also has certain faculties for the construction of mechanical devices which never had any outlet on earth, because of limitations there, but here he can experiment and labor according to his bent; all is good and he is at Home. "What is Death?"

CHAPTER VI.

Career and Death of a Siren.



THIS is a wide swath from the lower realms of spirit consciousness and experience to the higher planes of celestial glory, but intermediate states and gradations of sensibility make up the successive spheres in which human intelligence finds its progressive impulse and evolution till the noblest is attained.

We have been giving some illustrations of the lighter conditions of human beings in passing through death, though some of them have been shaded by the reflections and emanations of unhappy or undeveloped states on earth. We have not attempted to picture aught of the highest, for no finite mind can contemplate that glory nor appreciate its worth.

We shall now attempt to portray some of the conditions and experiences that attend other grades of conscious beings in their passage into what man has called the great "Unknown." These illustrations, like those previously given, are taken from actual occurrences, and are not drawn from the imagination of inspirer or scribe.

A handsome dwelling in a fine section of a great city; its exterior silent, secluded, and—to those who view it who are unaware of its character—somewhat mysterious. The interior is beautiful; softly shaded lights, attractive furnishings, luxurious appointments, an air of subdued quiet, all give an appearance of sensuous delight and of physical refinement. But there is a psychical atmosphere to the place, a magnetic aura that finely attuned sensitives would shudder to enter, while to their quickened perceptions the murky emanations and physical effluvia, imperceptible to the grosser outer sense, would be in utter contrast to the material display and attractions of beauty and wealth.

In this handsome place a woman of perhaps fifty years presides, well groomed, physically attractive, of perfect manner and suave address; in her apartments are finely appareled women, young, gay, lovers of carnal pleasure, beautiful in countenance and appearance, for she will have no others in her domicile. Men come and go, choosing their companions of an hour. Dashing equipages flash up, gather in their beauteous freight, and are off to other scenes of carnal mirth.

Years pass and this mad whirl goes on; one after another the beautiful girls fade and drift away from the doors that would not welcome them after their physical attractions waned, but others came to take their place, procured by the smiling woman who kept her home for their abode.

Young girls, beautiful girls; strangers in the city, most of them; cajoled, flattered, swept onward by this woman to her abode of vice and dishonor; girls, like gnats, caught in the flame of this human electric glare and destroyed as far as human usefulness and respect are concerned, and finally turned adrift to end their days in hovels and dens of iniquity and shame where poverty and want abound and where the price of self-pollution is but a dime, for a loaf of bread or a dram of gin.

And so the merry dance goes on; but the years roll by, and at last the procuress herself is coming to the end of mortal life. Her infamous work is done, but before this end, she has retired upon her ill-gotten gains and quartered herself in another city where her deeds and face are unknown. Here a few fashionable dames have become acquainted with her, and not knowing of her former career have become somewhat attracted by her personality. But now the end has come; she is dying. Her home is beautiful—no comfort for the body is lacking, no harmonious arrangement of color and appointment is missed therein,—all is apparently as refined as is the home of the most cultivated and intellectual mortal of taste and means; and yet to a sensitive soul, this atmosphere is without substance; there is no Soul in it—it is like gilded trash and fit only for the dumping ground.

The woman has her physician and her nurse. Attendants are busy with her; every want is anticipated and every wish responded to; but she is dying, and no one can add to her mortal span or gratify her insane desire to live, live, for, oh! she dreads to die. She knows nothing of a future life, yet she dimly feels there is something beyond, and she fears to meet it.

And so, for days, she has suffered intensely, not by physical pain but from the fear and dread of the Unknown. Now the hour has come, but she has ceased to toss and moan. There is now no active sense of anything; she is simply passive, inert, for the final moment is ever one of mental quiet and inner calm. For the time, she is dazed; a mental thrall is upon her, though she is intensely conscious of a dark, murky vapor filling the room; it is like thick smoke, but it seems to issue from herself, it clouds the soft light of the apartment and obscures the face of her nurse. Now it seems to gather into sheets of blackness; then it assumes shapes of crawling things, snakes and reptiles; then it thickens into curtains that shut out all sound and sight; but she is not yet afraid—she is impassive, curious to a degree, but not actively so; and still the emanations come, it would seem as if there was no end to them. Now the attendant notices a change in the patient; the death damp is appearing on the brow, the eyes are partly closed, but an intense stare can be seen in them—evidently the end is near. But the shadows are unseen by mortal eye, and yet they are dense, dark and unsavory. At length they assume form, that of a human figure, that of the form upon the couch, a woman, tall but not well shapened; one marred by crude deformity, darkened by lines and scars, bold features but unhandsome; eyes that glitter but not with attractive light; shrouded in gloom, robed in garments of dull, leaden hue—not an attractive sight to spirit or mortal who might behold the scene!

A stiff, thick cord holds her to the body of earth. It is not elastic and bright; it holds like a rope. She dimly feels its power, but cannot loosen it. She is

still partially dazed by the tremendous change, and not really suffering. Until the earth form is disposed of she remains in this half-conscious state, dimly realizing what is taking place; indifferent to it, half sensible of the darkness around herself and of the heavy cord that held so fast, and yet, too inert to make any special effort for her release until this crucial moment when the mortal is about to be lowered to the bosom of mother earth. Then a swift consciousness, a rapid darting light through the brain, an intense desire to be freed from the clay, a tugging, wrenching effort, causing a pain indescribable to pierce every fibre of this shrouded spirit body—the feeling that she is to be buried alive, a torturing fear, all in a moment, but seemingly as long as a thousand hours.

Through the mighty effort; the travail of suffering, to her as acute and physical as if she really had possession of a mortal form the cord seemed to loosen somewhat, but not to part from the body; still it stretched and enabled her to keep free from the opening of the ground. She was not pulled by it to the encased body but seemed to be floating above the earth that had been shoveled by now upon the coffined form.

Days, weeks, months are as nothing to spirits who are concerned only with sensation and events. How long she lingered there, no one may tell; it was until a new vibration caught her in its line as memory began slowly to assert itself; and then came crowding thoughts of all her past life; her girlhood of wilfulness and disobedience; her marriage to one who could provide the finery and leisure she demanded; her drifting away from him and her later willing life of shame; her alliance with a man who proposed opening an elegant den of iniquity; her ready acceding to the plan; her later casting of him aside; then the years of her career as allurer to the young and innocent.

All this brought a great light into her clouded atmosphere, but it was a light that only made the surrounding darkness more profound; a glare that gave keenest torture and which blinded her so that

she cried out again for the darkness to bring relief. And it came, the darkness fell in which she brooded and crouched as if afraid to meet any other soul. No hunger, no thirst came to her, only a great darkness and a sense of blank, blank days; no hell fire, no demon captor, only her own thoughts, and these so full of gloom. As yet she had experienced no sense of shame, no remorse tugged at her heart, though these would come later on and bring their own sting and pain.

In time, came points of light, some fair as sunshine, some red like lurid fire, and they stung her; she tried to hide from them and could not, nor did she know what they were until after some weeks they had so stimulated her vibrations that she could discern them as shapes—faces and eyes gazing at her. Some she recognized, and they had been of those poor creatures whom she had first allured to ruin, and later had gotten rid of, and who had died homeless—some of them even suicides. They did not mock her, but they haunted her, and it was borne in upon her that while none of them were as unhappy or as dark as herself, yet most of them had passed through suffering and pain, or were then in conditions of woe as the outcome of their ill-spent lives, and that she might be blamed for it all. Still, remorse and shame did not come until these lights and faces had done their work in her soul, after which came the real sorrow and pain, the misery of self-contempt, the torture of remorse, the anguish of self-accusation and despair. No tongue can describe, no pen depict the horror and abasement of a human-being in such tribulation.

In the midst of this condition, a sweeter light came to her, one that brought refreshment and which did not sting; a light that was soft, mellow and beautiful, and as soon as she became adjusted to its scintillations she discovered it to be the face of a beautiful girl—"Celia," whom of all, perhaps, she had injured most wantonly. But Celia did not gaze upon her with sadness nor with scorn; tender sympathy shone from the dusky eyes, sweet pity beamed from the gentle smile, compassion radiated from the lovely

countenance, and borne in upon the woman's mind came the words, "I come to help you," and from herself went forth the reply, "I am past all help." "Not so," said the gentle girl. "You are now ready for the aid I can give; I want to do you good."

From that moment the regenerating work began, and slowly, like a tiny child just learning to walk, the lessons were conned, the practice in trying to rise went on, till at length the start toward a brighter state and environment was made.

Let us now go back to a period in the life of Celia, the lovely spirit who had come with promised aid and light to the earth-bound woman, who had been the cause of her downfall. Celia went to the city at the age of sixteen; she could get no work, and as she was a beautiful girl in appearance, naturally refined, gentle and engaging, she fell into the hands of the madam of whom we have been writing. Clothed and fed daintily by her enchantress, the girl was introduced to a dashing man who at once won her affections; but he had no desire to hold them longer than to gratify his vanity and lust, and in a year he had turned from her to other victims; then the poor child refused to eat, sleep forsook her frame, fading and pining, she became a burden to the woman, and was summarily turned forth, a wanderer. Suffering and pain led her to end her mortal life, and she, too, passed into the spirit spheres.

At first all was hazy to her consciousness; a pearl gray twilight enwrapped her. She could hear singing but it was afar off, it seemed like the echo of her own happy childhood. She could see tints as of sunrise, but through a mist; to her they were like the rosy dawns of long forgotten days. She was tired and wanted to sleep, and she sank into a dreamy, half slumberous condition in which the scenes of her life seemed to pass repeatedly before her. Then, for a time she was unhappy. She could not get rest, and oh! she wanted it so much; the thoughts of what she had done, the thoughts of everything, seemed to flit through her mind and she wanted to rest; also she wanted to be out of the

shadow and to see clearly, and it seemed such a long time for her to be so uneasy and ill.

But by and by she became conscious of a soft voice somewhere near, repeating soothing lines in a singing tone; they were simple lines—her mother used to sing them to the little one who died when she was six:

“Hush, my little child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head.”

Again and again she heard them, and it seemed to her that this must be the little sister who had died ten years before, who was singing them, and that she, the poor, forsaken one was the child for whom the words were meant. “Hush, my child, lie still and slumber”—yes, that was what she longed to do, and as the soothing melody melted into her brain, the tired senses were lulled into a magnetic and refreshing slumber, that meant new life and strength to a wayworn soul. When she awoke she was in another realm. The dust-colored robes had been removed and she was clad in pearl gray. The shadows were gone, and she was in an atmosphere of clear sunlight, around her flowers bloomed and gentle waters moved. A beautiful girl stood beside her and smiled in sympathy. Close by, a tiny home seemed to invite the wanderer, and with a questioning look she turned towards it. “Yes, it is yours,” said the guide; “it is pretty, but incomplete. I am your sister Madie. I have always been with you, and I helped to bring you here. I know all you have suffered, and the penalty you have paid for any wilful wrong; but you are safe now. I helped to build this little home, but I could not furnish it, only you can do that by your own will and work.”

From that moment went on a series of lessons and efforts that had for their aim and final triumph the rounding out of this unformed life into a sphere of purity, peace and usefulness; and that work went ever on, each success bringing new beauty to the

worker, new satisfaction in life, and new adornment to the beautiful home of light.

Into dens of iniquity she went with her teachers and guides for the purpose of helping unfortunate beings there; into slums of earth she passed bearing a magnetic light of helpfulness for poor victims of poverty, sin and want; into hospitals where children lay in suffering, giving blessing to the weary frames and tired hearts—wherever she could be of use she went to aid and bless.

Once she was attracted to a very dark place of human consciousness and suffering. It was on the spirit side, but a darker place than she had ever beheld; she shrank from it and yet something within seemed to urge her on. Oh! it was so dark, she could make no light there, and yet she was held to this jaunt. Fumes of effluvia and smoke arose to blind her, and but for the consciousness that the protection of higher souls was about her, she felt that she would have swooned. But at length she became conscious of a soul in the darkness; a man, one who was calling upon her for mercy and forgiveness, and then the light stirred within her and she could see; yes, there he was, as of one caught in a quick-sand that held but would not swallow him; she knew him at once, her former betrayer and deserter. Then he, too, must have died, and out of the elegance and patrician condition of his mortal state he had come to this foul darkness and morass because of the filth of his own being that he had piled up within and around him; the moral pollution and slime that here was to be his environment and punishment.

“Celia,” he called, “for God’s sake come and help me”—and then she knew that it was this cry and the motor force back of it that urged her hither. She bent above him and turned the light of her countenance upon him. At first he could not see it; then it blinded him and soon he recognized it, but it did not give him the ease he expected, for to him it was like the smite of a piercing sword. But she held her place until he became accustomed to it, and at length craved her pardon for what he had done. With this

man, progress was slow in coming, not only when he thus beheld the light of his victim, but for long afterwards. It was a slow and painful climb, and the tortures that he simply had to endure in facing himself and the deeds of the past, were beyond the mind of man to conceive.

Retribution is the Unerring Law—it is the shadow side of that eternal force whose glory phase is compensation.

What Is Death?

CHAPTER VII.

Career and Death of a Worldly Man.



THE hour of spirit emancipation from an earth casement is at hand; mortals call it the hour of Death. It has not been sought for; it is hardly welcome, yet its subject is now breathing quietly and without one rebellious thought, though he knows that his last moments are nigh. He has been a man of tremendous energy and positive mental attributes, has forged his way along by the power of indomitable will and by close application to business, and has made success of material efforts.

This man has lived closely in earlier years, stinting himself that he might save something for the foundation of the fortune he had in mind; by his own concentration he has gained knowledge, experience, a fair education, and amassed a fortune; he is counted a fortunate man by his fellows. He hasn't been hard-hearted nor unsympathetic; has often aided the widow and the orphan, has contributed to philanthropic objects and many times has performed deeds of helpfulness and of noble worth which only the beneficiaries knew. He has not been a religious man, in fact has thought but little concerning those things that apply to devotional exer-

cises or to the contemplation of immortality. He has lived to nearly seventy years, and not until this last illness came did he seriously contemplate the possibility of death, he has been so well and active; but when the illness came, it felled him at once and in its very brevity, proved the mutability of mortal existence. Now he is dying. He has set his mundane affairs in order; his loved ones will be well provided for; he has bequeathed excellent charities to several worthy objects; he feels that he has done the best he could in these lines and he is quietly awaiting the end—neither sure of an existence beyond nor that annihilation is the law.

For days the question, "What is death?" has been in his mind; he has silently pondered it, believing that neither physician nor preacher can satisfactorily answer it. Now he has put it from his mind, and is simply waiting for the end.

His apartment is a handsome one—not ostentatious and ornate in its appointments—he has been a man of simple tastes—but all is substantial and bespeaks the possession of wealth and good taste. His dear wife and son are with him, but they cannot go with him into the Otherwhere, if there is any place to go. That journey must be made alone, but he has courage and shows no fear. So the moments pass and strength wanes; now he loses sight of all external things, even the forms beside him grow shadowy; he is passing away. Now a veritable panorama of scenes is passing before him, incidents and events of long ago are like pictures to his sight—many he had entirely forgotten, but they came as clear and fresh as if they had occurred but recently. Some of them grew clouded as he gazed on them; others became luminous and beautiful, and presently he realized that the dark growing pictures were memories of things he had not done right or that he had neglected—good intentions he had not carried out, work that he had thought of but not accomplished, mistakes he had made, and some deeds that he knew were not just right. The luminous scenes were memories of good things accomplished, kind deeds and effective works. All this became of great interest to

him; he seemed to be resting in an atmosphere of calm. Death is upon him, but he is not concerned about it, for he is watching the picture show of his own mind. No external force, no other intelligence is creating these scenes for him; they are cast forth by the operation of his own spiritual Ego, and they have a fascination for him, though he feels humiliated at one moment, and exhilarated the next, at what he beholds.

The attendants pronounce him dead and proceed to care for the inanimate form. He pays no heed to them. He is watching the pictures and taking note of their significance, for it is borne in upon his consciousness that they are made from the life he has lived. Not for one moment has he been insensible, never has he been so thoroughly conscious of Life as at this time; he is calm and his surroundings are in keeping with his mood. He is neither happy nor unhappy. A tremendous change is being wrought in his conditions and affairs, but he is not excited over it—he is simply himself and is taking this experience in the same manner that he has been accustomed to deal with material matters of importance, emergency and crisis.

During the passage of the panorama, many thoughts have come to him. He has seen life in a new light; its meaning has been explained to him more clearly than it could have been by philosopher or sage. He has simply been left alone with himself, to get better acquainted with self, with personal motives, thoughts, deeds, conceptions, misconceptions and individuality. It has taken time. His physical body has lain a few days, then been buried with some pomp and with honor. Other affairs have been adjusted concerning his past on earth; he has paid no attention to them, but now, he is done with the contemplation of his life experience, the show is over, the lesson has been taught, he is arousing to new conditions; he knows that Death means life, and that he is alive. This to him means work; he cannot be idle; it is foreign to his nature. He looks around him and finds a world of people and of affairs; it is different from anything he would have mentioned

had he ever tried to express an idea of what immortal life might be.

These people seemed very natural, busy and unobtrusive; their homes were like some of the places of earth, not very grand, not very poor; just like folks of moderate means who were prospering fairly, might reasonably enjoy. He found himself with a home, too, not one of elegance nor of wealth, a modest dwelling with a pretty environment; a sweet country scene and fair prospect; well, it rather suited him and seemed to be comfortable, so he did not ask for more. For awhile he was left alone, still getting acquainted with himself, and noting some things about his dwelling that he thought could be improved, he tried to attend to them, but he had no material with which to work, no tools, no substance, and he had to let the improvements wait till he could learn more of this strange country that he called to himself "The Land of Death."

With such a nature he could not long brook idleness, and soon he grew weary. This being unable to labor palled upon him. His neighbors paid no attention to him, but at length he received a visit from a beautiful woman who called him her dear son John, and whom at length he recognized as his dear mother who had been "dead" for forty years. She was beautiful and youthful in appearance, as far as he could see, for she was veiled in lacy gauze and apparently not of the same world in which he dwelt. At first he could not clearly comprehend her message, and she came many times before he learned that her home was in a very different sphere of consciousness, vibration and expression than his—far beyond this of his; this was close to the earth, some of the people he had taken for neighbors were really mortals intent upon their material affairs; they had not seen him and were not specially aware of any spirit presence; others were spirits as he was—decarnated, yet not entirely free from the earth plane. He had tried to work for, or with, some of them, but his efforts were useless, because there was so little in common between him and them. The mortals he had mistaken for people of another life did not respond to

his salutations, and even those whom he had once moved by his word and influence were indifferent to him. He learned that he had made his own place and home by the material he had supplied from his vibratory forces and magnetic emanations while on earth; that it was pleasant, modest and comfortable in a measure, because his good and unselfish deeds had created sufficient material for this condition and aspect, but it was not complete because his material had given out. He had not been able to improve the home, for the same reasons, his material had given out. He must do many good works for others before he could be supplied with force, substance and implements for the completion of the home. This, the teachers would show him how to accomplish. His earth home had been spacious and well furnished; it had cost a large sum of money, although his own apartment therein had been simple in comparison to many rooms, yet the whole structure was palatial and beautiful. No so with this spirit home, which had not been built with hands nor with material wealth—it had its comforts, its modest appearance, its pleasant interior and pretty scenic exterior, but it was far from palatial, and even he could see that its comforts and advantages might be improved.

He had earned that much in spirit; had furnished the material and had practically built that home, but it must either be added to, or exchanged for a grander abode in a loftier sphere by his effort and his spiritual progress. All this he learned from his mother as she came to him from day to day; other teachers he met and counseled with. He learned that he had lived alone during the first portion of his existence in this borderland state, because, really in spirit he had long lived alone, devoting his time to business and paying small attention to the social side of his nature. At first he knew not how to work; he needed to be busy, all the energies of his nature cried for activity; he knew nothing of spiritual works and methods; all that he could think of for the expression of his skill and knowledge in useful ways, was the old-time attention to business lines, such as obtain on earth. He longed to be at work in the mart of

trade, the whirl of finance, the centre of mortal activities, and knowing that he could not outwork the propensities of his mental nature otherwise, nor learn more spiritual lines of employment till he had done so, his teachers made no objection, but on the contrary they guided him to earth scenes and people, showing him how his energies and influences might be engaged in good works for human interest and welfare. So he went on for a time, influencing minds on earth for their success, careful to select only such as were naturally intuitive, benevolent, sympathetic; directing their thoughts into channels of beneficent helpfulness to mankind; aiding them to reach prosperity that they might do better work for the world; exercising his wonderful energies in any direction that would add to the comfort of human beings, or to the success of intelligent minds.

And so the years flew, and often when he turned to that humble spirit home of his, he found that he could naturally add to its beauty and utility, for he bore to it an inherent force that enabled him spiritually to accomplish what he sought. Thus he continued in his work, gradually finding better and better conditions for it, slowly turning from the work and aims of the merchant, and financier, the marts of trade and commerce, to the labors and aspirations of those who dwelt with the subtle forces of nature, seeking control of them and experimenting that human need and comfort might be met and supplied by their discoveries and inventions, and bringing to such minds something of the stimulus, the energy and courage of his own exhaustless store, that they might be kept from failure and despair.

In this later line of effort and achievement, a new force came to John; turning from the whirlpool of finance, he found for himself a new power and upliftment in the affairs of life; then came the tremendous change of spiritual vibration for him—from within himself; for, turning to reach the spirit home (and its environments) he had known, he could not find it; it was as if it had never existed; for in place of gravitating to scenes that had been thus familiar, he simply found himself in a glorious

country, the beauty of which is indescribable; magnificent homes were there, people of luminous forms and features, clothed in soft garments of radiant hues, were there; pleasant associates who called his name and made friends with him at once; in one of the handsomest homes he met his mother and father, and learned that here they dwelt; close by, another home that won his admiration he learned was his own, and that within it, awaiting his coming, lived his own darling daughter who "died" when a child, also a son who went from earth in early boyhood. Such delights as came to him then are beyond the power of pen to describe; but he **had earned them all**, and could not come to them till he had paid every tithe of their value.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three Remarkable Cases Illustrating Death.



THE question of Death appeals to every mind; its processes, the sensations which they cause in the human being—body and mind,—what it brings to humanity, consciousness or oblivion? What, if anything, lies beyond? These are all contained in the one profound inquiry, "What is Death?"

The foregoing papers on this subject have given illustrations of the significance, processes and revelations of Death in the experience of different human beings; these have all been true to life and drawn from the actual conditions of individuals. The remaining numbers of this series will also reveal the true experience of spirit entities known to the guides of this medium. We do not have to draw upon imagination for the illustration of the work of Death in human consciousness; we have its positive occurrences before us every day.

In this manner we shall depict the sensations and experience of the suicide, selecting as our example, three separate and distinct cases out of the many we have known.

The poor, abandoned, heart-broken girl, cast out of the pale of human sympathy and recognition, living in squalor and suffering the pangs of dire poverty and loneliness, who seeks the river, or severs the cord of existence between body and spirit, by other means, will, of course, for a time live in the shadow, because her being was incapable of generating other than the gray mist, or aura, and of setting up other than slow vibrations of spiritual force in the system: but her very anguish, the intensity of her sorrow and the forlorn conditions of her life, have a tendency to quicken the vibratory force, to repel her from the things and conditions that drag her down, to cause her to long for better and higher conditions, and of themselves incline her whole nature toward a purer line of activity and aspiration.

Hence, though she cuts the vital cord by her own volition, she is not utterly alone and helpless; the shadow will ere long be dissipated, the light will come, the blessing of soothing, magnetic healing will be imparted to her by spirit healers, the benefaction of true instruction will be afforded to her by spirit teachers, and she will arise to the comforts of home and sympathy, such as altruistic care and love will provide, while the mental sting of conscious wrong doing in the past will be overcome by the high and faithful effort to learn and to grow, that she may aid others in their distress. She will not mourn because she willingly and voluntarily left the mortal in the moment of her despair. Suicide in her case brought no reflective pang and retributive punishment. The blame for the deed lies not with her, but with that condition of society that permits any human being to be an outcast from sympathy and from true reform, and with, also, those who were personally responsible for her downfall. To her, Death has been a Deliverer, the lever to lift her to higher planes of consciousness, experience and peace.

But it is not of such cases that we deal in this

paper. We only mention such an one in passing, that it may be shown that not every case of self-destruction of the mortal form rests its responsibility in the act or its motive, but that it must be found in the causes that brought it forth. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned; their root and spring are in the subtle laws and conditions that are the basis of cause and sequence. External effects may not point clearly to their origin and significance. The true seeker after knowledge will seek to discern the spiritual principles that underlie the motives and deeds, even the thoughts of the human entities whose acts they admire or condemn.

Our first case to-day is that of a woman of middle age who has been ill for several years, gradually growing more and more helpless, and full of pain. She had been a hard worker, supporting herself and others by the fruits of her industry, and had been stricken down with a vital malady that no medication or system of treatment could cure. She had no means of her own, and gradually growing worse, she had been taken to the home of a relative, who also had nothing but the weekly wage for the support of his family. Year by year the sufferer had declined in health and nerve power, racked with pain, and hoping, yet dreading, to die, and end it all. She was sensitive, naturally proud and of independent spirit, and the fact that she was not only a source of expense, but also of unremitting care to her uncle and his family, weighed upon her mind with galling influence. Pronounced incurable by the physicians, she begged her relative to send her to the free ward of a hospital, or to some charity institution, but this he would not do, and so she lay, helpless almost in her extremity, unhappy and forlorn. The physician at his last call had said he need not come again; that no doctor could be of use; that she would probably linger about as she then was, for many years. He bade her be of good cheer, since Death would not overtake her for some time, a piece of news that only served to increase her mental pain and anxiety. As far as she could see there was absolutely no hope of relief—no special palliative for her suffering, and

no ending of the care and expense of her case for the dear, devoted friends. Finally, she determined to end it all by her own act; on this thought she brooded night and day till the contemplation of the deed became fascinating to her mind. It was long before she found the opportunity she sought, for she could not rise from her bed, and she seldom had anything within reach that would effect her purpose.

At length her opportunity came. For two days, in addition to her usual ills, she had been suffering intensely with an acute attack of neuralgia, and to ease this condition her aunt had procured and administered morphine, which had relieved the patient somewhat of her excruciating pain. Now it was afternoon, the house was quiet, Eliza left alone to get rest if possible. On a table by the bed stood the box of morphine pills, and reaching for this, the sufferer quietly swallowed enough of the contents to fulfill the deadly compact she had made with herself.

Composedly she lay, waiting the effects of the "overdose," as it was later supposed she had taken by mistake. Her mind had become long since inured to the act. She had now no dread—all fear, all horror had been passed, and such emotions now had no place in her thought. The mental anguish, the penalty even for such a voluntary act had been outlived weeks before the consummation of the purpose. Calm and peace pervaded her being; even the sense of physical pain was submerged in the great mystery and revelation of the hour. Gradually a numbness of the body came upon her. As yet the mind was alert, but the limbs were growing rigid and pulsation waxing slow. The room seemed filled with a sort of purple haze, but delicate and odorous; she delighted in it and wondered if this was Death. Soon she beheld faces; some smiled upon her; others seemed to frown, and she did not like their menacing looks. Then it seemed to her as if these smiling faces were her past good deeds and happy thoughts, personified and loving her; and that the frowning ones were personifications of her rebellious and unlovely thoughts, of some mistakes, too, she had made

in life, and of things she ought not to have done. But she was too calm and quiet to worry over anything, and so she watched them all with silent interest and wonder. After awhile they disappeared, and she found that she was not now lying on a bed, but that she stood erect, and was clothed in a soft and fleecy gown of a peculiar hue, purplish, with a gray cast, yet it pleased her, and she stroked its fold. Her abundant brown hair fell around her shoulders, and she tried to roll it back and fasten it, but finding to her surprise that it held in position without pin or fastening. Then she gazed around and was pleased to see a flock of doves, apparently at her feet, and a fountain of clear water in the centre of a verdant park just ahead. It had been so long since she had been upon her feet, so long! And she moved with hesitation, but found that she could do so with apparent ease. She approached the fountain, and sat down upon its edge, catching the spray in her delicate hand. Every drop that fell upon her seemed to fill her with new life; it sparkled and glowed and sent an electric throb through her entire frame. At first this hurt, but soon she began to feel renewed, strong and happy, and full of childish pleasure. One of the doves came and nestled in her hand; she held it to her breast while the others flocked around her, and she began to talk to them.

Presently, a little girl about ten years of age, a pretty child, came to her, bearing a garland of green and white that shone as with frost-work. "This is for you," said the child. "I made it, and when you wear it you will understand things that might puzzle you without it. You do not recognize me, but I am the little Jessie you used to know. You took me from my mamma when she went to heaven, and you cared for me till I died. I was three years old then, and soon after you got sick, and we tried to help you, but we couldn't do much; only put good influence on the kind people who looked after you, so they would not grow tired of doing so. I found my mamma in heaven, and we have such lovely times there; oh, it is so nice to die and leave the earth."

She had placed the chaplet on Eliza's head, and at once the latter seemed to know so much; thoughts crowded upon her. She divined that she, too, had "died." She recognized the child as one she had taken from a dying neighbor, and cared for as her own while the little life remained. She also saw that the flock of doves were the incarnation of good deeds she had done, and the one that nestled in her hand was best of all, the symbol of a service she had performed for a "fallen girl."

"Now you can come with me," said the child. "See how well you can move;" and together they passed onward, beyond the park, out into the clear ether—on till they reached a beautiful spot where others she had known and mourned awaited Eliza. Kindred, friends, parents, sister and others for whom she had done some good thing, all gave welcome; no reproach for the deed she had done was in their tone or look—only love greeting and good cheer. Later, when she came to know more of life and its purposes, she regretted that she had not borne more patiently the ills and sufferings, but never did she really sorrow over the act that relieved her mortal caretakers of their burden, though in the light of the higher revelation, she saw that even that discipline had sweetened their natures, added to their spiritual heritage, and given strong pulsations of glory to their inner lives. Entering into the new life with strong purpose to be of use and to make the best of her powers and opportunities, Eliza did not sit down and repine over the past, but eagerly and readily she took up the new studies, the new labors, and pursued them with interest and zeal, working out her own salvation from sorrow and regret by the busy cares and service she bestowed upon needy lives.

Another Case.—A young man, energetic, industrious, cheerful, not long out of his teens, helping to support aged parents, doing his work faithfully and winning his way—naturally a good lad and an optimistic one. He had done well and had gained the favor of employers and associates. His prospects were brightening, and the promise of a useful and successful career shone upon him. But in an evil

hour he fell in with a group of men—most of them older than himself, who had mixed with the viler conditions of life. They drew alluring pictures of its wonders and interests, aroused his curiosity first, and then his desire to see something of that underworld for himself; this was the cause of his downfall. It had not lasted long, and he soon grew really tired of this other side of human nature; but before he could draw away from it and the companions he had made, he became financially involved for less than a hundred dollars, but which he saw no way to secure. The horror of the debt, the fear of exposure to those at home and in the store, the terrible influence he had imbibed from the associations of the past few weeks, the moral effluvia that his sensitive nature had absorbed, all told upon his mind, producing a depth of anguish and pain that made an abnormal condition of mind and body, and in the moment of frenzy, this boy, of whom so much had been expected, for whom so much of promise had been made, committed the deed that sent his spirit from the mortal form.

For the time, the horror remained with him; it was within, and could not at once be dispelled; it created a darkness around him, but this did not linger long. Sweet, beautiful, ministering spirits had him in charge, and they threw him into a magnetic slumber which gave only rest and calm, quelling the nervous dread and fear, and producing a sensation of peace in his unhappy mind. He had not been vicious, nor really immoral. He had set out to see something of life, and had been swept under its fierce currents. He had been a good and loving son, and faithful worker, a moral youth and the habits and vibrations of his life stood him in good stead now. He had not descended to any plane of torture, unhappiness, or suffering, on the other side, for he had not made any such conditions, and he did not belong there; hence, when he aroused from his magnetic slumber, he found himself with friends, kind helpers, teachers, loving souls whose aim and wish were to bless and aid.

He has a good home and bright surroundings, opportunities for study and growth, work to do that will enlarge his nature and bless his career; but he is not free from regret, nor from the shadow that must inevitably temper the beauty and glory of the spiritual life, for he now realizes the suffering he has brought upon his dear parents on earth; first, the terrible anguish of their mental pain at his deeds and suicide, then the deprivations of material comfort he has occasioned them by his passage from earth, and the cutting them off from the material support that he had, by his industry supplied to them. His reflections and memories cannot fail to give him pain and regret. He wishes he had lived, even though he had made mistakes, to atone for his errors, to work out his salvation from their consequences on earth, and to care for his aged parents, instead of leaving the latter to the protection and care of others not so near and dear. But it cannot be helped now, and he is being taught to make the most of life as it is; to do his best for the world, and for himself, and of all things, to exercise a good, spiritual and strong influence in behalf of, and upon, other youths who may be tempted and allured from the path of rectitude, that they may be strong to resist evil and to overcome mistakes if such should be made. He will be a true worker in human reform and will not submit to the conditions, nor succumb to them, of a blasted life.

Another Case.—We have now to deal with another of the suicides who have taken the law of life into their own hands, and decided to function upon another plane of consciousness, and this case will be entirely outside the classes we have mentioned. It behooves humans on earth to pause long and well before proceeding to tamper with the law of existence which has placed them here for purposes of mental growth, experience and training, for this is a preparatory school, and unless they are fitted for graduation and for entrance to higher departments of life, the mere act of putting themselves out of the mortal frame will not elevate them to grander schools, nor give them comfort and ease; indeed, it

may be the means of increasing their misery, and producing an intensity of restlessness and pain in their beings, that no power, but years of growth and effort, can mitigate or soothe.

This case is of one who was a man of strong business energy, positive convictions, indomitable in his search for wealth and for high position in the business world. He had won his place as a banker of distinction and influence by his indefatigable attention to business, and his unfailing courtesy. He was intelligent, educated, energetic, and of "magnetic personality." Great trusts had been placed in him. The widow and the orphan, the poor mechanic and laborer, and others, had relied upon his word, and had invested their savings according to his advice and example. But the man proved unfaithful to his trust. Allured by the glitter of speculation and eager to add to his wealth and fame, he borrowed the funds intrusted to him, and in other ways proved recreant to honor and duty. Suffice it, that the crash came, and with it exposure and threatened arrest. Dishonor had been within his soul for months, but he took no thought of it till it became revealed to the world.

For a long time he had been contemplating the work that he finally entered upon, that of speculation and of frauds. At first he put it from him as a contamination, but the dealings of the "Street," quotations of stocks and of speculative activities, fascinated him, and at length he yielded to their influence and power. His wife and babies were innocent of any wrong—only himself and his inordinate craving for wealth and position were to blame. And now the crash had come! An examination of the concerns of the bank, financial investigation, the coming of the expert inspector, all meant social ruin and money disaster to himself and family, and so, to escape the punishment for his crime, he cowardly took his life. But the story of his shame got abroad. All he had left of his gains went to his creditors. Homeless, his wife and little ones went away to begin life anew, very humbly, in a town where the mother could find work by which to keep her children from want.

Execrations of his name filled the air, for the bank had closed its doors and the poor had been unable to gain the payments that belonged to them. . And what of him?

Was his a bed of roses in a land of pure delight? Nay, nay! Darkness filled his soul and surged around him. From the moment he fired the shot that severed the vital cord, he felt the pangs of an inferno, such as no tongue can describe. Horrible yells seemed to be ringing in his ears; scenes of carnage and rapine appeared before him; confusion of the worst description hemmed him in; darting pains racked his being—he could find no rest or peace! Yet he knew he was dead. He knew he had forfeited all right to retrieve his steps, or to make good the promise of his early years. Appearances of flame, flood, and dire disaster seemed to appeal to him at every turn. He was tossed here and there, brought in contact with mortals who cursed his name; forced to listen to the cries of little ones for bread; made to realize the enormity of his deeds, and all the time engulfed in the darkness and miasmatic swamp conditions that he had generated and established as a psychological state from which he could not escape.

He could not get to his own people. He had sent himself far from them. Neither his wife nor babes were of his plane, nor were those other relatives and former friends whom he had cared for in earlier years, many of whom had passed from earth. But this was not from any choice of theirs; simply by his own doing that had sunk him into the meshes of psychic and mental darkness from which he could only arise by his own remorse, contrition and labor. Of course there were many to aid him; ministering spirits who are ever at hand to help the unfortunate, but could not perform the primary work nor could they change his vibrations to such as would lift him to higher planes of thought, sensation and consciousness; all of this had to come from himself, although it was in time accelerated by the magnetic influence of those who loved him and wished to do him good. Spirits and mortals by their thoughts and prayers sent to him a force that eventually became the impe-

tus to his own inherent powers to bring him forth to better and purer states.

The pathway of the willful, conscious sinner is rugged; vice and crime, whether in low or high places, bring inevitable retribution. The suicide who kills the body to escape merited punishment or to shirk responsibility is cowardly and he is sure to find as torturing a hell as he flies from. Circumstances govern in each case. Death only brings that which belongs to each soul.

CHAPTER IX.

Death of One Who Was Extremely Selfish.



AN old man lay dying; his home and its appointments might have been extremely luxurious had he so desired, for his wealth was fabulous. However, the place was not devoid of comforts and his attendants were of his own choosing. His whole working life had been devoted to the securing of wealth; his greed had never been satisfied. One million became the incentive that urged him on to the acquirement of others. He toiled early and late to add to his store, made investments and dealt in properties—mostly of the tenement house sort, from the tenants of which he exacted rents without mercy, rents out of all comparison with the accommodations, or lack of them, which his houses afforded to their occupants. Among his business associates and the people at large he was looked at as a miser, for it was well known that his greed was never satisfied, and that all who were in his employ were worked to the utmost of their time and strength without favor. Unlike the rich man whose experiences in, and beyond, death has been chronicled, this man had no philanthropy in his soul. He did not donate to charitable objects, nor did he be-

friend the needy; his long search for wealth and his inordinate craving for it seemed to have dried up all the richness of human sympathy and brotherly kindness that might have been his by inheritance.

But he lay dying. The end of a long career had come, the summons to another state was at hand. Conscious of his every twinge of pain and sensible of the slow approach of death, he lay, making no sign of the thoughts that filled his mind. His was a positive nature, stoical, determined, indomitable of will, full of energy; one who could look unmoved upon devouring elements or human catastrophes, a man of iron will and mind.

The hours passed, until the cold and numbness of the change quelled all sense of pain, and darkness fell upon him. It was broad day in the room, but to him the blackness of night had come. Through its shadows he could behold no gleam of light, no familiar face. The thought that he must leave all the gold which he had heaped together, and that others would scatter it in time had been very galling to him. No care for the hereafter had troubled him, for he did not believe in immortality; but that he must leave his wealth and all that to him it stood for, was of the utmost consequence to him. Now the blackness, and to him it meant annihilation, oblivion; but, though it surged around him, coming from within him as the emission of a dense and murky smoke, it did not so engulf him as to produce unconsciousness. This he marvelled at, for of course it could have but one meaning—annihilation! It was cold, too, and intensely disagreeable. He felt as one bound hard and fast by thongs and exposed to chilling blasts in intense darkness, but stoically he waited for the end.

Thus he lay for hours, days, with the same freezing sensation and darkness everywhere—lay waiting for the end of all things to his individuality—lay until something jarred him, something like a horrible noise that brought din and confusion to his consciousness, but which served to arouse him from the state of bondage and to feel that he was no longer held fast in the icy chains. When it dawned upon him what it was that had broken the spell and dispersed the

darkness to an extent, the discovery maddened him. In vain he strove to make expression of his will and wish; in vain sought to speak in masterful tones to those whose bickerings had brought the noise to his inner sense; in vain endeavored to command attention and to force adherence to his behest. Still was he bound in chains, but of such a character were they that he could find no relief.

Chains of mystery that were invisible, but as strong as cords of welded steel. Through all the confusion he had discovered that he had died, and that his body had been buried. While he lay in the chill and darkness this thing had happened; his heirs had flocked around and had made their claims upon his estate. Some were ravenous in their demands and threatened legal contest; others were gloating over their share of his hoarded gains, and the whole influence and melee made up for him, in psychic waves, an inferno of noise and discord that aroused his wrath and appealed to his old nature to assert itself and reclaim for himself what he had earned and saved.

For he had no conception of spirit life, no sense of another world; he only saw that he was not annihilated and that he still lived. He could dimly see his old home, his old haunts of business and dicker-ing, his old associates, those also who had been in his employ. Like one half-blind, he could see and sense all of these and he longed with consuming fever to take his old place among them, to assume his old command to rout those who had come in and claimed his possessions, and to once more stand as the head and centre of those material affairs that had been his to control and guide.

The impossibility of re-instating himself in old-time grooves did not at first appeal to him, and it was only after long and fruitless effort that he became convinced that others had command of all that had forever passed from him.

He had no wish to learn anything of immortal life. Spirit states and possessions had no attraction for him. His spirit nature had been neglected and had become distorted—not by his lack of belief in im-

mortality, but by his want of human sympathy, by his neglect of the finer qualities of mind and heart, by the crystallization of the nobler sentiments of the soul, by the indifference he had cultivated towards the needs and welfare of his human brothers and sisters. As a mortal, he had walked erect among men. His countenance had been fairly comely. He was not wanting in physical attractiveness. As a spirit he moved with rounded form and stooping posture. His visage was dark and forbidding, his appearance was unlovely and not to be admired. The earth life had not been such as to generate magnetic forces of light and beauty, hence the spirit body could only assume the figure and countenance that had been provided by the man in his search for gold. The crafty, eager, sordid conditions of mind had stamped their image upon this spirit form and woven their elements through and through its being. None of his oldtime associates would have recognized him, yet could they have met and been introduced to him in his spirit guise the sight might have borne a lesson unto them which would have helped to reform their own propensities and methods ere they too were called from earth.

We are speaking of a literal case, of one whom we knew and with whose spirit redemption we have had something to do on the other side of life. We shall not dwell upon the long suffering through which this man passed; no pen or tongue can give it adequate expression. At first, and for a long time, he seethed and fumed that he could not recover his old command and material wealth; such misery as he then endured no art can portray. Later, when aroused somewhat to the reality of his spirit existence, and shown the sorrow and suffering he had caused others, a new experience of suffering came to himself. Still later, when learning how he had missed opportunities of doing good, had literally robbed others of their share of the comforts of life, and how he had wronged himself grievously by his misspent energies and powers and days, still more acute pain came to him, for this was literally of the spirit and almost beyond endurance. But all of these experi-

ences were necessary, and inevitable. **Having, by his own miscalculations and misdeeds sunk himself, magnetically and psychically, to the level of low vibrations, he had become entangled in them and capable only of weaving such material for spirit garments, surroundings and body as were extremely earthy.**

Thus could he only reach a state of consciousness, after passing from the mortal, as applied to such earthiness and carnality. He was bound to suffer in this stage, because he no longer had any control over those things that had made up his very life.

In the second stage, having learned what intense suffering he had caused others, he was bound to be unhappy, because his spirit sensibilities were awakening, and his sense of justice beginning to feel the sting. Again, learning of his own omissions to do good and to make the world better, brought him greater pain, and at length, realizing how he had defrauded himself of all that makes life worth having, more than all brought a woe and misery to his soul.

But this suffering was all necessary to his redemption, and it marked his pathway to higher and better things, till at length, through great tribulation and anguish he saw himself as he really was, and began to work out his salvation from misery, by seeking to do good to humanity in the many diverse ways that are open to aspiring souls in the spiritual world. Not till then did he begin to generate the elements and forces of spiritual power and essence which served to eliminate the grossness from his spirit body and to absorb such ethereal forces as provide for more refined and attractive texture and aspect of form.

In the experience and reformation of this man, years passed; he was not made over in a day nor a year; his sufferings were not of brief duration, nor need anyone think that he can do wrong on earth and escape retribution and suffering from the willful act. It is a law inherent in the human constitution that provides the measure of compensation and of retribution, according to our willful deeds—for good or ill—and none can escape from them; hence this man had to pay the full penalty, and not until his

OWN SOUL was satisfied, could he find peace and rest.

During the first period of his experience, his surroundings were dark and dense, then came his sojourn in earthly state, amid former associations and haunts, for his treasure was there and all his inclinations.

Later he drifted into other conditions and surroundings; darkness became more like leaden walls around him, on which he beheld engraven in deepest red, pictures of miseries he had brought to the poor and unfortunate, scenes in which he had figured as the pitiless landlord or merciless employer; pictures that gave him neither rest nor peace.

Again came change of vibration and of surrounding, bringing him face to face with other scenes and situations; less of murkiness, less of the red glare, but pictures of lost opportunities for doing good, confronted him; rapid, whirling conditions around him and constant repetitions of what he might have done and failed to do. Again the change, more of light like real sunshine, some gleams of water and of other scenic attractions; some perfume in the air and some hints of home and comfort; but pictures again, and voices and strange sensations all bearing in upon him the conviction that he had wronged himself far more than he could possibly wrong any other soul.

Another period: The lessons of the past had been learned; he was a changed man, for there is hope for all beyond, and every soul must find its own redemption.

He had grown symmetrical, had sloughed off the forbidding elements, had gained a nobler mien, and a fine-looking figure; he was more like he should have been on earth, and would have been had he gone the straight and noble course in making his career.

And now, the sunshine is upon him, the light of his own magnetic aura encircles him, his home is bright, his associates loving, his conditions comforting. He is a worker for humanity. His positive nature and strong energies have at length been turned into noble channels. The wealth he left behind has been

distributed, and in circulation; it is doing more good than it ever did under his control. He has gained the victory of the soul, but it was no pleasure road to higher things that he found.

What Is Death? To such as this man, it has proved a blessing, but it also brought a crown of thorns that was worn till every sting he had wantonly caused in other lives had been painfully pressed upon himself; a cross of suffering that he had to bear until every weight that he had laid on other lives had been more than double pressure upon himself.

CHAPTER X.

Spirits Forced Into Spirit Life Through a Calamity.



OUR picture is of the interior of a spacious and handsome place of assembly; here the muses offer the choicest of entertainment and mental recreation to their devotees; exquisite colors, sparkling lights, bewitching strains of music, the glory and the acme of dramatic offerings about. All is flash and glitter, smiling faces, happy hearts, perfumed forms robed in gorgeous garments and bedecked with jewels, are there; and also humbler folk in their modest raiment who fill the cheaper seats, and who have come to enjoy the treat which the exhibition of histrionic art affords. There is no sign of sorrow in all that vast auditorium, no hint of pain. The music rises and falls at the wave of the orchestral baton, and the lights flash or pale according to the will of the manager. All goes serenely on until in a moment comes a mighty thrill surging through the audience, catching each one by its influence, and turning the peaceful scene into a pandemonium of fright, terror, screams and destruction. The place is on FIRE, and a thousand people

are imprisoned within those tinted walls! It is not our purpose to depict the agonies, the struggles, the frantic excitements, the terrible scenes of madness and of death that the scene involved. Many escaped with but little injury; others were borne out, still alive, but more or less maimed, some crippled for life, and many more were suffocated or trampled to death in the mad rush and roar.

Our purpose here is to give an idea of the scene beyond the veil in such an extremity as this. The question has been asked, what are the conditions of human beings who are ushered into eternity in such a moment and catastrophe? The answer is that the conditions will be as varied as are the natures, impulses, vibrations and moods of those who thus pass from the mortal form. From the spirit side, the scene may appear one of great confusion, intense excitement, of lurid appearance and sulphuric atmosphere, or it may seem to be one of quiet consummation of long expected occurrence and revelation; it depends on the rates of vibration and the states of consciousness, the degree of advancement and of spiritual view of the intelligences who behold the situation, what will be their conception of it. Therefore, some spirits may be present, to quietly and peacefully work among the afflicted or the new comers, who view the scene with serenity and without agitation. They minister to the needy, to those who have been crushed from the mortal and who are ready for magnetic healing and attendance. Other spirits are there to claim their own; some of these were prepared for the event; others received a vibratory shock at its happening, and by the law of magnetic attraction were at once brought to the spot and to those sufferers who appealed nearest to their sympathy and care. Such events are known beforehand by some intelligences in the psychic world, but not necessarily all; some students of cause and effect who are quick to perceive weakness in the strongholds of architects, builders and managers, know that neglect, carelessness, or mismanagement on the part of these people will inevitably lead to danger and destruction; they reason closely and realize that the

disaster will occur under certain conditions and in about such a time; the vibrant waves of thought carry this information to other spirits; the crash is foreseen and provided for as far as possible. Many spirits take occasion to impress their sensitive friends on earth to remain away from such a spot at such a time; others cannot do this, and some have no influence to use.

But the disaster mentioned has occurred and looking behind the mortal scenes, the clear seer may behold, so to speak, different grades of activity and various representations of human nature. Here, close to earth, partaking of the physical elements themselves, is a picture of almost darkness; murky billows of smoke arise; it is peopled with living entities. Some of these are attracted from the lower concerns and planes of spirit life; others are beings emerging from their mortal forms and taking a place in this scene of dire confusion and gloom; these latter are they who are misshapen spirits, undeveloped, without spiritual preparation for an elevation to higher planes of activity and consciousness; they were in the throng at the theatre; others were of different caste and mold, but all were of the "earth, earthy," and not developed for the nobler and more attractive grades of spirit life.

To the clear seer whose vibrations can be so increased while he is in the superior state, will appear still another picture, one that appears above the lower field of spirit action; this is brighter, has less of gloom. Spirit people within this sphere are busy receiving the new comers who belong to their plane of consciousness. The arising ones may, or may not, be sensible of their condition; some are; some are dazed and insensible, but they have come to their own place and are received by care-takers and friends. Here there is less of confusion—some show of excitement and eagerness on the part of the spirit helpers, and not so much light as higher rates of vibration reveal, but on the whole a homelike scene and show of welcome, ministration and comfort.

The vision of the clear seer enlarges. He loses sight of the other pictures or scenes; his vibrations

quicken till he beholds a far more glorious sight than all. Here is no confusion, no excitement. Broad bands of glory stretch out on every side. Most beautiful fields of brilliancy are seen. Human beings clothed in shining raiment are there, gliding peacefully to and fro; some of these have come to welcome friends, as one of earth goes to the railway stations to greet his guest or the home-comer; others are moving gracefully along, yet seem to be strangers to this life and its conditions, for they are just from earth, and have come through the fire and flame of that disaster of which we write. These are the spiritually developed entities who were ripe for the change; those among that audience who were true and good, doing their best in the walks of life to make the world happier and better because of their influence and deeds. Some were of humble state, of lowly circumstances, and without wealth, but their work, their thought, their aspirations, their attractions, had been spiritual. Some had more means and advantages of earth, and were enabled to do larger works of philanthropy and good cheer, but of whatever mortal station each had been, all had earned their place and part in this glorious country of the eternal spheres.

Such are the planes of consciousness on which human intelligences function; so diverse and separate may they be, that the participants in any of these veritable scenes and activities of psychic experience, could very readily be unconscious of the existence and appearance of the others; that is to say, the new-comers to the brighter spheres would see nothing, and have no knowledge of any plane of activity, consciousness and expression, but that they had reached, and so two persons sitting side by side in the doomed auditorium may have both been rushed into spirit life in the moment, and each be caught up into a different rate of vibration and state of consciousness, and never see each other again. The intelligence who had long dwelt on either of the brighter planes could behold, if they chose to adapt their vision and vibration to them, the darker scenes and functions, but those of the gloomier sphere, could not

raise their sight and understanding to the states beyond, nor could the denizens of the second grade behold and comprehend the glory and significance of that loftier plane which drew to itself the best developed, and most spiritual of the people who had reached the goal.

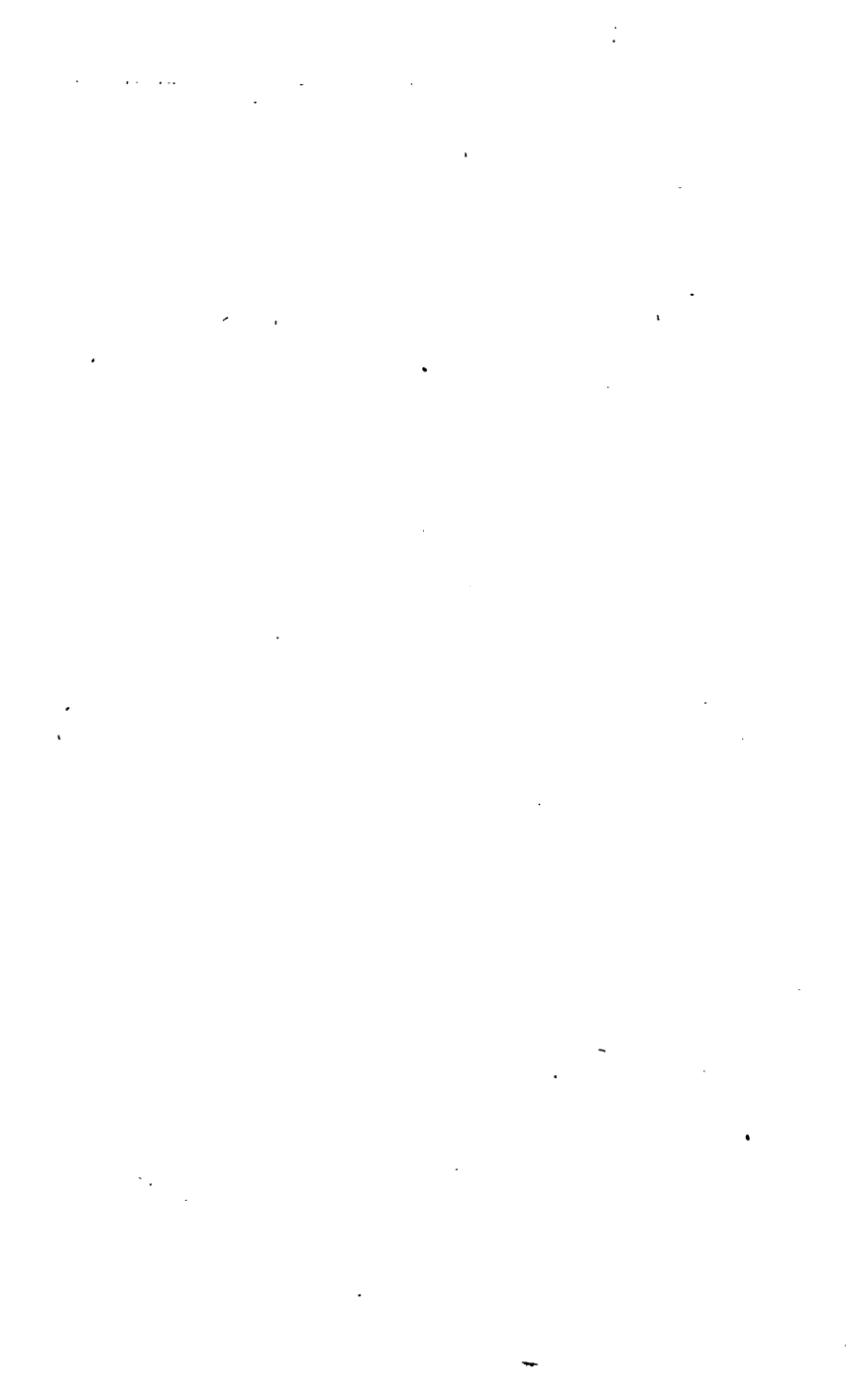
As the fields of spiritual existence and power are limitless, the coming of a thousand people into the vastness of that life need of itself create no excitement; as thousands of travelers here may pour out of the railway cars at some great terminal in a large city were many trains upon their separate tracks arrive almost in a given moment, creating no disturbance, each going his separate way, and all disappearing to their own destinations within the hour, so the arrival of a seeming multitude in the spirit spheres at a moment's notice, need not at all disturb the serenity of life beyond, or interfere with its beauty and peace, nor will it among those who walk the grander fields of the Eternal. Among those who are earth-bound there will be more or less of confusion, perhaps, but this is only because the shock, noise and excitement appeal to the undeveloped entities who have no conception as yet of what a self-posed Ego can be. It would be useless for us to portray the coming and reception of any two or three beings who went into spirit life by that disaster; the same would apply to any terrible catastrophe that brought death to the many.

The experiences of Death to each, applied simply to the conditions, stage of growth, vibratory action and power of consciousness of the human being. Some found exalted states and beautiful environments; some gravitated to sanitariums and schools to be taught and healed; some reached pleasant homes, more or less ready for them, where they could go to work and complete all that needed attention in their life and abode; some gathered in groups and remained in contact with earth and old associates; some entered gloom and that which represented restless, unhappy, disappointed and unfortunate conditions, but all gained just what belonged to them, and to which they naturally gravitated.

Not all spirit people have the power to return to earth to take clear cognizance of their kindred or friends on this plane. Some residents of spirit spheres may have had people in that disaster, and yet have known nothing of the fact. Spirits may on leaving earth and its conditions have no desire or inclination to return to it, hence they may be far away, as far as consciousness at least is concerned.

Investigators may wonder why some special friend does not report to them from the other side. The friend may, indeed, have passed far beyond this plane and its conditions; or he may not be able to connect with the lines and forces of any medium who has been visited, and so cannot give proof of his presence and identity. While millions of spirit intelligences are devoted to the work and revelations of Spiritualism, millions more are indifferent to it, or know nothing of its powers. Those who love it will labor early and late to reach mortals with help and cheer, those who are indifferent to it, will have no attraction to this plane of being, and some friend for whom we search may have so far swung into the sphere of outlying thought and sensibility as to have no connection with this planet and its physical interests.

Death brings its stores of knowledge, its planes of activity to every being, and it rests with the individual whether or not progress is made at first. Eventually, all must proceed, master the lessons, climb the grades, and press on to higher and higher states of power and knowledge; but Death itself is a function in the great scheme and body of the universe, a factor in the world's progress from which none can escape. It behooves mankind then to learn all that is possible of its nature and purpose, and to so live as to intelligently welcome its advance for the good that it can bring in restoring wasted energies and recuperating forces that make for spiritual elevation and power.



DEATH

WHERE DO WE GO?

**The Question Answered by the Late Ed. Guinard.
A Translation From "Revue Spirite," a Prominent
French Journal, by Mrs. A. Monthon Tattersfield.**

PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.

"Where Do We Go" when the change called Death occurs, is comprehensively answered by the late Ed. Guinard, in **"Revue Spirite,"** a French journal published in Paris, and translated by the distinguished lady, Mrs. A. Monthon Tattersfield. It will prove an exceptionally valuable supplement to the impressive messages presented by W. T. Stead and Mrs. M. T. Longley, making a book that will stand as to intrinsic value, in the front ranks of works by other leading authors.

106 Loomis Street. M. E. CADWALLADER,
Chicago, Ill.

DEATH.

WHERE DO WE GO?

The Question Answered by the Late Ed. Guinard.

(Translation from "Revue Spirite," a French journal, by Mrs. A. Monthon Tattersfield.)



WE have spoken of the terror with which perspective death inspires poor human beings. You are struck, indeed, by the trail of terror sown by the death-syllable from one end of the world to the other. Yes, it is this terrible and mysterious "perhaps" of Montaigne and Hamlet, crouched yonder in the depth of the tomb, which always made the poor mortal shudder; it is the "great doubt" that still in our days is haunting those who, in other things, show a stoical courage and an apparent impassability. The Hellenes, a people in love with life, a brilliant joyous life, looked upon the name but with a skeptie, frivolous carelessness, which preserved them from these terrors.

They were willing to accept death in their theogony, but did not believe it their duty to exalt him either by temples or altars which, with other nations, so to say, marked out the superstitious fears which this inexorable divinity,—this blind and deaf messenger of "Necessity," that is to say, of the still more inexorable "Destiny," inspired them with; espe-

cially did they not give him the repulsive look generally attributed to him.

It is by death effigies that our austere Christianity is described, and, as we well know, painters and sculptors exert themselves in representing death by such hideous figures as a skeleton, a horrid reaper, in one hand holding the scythe that beheads, covered with blood, and in the other the inexorable clepsydra that marks the final hour.

On one of the ancient monuments, "Night" is seen holding in her arms two children; one white, the other black. The former sleeps soundly while the latter, pretending to sleep, is nobody else but Death, who, since tenderest youth, already seeking her prey, watches it with a treacherous eye.

The most graceful, but dismal emblem of this black Goddess is engraved on an ancient carnelian stone. This emblem, though rather enigmatical, is composed of a one-winged foot placed beside a caduceus, over which is a flying butterfly. The winged foot is the dead person, who, in leaving earth, dashes through the air in pursuit of Mercury carrying away his wand. As for the butterfly, it is the image of the soul who, by a flap of the wing, is soaring towards heaven.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, like those of Baetica and of Lusitania—to-day named Andalusia and Portugal—heirs to the Phenicians, who adored Death under the name of Bel-Phegor, the god of putrefaction, consecrated a great number of altars to this gloomy divinity—a creed rather natural in these Western countries where the sun expires every evening and where the poets generally located the "Palace of the Night."

The people of Italy, a little towards the north, were gloomier in their allegories than the Greeks. The Etruscians represented Death with a hideous face, sometimes even with a Gorgonean head covered with adders. Horace, the gay poet, skeptical and particularly epicurean, was satisfied with giving him black wings, arming his hand with a snare—the snare of death,—with which he entangled his victims. Finally the commonest of the allegories with the

Burmans was the one of a Genius with a melancholy physiognomy, holding in her hand a torch turned upside down. On one of the altars in Rome can be read the inscription: "Somno aeternati sacrum" (consecrated to eternal sleep).

All this was lugubrious * * * too lugubrious for a great number of ancient Romans and Greeks, and in order to protect and resist the action, sought to set this Death at defiance, the thought of which possessed them. And it is therefore the Sybarites of the declining Rome, in their madly extravagant, sumptuous feasts, they crowned themselves with flowers and drank out of cups entwined with garlands of roses, ephemereal images of the briefness of life. With certain people amongst them, when substituting the declining rays of the sun with torches, carried by slaves who were ordered to repeat in the midst of the guests, more or less seasoned with wine, the sacramental formula, badly disguising a feigned irony: *Vivamus percundum* (let us live, because we must die). In the same way were influenced certain Greeks, and particularly the Egyptians, who were not yet haunted by the inevitable death * * * and is it not an echo from these cries that the Trappist monks of to-day, badly concealing a secret terror, repeat with cavernous voice: "Brethren, we must die."

Well, in the main, these formulas were very sad. The ancient epicureans did not know, any more than the Trappists of to-day, what Death really meant. It is only to us modern people of the West that the mystery has been unravelled. Of what an immense value is this revelation to us, so perfectly consoling and reassuring, when we think of the doctrine so lamentably disfigured by our dogmatical materialists! When we think of the disastrous consequences as a result of so many souls terrorized by the perspective of death—whose nature they are ignorant of, and whose meaning they do not know how to appreciate.

Let us closely study this solemn hour. Let us see how the passage across the frontier, separating our world from the invisible regions, takes place; how

this awakened soul, freed from a henceforth useless tenement, mounts towards his native home, wherefrom is banished all struggles of life, efforts, sorrows, and insufficient victories over matter—which so often had enslaved and mastered him * * *! Here is this death that has lost its sting; here is this tomb, through whose boards filters a ray of light, a glimmering of the dawn, preceding and announcing the great day of resurrection. Let us approach gently, affected and silent. There is the man, laid on his funeral couch, who has completed his work, and run, in its entirety, the stadium prescribed to him. In the unconsciousness of the last hour's coma, a kind of forerunner of the great final sleep, he falls asleep without suffering, thus testify the seers who have "seen," and the witnesses who, experimentally, have proved what takes place in this impressive moment.

Slowly, without effort or shock, the ethereal double separates from the material body, held only by the fragile magnetic cord which, a few hours after the apparent death, breaks and so determines the definite death. It is then that the strictest silence in the death chamber is absolutely necessary, for this is the solemn moment, when the Ego of the dying sees the panorama of his entire life displayed before him; thus have told certain persons, called back to life, who during the agonies of a death from asphyxiation, drowning or other accident, have passed through this state of sensations, impressions, and perceptions.

When we touch upon the last moments in our life, says a master in occultism, the entire life is **REFLECTED IN OUR MEMORY**, and long-since forgotten facts are surging on all sides. Images follow one another; one event succeeds another and this instant suffices to show us the origin of the causes that have determined the actions of our life, to such a degree that we see ourselves exactly as we are, to such a nicety that we cannot flatter ourselves, nor be satisfied with illusions.

On this sensational vision, brilliant, perhaps, on some points, but lamentable and sorrowful on many others, follows, for the average mortal, a dreamy,

half lethargic state, during which the ethereal double floats, for some time, near the inert body from which it is definitely parted.

It is just then that the fine superior principles of man free themselves, by and by, from their ethereal cover, so this double in his turn becomes a kind of astral corpse, similar to the one of the physical body, and both decompose together, the latter to return to dust whence it came, the former, with its dispersed particles, enters the ocean of astral matter which fills the entire universe.

And now let us follow the disincarnate, who had just died in the terrestrial life, but who revives in another life, no less distinct and actual than the one we have seen disappear. To what region will he ascend? In what midst and under what circumstances and conditions will he pursue his evolution, and what shall his environment be in the strange and mysterious world he is entering?

These questions the occultists, seers and adepts must answer, who have visited these places, whose mysteries remain hidden to us others, intellectually shortsighted and spiritually blind, particularly as we have only our eyes of the flesh with which to see the invisible astral, and only our narrow preconceived ideas with which to judge the things that take place there.

These unknown regions exist quite close to us. Indeed, would it not be strange should the space surrounding us be empty and deserted and the inhabitants of the earth be the only forms through which could manifest itself, this ocean of life that makes the universe throb, waves of intelligence, knowledge, thought, that is to say, "Spirit," flowing and vibrating there in its incoercible activity? * * *

Without leaving the domain of things which we can understand, says Dr. Huxley, it is easy, analogously, to people the universe with beings, who by a hierarchical way can arrive at something hardly distinguishable from omnipresence, omnipotence and omniscience. **If these beings have not the same organs as we have, if their senses are affected by vibrations that cannot act upon ours, how and why should**

we not be able to live together, walk side by side, meet one another, even "pass through one another" without ever knowing any more of our negative lives?

It is not impossible, says the savant, Sir William Crookes, that there exist beings, provided with organs which do not correspond to the rays of light to which our eyes are sensible. Such beings, though to be found in our immediate surroundings, live in reality, in quite a different world. Imagine, for instance, what an idea we should have of things that surround us, if our eyes, instead of being sensible to day-light were only so to magnetic and electric vibrations. What a strange world would be ours, and what sensations we would experience! The glass and crystal would then be opaque bodies. Metals, on the contrary, would be more or less transparent, so that a telegraph wire, suspended in the air, would give us the effect of a long, narrow hole passing through an enormous mass of impenetrable density. An electro-magnetic machine in function would resemble a conflagration, when on the other hand the magnet would realize the dream of the mystics of the middle ages, in becoming a perpetual lamp without any need of feeding.

Well, such is the perfectly unknown region—though close to ours and which with the Hindus is called Kama-Loka. (Loka is a Sanscrit word, meaning place, dwelling, or habitation—so that Kama-Loka means the world of Kama, name given to the part of human organism that affect the sensations, the base desires, and passions that man has in common with animals, Kama being the brutish part of man.)

Kama-Loka.

This name serves to designate one of the parts of the **ASTRAL PLANE**, a region not limited or specialized by configuration, but simply characterized by the spiritual state of the extraordinary beings who inhabit it. It is populated, just as our earth, by more or less intelligent entities, filled with such various forms and types that, as we are told, one differs as much from the other "as the grass, the

tiger and the man." The most numerous inhabitants are human beings, deprived of their physical bodies and called to undergo certain transformations, particularly certain purifications, without which they cannot penetrate into the peaceful, happy regions, which really are, properly called, man's native home, that is to say, the human soul.

This world and ours are interwoven, one with the other, and can, as we just have said, penetrate into each other without having any knowledge of this, because their material substances, being totally different, it is possible to co-exist without ever knowing each other, except under certain extraordinary circumstances where a human being, in consequence of a peculiar impulse, can put himself in contact with such or such inhabitants of Kama-Loka. And it is because of these possible communications that these mysterious regions become to the adept, who has been able to explore them, realities quite as defined and concrete as Africa, Asia or any other part of the globe would be to him, had he seen its rivers, mountains, deserts and monuments. After having returned to his own country, rich with knowledge and reminiscences, it would be easy for him to describe the general aspect, and to show landscapes drawn from nature without troubling about doubts, critics, or more or less incredulous persons who never had travelled. This is just what the "seers" do—"having seen," they declare and assert, with a thorough knowledge of the matter; that the notions acquired about the astral plane, and from the beings who inhabit it, are of an absolute reality in spite of the skepticism put upon the subject, by the greater part of human beings, who do not even suspect its existence.

We ought to recognize, I confess, that the astral plane has been called the kingdom of illusion, but for reasons of quite another nature, that is easy for us to reduce to its right kind, and to explain in a few words. Yes, it is the kingdom of illusion; this has been said and repeated many times over; not that it may be more illusory than our physical world, for it has too numerous such circumstances, but for

motives of quite a special kind, motives proceeding from what is sometimes very difficult to control, impressions brought back by a clairvoyant of no training, that is understood.

But do you know why these impressions fail in any desirable exactness * * * Don't look for it, you would never guess it. Know, then, that in this world, where everything is extraordinary, there are persons, not commendable for truth, who have the strange faculty of transforming themselves at will. They change form, size and physiognomy; disappearing when you believe them to be before you, and reappear when you least expect it * * * the whole with a protean—let us rather say simious—rapidity. From this one can well understand that a novice adept may not know at which impressions to stay in such a midst of phantasmagorias. That is not all; another phenomenon, no less strange, is that the vision in Kama is not at all what it is on our earth. There the objects are seen from every side at the same time—even the interior is seen, discerned by transparency. We must hasten to add that, thanks to the intervention of a master, all these difficulties are soon attenuated, then conquered, so that the pupil is able to use all the faculties of his spiritual vision, not only during sleep but also while awake in the course of his terrestrial life.

Kama-Loka is the "Limbus" of the scholastic theology, or the hades of the ancient mythologists. To the Spiritualist, it is a **KIND OF PURGATORY**, but let us well understand, nothing like the one of the Roman Apostolican church, from which the souls cannot escape before having purchased a certain number of salvatory masses, duly paid according to an established tariff. Useless to add, is it not, that the said purgatory is the parochial chapel for the general and international agency for the "Redemption of souls in punishment," which is operating in the whole world.

Can we dispense with adding that which gives an approximate idea of the unfathomable human stupidity, viz.: The fact that two thousand years have not been sufficient for man to understand, that the

church has only invented the everlasting hell, purgatory, indulgences, Lent and weekly fasts with the sole aim of filling the coffers of the above mentioned "agency?" But let us proceed. We know exactly that Kama-Loka is only a locality in a relative sense, for it has no exact circumference, no determined limits, and only exists in the subjective space; that is to say, beyond the perception of our senses. Need we still add that it does not enclose any place of unlimited tortures. Being granted that, the everlasting hell, in which still a number of poor ignorant souls and sectarian fanatics believe, is only the foolish nightmare of fear and superstition? This does not imply the absence, in Kama-Loka, of conditions of temporary sufferings, the inevitable effects of fatal causes put in play by the man himself during the course of his terrestrial life.

Is it not perfectly just that these causes have for sequels, sanctions similar to those that the so-called social legislations apply to our misdeeds? If there is justice in some part, should it not reign, without contest, in a universe that administers the supreme law of harmony between causes and effects, between the germ, of whatever nature, that ought to develop and fructify according to its beneficent or hurtful kind?

But don't let us ignore that death **does not modify in any way the psychic state of the man**, whose terrestrial career has just come to its close. The idea, more or less poetical and consoling, that "death levels all," is an error **born out of complete ignorance.**

The loss of the physical body is of no effect on the intellect and moral value of the deceased, and it is by reason of this permanence of the being that it is found quite as prodigious a variety of characters among those whom we call "dead," as among those who boast of the title "living." The religious teachings concerning the "**MORROW OF DEATH,**" are with us inhabitants of the Western countries, so completely erroneous, that the most intelligent persons are quite bewildered when, after the delirium that follows death, they recover their normal percep-

tion in this new existence of which they had not the least notion.

Often it happens that they doubt the reality of their decease, particularly if they belong to the category of these would-be "strong minds" to whom the belief in the immortality of the soul is a perfect absurdity. Even the fact to feel conscious of themselves, that is to say, to be in a state to think, to judge, to reason, seems to them to be an unexceptionable proof, that most certainly they are not dead.

On the other hand it can be verified that the monstrous doctrine of eternal punishment is, in all points, responsible for the terrors to which so many unhappy, dying persons are a prey. The horrors that follow them a long time after their decease, prevent them freeing themselves from the tortures which this blasphemous belief imposes upon them. How much longer will it take them to understand that the world is not ruled by the caprice of a demoniac being, speculating upon human anguish—but that, on the contrary, it is governed by a just, patient and benevolent "**LAW**" OF UNIVERSAL EVOLUTION? On high as on earth, only the few will consider the real situation; and know how to benefit from the same intelligently, while the ignorant masses, amazed and particularly idle, do not know how to follow the examples set by those who progress, nor to profit by the counsels given to them.

We can also say, by the way, that it sometimes happens—but quite accidentally—that a wish to enter en rapport with the living, haunts **CERTAIN ENTITIES OF THE ASTRAL**, prepossessed by an intense desire to communicate a certain message, to give such or such a recommendation to some one left on earth.

In the case, where these recommendations should be of real importance, it would certainly be better if they possibly could free themselves from their uneasiness. Under similar circumstances it would be well, by means of a psychic able to understand them, or a serious medium, they could speak or write so as to put an end to these painful intercourses preventing them rising towards higher spheres.

Let us add in order to complete the general considerations concerning the whole of the regions that we have just briefly described, that the Karmic state is to be found in each of the subdivisions of the astral plane, which are in number seven, which we face successively in their ascendant series; that is to say, from the bottom to the top, contrary to the mode employed by the authors of divers works concerning the matter.

These seven regions differ one from another by the density of their astral substance, and it is the proportionate density of each one of the entities that, analogously, determines the region **HE MUST TEMPORARILY INHABIT**. These are the differences that exist between the various states of matter, which form the barrier between the contiguous regions, whose inhabitants can no more enter into contact with those of the neighboring strata than the fish of the deep sea can keep up intercourse with the eagle that soars high in the sky.

And now let us return to the point where we left off. Slowly, gently, we said, the etheric double carries away the other principles of man, leaving upon the bed of death the "tabernacle of flesh," henceforth empty and unappropriated. All the vital energies that radiated towards the exterior of the body are now brought back to the interior, where they get enfeebled and successively die away in an aggregate of matter, still living, but deprived of all power of perception. This is a definite farewell that the dying sends to earth where this life has run its course, the life that he saw displayed in the fantastic picture mentioned above. Sad spectacle where rose before him the "**whole battle of his life**," with its love and hatred, its realized as well as deceived ambitions, its flitting dreams, its vanished hopes, its efforts, sometimes followed by a few triumphs, but oftener by bitter defeats * * * and it is he himself in forming the synthesis of this total of events, sensations, sentiments and reminiscences, who conjectures from his past what his future shall be, and understands in which astral region the great part of his posthumous existence will be passed.

The spiritually developed man, whose astral body, relatively, already finds itself purified, does merely cross Kama-Loka. His karmic body disaggregates with rapidity, and he goes on without delay to the place that his degree of evolution assigns to him. The less developed man, but whose life has been pure will cross these inferior regions less rapidly, and will there dream in a painful unconsciousness, while his mental body, being successively freed from the astral coverings, may wake up and penetrate into a higher stratum. In a general way, it may be said that the being awakes in contact with impressions corresponding to his psychic state, so that each man goes "to the place prepared by himself."

Cases of sudden suppression of physical life, by accident, sudden death, murder or suicide, under whatever form deserve a special mention, for they differ essentially from the normal death brought on by extinction of vital energy, old age, or illness.

If the victim of any accident whatever is pure and with a spiritual tendency, he will be the object of special protection and will sleep peacefully to the time allotted to his physical existence. But in a contrary case, he will remain conscious, bewildered, not able to understand that he has **LOST HIS MATERIAL BODY**, and, what more, will be a longer or shorter time obsessed by the memory of the tragic hour when his terrestrial life was broken, and he is not able to escape the terror. So it is also with an assassin, executed on account of his crime, he will continue to live over and over again the scene of the murder he has perpetrated, and no less the events that follow it; incessantly renewing his demoniac crime, he is passing through again all the horrors of his arrest, sentence and execution. The same it is with a suicide, culpable of such or such a misdeed, and haunted by the anguish that has driven him to this final determination * * * automatically, with the persistency of death, he recommences the perpetration of the fatal act, accompanied by his hesitations, desperate struggles and death agonies.

Let us now come to the examination of the subdivisions of the strata in Kama-Loka. The first among

them, the lowest, correspond to the different categories of "hells" as described by a number of the books of the Hindus and Buddhists. Gloomy, heavy and depressing is the ambience of this lamentable place; all the vilest desires, the most odious sentiments, find there materials necessary for their realization. The repulsive character of this region is increased by the fact that the exterior physiognomy of each being is the veritable expression and revealer of his intimate nature, so that the man, a prey for his gross passions has a distinct look of what he really is. **There are hideous half-human and half-animal forms that serve as clothing; that is to say, as bodies for degraded souls, who indisputably have become beastly.** And it is because of these repugnant and characteristic appropriations that nobody in the astral world can hide his shameful, culpable thoughts under a veil of hypocrisy. As the man is within, so he appears outside, beaming with beauty when his soul is pure and noble; repulsive with ugliness when his nature is base and capable of all excesses.

These repulsive forms which we describe here, how numerous, are they not in our sad world? Can we be astonished at this when we think of the population of these shoals of the astral, recruited among the worst refuse of humanity—thieves, assassins, criminals of all categories, drunkards and debauchees? The only personalities of a more elevated character found in this pandemonium remaining there a certain time, are suicides who, in putting an end to their days, wished to escape punishment meted out by human justice. Besides, all suicides are not to be found there, taking into consideration that this kind of violent death is the result of divers causes, among which there are sometimes such that can be considered relatively excusable.

Whatever is the honor of these abominable places, however great the pity we have for the vile beings that inhabit them, we cannot forget that it is the man himself who is the maker of his misery. Not having undergone any other change through death, but the loss of his corporeal covering, he still displays his passions in all their tragic hideousness. Ex-

cited by the worst of suggestions, burning with carnal lusts, that they cannot satisfy for want of sensorial organs, these furious, unsatiated souls wander through this tenebrous habitation. But, then, if they remained there confined, but unfortunately, sometimes they succeed to escape. Then they return to earth where they attract disastrous affinities. They congregate and prowl about all their bad places, houses of debauch, wretched lodgings where they drink, bringing the men who frequent them to acts of perversity that they themselves would like to commit. Assassins, who have perished on the scaffold, full of hatred and burning with vengeance, kindle in the hearts of men of criminal instinct the fire of the most execrable passions. * * * Such, alas! are the results, dangerous to society itself, with its laws of repression that sanctions capital punishment.

Here, in these expiatory regions is found the hell for the pitiless vivisector, surrounded by his mutilated, yelling victims, whose forms, not animated by the souls of the poor sacrificed beasts, but galvanized by the elemental lives, trembling with hatred against thoughtless man and their sinister tormentor, follow him, obsess him, and force him incessantly to repeat his worst experiments, whose whole horror he recognizes, but cannot escape; driven by his tormenting soul to inflict this torture, and not having any more victims to make suffer martyrdom, he turns his own cruelties towards himself. Horrible world, these shoals of Kama-Loka, a veritable hell, where malignant passions foment * * * until stubbornness bends, hearts grow tender, and repent, so that the light at last can penetrate into these dark souls—when the incorrigible, the black magicians, the demons of all categories go away, carried off by their own fury and rambling in this terrible tenebrous world, where, according to a clairvoyant who visited it, “there is neither air nor water, nor anything at all,” and where they endure unspeakable sufferings * * * until the day, more or less distant, when weary, subdued, broken by torture, they will come to understand that they cannot struggle against, nor scoff and scorn at, the **IMMUTABLE LAW** that

“does not wish the death of the sinner,” but on the contrary “wants his conversion and life,” and therefore all shall return to the eternal inextinguishable Light, whose rays shall transpierce the darkness from one end of the universe to the other, and destroy Evil, whose kingdom is only temporary.

