

WHO AND WHAT
AM I?

MARIE E. HENSLEY

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BY

MARIE E. HENSLEY

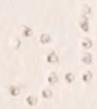
Author of "The Apocryphal Revelations"
"My Life in Two Worlds," Etc.



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INTRODUCTION.

“WHO AND WHAT AM I?” From whence came I? Whither do I go? These questions are answered under inspiration in this book. The author claims that this work was written under inspiration and, as she has also written fiction, knows the difference between it and truth.

Inspirational writing is very different from automatic writing. Those who write under inspiration are fully conscious that they are impressed by an influence, independent of themselves, which uses their brains and minds as instruments to connect them with the material world.

Those who write automatically, like automatons, are conscious of nothing. Their brains and minds are almost completely magnetized into insensibility, which makes it very difficult to give reliable information, or truth, as a torpid magnetized brain is not as good an instrument as a conscious one; or, very rarely done, the hand is automatically controlled, entirely independent of the brain and mind. Those who are prepared will accept this as truth, those who are not will regard it as fiction.

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Who and What am I?

CHAPTER I.

WE were a Southern family, all, excepting myself, born in old Virginia. The Roanokes were well and favorably known long before my father was forced, through a mesalliance, to leave his ancestral halls. My mother, although well educated and of remarkable beauty, was not of the higher orders. Her people were well-to-do farmers, hence she was not considered a fitting mate for the scion of one of the most prominent families.

Upon his marriage he was treated so austere and contemptuously by many of his family and friends, that he decided to seek a home as far West as possible. After many vicissitudes, he, with his wife and three children, arrived in Indiana, and, later, friendless and forlorn, in a remote village in Kentucky.

With the assistance of kindly neighbors he opened a school which, in the course of time, developed into the leading Academy of that vicinity. When I was born, the youngest of the family, it had been enlarged to accommodate about fifty boarders, boys from ten to twenty. Besides my mother, who taught music, French and Spanish, there were several teachers for the juvenile and advanced classes. The Mount Severn Academy was located on a hill, surrounded by pretty gardens and grain fields.

The house was Colonial: with great pillars, large rooms, open fire-places, and was finished and furnished in walnut and mahogany. On one side were reception and music rooms, on the other the library and three class rooms. The wings, which had been added on both sides, were devoted to dance hall and gymnasium, in the rear dining room and culinary department. The story above had been remodeled into sleeping rooms to accommodate the big boys, and a dormitory for the juveniles. Mrs. Elston was the matron for the elders, whilst a niece of my mother's, Ella Langdon, ruled the juveniles with love and kindness.

There were four children in our family: my brother Roscoe, at the time my story opens, nearing twenty years, Lillian, my sister, eighteen, Tom, twenty, and myself, John, just ten. I was presumed to be an epileptic, due to certain seizures which often kept me in a comatose condition for several hours, and, as I grew older, days at a time without regaining consciousness. My mother had such a horror of my "terrible disease," as she termed it, that I slept in a bed adjoining hers where she could keep me under surveillance, for oft I was seized at night. Never was I permitted to go anywhere without a bodyguard.

As I began to think, and crave for solitude, life became very unpleasant, despite the love of all manifested in every possible way. We were a very loving family, and had been reared, simply and solely, with love and extreme patience, and, in consequence were more than usually tolerant, kindly and considerate. My mother claimed that precept, unaccompanied by example, was worthless. Rarely did words of exhortation, advice or suggestion come from her, but, when they did, we listened with reverence, and heeded with alacrity. Alas! so often parents by constant reiteration, unkind suggestions, lack of consideration for the young, unable to enter into their feelings, do more harm than good, and are responsible, although but instruments, for that which a wiser course would have prevented.

My father, a courtly gentleman of the Old School, of punctilious courtesy, the result of several generations of culture, never permitted a severe reprimand nor an unkind word in his presence. My mother, although not blessed with gentle forbears, was born, by right Divine, his equal in all but blue blood. We were reared to believe in blue blood, in family, by my father. My mother often smiled, rather sadly, I thought, while a suspicious moisture would bedim her eyes when my father would dilate upon the pure, undefiled stream of his ancestors. The only semi-contemptuous tones I ever heard her use was on one of these occasions when she, with a slight flash in her wondrous eyes, "Heaven's own blue" my father called them, said,

"Why not tell them that all blue blood has come from the people, that in truth, there is no such thing, that blood is constantly changing and being so adulterated, in all families, that, after a few generations, they have not a drop of the blood upon which they pride themselves, and which often is not responsible

for the false estimate they have of themselves, but the false teaching of those who know better."

My father glanced at her surprisedly, then a glance of mortification o'erspread his face as he realized her viewpoint. He lifted my sister Lilian off his lap, thrust me, at his feet, aside, hastened to her, drew her quivering face to his and said,

"Darling, you know in what sense I mean it. Only to make them ashamed to do wrong, to be 'sans peur et sans reproche.'"

"I know," she answered sweetly, "but I think you can do that without dwelling too much upon the 'best blood of the South,' 'the pure blood, undefiled by any muddy stream,' etc."

"That is so," he agreed heartily, "I grant you I am somewhat the product of my environment and education. But, come, dear, a smile and a kiss, are you not my *better* half, superior to me in everything?" His large dark eyes, his mobile mouth, were so eloquent of tenderness and truth that she drew his head upon her shoulder and patted his cheek fondly

"Oh!" she cried, "Randolph, you are irresistible, at least to me."

"As it should be." he replied merrily.

This was the only time that I, during my short life of twenty years, ever saw a frown cloud the winsome beauty of my mother's face. Although my brother, Roscoe, was a magnificent fellow, tall, the image of his father, and Tom, as lovable and fine a character as ever lived, while Lilian inherited all her glorious blond beauty, with the exception of the large dark eyes of the Roanokes, I, poor, puny, sickly Johnnie, was her idol. Upon me she lavished most of her time, and the outpouring of such love as but few are blessed with. Too well she knew the little heart that ached, day and night, with the longing to be like other boys, the bitter nights that I sobbed myself to sleep at some fancied slight or tactless pity.

I awakened one night suddenly. It seemed that a warm, loving hand patted me on the cheek, ere I opened my eyes, as though to give me courage and confidence. It was a bright moonlight night. I could see my father and mother distinctly, she was sitting up in bed with hands clasped in prayer, he was sitting by her side, apparently in deep thought. My mother unclasped her hands and said so sadly that my eyes overflowed, sensitive, psychical child that I was,

“Oh, Randolph, Randolph, a cripple too. Oh, my Johnnie, my Johnnie.”

“Be comforted, wife, at least he will be spared to us.” answered my father huskily.

“An epileptic to torment us day and night, and now, good God, a cripple to torment my darling more.”

“Hush, dear, he is not an epileptic but a gifted being.”

“Why, what do you mean?” looking dubiously at him.

“Have you never heard of the great Seer, Emmanuel Swedenborg?”

“Of course I have, but again, what do you mean?”—somewhat hopefully, she said.

“I mean that both the doctor and I have decided that he is not an epileptic, but a psychic of marvellous power.”

“Oh, Randolph, I do not believe in spiritualism, I have a contempt for it.”

“This is different from spiritualism, as you cognize it. The doctor and I have been conducting a series of experimental tests, when you have not been around, and we have proven to our satisfaction that he, when not in a fit but entranced, communes with angels and is on a high plane of development.”

“Oh, Randolph, my little boy, Johnnie.”

“Yes, dear, your little boy has, when in this condition, answered us in not only all modern but ancient languages, and has expressed himself in such choice, refined speech as to leave no doubt that Johnnie, the real Johnnie, possesses powers he is unable to express when not entranced.”

I listened eagerly as they discussed the various aspects of my case, and I thankfully coincided with my father's decision that I was not a victim to epilepsy, but something wonderful I knew nothing about. Oh, what a load was lifted off my heart, how the blood coursed through my veins with delight. A psychic like Swedenborg! I lay very still thinking of all the glory in store for me, until I drifted off into unconsciousness. The next day I looked for a dictionary and a life of the great Seer. I soon deciphered the meaning, and gloated over the great Swedenborg but, somehow, I could not believe in hell, punishment nor evil, they, for me, had no reality.

All my life I had been sheltered in the arms of love. Although I occasionally procured a paper, or magazine, with impure suggestions and the wrongdoings of different people, I really could not understand, they had no meaning for me, they were to me idle words, meaningless phrases.

Those who have not had such a pure environment as I, rarely alone, usually accompanied by my father, mother, Lillian or Ella, four of the sweetest, purest characters to be found on earth, cannot credit that almost a century ago, in the comparatively unsettled Middle West, lived such advanced people. But such is the fact. My father had delved deep in mystic lore, and was an occultist of some power, although not manifested to any but Dr. Morton who investigated with him. But my father and the Doctor, unlike the average, undeveloped psychic, and spiritualist, had, after years of study, decided that Omnipotent Love and Wisdom alone ruled all worlds and forms of life.

Both the Doctor and he, upon being convinced of my marvellous powers, agreed to never let me hear or see aught of an evil or undeveloped nature, and to train and develop my mind to be in accord with the good, the truths of the real life, hence able to express them. Therefore, my father alone instructed me, while my mother, and the rest of the family were enjoined to never let me see or hear anything that savored in the slightest degree of impurity or unchastity.

By the time I reached my fifteenth year, I was so developed psychically that either the Doctor or my father, during the time devoted to my studies, could entrance me at will. Up to that time I had no recollection of what transpired during these periods of my detachment from my physical body, because this, in truth, is what it was, but later I recalled everything.

It is these experiences which I propose to relate, to give mortals some correct ideas of the spirit life and its glorious blessings and privileges. Although brain is not sufficiently developed to form mind prior to the fourteenth year, and rarely before the fifteenth, I had had such unusual training that I, upon arriving at fourteen, had formed mind according to my training, environment and education, and as my brain, prior to birth, had been organized with care by the angels in charge, my instruments to express spirituality and truth were well developed. My father and the Doctor had never imagined that I would be able to recall

ought of the other life. They presumed that it was the wise sages who used my brain and magnetized my mortal mind into insensibility. But due to lack of development of my brain on certain lines, these sages could only transmit, through the little entities of my brain, that which they were trained to transmit and no more.

All brains are under charge of those who form both the spirit and mortal bodies, under Divine, immutable law, and only receive and express, from the spirit spheres, that which is judged essential development. While those who spoke through me, who used my brain, were wise with a wisdom far superior to mine, they could only give that which I knew in the real life, and had impressed upon my mortal mind, although not able to express it on account of spirit brain being magnetized while on the mortal plane, but the sages, with their brains under their control, not magnetized, could express all the knowledge that my spirit brain or I possessed, and no more.

As I, at that period, an advanced boy in spirit life, was familiar with all languages, my mortal brain could transmit these but could not transmit either wisdom or knowledge which I knew not. Hence all must know that no spirit can give anything that the spirit, in charge of the mortal body, does not know, and that all that is impressed inspirationally is ever and always the knowledge and wisdom of the spirit or mortal impressed, or become his when impressed by the spirit.

Therefore, ever and always, whether spirit is attached to his mortal body or not, the mortal brain is *his* instrument, trained and developed for him alone, and although private matters, pertaining to those who use his brain, are given, solely that which his brain is capable of receiving, and transmitting can be given. Thus my father and the doctor received only the knowledge I had acquired when detached by sleep, as all are educated in the real life when absent from the mortal body, but no more. Hence, although it appeared wonderful to them, they received nothing that had not been given by others, on similar planes of development, repeatedly before.

When it is known that the human brain is the receiving and the transmitting instrument for the spirit, that without it he can express nothing on earth or the mortal plane, it will be realized

that all good instruments are developed in the spirit world, ere they can receive or transmit that which is expressed through them. Hence I, at that time, could not transmit through my own brain that which I am transmitting now. At that time I had the spirit mind and brain of a boy, now I have the spirit mind and brain of an adult, and can transmit correctly only through a brain similarly developed.

CHAPTER II.

I was lying in bed, by my side a man of venerable aspect, white haired and scarred with the seams of time. A wistful smile was on his stern lips as, with closed eyes, he remained for a few moments in deep thought. Then he opened his eyes slowly, and, looking into space above my head, evidently seeing something I could not see, said musingly, "Thus far and no farther can I go. I see, I hear, I know continuity to be true, I know the same personality endures, but, alas, although I see them as in the real life, and hear and touch them, they seem more like representations, more like, in a sense, living pictures, if such could be possible, of the real and true beings, and all I have gleamed, after years of research, is so vague and unsatisfactory regarding that which we yearn to know, that I begin to feel that there must be something we cannot develop, on this side, that interferes." He sighed heavily and turned to me,

"Well, John, I came in to see how you feel this morning. Your father is engaged and cannot attend to you."

I looked at him with awe and respect. Dr. Morton, a valued friend of my father's, had never been to me more than a cold austere teacher. I was slightly afraid of his great Herculean frame, deepset eyes, shaggy beard, and, above all, the stern lips which rarely smiled. They were generally closed in stern defiance of mirth and laughter. His skin was bloodless and deeply furrowed. He was not a pleasing spectacle to a nervous child. I trembled as I replied,

"I know all now, Doctor, I know why you are here and that you are often alone with me at this time."

His eyes flashed with interest, the bloodless face became suffused, he spoke eagerly,

"Tell me what you know, John."

"I know I am never in this body when you think I am, but somebody else uses it and speaks with my tongue. I do not."

"What? You are dreaming. Of course you are in your body and just now you were speaking in Hebrew to me."

"I was not, Dr. Anderson was speaking in Hebrew, I was standing by in another body—like this one only more perfect. Dr. Anderson knew you years ago before your wife died. He and Sally, your daughter, were here when I was put back in this body. Your wife had just left."

"Good God!" he ejaculated, "you saw Anderson, my wife and Sally. What were they like?"

"Your wife, Eleanor, was beautiful with big dark eyes, a tall figure, a mouth just made to smile, and tiny hands."

"As she was thirty years ago but can't be so now as she must be an old lady." he answered huskily. "How did Sally look?"

"She was beautiful, too, with large grey eyes, delicate, small features. She called you 'Popokins, Oh, dear Popokins, why can't you see me?'"

"Thank God, thank God, I have located them at last. Tell me, what else can you recall?"

"I remember almost everything. I could see my body here with you, and Papa asking me question, and in the same room; a moment later, the room as it looks now seemed to change into another room, and I, in a body, a perfect body, stepped out of a living frame, so it seemed to me, lying on the bed; not my physical, this body, but a peculiar combination, looking like a skeleton frame made of living, vital sparks, which gleamed like little eyes, a psychical or vital frame, not a body. It was, I was told, to vitalize the physical body, which was within it but which I could not see on spirit side, in my spirit body, with my real eyes. They said that when we are on earth, or in the mortal body, we see through the mortal brain and eyes and everything looks different, because the physical world is in the little spaces of the spiritual world, as the material body interpenetrates the spaces of the vital body, which is so constructed as to fit in the spirit body, when the spirit is attached to it, when he goes to the earth school, because we all really live all the time in the spirit world, and are only conscious on earth when awake, or it is necessary for some purpose."

"Wonderful! Reason and common sense combined, so when we awake or come to school every morning, we are fitted into a body like our own, to grow up with it and, I presume, learn from the suffering inflicted on it."

"Yes, you see the material brain is in the spiritual brain. The spiritual, when we come to school, is magnetized into insensibi-

lity, so as not to recall the real home, for, if we did, when we are undeveloped, we could not learn so well. The real brain must be developed through suffering to make it industrious and competent, to make the little living spirit entities in it obey us, be loving and harmonious, or we could not receive the soul gifts of love, power and wisdom from God rightly, and we could not advance."

"Wonderful, wonderful! Soul comes from God, pure and holy, therefore cannot be lost or go to hell. The physical body, the corruptible, is abandoned to disintegrate, hence cannot be taken nor transformed into the incorruptible, so it must be, it is the real spirit brain that must be developed. Oh, what fools not to have grasped it before."

The Doctor looked with a transfigured face into mine, eyes glowing with rapture, stern lips soft and smiling. At last he had received something that pleased him, that his scientific development could grasp. My father entered with a smiling face, ever worn before his little boy. He looked astonished at the change in the Doctor, who volubly poured forth all I had told him, with many exclamations of "Wonderful, wonderful, what idiots we were."

My father, upon grasping the meaning, seemed as joyous and excited as the Doctor. He made me repeat all that I had said and asked,

"Well, son, it seems that there are two bodies, (we cannot call the vital a body), and one soul or spirit living in the real and true body and only connected or attached to the physical, which is but a machine to record the impressions we receive here in the earth school. I see, I see. Oh, how different, how logical, how sane and how corroborative of the spiritual teachings of the Lord, Who was the greatest psychic that ever lived, a most wonderful man."

"The Lord is not a man only," I excitedly exclaimed, "He was inspired by God."

"Oh, yes, we all are," my father replied. I knew the Lord was different but I could not explain then, so I said nothing. My mother came to the door and stood a moment looking perplexedly at us, our excited looks seemed to fill her with foreboding,

"Why do you all look so queerly," she asked tremulously. My father answered reassuringly as she approached and caressed me,

"Nothing of importance, dear, I will tell you later. John must have some breakfast at once."

Within a moment, Ella, dear, sweet Ella, who always insisted on bringing my breakfast, entered with a cheery loving greeting. Ella Langdon was, if possible, more beautiful than my mother, with superb eyes and figure. Her eyes were glorious, full of magnetic sweetness. To know was to love her and, boy though I was, I worshipped her with the ardor of the just awakening soul love, though I knew it not then and deemed it but a natural love.

All smiled as I drew her face down and kissed her, but I fancied a shade on the dear mother's face, so I pulled her to me and kissed her also, as Ella turned to say a few words to the Doctor with whom she was a great favorite. Whilst I was eating, Tom and Roscoe came in and started a merry tune on the piano which stood, between two large windows, opposite my couch. Roscoe was just developing into manhood. He looked very attractive and winning, a gay smile irradiating face as he sang, while his eyes, blue as my mother's, eagerly sought Ella's, but she, oblivious of all but the Doctor, paid no heed. Tom, a slender stripling, with retrousse nose and sparking, hazel eyes, made a grimace at the Doctor, and, then, noting that I had seen it, slyly winked at me. I laughed outright, he looked so comical.

My mother, who never missed anything, smiled also but my father, who had turned in time to see Tom, looked at him rather coldly. He did not like his children, even in fun, to ridicule anyone, much less his intimate friends. I was not surprised when he said,

"Tom, it is time for you to retire."

Tom, rather abashed, arose from the piano stool and with a parting smile withdrew. Ella and the Doctor had been conversing in suppressed tones and looking ever and anon at me. I surmised the Doctor was telling her about our recent talk. When she arose to go with my father, she lingered, apparently desirous of speaking to me, until my mother said,

"Ella, it is time for you to go or you will be late."

"Pardon me, dear Aunt, I was thinking of what the Doctor said. John will tell you. I hope I will hear all later."

"Now, what is all this mystery, Johnnie, boy?" my mother said, looking at me earnestly and somewhat sadly. She did not approve of my father and the Doctor experimenting with her boy, and, as she had never been present at any of the seances,

as they are termed, was skeptical. I knew she did not believe in anything supernatural, but I had seen and knew too much to doubt, so I said eagerly,

"Oh, mother, now I know the truth. I was out of my body last night and I saw grandma, and grandpa, your father and mother, and my grandpa, papa's mother, and little sister Lottie—born before I was, who died long ago—and little brother Jim, and, oh, so many of our relations and friends."

My mother looked astounded and perplexed beyond measure.

"Lottie! Jim!" No wonder she looked astonished. Lottie and Jim were two babes of whom we had never heard, who had passed out stillborn.

"You dreamed it, Johnnie, dear."

"Oh, no, mother, all were more real than here. Jim had a birth-mark on his toe, a little strawberry leaf, tiny and delicate. He said 'Ask mother what caused it?'"

"Oh, oh," she sobbed, "my little babies. True, true, a strawberry leaf, inherited from generation to generation in the family, he alone had it in mine."

"He doesn't have it in the real body, mother. All are perfect, free from defects of all kinds, but his little mortal body had it. And Lottie was so sweet, mother, a big, lovely girl, and looked so much like you. She said, 'Tell mama we are always together when you are away from the body, in the first, sound sleep.'"

"Oh, God, it must be true, my darlings are alive and near me. Thank God, thank God! What else did you see, Johnnie?"

"This room, mother, yes, this room, inside another room just the same size, with furniture and everything in the same place, but, oh, so beautiful, mother, so very beautiful, more beautiful than any room on earth. The windows were clear and pellucid as possible, the ceiling a garden of beautiful flowers, the walls paneled with exquisite paintings, the furniture fragile and yet substantial, of a substance more beautiful than onyx, emitting numberless colors; while those plants, mother, in the real room, irradiate life, beauty and perfume indescribable. But, mother, father and the Doctor were asleep, although so different from here, and sitting in chairs near me, while they were awake and talking to me on earth, not apart from their vital frames, and each had a Celestial Angel, tutor or guardian Angel with them.

"We all have two Celestial Angels, tutors. One is always with us while we are on earth, or while we are being educated when

young, in the spirit world. Mine took me into another room, one of our class rooms only more beautiful than the earth one, and instructed me in many things that I cannot remember. Then I was taken out into the gardens and fields by grandpa and grandma—your father and mother. The flowers and trees were of all shades, some several shades, harmoniously blended. Roses, not of one but of a dozen shades, and many flowers that I knew and called by name that we do not have here, but I cannot remember them now, and such delicious fruit, and berries and nuts, mother, and the grounds were full of beautiful men, women and children. All seemed so young, I saw no old people. Grandma was like a lovely girl, and grandpa looked very little older than Roscoe, and Roscoe, Lilian and Tom were away from their vital frames and with us. But you, dear mother, were awake here on earth, as you were attached to your vital frame like papa and the Doctor.” I stopped for want of breath.

“Oh, how beautiful, how wonderful,” she murmured, “but dear little boy, you look feverish, God grant it is not a hallucination, but how could you know about the children?”

“And about your brother, Tom, who ran away from home and was killed in Arizona by the Apaches. He was there, he said, “If you can remember on earth, to comfort my dear sister tell her they did not torture me, that I died at the first shot and did not suffer at all.”

“Oh, oh, it is true, you never heard of Tom, it was too sad to tell you. Oh, thank God, thank God.”

After a few moments devoted to telling her many things, I arose, with her assistance, and was prepared for the day, in ecstatic frame of mind. Now life had no terrors for me. I was happy. I was neither an epileptic nor a cripple, only a schoolboy at school with all my dear ones, never to be separated from them either in the real life or on the mortal plane of consciousness on earth. Thrice blessed I. I presume my face was so luminous with love and joy that it seemed very like the real face, for my mother said tenderly, “Oh, the spirit shining through your dear little face.”

When I arose from the bed, to our amazement and joy, I did not limp at all but walked as well as ever.

“Oh, what marvel is this,” cried my mother, “he walks, he walks, he is not a cripple.”

“Nor an epileptic” I added joyously, “but a child of God, and, even here, I feel my Divine heritage.”

Within a few moments a joyous jubilee was held in the great hall. All assembled, father, Doctor, teachers, help, and all the boys to see “John walk as good as ever.” Oh, what a feast of joy and wonder. How my father beamed, how the Doctor was transformed from austere teacher to the lovable friend; how the boys hurrahed again and again, and, above all, how my mother and Ella wiped joyous tears from their eyes. Even Nancy and Chloe, our two cooks, with us since my birth, thanked God again and again, “Blessed be His holy name.”

“Now,” my father said, “I shall send for Dr. Stevenson who claims you are a cripple and epileptic, never to be healed. But, sit down, let us all hear his learned opinion before we tell him.”

CHAPTER III.

The Doctor entered with his usual urbane, kindly smile, but, ere he greeted my father, something electrical in the atmosphere or our peculiar looks and postures, made him exclaim ere he saw me clearly,

“What has happened? Is John very bad? I told you he could not stand excitement, and —” my father interrupted,

“Nothing unusual, Doctor, John is all right, but I would like to know what you think about the latest development in his case. Did you say he would always be a cripple?”

“Most certainly! Nothing on earth can cure him.”

“Are you positive?” — earnestly.

“Positive beyond a shadow of doubt.”

“John,” said my father, “arise and walk.”

I arose from the chair, straightened myself proudly, and walked straight and erect to the center of the large hall. The Doctor stood spellbound, a graven image, frozen with surprise and wonder. Slowly he gathered his wits,

“What miracle is this?” he exclaimed, “No medicine or surgery could do this, only God.”

“Yes, only God,” my father replied, “you speak truly. But God works through His instruments, the instruments you have been ridiculing, the Doctor—glancing at Dr. Morton—and me for invoking. Yes, Doctor, my boy will tell you the rest, possibly you will then believe.”

All, in the large room, listened breathlessly as I narrated all that had transpired. The doctor listened eagerly, and incredulity was soon replaced by belief. He said solemnly:

“So you were with the angels, John. But it is difficult to believe that sinning beings, like us, can live with them as we are here. That is very hard to credit, we must be wicked there too, many of us preparing to be sent when “Gabriel sounds his horn” into hell.”

“There is no hell,” I said, “all are pure and good.”

But as I had only the brain and mind of a boy fourteen years old then, I could not explain nor give that which I can now. So even though they grasped that we live the two lives, they could only grasp life there as it is on the mortal plane or earth, evil, in truth undeveloped, so their belief in hell and punishment continued. Although Dr. Morton and my father believed in Omnipotent Love and Wisdom, they could not explain how it was possible for the spirit, who is good and pure in the real life, to be bad and impure on earth. Hence, while they realized it was the real spirit brain that was to be developed, and not the soul, they thought the spirit sinned through and with the spirit brain, in the spirit life, as he did through the material brain in the material life. Therefore, the truth of there being no evil, since I could not explain, although I gave it, could not be grasped.

The neighborhood went wild over my miraculous healing. We were besieged by people from far and near. Many prominent scientists and scholars besought interviews with me, and desired to put me under test conditions. My father firmly refused all. He was not seeking notoriety nor popularity at the expense of his son's well-being, for it soon became apparent to Dr. Morton and himself that, although I was able to walk, I was in a debilitated condition and needed the utmost quiet and care.

As ever my mother and Ella never relaxed vigilance, but nursed and treated me with the utmost tenderness. One afternoon, as I lay propped up with pillows on my couch before the open window, I drifted into unconsciousness and awakened in the real life. I was still in bed, but such an exquisite, downy bed. I seemed to be alone. I looked around the room, taking in every article with delight, for this room was my real room. The windows were solid sheets of clear transparency, draped with immortal flowers—blue and corn-color, intermingled with fragile ferns. The ceiling was similar. The floor looked as though the flowers were alive, so real they seemed. There was every article as in the earth room, but very different, all beautiful and harmonious. The table near me had books, pitcher and glass as on the earth table, in the very same place, but the books had beautiful corn-color and blue covers to harmonize with the room, the water service much more fragile and beautiful than cut glass.

The furniture, of exquisite material, gleamed like old ivory. The mirrors sparkled like diamonds. The walls were paneled with paintings—rare works of art. The entire room was so beauti-

ful to me, just returned from the unattractive earth room, that I, as ever upon awakening, reveled in the beauty ere I could think of anything else. From the filmy lace covering of the couch, in strong contrast to the heavy comforters so lately enveloping me, I glanced to my hands, so different from the mortal ones. Perfectly formed, of exquisite hue and texture, glossy nails of perfect shape, firm, strong, yet delicate hands. Then I looked at the bird, my pet bird on earth, a gay little canary; he was asleep, I knew he was awake on earth, he was so motionless and still. The flowers were much more alive and awake, they radiated beauty and brilliance, emitting a perfume especially fragrant. The cat was on the mat before the fireplace, yes, a fireplace. A bright fire, although it was warm and balmy, glowed in the silver grate: a fire like the fire that was in my grate on earth, with this difference,—a beautiful fire that threw out no extra heat but glowed with a million of tints, constantly changing from one to the other, a fire that made no ashes, that was not of coal, wood, nor of any material known to earth, neither of gas nor electricity, but radium, which constantly threw off energy, with greater power than all combined. The cat was also in a comatose condition; it jumped up with its eyes closed and ran out of the room, as I knew it was doing on earth.

I heard a soft step and saw, entering from the adjoining room—my mother's on earth, one of my Guardian Angels or tutors, Clarice, a Celestial Angel. She was superbly beautiful, with a radiant face expressive of love and purity. Her expression fairly glowed with tenderness and sympathy, as she approached and said:

“I rejoice it is time for me to take my boy out of his cage for a while, and liberate him from the thralldom of the mortal school.”

She lifted the cobweb lace spread and exposed me to view. I could not see my vital frame nor vital body, it was within my spiritual body, invisible to me while within me. I glanced at my body, as perfect and flawless as my hand, as nude as a baby when first born. I, a lad of fourteen, lay before my beloved teacher without a trace of false modesty, the false modesty so esteemed on earth. Tenderly she lifted me bodily and, laughing merrily, said:

“Look at the cage, dear, now you can see it.”

Still in her strong, loving grasp, ere she deposited me on a

chair near the bed, I looked and saw a skeleton frame, like the skeleton Dr. Morton showed to me once, only, instead of bones, the frame was of little points or needles of vital organisms, so small as to be scarcely seen.

"All these little organisms fit in the interstices of my body, such infinitesimally small apertures that I cannot see them." I said.

"Yes, and they now hold in place, the material substance which forms the material body."

"Yes, I cannot see nor feel it with my real eyes and fingers. There is not only the one organism and vital spark, which I see, but the material organism, just as real, that I cannot see, not due to the fact that there is no material body, but the truth that owing to a certain speed of revolution I cannot see that which is another organism, vitalized by the vital spark. Those countless sparks vitalize the very small organisms of this frame, and the organisms of the material which I cannot see.

"But when magnetized by me, others or by yourself, you become conscious on the mortal plane in the earth school, at other times you are only conscious here of this life."

"These states of consciousness are changed to suit the laws of the two planes."

"And the two worlds and lives are identical in many respects, one as real as the other, while conscious on it, and as real when not conscious on it."

This may appear incomprehensible to the average reader, two bodies in one place and one not visible. Some of the great religions of the earth, Buddhism, the Christian religion, and several extinct religions of prehistoric races, taught of several bodies in one. But, due to the lack of brain development, among the majority, never thoroughly understood, except by the illumined, in any period. Even today, almost two thousand years since the Lord Jesus Christ taught of three bodies in one, the spiritual or Celestial, the vital or psychical, the physical or natural, very few can understand, and find it less difficult to understand soul being transformed, within a moment, into a body, or staying in the grave, in the decomposed body, until Gabriel sounds his horn.

The truths taught by the Lord were understood by a very few when He gave them, and were so changed by the various compilers, revisers, translators and interpreters, as to bear but little resemblance to them.

"I understand it all here. It appears very simple to me but when I am put back in that frame and magnetized by you, Harold or those whom you permit to magnetize me, and I only have the poor material brain and the five, more or less, imperfect sense organs, I can only express the knowledge I have acquired from my material impressions of earth life, and as all this life is shut off I receive but very few correct impressions of the spirit life."

"Did you receive correct ones, were you permitted to remember life, as it really is, the mortal school would be of no use. Knowing absolutely the truth would prevent you from the necessary amount of suffering. You could not develop the essential qualities. You have several to develop before you can advance here. Your brain must be made a good instrument. It must be in perfect harmony, not lazy and torpid as at present, to enable you to receive the soul gifts of love, wisdom and power."

"But there are some who receive correct ones, we call them spiritually unfolded."

"Yes, but few in comparison with the number who never receive any. The purpose of mortal life is not to develop the pure, holy soul, which comes from the Father, nor the corruptible mortal body, but the brain, the real spirit brain, to bring it in accord with the soul, to render its little reasoning entities, dwelling in the various convolutions, lovingly subservient to the Soul Child in command."

"And only through that cognized as sin, and suffering can it be formed and brought in subjection. When I am on earth and I think of all the misery I read about, and, even there, barely understand, I am so glad so few, in comparison with the immense number who do not need it, must get it in a physical body.

"The qualities to be developed can only be developed in the material world, on the mortal plane of consciousness, hence, mortal life has ever been in existence. The material worlds are the only hells or places, not of punishment, God's pure, holy children need not punishment, but the only places of suffering. They are the hells that Emmanuel Swedenborg was impressed to give during his epoch: "The Heavenly Societies" conjoined to "Infernal Ones" in reality being the material and the spiritual worlds."

"How strange that so many will persist in believing that humanity must develop morally and spiritually there, or be lost,

when they know that a large number cannot advance due to poor brains, and a larger number to bad environment, evil associations and no education. How can they hold poor weaklings, imbeciles and degenerates responsible?"

"Simply, dear boy, because they themselves are deficient in proper brain development. Very few require good brains to develop the essential qualities. Those who have good brains, who have the power to create new brain areas, are in the minority, and are only formed thus to give them different training from those who have not."

"I will be detached in early youth. I will have developed endurance, courage, patience and submission by the time I am twenty, then I can come home for good. Oh, I'll be so glad although I'll miss the dear old earth, and dear ones as they seem there."

"Yes, but as you ever see them as they really are when not on earth, you will soon become used to the change."

"I shall always, always love my dear old school."

"You have not been permitted to see much of life as it is there, for various reasons. Roscoe and Lilian will spend many years there and undergo suffering such as you little cognize. But, away, away, speed thee to the bath."

This conversation took but a few minutes, while she was holding me in loving grasp and while we walked to a room on the other side, opposite my mothers, a large closet on earth, on spirit side a dainty bathroom. I do not think that mortals will have such a bathroom for many centuries. I know they will never have the water of the spirit life, with its perpetually rejuvenating, vivifying qualities. The entire room was of mother-of-pearl. The pool in the middle was encircled, except the steps where I descended, by beautiful lilies. From each chalice issued a spray of fragrant water, forming in the center a downpour of countless glistening drops which fell, upon my erect body, in a continuous stream of softly purring water. Every drop was composed of millions of tiny organisms who seemed to fondle and caress me as I laughed and sported with them for several moments, until Clarice, who had left me alone, returned saying,

"It is time for study."

I arrayed myself in a fine white suit, similar, but more perfect in cut and fit, to those worn by boys of my age then on earth. It must be known that in the spirit life all exercise individual

tastes. There are numberless styles. None follow any prevailing fashion but always select that which appeals to them. I seemed to glow with health and vigor. I glanced in a mirror and saw a sparkling face, with brilliant eyes, dazzling complexion, a perfect face in all respects, such as I had never seen on earth, with an expression so joyous and radiant that I exclaimed,

“Oh, John, of the woebegone, earth expression, how different you are here.”

“I should say so. Here you are free from all illness and are able to express your birthright. There, you are a poor little prisoner under a severe law.” said a melodious voice.

I saw Harold, my dear Tutor, my other Celestial Guide. He stood smiling lovingly at me. I made a bound and clasped him around the neck.

“Dear Harold, it is such a joy always to see you again, after such a long time, as it seems, and yet but a few short hours.”

Harold, a grand Celestial Angel, a man of great learning, was yet as simple and unostentatious as a little child. True greatness never assumes anything but is ever unaffected. So lovingly he returned my ardent caresses as he escorted me to one of the class rooms, on earth, but of course different in the spirit world. When I entered, it was free from all the attached spirits who were out of the earth school as it was after school hours, so we had the room to ourselves.

Thus are we supervised on the spirit side by our dear angel tutors. By his side, on a couch, a desk in front of us laden with books, charts, globes, maps and various educational instruments not known on earth, I was soon so engrossed in study that I was amazed when he said,

“Time to stop, John, you are advancing finely.”

I looked up unto his glorious face, the strong, finely chiseled mouth and nose, the magnificent blue eyes, the noble brow with the hair brushed simply back, and thought, as I often did, how I loved him. I knew his was a labor of pure love. That he, of his own volition, had selected to devote his time to educating and training me until I would be able to advance alone. Every little spirit child, brought forth to enter the mortal school, is ever under the care of two Celestial Angels, generally a man and a woman, although not always. Although all the glories and joys of the Celestial Kingdom are open to them, they, impelled by the love of service, the most potent desire of all advanced souls, often

devote much time to the mortal plane, the great mortal kindergarten for God's children, as well as to educate them in the real life. Having developed themselves from amoeba to self consciousness in man on their upward journey, familiar with all conditions, an epitome of all knowledge thus acquired, besides having been for thousands of cycles recipients of the soul gifts of love, wisdom and power from the dear Father, they are like unto Him infinitely loving and compassionate to the little ones, or all subjected to the dark and dreary earth life. And as I from my birth, in the real life, had either Clarice or Harold with me more than my dear father and mother, who were often, on the earth plane, away from me; when awake on the spirit plane naturally I loved them with as great a love, as I knew that their service was given simply for love, whilst the love of my dear parents was but the fulfillment of law in bringing forth children. Thus, although all love comes from the Father, all receive and express according to the development of our instruments, our spirit brains and minds. Divine Mind impresses us to form individual mind but we only express Divine mind when we, through individual will and effort, bring the individual mind into harmony.

All parent love is impressed, is a part of the soul parent love of God. The love of the Celestial Angel, the universal love, while not equal to the parent love of God, is a love far superior to that expressed through parents, who have not attuned their instruments to express the love of God. Hence while my parents loved me devotedly they could not express the love of Clarice and Harold, for they were not Celestial Angels. Oh, this wonderful, all-pervading love of God, this love that creates and forms, that brings forth all that is expressed and manifested throughout all forms of life in the spirit and Celestial spheres. And as all is love, one is ever filled with an ecstasy a joy unknown on earth. The illumined alone, on that plane, experience occasionally this wonderful gift, and when they do they reflect, in a faint degree, the radiance of the spirit. But although this love is felt and expressed in varying degree, it does not do away with the fact that all spirit and Celestial life is but a higher expression of that cognized as the natural, therefore spirits are natural in all respects. They eat, sleep, drink, they have substantial bodies. They live always, as on earth, a purely natural life, with the exception that all is on a more perfect, grander scale, with disease, sin and death eliminated, the three hydra-headed monster of earth

is neither known nor cognized, but understood to be illusions permitted for the sake of development.

Harold took me on his knee, big boy that I was, and said kindly, "John, dear, you have had enough study, run out into the grounds and have a good time. You will not be attached until tomorrow morning and will have plenty of time."

With a parting hand clasp I left him in the study and passed through several rooms all vacated by the attached spirits, the school boys of the earth home, the teachers and maids, until I came to the outer hall leading into the large central one. Here were assembled many of our boys, still awake on earth, and, judging from the movement of their spirit bodies, at various games. I saw Roscoe among them, with his eyes closed, standing near Ella, and I knew that they were conversing through their mortal bodies which I could not see. I wished they were awake so that they could come with me. Then I thought I would see what my dear mother was doing. I found her outside, on the porch, sitting beside my father, both also on the mortal plane of consciousness. I thought how young and beautiful they were, so different and yet so similar to their mortal bodies. With each was a Celestial tutor. Attached spirits are never left alone, they must be cared for as they, unconscious and subject to the law of the mortal plane, wander to and fro.

Knowing the perfect safety of all loved ones and that, regardless how heartrending earth's conditions appear, they in reality can come to no harm, that they cannot be taken from us by the illusory ideas of mortal life, that there is in truth no separation, no death, no real sorrow, knowing this naturally gives us a peace and joy that nothing can banish, and also the fortitude to bear on mortal plane that which would otherwise be unendurable. Hence it is that we, on earth, forget and do not realize death, sin nor disease until actually confronted with them, unless we are filled with forbodings given for the purpose of preventing these illusions from becoming verities on that plane.

I looked with delight upon the porch, or open conservatory, where were my parents, several angels and detached friends. It was a perfect bower of vines, ferns and flowers. Luxuriant masses of exquisite roses, of many colors, covered the sides of the porch. Here and there upon superb pedestals, and in exquisite jardinières, were flowers wonderful beyond compare, many immortals among them. On my mother's arm perched a bird of

brilliant plumage, with notes sweeter, more thrilling than the nightingale, while peeping from vine, fern and flower were various birds of all hues, all free and happy. Several animals, pets of mine and the other children, also were straying about. My dear white kitty, a cat as white as snow and as pure and spotless, sought me and I stooped to hug her, while a dear dog of mine, that had become detached or died some time before, came to me with glowing eyes.

"Dear brother mine," I said, "how long will it be before you are like unto me."

This is the truth. There is not an animal in mortal life that is not destined in time to arrive at self consciousness and become a child of God. Therefore those who believe in reincarnation, familiar with involution and evolution, regard all animals as their lesser brethren, while many abstain from meat eating, repellent to the genuinely unfolded. But although it is true that all animals from low to high are regenerated on spirit side, with the mortal form to evolve within, it is not true that after attaining to self consciousness as an individual child, connected with the Divine mind of God, that the evolving spirit or monad must reincarnate, a misleading term as no spirit ever incarnates but merely uses, for temporary periods, the material vehicle for purpose of developing certain qualities.

All, in spirit spheres, treat with great tenderness and compassion their lesser brethren, knowing what suffering awaits them on the mortal plane ere they arrive at self consciousness. My little dog had been detached from his vital and natural body for good, by that called death on earth. He would remain for an indefinite period in his present body, when some day he would be taken by the angels in charge of him, and many of his brethren, and that which is cognized as the monad, the spark from God, not the soul but the spark of the energy of God, materialized into the primordial cell, an offshoot of the original monad which had been transmitted to him to give him life, would be formed in another form to develop a higher consciousness, until, after repeated lives, he would develop the necessary qualities and the brain to fit him to become a Soul Child, to acquire through the lower forms all necessary experiences, recorded, after brain is formed, upon it never to be lost.

God's child must have brain developed to enable it to receive correctly, on vibrations, the soul gifts, as well as to be an epitome

of all knowledge, from the primordial cell to archangel in complete unison with the Father. When this truth is understood one realizes more clearly the indissoluble tie linking all, the unity of all. Thus those races on earth, regardless how low in mental development or social scale, who cognize this truth, even though not advanced to cognize the truth that reincarnation stops with the animal, are on certain lines more unfolded spiritually than those who believe in special creation. Both in reality true. Reincarnation up to man—special creation, in the sense that the evolving spirit becomes not a Soul Child of God until made in his image and likeness, in human form imperfect, in spirit like unto the Father and perfect. On mortal, more or less defective until, under the universal law of progression in all spirit spheres, the material bodies become more and more perfect. The laws of the mortal plane, or material worlds, are variable and are changed according to the different stages of spiritual involution and evolution.

But the difference between the development of the two worlds is necessarily very distinct. When life forms on spirit side are ready to be made into children of God, in God's image, the children are not imperfect, inferior beings like the Neanderthal type, or caveman, but are like unto the Father, and, as His children, ever under the care of advanced Angels who instruct them in all knowledge and wisdom. Hence the cave-men in the real life were on a high plane even though their physical bodies—through which they developed the remaining quality or qualities to be developed, or in truth to finish the development of the spirit brain—were of an inferior order.

Spirits brought forth with sufficiently developed brains are not subject to mortal life. They are detached from the vital body upon being connected with the Divine mind, and thus obtain personality before brought forth on the mortal plane, or stillborn. There are millions of children in spirit worlds who have never, as conscious children of God, been subjected to mortal life, millions of whom their parents, while on earth, are not conscious of, but all know and love them in the real life. Thus, my brother, Jim, and my sister, Lottie, born on earth without life, were living in the real life. Under the law of universal progression of the Celestial Kingdom, God's perfect changeless law, the material bodies necessarily advance. Under the variable law of the mortal plane, subject to the laws of the spiritual, all, under Angels

who regulate these laws, the mortal plane of consciousness, in eternal existence—through suggested sin and suffering, develop essential qualities impossible to be developed otherwise, absolutely essential for all who have not—due to the variable laws of the material world—advanced as they should, who must have the necessary development ere they can advance in the real life.

This means that the brain, the most important part of the spirit, if not a good instrument, must be developed to a high state of efficiency. Thinkers, on earth and in all spirit spheres, know it is not the pure Soul Child but the little entities of the brain that must be developed, and as he is the master at the helm, when he becomes self conscious he must undergo with them, conscious with and through them to a certain extent, the pain and suffering. When it was presumed that the Lord cast out evil spirits, it in truth was the little spirit entities of the brain, that were designated as evil spirits, which were brought into harmony ere healed. Those whom he could not heal, like many healers, simply were not ready but had more sinning and suffering to undergo ere becoming detached. The righteous have brains developed on certain lines, or capable of being developed, to express the soul gifts. They do not sin as they are impressed more correctly, but advance through sickness and other afflictions. They do not sin but suffer hardships and vicissitudes of all kinds. These truths are known even by the very young on spirit side, but, at the time I lived on earth, and even today, they are not known and never given until through this instrument.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRIT LIFE.

I passed from the porch into the grounds. The gardens, orchards and fields of grain, of earth, were much more beautiful on spirit side. They not only had the life forms and vegetation of the mortal world, but many others much more beautiful. It was early evening. The soft tints of twilight—just after the sun had vanished as on earth, beyond the horizon—cast a rosy hue over all. The heavens were still ablaze with the rich hues and tints of a most entrancing sunset, confined, not solely to a small space, but extending all over the wide expanse. I never tired of admiring the sky with its ever-changing panorama of beauty. Oh, I thought, if mortals could only have one glimpse of this beauty.

The grounds surrounding the house were filled with groups of men, women and children, attached and detached spirits. Many attached spirits, from far and near, who were detached or apart from their material bodies, while ill, entranced or asleep, many detached by death, who lived with or near us, had come to visit us. In our fields, beautiful grounds here, were several grand palaces, in our orchard, in one of the most beautiful of the palaces, lived my dear grandparents, my mother's father and mother. Next, in another palace, my father's mother and father had a home, which they often visited in order to be near their son, whom on earth they had treated so unkindly through false pride. With them lived my dear brother, Jim, and sister, Lottie. The gardens were not only lighted by the soft, rosy tones of the sunset, great scintillating stars, and mammoth moon, but, upon great pillars, tea-houses and music halls, were globes of rare jewels emitting the soft yet brilliant light of radium, and, not the white glare of earth, but the golden glow of spirit electricity.

Our grounds, as is the case with all attached homes, who have many detached loved ones and friends, were the rendezvous of countless friends and relatives, all brothers and sisters in the real

life, all on an equal plane socially. In every home, all grounds are open to all. All love and know each other, whether they have ever met before or not, as children of the one Father, hence neither require nor need invitations, nor introductions.

After greeting my dear grandparents, who were dancing in one of the pavilions, all young and radiantly handsome, with the universal youth and beauty of the real life, I hastened to look for my brother Jim, a great favorite and chum. I wired a thought, mental telepathy, to locate him. I received the answer, "Tea-house, on The Knoll." Within a trice, although it was, at least, a quarter of a mile, so rapidly do spirits walk, with grace of motion unequalled on earth, I reached the unique tea-house, on a slight eminence called The Knoll. The tea-house, an open court of flowers and vines, enclosed with rare shrubbery, was on the summit of a tiny hill, a poem of floral beauty. The paths were of the softest pink moss. Pedestals, crowned with lights, were of huge diamonds—not crystals but diamonds, twined with feathery fragile ferns. In the center was a table of amethyst and pearl. A game, similar to billiards, was in progress. In sequestered nooks and corners, screened by palms and magnificent lilies, were gay young boys and girls, of about my age, drinking, not tea, like unto earth, but tea of most exquisite flavor, and other beverages.

Jim came to greet me. He was playing with several others at the table, a pole in his hand. He was two years—according to earth time—my senior, with a face of rare charm, even for spirit life. Although of unusual beauty, he looked not unlike many well-groomed, cultured boys of earth, perfectly natural, had very rosy color—the blood came and went in waves of beauty, a strong physique—tall and muscular, and of remarkably high spirits.

"Hello, old boy!" he exclaimed, slapping me on the back, "home again, back from the dear old earth where you have such a jolly time with all the dear ones who act so queerly there. I am glad I never lived there."

"So am I," chimed in my cousin Edward, another stillborn on earth, "it makes me feel very uncomfortable to think of all you have to endure there." Then he laughed immoderately, "Oh, Jim, do you remember when we played that prank at the haunted house?"

Edward was a little older than I, a "gay young blade" the earth would call him, very mischievous, yes, mischievous, although

perfectly harmless as there can be nothing harmful in the real life. Jim joined in with bursts of laughter, so contagious that I could not refrain from laughing also.

"Oh, John, if you could have seen as we did. You know we are not allowed to enter the material consciousness, or perform any of the so-called phenomena of earth, until we attain to years of discretion, but, sometimes, for a little harmless fun, when we are free from school we go into it, and sometimes are tempted to frighten the dear ones there just to give them something to talk about. They seem to have such a dearth of ideas."

We were surrounded by a bevy of youths and girls, all rippling melodiously, as he continued,

"It was an old jail, a negro was in prison for murder, the man he had killed was only too glad to get home here and had banqueted with him some nights after the murder. No negroes here, all God's children, both had discussed the tragic murder, 'What fools we mortals be,' the murdered man said, 'what delusions, terrible while there, but thank God, not real.' The idea then struck me to frighten the sheriff and the guards who were on guard, not, as presumed on earth, the poor old darkey. So Jim and I floated to the old jail and, as you all know, pelted the doors and windows with rock and missiles. The sheriff was the first to receive a small shot. Of course, we would not hurt them for they feel pain there, whatever it is, I never felt any, so only threw small ones at him and the guards, but large ones at the wall. When we saw the sheriff—the brave sheriff who never fled from mortals—flee from two boys with small pellets in their hands, no larger than marbles, and one or two guards fall on top of each other, who scarcely felt them, and saw the negro's face almost white at the barred window, we laughed and laughed."

"Yes," I said gravely, "you laughed because you do not know what fear or pain is. If you did, you would not laugh."

"How does it feel? Tell me again, John," said Jim.

"Oh! You, who have never been attached to mortal consciousness, who can only remember impressions and not experiences, as we do, never can conceive what it is, so it would be useless for me to attempt to explain. You know there is no death. You do not know what sin or disease or pain is. You will never know nor cognize them."

"Then why should you and so many be compelled to go to

the earth school?" asked a little girl of about ten, with a cherub face, "I am so sorry for you all."

"No, you do not even know sorrow, you are but a child of joy and happiness." I replied, somewhat sadly for a spirit.

"Well, you do not cognize it here. No one, neither attached nor detached spirits do here." interposed Charles, another boy detached early in life.

"I know I do not understand, but I know it is very unpleasant, not agreeable when there. I remember the pain, though I cannot recall nor explain it."

"Nor can anyone in spirit life although many can recall the suffering, for that is the purpose for many." replied Charles.

"Why, why?" repeated the little girl.

"Because, little sister, we are all trained differently. My brains did not need earth development, but I have had—in the University which I attend—very severe training, in the sense, that until my fourteenth year I was allowed but very little liberty and compelled to study almost incessantly."

"And I," chimed in another, "have been compelled to develop a certain portion of my brain through repeated exercises, not to give me suffering, but to impress upon the stupid entities, composing it, the necessary discipline."

"And as you have to develop a portion, it is my fate to develop more on earth," I said, "all as it should and must be."

"I am glad I do not need that kind," exclaimed a merry voice, and a lovely girl, a blue-eyed, golden-haired angel, ran over to me and clasped me around the neck, "Oh, dear brother mine, how glad I will be when you are free." My sister, Lottie, caressed me fondly and continued, "How I wish all were through with it."

"Let us talk of something else," I answered, "I want to forget, and enjoy myself while I can."

We were just boys and girls, very much like mortal ones, with the same desires, hopes and aspirations, the dominant one, at that period, when the animal spirits were at their greatest potency, pleasure and fun. Lottie linked her arm in mine and, in the midst of a chattering group, we were soon gaily walking, and singing as we wended our way, through a labyrinth of beauty and fragrance, to a little lake. In the center was a small isle upon which was a turreted pagoda all aglow with lights. We entered and were soon, all at the same time, looking through a

telescope. This instrument, of great size, was made to enable a great number to use simultaneously.

We focussed upon Mars, the spiritual Mars, not the material, invisible to us, on earth. We saw distinctly, not a great globe whirling through space, but great countries with oceans, very similar topography to our world, with the exception of an immense river seemingly parting two continents, a river hundreds of miles in width, entirely different from the oceans. Upon the river were magnificent cities, equal in splendor to ours.

All spiritual worlds, at certain stages of development, after they become ready for the children of God to emerge from the animal, are developed and prepared to be fitting abodes by the highest archangels. Thus they first evolve conjointly the spiritual and material world. They form or group scientifically, out of the existing life principle, and spiritual substance, the spiritual world, and the physical within. Thus through various stages of formation, from nebulae to great molten mass, the cooling process—glacier period, until ready for the sun's rays to produce vegetation from the life impregnated rock and mineral, later life in the primordial cell. All sections fertilized by the heat of the sun, seemingly, to mortal sense, but, in reality, the energy of God transmitted on numberless vibrations, not the life principle or vital force, already existing in all forms of substance, the consciousness which develops through various species, until soul consciousness is received directly from God.

Thus, it can be seen that all do not emerge simultaneously, making that which is supposed to be the difference in the various races on earth, but not in the real life, where all children of God are not like their mortal prototypes, but their Father. The children, or people of Mars, that we saw were, therefore, as perfect and flawless in feature and form, of as developed types as our own. They had for many aeons been evolved from the animal, and were on a high plane of spiritual development. Their mortal vehicles also were on a superior plane to ours.

We viewed with delight its wonderful mountain ranges and some peaks of volcanic nature of tremendous size. One vast, open crater we saw very plainly.

"That is like the Karma Loca of that strange belief you tell us about sometimes," said Lottie to an angel who had joined us. He was one of our teachers and was one of those whom the Buddhist religion cognize as Lords, who create the worlds or

planetary systems, in fact, an Archangel, in charge of one of the departments of mortal life and schooling.

"Karma Loca is what its name implies," I smiled, "Not a real place of punishment but an illusive state of consciousness permitted, as all such states are, to give the suggested pain necessary to develop those who need fear, to keep them within bounds, from going entirely loca or crazy."

"Why do they need fear?" asked Lottie, "I am sure all our dear ones are good, why must they be frightened?"

"Dear child," the learned Angel smiled tenderly, "no child of God needs fear in this world, but the mortal world needs other conditions, and a state of consciousness, to bring their real brains under control. Without that cognized as fear, at certain stages of advancement, no child could advance. Though you have not needed these states as a conscious child of God, every little entity in your brain has been developed through fear mainly, and all, in charge of your vital organs, have learned their lessons through fear and pain."

CHAPTER V.

My son John, upon being healed, was so overwhelmed with amazement and delight, in such an excited frame of mind, that Dr. Morton and I forbade all, excepting the family, to see him. Dr. Stevenson became an enthusiastic convert and importuned me to permit him to attend our seances.

At first I peremptorily refused, recalling his contemptuous remarks, but my better nature prevailed and I let him attend several, with the result that, to our surprise, he developed clairvoyance to a considerable extent, and often, while John's body was being used, (not controlled as he was absent from his body), he discerned the spirits quite accurately, and also saw and described Dr. Morton's wife and daughter so well that we had no doubt that he really saw them. Notwithstanding all the proofs we had, my wife remained more or less skeptical and insisted upon us giving up investigations for a period of several years.

John improved rapidly physically and mentally, and graduated at eighteen. He had, with the exception of occasional trances, generally at night, apparently outgrown all of a psychical nature. Only Dr. Morton and I knew of the few times we had him entranced, in class, when none of the other boys were present. As I saw no evil effects, only a clearer comprehension, a brighter mental attitude, more hopeful and loving, I naturally did not share my wife's fears.

At that time spiritualism was being investigated by all classes. The Fox sisters' marvellous powers had started many who had never dreamed of any of the dear ones being able to leave the grave until "Gabriel sounded his horn," with the result that our little city was more than zealous in seeking the unknown. As is always the case in every religion and philosophy, charlatans and frauds became so numerous that it was almost impossible for the superficial to judge between them. My wife had seen so many undeveloped ones, ignorant of even their own language, who claimed to be controlled by advanced spirits, who could not express themselves intelligibly, that she naturally was not impressed favorably;

while there were many who had proved, through genuine psychics, continuity and the survival of the individual personality, there was a much larger number who, having fallen in with charlatans and fakers, were disgusted and could not be made to believe in even the genuine ones.

They, within a short time, in our neighborhood, gave all spiritualism such a bad name, that few were brave enough to acknowledge belief. The current set in so strongly against it, that my wife, fearing we would lose prestige, counselled me to refrain from discussing John's case with anyone. I had received considerable information regarding spiritual matters. That which pleased me especially was the fact that we lived in spiritual bodies, as substantial as the material, and that, not the soul, pure and holy, but the spirit brain must be developed in the mortal life through attachment to a physical body. I had delved deep into all religions and philosophies, had selected the chaff from the wheat, and formed a belief of my own before John upset my pet belief in reincarnation. I soon realized I had to change, with the light received from him, many of the, in truth, incorrect impressions of undeveloped psychics, who, with a great command of language and knowledge of the various religions and philosophies of all nations, disguised their paucity of ideas with high-sounding words and meaningless phrases.

As I also was a member of a Masonic Lodge and was inculcated with their teachings, I could not grasp the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, save as an angel or a great master, one of the many, I believed, who are prepared to usher in a New Dispensation, and as the wise ones who used John's body could give me no real satisfaction and generally answered me evasively or symbolically, I, while I lived, believed and taught about Him as an Elder Brother, or a Messiah.

I believed in God uncreate, the Infinite Being, the Absolute. Never could I cognize the Father, taught by Christ. When I thought of the spirit, Christ, I thought of Him as advanced Angel but nothing higher. Thus, like presumed advanced thinkers, I deemed it betokened lack of brain development to believe in a Supreme Being, or Spiritual Embodiment like Him, not realizing that through lack of certain development in myself I was not able to comprehend the truth.

When John was eighteen he had grown so in stature, nearly six feet, and was so well developed physically, that no one could

believe he had ever been a weakling. He was the pride and joy of his mother's life, and the pet and favorite of all who knew him intimately. After much thought I decided to let him study law with a dear friend, Colonel Mathews, a Southerner of position and family. As John had been reared in an atmosphere of love, and all pertaining to the realities of life kept from him, with no knowledge of evil, I knew he was not fitted to cope with life, and, had he not importuned me so persistently, saying he would only take certain cases and, possibly, not be admitted to the bar, I consented. How he ever conceived the idea was a mystery to me, but as he admired and loved the Colonel I thought it was really in order to be with him. The Colonel did not like the idea of subjecting him to conditions and associations which are necessarily attached to public life. Dr. Morton, especially, was very indignant and advised me strongly to "put my foot down" and prevent it.

"It is like putting an ewe lamb in the midst of wolves. If this is what we trained him for, God pity him, a babe in innocence and ignorance of evil."

My wife, Ella, Roscoe, Lilian and Tom, also a student with the Colonel, begged me not to consent. Ella sobbed, "Oh, why will you, you know he will lose all his illusions, all his ideals, he will know the truth."

John, with the saint's face and Godly nature, still possessed an indomitable will when what he considered right was involved, and, as all was right with him, he knew no wrong, he could see no wrong in opposing us all gently and firmly. He laughed at our fears, saying, "Anybody would think that the Colonel and Tom would eat me, father, mother, Ella. I will learn something about the world in which we live, and the people who are our brothers and sisters."

How bitterly I regretted not training him like Roscoe and Tom. I hated to besmirch the snow-white purity of his mind with that which had to be told ere I could let him go. I feared the effect, nay, I feared his non-comprehension and, alas, through non-comprehension doing some act which might ruin him. Unable to tell him myself I forced the unwelcome task upon Dr. Morton. With fear and trembling I awaited the Doctor's report. I had sent him to John's room and paced the hall listening to their voices, dreading to hear what they said. I heard John exclaim in startled tones once or twice and, for the first time, detected

pain and scorn in his voice. Then there was a long silence, I heard suppressed sighs, an inarticulate murmur, and the Doctor emerged white and shaken. "I'd rather have been shot," he murmured, as we silently withdrew to my study.

"Oh, what asses we have been," he cried, sinking into an arm-chair and burying his face in his hands. I, no less shaken, tottered to another and gazed into space, almost incapable of thought. At last the Doctor raised his face and looked at me with sombre eyes,

"We have made a beautiful mess of it," he sighed, "our dream of a love-filled, Elysian life is indeed gone forever. Well, I fear it will terminate in a brain gone astray with horror and despair, when he realizes that all we have taught him is false and rotten at the core. Yes," he continued, "when I told him the truth he said, with such a look of despair I could not bear to see on his face, 'Then there is no truth in anyone: you, my father, mother, Ella, all are false, Oh, God.'"

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" I almost sobbed, "where can we go to for consolation? Oh, that we had not kept him from his inner life."

"That is his sole salvation, after thinking deeply he said, 'Doctor, I know the truth, all your views are false delusions, incorrectly received truth. I remember in one of my soul detachments how we laughed at your dearth of ideas. Although I could not understand them then—I do now, I feel I am to be put out in the world of men for a purpose, and though it be fraught with suffering and disillusionment, in some respects, knowing the truth as I do, I will still keep true to truth, free from your illusions.'"

"Thank God, thank God," I murmured, "he will conquer, he will be given strength."

The door opened noiselessly, John stood before us, a martyr's light in his beautiful eyes. Never was his voice more love filled, never was there such peace and sanctity in his mien, as he sank, like a little child, before me, saying,

"Father, dear, I have always known we are very different here from our real selves in the true life, but as you and all my dear ones have surrounded me with such love and tenderness, hoping to keep me free from the delusions of this life, that I, even though told now by the Doctor, can scarcely understand, I can only love and pity you all. I know, dear Father, I will never under-

stand as you do, but do not think that your delusions will ever, can ever shake my knowledge or dim the faith I have in our loving Lord Jesus Christ, our Father in the real life."

For the first time I thanked the Lord Jesus Christ as a Divine Being. "Not in vain, not in vain, Oh, Father, have been your teachings. Thank Thee, thank Thee, great God, keep him pure and undefiled."

After a few moments devoted to prayer, John arose saying he would commence his studies in the morning.

Everyone is familiar with Kentucky, fair and gracious land of charming women, gallant men, blue grass and highbred thoroughbreds. On one of its peerless mornings, in the little City of Lexington, built upon the site of an old block-house, just beginning to assume metropolitan airs, two stately men of the old Southern stock sat engrossed in earnest conversation. One was Ella's father, Dr. Langdon, the other was Colonel Mathews. Dr. Langdon had married a sister of my wife's, also against parental advice, and followed us West after Ella was born. They had lived in Indiana for a short while, then in Missouri, and, later, settled permanently near us to my dear wife's joy.

Dr. Langdon, at this time, was about forty-five, a stalwart, muscular man. He was a college graduate, of considerable intellectual attainments. Colonel Mathews had been educated in England, admitted to the bar in Old Virginia, and, following the advice of the Doctor, his most intimate friend, had honored our little town by becoming its most popular and leading legal as well as social light.

To know was to love him. A patrician born and bred, and still a Democrat to his heart's core. Grand and gracious in manner, he combined the polish and "savoir faire" of the "haut ton", with the simplicity and utter freedom from false pride of the numberless humble trappers and frontiersmen, who flocked to him with their troubles and tributes of all descriptions. He was a very handsome man at this time, about forty-six, tall, with a figure of perfect proportions, a carriage of great grace, a magnificent pair of eyes which glowed with all the fervor of the South, tempered by a sweetness almost childlike. A strong chin, well defined Grecian nose, flashing white teeth, wavy black hair—rather long and carelessly brushed back from the high smooth forehead, and a smile as tender and love inspiring as a woman's, were a few of his attractions.

His character was, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, due to those who did not understand, detractors and enemies, his character was often assailed, but general reputation for being honorable never suffered. He was a widower with one son just entering manhood, the idol of his heart, one of my boys—the classmate and chum of Roscoe.

"I regret that Randolph," said Dr. Langdon decidedly, "was forced to consent. I tremble for the boy, his aunt Martha is grief-stricken, she knows how much Ella loves him and cannot bear to see her so upset."

The Colonel arose from his seat before his desk, and walked to the window before replying. He looked forth upon the small park and courthouse with unseeing eyes, and remained so long silent that the Doctor said,

"Well, Will, what do you think will be the outcome of this most idiotic decision, after the more idiotic training he has had, simply to gratify Randolph's love of the other world. Pity he cannot be satisfied with this."

The Colonel turned slowly and said even more slowly, "Charles, do you know, I do not think Randolph has anything to do with it."

"What, are you another idiot," grunted the Doctor, "you, with your intellect and education, your knowledge of science and insight into true philosophy, know the absurdity of all spiritualism."

"Yes, from your standpoint, I can see the folly and fallacy, but from my own inner vision, even though I have repeatedly unmasked fake mediums, I believe in Omnipotence so omnipresent and omniscient as to leave nothing to chance, therefore feel without doubt or reservation that all is as He wills."

"Humph," the Doctor growled, "you surely are not so bemuddled as to believe in a personal power or Supreme Being."

"I am not so sure about it myself. Mind, on this plane, in this life, must have media for expression, cannot be expressed except through beings. In all worlds it must be the same, or mind remains unexpressed. I cannot think that poor, erring human ants are the highest."

"I thought you believed, as I did, in the Absolute. What has changed you? Surely not those puerile charlatans and fakers."

"Stop, Charles, you cannot call John a faker."

The Doctor flushed as he answered sadly, "No one loves John more than I, he seems almost a saint to me, a superior being, but I really believe he has a peculiar brain formation which makes him imagine all he sees and hears."

"How do you explain all he tells that he has neither seen nor heard, that at no time in this life has been impressed on the retina of the eye, or the tympanum of the ear?"

"Mind, reading the minds, unconsciously, of those present."

"Ah, how about those not present, not living, such as the Doctor's wife and daughter, his sister Lottie, Jim, and all the others he tells about."

"From the minds of those who know them." replied the Doctor.

"What about the messages and facts, substantiated later, that no one living knows? Ah, I have you there."

"Well," assented the doctor, "I must confess I am staggered. I, a man of science, of some mind, unclouded intellect, cannot answer."

"Yes," smiled the Colonel, "you could and would, were you not honest, with sophistry and unsound logic."

"To others, possibly, but not to one who thinks and knows."

"Truth at last, Doctor. How often have I smiled when hearing you assail, to the ignorant and gullible, this false philosophy."

The discussion was terminated by the entrance of a younger edition of the Colonel, but by no means more attractive or winning, though equally as favored. The Colonel's eyes glowed as they rested upon the idol of his heart, the most precious relic of a worshipped wife, whose memory was still fresh and green though she had been under the daisies for at least ten years.

"William, my son, you are somewhat late. Give an account of yourself, Sirree," remarked the Colonel, as the young man, about twenty-four, took his seat at a desk opposite his father. "Oh, I know," he continued smiling, "off to see Ella, I presume, to discuss the latest about John. A very good pretext, you and Roscoe had better look to your laurels, were not Ella older than John I fear you would have no chance."

To his father's dismay and sorrow, William paled perceptibly, ere he replied rather nervously, "With two such gallants, small is my chance, I fear."

"Stronger than any," the Doctor interposed jocosely, "I think, Roscoe and John are her cousins. Cousins do not marry in our family."

"That does not always prevent loving," rather sadly replied William.

"Certainly not, in a fraternal and sisterly manner." smiled the Doctor, as he arose to depart.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRIT LIFE

It was dawn. The sun, a great golden globe, seemingly very much larger than on earth, appeared above the horizon. It was surrounded by circles of constantly changing tints and hues, of rose and turquoise. Encircling these, as far as the eye could reach, the heavens glowed, a mass of pale gold, through which the great stars gleamed as visible as at night. The gold changed into various hues until the sky became a luminous azure, of an iridescence exquisitely beautiful. On a trail, barely visible through the just awakening flowers, a lonely youth wended his way. The trail was on the side of a large hill, covered with grass more beautiful than the green grass of Kentucky, lustrous as satin, soft as velvet, of emerald and pink commingled. Flowers sparkled over the hills and meadows, with diversified masses of bloom and fragrance. Ferns of feathery lace, entangled with vines of various colors more dazzling than splendid autumn tints, covered great boulders and rocks. Here and there a giant tree, with outstretching branches, solicited attention. Trees of perfect symmetry and grace, never seen on earth, apparently alive, quivering like the sensitive plant, conscious of all surroundings, as conscious as many animals on the mortal plane.

The youth Jim was, at break of day, to visit his brother, John, ere John would be attached to his mortal body. Jim was in the floating or flying garb of the attached spirit, worn generally by the detached spirit when flying or bathing. It was of one piece and fell in folds to the ankle, exposing the feet in soft sandals. It was of a smooth, sheeny white, spotless as newly fallen snow, exposing also the finely rounded neck, throat and shoulders as white as glistening marble. Nothing covered his head excepting a luxuriant mass of fine auburn hair, falling, as he walked rapidly, somewhat over his full forehead. His face was cut like a cameo in classic lines, perfectly moulded lips as red as the carmine flowers welcoming him as he passed. A straight perfect

nose, strong chin, superb blue eyes, heavily fringed lashes, thick eyebrows, dazzlingly white teeth, a skin of great purity and delicacy flushed with exercise, made an exceedingly attractive appearance. But it was the vivacity, the sparkle and life, which held attention. A boy's face, as natural as any on earth, but so alive with animation as to appear as though emitting a light and radiance, inconceivable on mortal plane. Just a boy, with a love of fun and frolic, little different from the mortal boy excepting in morals and spirituality. He almost flew over the trail until he came to where it descended into a valley, through which coursed a small stream. The valley, like the hill, was uninhabited, no form of life excepting a flying bird was visible. Jim looked with delight upon the hills, encircling the valley on three sides, and on one where it extended into a vast forest.

"How I love to be alone with nothing but the forest with its dear denizens to welcome me." he exclaimed in loud, musical voice, as he hurried to the edge of the forest and looked for an opening.

Not a tiny space was visible but a Son of God desired admittance. The underbrush, almost as high as the trees where the first branches grew, within a moment, conscious of his presence, subservient to his loving power, threw themselves in compact masses on either side, and, as he entered, made a way for him. All forms of life, in spirit spheres, are lovingly subservient to God's children. They do not know, are not conscious that they are developing form and brain to become children of God, but, impressed under law with the love, they express that love, as do all forms of life, in acts of consideration and kindness.

Jim laughed merrily and spoke to every form of life—bird, reptile and animal which he encountered as onward he sped. Not one made a move to detain him. Detached lions, panthers, great cobra de capellos, looked at him with love-filled eyes. He stopped for a moment near a panther in a comatose state, on the mortal plane.

"I hear you do very strange things when you dream on earth," he murmured, "but I am glad that you cannot here, for I might know that which they call fear, but, dear old fellow, you are my brother and if you are bad there you are good here and I love you."

Such is the attitude of all spirits to all lesser forms of life. Jim glanced through an opening in the great canopies of trees

overshadowing, and caught a glimpse of the sun. As he knew it was time for John to be attached he wired a thought to Harold, John's Celestial tutor,

"Dear Harold, please do not attach John until I arrive."

It really meant no more than a boy asking a parent or guardian on earth not to send the child to school. It will not hurt dear old John if he is kept a few moments longer from that unpleasant state of consciousness, he thought. Laughing merrily over the delusions of old earth, he fixed his gaze upon the allurements of the forest, ever a great pleasure to him, the underbrush quivering with life, the trees vibrating in unison, the insects and lesser forms of microscopic life murmuring soft benedictions, filled him with joy. A great, white rhinoceros arose before him; next to him, reclining in a clearing, was a splendid white elephant. Both stood up before him with an audible greeting, which he interpreted correctly, "Very glad to see you." He patted them as he passed to where a great condor, in a mammoth tree, was resting, with a brilliant bird of gay plumage held close in loving embrace.

Love filled, breathed, quivered through the atmosphere. Love vibrated through living forms of life. Love enveloped and encompassed him.

"Oh, dear brethren mine," he murmured, "how good it is to love as we do. Were it not for the strange feelings and experiences I sometimes have when asleep, I'd not know of anything else, but they make me realize that something very different was felt by and recorded on my brain as it was developed in the lower forms, like these, on earth."

He emerged from the forest and stood, with the spirit's love of beauty, gazing upon the entrancing scene below him. A lake of quivering water, golden tinted, with tiny waves of fleecy white, was in the middle of a virgin park of immortal trees and vegetation, unlike the vgetation of the forest which were the life forms of the attached forest within it. This lake and park were in a section of Kentucky, on earth never to be used by attached spirits or mortals, hence of immortal beauty, beauty ever to exist, immune to change or destruction also, entirely unlike much of the vegetation of spirit life which is constantly regenerated or replaced by others in the cities and centers of population. The immortal flowers, ever the most beautiful, lilies of various species and sizes, of extreme fragility and matchless texture, great chalices of gold and various colors, roses, chrysanthemums, the earth's

choicest, the spirit's most perfect, unknown on earth, were on floating isles on the lake.

Surrounding the lake was a hedge of exquisite flowers and vines, and, beyond, in the intervening spaces, between it and a lofty mountain peak, were great groups of trees and bushes of various sizes, covered with berries and nuts of all colors. Frolicking like little children, various domestic animals of the earth liberated here by death, enjoying years of peace before regenerating into higher forms, were passing their sojourn in this place ere returning to earth repeatedly until they become self-conscious as children of God. Jim espied in the distance a spirit in charge of them.

All detached, as well as attached animals, are under the supervision of either spirits or advanced animals, ready to be transformed and made in the image and likeness of God. The advanced animals have been cognized, on earth, as nature spirits or group spirits, by different philosophies and religions. The spirit in charge, a magnificent specimen of muscular activity and strength, was entirely nude. He was sitting on a floral bank with his back exposed, as Jim approached, a most beautiful back, of satiny smoothness and exquisite texture. He arose and, unashamed, stood in his wondrous beauty before Jim.

"Well, Jim boy, out on one of your jaunts, I see," he smiled in greeting. Jim replied,

"Yes, William, and you enjoying as usual the perfect peace and tranquility."

"Yes, I loved animals on earth and thought them more faithful than the average mortal, not knowing the truth. I love them more here and am glad that often the newly liberated spirit, like myself, selects to live with them until he conquers all erroneous beliefs and fits himself to become in harmony with truth."

"Yes, but you can go where you will when you desire. No one is restricted here."

"Of course, and I have many friends to visit me."

"I'd stop a while," said Jim, "but I am to meet John and must speed on."

"And I must take my daily plunge," said William, starting for the lake with wondrous strength and grace.

"Verily, the spirit form is divinely beautiful, thought Jim, casting a look at William ere departing. Ascending the lofty peak with unabated vigor and constantly renewed buoyancy,

Jim stood on its summit and gazed on the landscape beneath. A great stock ranch,—horses of all sizes were resting on the velvet sward, cantering alone or in groups, in great fields of green vegetation or sky-soaring trees. In the center of the vast fields was a white stone, turreted building, like an earth castle, covered with ivy and vines. It was a charming and picturesque domicile for the superintendent and his assistants, the superintendent, whom Jim had just parted with, his assistants, spirits and animals. One of these animals, between an ape and a man, approached as Jim descended near the castle.

He was one of many who are to be brought forth in the future, upon the earth, when all of the present human race become extinct and a new is to be evolved, countless aeons ere that period. He had to be brought forth as the lowest type of being, the being just after the animal, anterior to the human, ere ready to be made self conscious, with the intelligence of an automaton, the low scale beings, who perform the menial work not performed by machinery of the spirit world. He approached Jim and spoke in intelligible language, though not in English, the animal language known to all spirits.

His voice was soft and delicately attuned. His eyes shone with kindness. Jim greeted him affectionately and sped on. "I think I will fly." he murmured, extending his arms and poising like a bird to take flight. His arms fell to his sides as he softly arose, at first floating, then, as he willed, flying with the celerity of the wind through the unpopulated atmosphere, for he was far from the little spirit city of Lexington. No great detached cities were near, on earth, to the haunts of the red man, out in the wilderness, the great unpopulated districts of Kentucky. As he flew he noted beneath him many attached spirits, with their guides or tutors, in forests and on rivers.

These were attached to the wild savages who were then desolating certain sections of the middle west. Jim was familiar with their undeveloped acts, murders, rapines, depredations, etc. but did not cognize. He knew that in truth they had no reality, in the sense that all mortal life for the spirit is but a state of consciousness. So he gaily greeted the guides, as he flew by, perfectly unconscious of the atrocities being committed by the spirits through their Indian bodies on earth. Ere long he arrived at Lexington and, before going to his grandfather

where he lived, he flew to the home where his attached parents and family lived.

It was located, as described by John, in the same place as the material, or rather the material within it—both seemingly in the same place although not really so, due to the speed and potency of vibrations. Thus Jim arrived at the charming spiritual home, within which was the colonial home of the earth plane, and alighted on the veranda, vacated at this early hour by all the attached spirits except the old negro, on earth, who acted as janitor and general factotum, a fine handsome spirit, going through all the movements done by his mortal body.

Jim ran to his brother's room. All the rest of the family were still dreaming, after being attached, before awakening on earth. Jim found John with his tutor, Harold. John, as tall at this time—eighteen on the mortal plane—as Jim, and very much like him in appearance, arose and threw his arms around his brother. His expression was of a saintly sweetness, a Divine light beamed in his eyes, a radiance (not seen on Jim's face which, while kindly, gracious, was full of boyish merriment) seemed to glorify him as one more unfolded in wisdom—which was the truth. Although Jim had never lived on earth and had always been in spirit life, with superior advantages, unfamiliar with evil, he had not advanced as far in soul wisdom as John had when liberated at night by sleep.

While it is true that spirit brain must be brought in harmony to be a good instrument, before one can advance, there are many who have brains in sufficiently good condition to be detached, who still have a certain portion which cannot be developed except on certain lines. As the free will of a child of God, in the real life, is a truth, a child, who devotes more time to pleasure and amusement than to study and service, cannot advance in love and wisdom as one who does. Hence, although John was still attached to the mortal, when free at night he had willed to devote himself to acquiring knowledge, and serving, in many loving ways, others. Therefore his countenance reflected greater love and radiance. On earth faces are often deceitful, many sweet, magnetic ones false and deceptive, but on spirit side all reflect only truth.

“Well, dear brother,” said Jim, after John had pulled him on the couch near him, “I do not like to see you go back to that old school, I will be so happy when you are free, especially now

you have been told so many things there that you do not like, and you are going to study law to force people, while at school, to do right. That seems so strange to me, to force one to do right, not to do the evil things of mortal life."

"Yes, Jim," said Harold, "it seems strange to you but I have explained it to John. He knows that all, he included, are not only under divine and spiritual law, as you are and as he is in this life, but also under the laws of mortal life, called natural laws, and also man-made laws, rules for governing and restraining those who, under the law of the spirit life regulated by us here, are impressed to wage a perpetual conflict between that called the spiritual and the material. He knows as you do that mortal life, while the life and body are real, is but a phase of consciousness, that while his hopes, ideals, aspirations, loves, all that is real is of him, all that is suggested to him as evil is but a phase of consciousness that is wiped out when he is detached by trance, sleep or death."

"Oh, I know, just like our dreams suggested to give experience."

"The most perfect manner to develop a brain is to make all its denizens live and feel the experiences which are to develop it. The material brain is in the spiritual brain which feels, with the material brain, all that is necessary."

"Why do you, John, want to study law when you know the truth and you remember a good deal after you awaken there?" asked Jim.

"You know, Jim, that I, on that plane, know but little of the methods of development there. I am ignorant of all so-called evil. I want to know and I want to help others there. That is permitted here. All who desire to help others are helped by our Tutors and the tutors of others. While many on earth can never develop mentally, morally or spiritually, there are many who can; therefore, as all in reality live here, all who desire to help on that plane are helped here and there to become instruments. All unselfish desires and prayers are granted and assisted in many ways."

"John is to make many realize there," said Harold, "that evil is not right, that he who conquers it—is not greater than another, but a better instrument to express truth there. Besides John's discipline demands it, he must endure more ere he develops several qualities."

The door opened and Ella stood before them. Her beauty

was much greater than on earth. It was more chaste, a more spiritual light shone in her wonderful eyes, her superb figure was much more willowy and graceful. She was in every way a perfect counterpart of her mortal body.

"Good morning," she remarked, "I thought I would bid you God speed, dear John, before you awaken there."

John's face, as he beheld her, became illumined with the soul mate love, the most potent love, next to the worship of the Father, in existence. Boy though he was he always realized the truth, as do all who are familiar with the divine law of the twin soul. Not, as taught by some on earth, is one soul divided in twain to be reunited in one angel after progressing through countless spheres. All progression is done in spirit spheres. All wisdom and knowledge is received from the Celestial instruments. All knowledge and wisdom is impressed upon and transmitted to the physical vehicles, according to the receptivity of their brains.

Spirits, after attaining to self consciousness, become children of God, not until connected with the Divine Mind by their Celestial tutors, or those in charge of them, do they become self conscious. All consciousness comes from God. All life comes from him. The consciousness transmitted to His children, while emanating primarily from Him or Divine Mind, is entirely distinct from His individual consciousness as Supreme Being. The consciousness of His children never becomes, or is the consciousness attributed to the Absolute, Divine Mind or Principle.

When they advance to Archangels, as all do in time, they become conscious, from their connection with Divine Mind, with the consciousness of all wisdom, all love, all power, and become, in this sense, a part of the great creative system, so in harmony with Divine law as to be able, under it, to put all their Father's principles in operation, but never do they submerge or lose their consciousness in that of the Absolute or God. Each one ever retains his or her individuality and personality, the personality brought forth conjointly in the spirit and mortal worlds. Therefore, twin souls are not twins, in the sense that both are one soul or that both have been brought forth simultaneously, in full harmony with each other at time of birth. The Celestial Angels select those who are developed as soul mates, and train and develop them to be in unison, in harmony, on all lines. Although Ella was brought several years before John she had been ordained for his mate. Both in the spirit life were brought forth with

brains composed of similar entities, impressed with the same attributes or characteristics. Not, as presumed on earth, is that cognized as heredity responsible for similar characteristics in spirits and their offspring. In truth no spirit ever inherits traits, predisposition or characteristics from progenitors. Soul is pure and holy, of God. The spirit evolves brain and body, under Divine law, or rather Archangels develop the brain and the body.

The brain is impressed with that which is necessary to make it a good instrument for the Soul Child, to enable him to form individual mind, to express the soul gifts of love, wisdom, power, etc. When children express, or apparently inherit, similar characteristics on either planes, it is because the evolving spirit is impressed similarly. The little entities of the brain are impressed the same when seemingly mental characteristics are inherited. The physical body is also similarly made when it inherits similar physical characteristics. Acquired characteristics are not transmissible for the same reason. Every characteristic is not inherited but impressed by those of the higher plane. Material science will ere long prove this truth.

"Ella, you will soon be attached, will you not?" asked John.

"No, not for some time. I was quite feverish, on earth, as you know, so my dear aunt when she awakens will let me sleep quite late, so you will not see me there as you will leave for the office before I awaken, so I came to see you here."

Ella sat down on the other side of him. Jim looked at her admiringly. Beauty is universal in the real life, the sole difference being mainly in expression. Her expression was so extremely sweet that Jim spoke abruptly,

"You look very lovely, Ella."

"Do I?" she answered laughingly, "I am pleased to hear it for it means that I really do not care. If I did, as I do on earth, I fear I would look as I do there."

"That is so. The more one thinks of self the less lovely does one look, even there," smiled Harold, "If you knew this truth there, Ella, you would not be as beautiful as here, that is impossible, but you would reflect more love and consequently look more lovely."

John laughed outright. There is no vanity in spirit life. It is not cognized there and not even remembered, excepting as something foreign to one.

"Yes, I know you do think of yourself there, Ella. I saw you

very admiringly place a rose in your hair the other night, to captivate William and Roscoe. You have but little use for me there."

Ella replied feelingly, "John, I never remember anything of this life as you do. I only know we are cousins there and that I must love you as a cousin."

Harold, who had been arranging John's psysical frame, turned and said gravely,

"Ella, dear child, this is somewhat premature. I would rather you would not discuss this matter until you are both detached. You have much to undergo there. Many weary earth years will elapse before you and John will be united." Ella flushed. Spirits are more sensitive in the real life than on earth.

"I know, dear Harold, I will try to refrain."

Jim interposed saying, with a loving glance at John who had also flushed in unison with Ella,

"John, you will be home much sooner, but the time will soon pass, Ella, and the dreary earth years will be counterbalanced by the joy and pleasure of this life."

"Yes, yes, we are so happy, we know the truth here. Were it not for that I fear we would never be able to endure as bravely as we do there." said Ella.

"But a moment, after all, Ella, in the life eternal." Harold said. "Come, John, bid them away, it is time for you."

With a clasp of hands to Jim, a parting smile to Ella, John arose and saw them to the door. Soon, in his glorious nude body, he stood beside the bed. The frame was drawn to his side and Harold gently and deftly placed it within the small apertures, or interstices, of his body, the little sparks within the spaces of the brain and vital organs of John's spiritual body, to give them the pain and suffering, while John would be unconscious of a good deal through this conjunction. Not the soul had to be developed, but the little entities in his brain and vital organs, a very important part of him required more discipline, while he needed to develop with them certain qualities he could not in spirit life.

CHAPTER VII.

MORTAL LIFE

When Dr. Morton entered my chamber, with a distressed agitated manner, I thought something unusual had transpired but remained silent until he placed his arms around me, saying huskily.

"Come, John, draw up a chair, I want to speak seriously with you."

His scarred face appeared older than ever, his hands trembled, I drew up two chairs and patted his hands, while he shut his eyes—possibly to gain courage, ere he sat down. After a while he opened his eyes and looked at me gloomily,

"John, your father and I have made a great mistake. We have not told you the truth of many things. Now you are going into the world and will have to know that which we have kept from you for fear of defiling you. There is evil. There are very bad men and women who hate, murder, steal, debauch the pure, betray the innocent. All more or less tainted with the animal passion, of which you, so carefully have you been protected, know nothing. Out in the world you will learn, will see yourself the victim of the animal lust and may yourself, unless warned and made to understand, fall a victim. I must now try to undo, you to unlearn, in a moment, all that it has taken us years to teach you to acquire. Oh, my boy, it is a hard task."

He was so overwrought, in a condition such as I had seldom witnessed in anyone that I said consolingly,

"Do not mind, dear Doctor, I will learn readily. I know there are many things I do not know: what evil, wrong is, I cannot understand until I see someone do it. All of you do right. You never lie, steal, debauch the pure—whatever it is, so please tell me what it is.

He choked and choked for a few moments ere he told me the most incomprehensible things, of such a disgusting character that I several times interrupted him, I fear, in a manner as distraught

as his own. I could understand nothing he said. It all seemed so revolting, so unclean, I deemed them idle vagaries. When he touched upon the untruths which I could understand, told me by my parents and all my dear ones, Ella included, I burst forth vehemently,

“At last I know what falsity is. Oh, God, all are false, not one true. Oh, where can I find truth?”

The Doctor subsided, almost in a heap, in his chair, while I, horrified beyond measure, filled with feelings I had never experienced, fear, sorrow, disillusionment, sat stupidly gazing into vacancy, until the memory of the real life returned and I recalled all I knew that was true. Sorrowfully, yet gladly, I realized that my dear ones were not responsible in the real life, that there, like myself, they could not understand evil, that in truth the mortal was but a very vivid dream, absolutely necessary for all who had to undergo it. I thought how different, how pure, how beautiful, how loving all were there, and again and again I thanked God that all the Doctor had told me were but suggested impressions, necessary only for a transitory period, in fact just a few hours throughout the day when awake.

At last I remarked to the Doctor's relief, his face, ever a true mirror of his feelings, relaxed its tension and his sombre eyes brightened visibly,

“Doctor, I know the truth. All you have told me are illusions. They have no existence. I shall look upon them as hallucinations and govern my life accordingly. Nothing can shake my faith in God.”

Much more I said which 'twere vain to repeat. At last he left me alone, not to cogitate upon the horrible illusions but upon the truth. I laughed as I remembered Jim's words about poor mortal's dearth of ideas, but I sighed when I thought of the heartrending discipline necessary to unfold us.

I sought my father in his study and consoled him and the doctor. I made them feel that I was impervious to evil, that no mortal delusions could ever gain power over me. I said firmly I wanted to hear no more about evil, that I would close my eyes to it and it would not exist for me.

Ella found me on the veranda. She looked so mournful that I said reassuringly:

“Have no fear, Ella, I am safe against your delusions.”

More mournfully she said, “Oh, John, do listen to the Doctor

and your father. These things are real, tangible, as real for this plane as all the joys you speak of are for the other. I know only this life and I fear for you."

Her face, ah, so dear, even upon earth, to me, looked so appealing, so clouded, I seized her hand and, boy though I was, with a passion unknown until that moment, raised it to my lips. She drew back startled, while I, overwhelmed by feelings I could not fathom, flew from her presence like a thing of evil.

I ran until I came to an old tree, a favorite of mine, some distance from the house, where no one could see me, and threw myself on the grass. I forgot everything in the novel emotions, so strange and enticing that I could not conquer them for some time. At last, with the clear vision given God's awakened child, I realized that this was what the Doctor called animal passion, feelings necessary, on this plane, for procreation, for bringing forth life, or life could not be brought forth with such intensely selfish beings as we, that all life, in truth, is brought forth in the real life, in a different manner as I shall portray later; that this passion, seemingly inherited from the animal, believed by so many, who could not believe it came from God, in a special creation, was not real, but suggested, that we were magnetized into feelings, not by any means true, or of our real selves, to attract us to the opposite sex, to bring forth the natural child, and that, while under natural law it was not necessary for all life forms, it was for humanity. Hence, animal passion, in reality, magnetism produced by those in charge of the various children, on earth, was essential.

The spirit child, attached to the physical body, unconscious of the real life, conscious only in the part of the real brain connected with the material brain, is, while in a comatose state in the real life, magnetized into these peculiar feelings, as a hypnotist on earth hypnotizes into various phases or states of consciousness, known to be suggested, but as real in truth as the ones induced, under law, by the angels in charge. I had heard and been taught about the perpetual conflict between that presumed to be the material and the spiritual, by my tutors, and knew that these feelings were produced for all who were more or less familiar with the truth to conquer; that only for the purpose of bringing forth God's children were they to be encouraged and that every child of God has the power to govern his own life and conduct, independent of his tutors in charge of his mortal body, when

he realizes the truth of his own accord, free will, and selects the spiritual or the right.

As I was born with a good brain, one who knew the truth and could express it, I realized that I, myself, had the power to check these alluring feelings; that they were not for me to encourage, that love is of a very different nature, that I, a boy of eighteen, did not desire to bring forth children, that Ella was not attracted in that manner at all to me, that while I knew in the real life she was my soul mate, destined to be mine in time, she was not to be mine on earth and that animal passion and magnetism attracted her, not to William, who loved her devotedly, but to my brother Roscoe.

It took all my moral courage, all my faith in God, to check the rebellious, felt for the first time, feelings which overwhelmed me at these thoughts. My love to be given to another on earth, I to stand by and to see the sacrifice of my deathless love, to endure years of torture. I, who had never known sorrow, now felt it so keenly that it seemed as if millions of daggers were being thrust into my vitals. I ground my teeth with agony and clutched my hands with despair, while great sobs shook me.

"Now, now, I know," I cried, "Oh, how terrible these feelings are. Oh, thank God, they are but illusions and can only last while I am here, the few short years I live." Then I sternly willed myself to banish all thoughts of Ella, to center them upon the loving Father and the truths of the glorious, spirit life. "Oh, how I dread to go through this day, how I wish night were here, I'll get to sleep as soon as I can," I concluded as I arose, calmed and strengthened, to make my way to Colonel Matthew's office. I presume my face bore marks of the struggle through which I had passed, for he said as I entered,

"Are you ill, John, you do not look like yourself?"

Tom and William were at their desks. Both looked up anxiously, they loved me devotedly. The Colonel continued, looking perplexedly at me,

"Why did you come when you do not feel well?"

I loved the Colonel very dearly. He was like a second father to me and had ever been one of my staunchest friends. The bitter thought assailed me, despite my efforts to conquer it: "You, too, are in league against me." A feeling of repulsion, a new feeling—I was being tested—swept through me resistlessly for

a moment. I realized the truth, willed it to stop and, as usual, shook his outstretched hand cordially:

“Nothing to speak of, Colonel. No, Tom, William, I am all right. Don't worry. What have you for me to do?”

I took my overcoat off, it was a chilly morning, and seated myself, at a desk, between the boys. I saw a ponderous, legal volume outspread before me. Soon I was essaying to read and comprehend as best I could. Although all these feelings were new to me, feelings I had never known on either plane, I was not unfamiliar with that which caused them, as all my family presumed, for I had been educated in the real life, and studied all the delusions of the mortal life, and discussed them even with those of my own and younger age.

The animal passions and propensities we had not, in their true significance, realized or been told. All the unchaste features had been ignored. But as I began myself to experience these feelings, I realized how very difficult it was for those not familiar with the truth to overcome them. Their potency I acknowledged freely, their necessity I knew. Nevertheless, I was filled, not only with disgust at their impurity, but wonder at pure, chaste beings, like our angels, seemingly putting them into effect and operation, for at that time I did not know what I learned later: that the mortal plane and life has, like God, ever been in existence; that while mortal worlds, conjoined to the spiritual, are in all processes of formation, all destined to be returned to their primal elements—a form of true spiritual substance; that the material universe has ever existed; that while God, under Divine law, brings forth, through his instruments, spirit and material worlds, the mortal plane of consciousness is absolutely essential, that He, as Supreme Being, and His Angels—His Divine ideas or children, are not responsible for, nor the source of these undeveloped conditions.

While He is Omnipotent and all consciousness comes from Him, that the lowest form of spirit substance—matter, and the lowest phase of spirit consciousness—the mortal, is produced under His Divine laws, the truth is that all life is conscious, not with the consciousness of God nor his Angels, but the consciousness developing, under law, to attain His consciousness, but not to become the source of life and consciousness.

Thus, you will see that there is a very great difference between the various stages of consciousness. I knew that there were only

two real planes of consciousness, the spiritual and the material, that all life forms are conscious, in the spirit, when not attached to the mortal, or conscious of the mortal, that various phases of mortal consciousness, seemingly real, are produced which are in all respects illusory, the difference between them and the two real planes being that all that the spirit is conscious of, on the spirit side, is real, in the sense that he is in a real body and in a real world.

When on the mortal plane he is attached to a vital body, in the spirit, and conscious through it, and the material within, the mortal body and world also real, the states produced on the mortal plane, and that deemed the astral, more or less unreal, as there is neither an astral body nor an astral world. The vital, or that which composes it, is disconnected and disassociated at detachment on death, when the spirit leaves the mortal body forever.

Full of a nauseating disgust, I vainly tried to grasp the meaning of the voluminous pages staring me in the face. I was relieved when the Colonel was called out by a clerk and Tom said, "John, I think you had better go home."

"Yes, John, I think so too, you look pale and exhausted." William interposed.

"I do not feel very well, I think I will go home," I replied, "a walk will do me good, I need fresh air."

Tom accompanied me to the street, dear, lovable Tom. He looked me earnestly in the face and said,

"I think I'll go with you."

"No, old fellow," I replied, "I am all right and feel better already. Au revoir."

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRIT LIFE

When I awakened on spirit side that night, after the terrible ordeal I had experienced through my first struggle with the temptations of mortal life, I lay quite a while, in a very peaceful condition, before Clarice came in. She knew all I had endured, having been with Harold when I was magnetized into the state of consciousness which had caused all the peculiar feelings, cognized as passion, fear, repulsion, etc., that had so afflicted me.

I remembered all distinctly and trembled, not with repulsion nor fear, but relief, when I, on my own true plane, realized the fallacy and utter unreality of all. Like one who awakens from a hypnotized condition on earth, after being told of all the follies and excesses committed while entirely unconscious, I viewed all my late acts and feelings as distinctly apart from and not at all connected with me, my real self I knew was pure and chaste, I knew not, could not grasp the rapidly receding thoughts and feelings due to magnetism, which had so lately overwhelmed me with despair.

I thought of Ella, not with animal passion, not with a mad yearning to possess her body, but with a love so profound, so infinitely sweet and soul stirring, so utterly content and peaceful, free from doubts and fears, that I murmured, "I thank Thee, dear Father, that the mortal life is in truth but a dream, no matter how real it seems to us there."

Clarice entered, radiant and loving as ever,

"Dear boy, your schooling was very difficult today, very hard to bear. Ah, we cannot endure to make you suffer, even in dreams, but it must be, dear, or it would not be."

"I know, dear Clarice. Such strange feelings. They are produced for a good purpose, I presume I am not advanced enough to comprehend. I thank God they are not real."

"Were they true, John, they would be eternal verities and never wiped out of consciousness. Evil is only suggested for purpose

of discipline. While it is in perpetual existence in the sense that it is ever suggested, while there are spirits on earth who require this sort of training, it ceases to exist, is wiped out of consciousness even on that plane when a spirit overcomes and becomes in harmony with his spiritual brain and mind, as it was with you when you realized the truth and banished all unworthy feelings, and when a spirit is detached by sleep, trance or death."

"Oh, dear Clarice, I am so glad I do not understand here, that, while I do not forget, I can banish and not dwell upon the unpleasant experiences."

After Clarice and I finished the duties necessary ere I was prepared for my studies, I sought Harold, as our class room was occupied, in his chambers, in an extension, on spirit side, of our house. This extension was occupied by the Celestial tutors when free from attendance upon their charges. As only one is in attendance, one really is employed but half the time, the other half devoted to congenial pursuits. As our school contained no less than seventy people and as everyone had two angel tutors, it can be seen that this wing was necessarily larger than the Academy, and, being the abode of Celestial Angels, fitted and furnished to accord with their superior tastes and inclinations. As free will, individual taste, is the heritage of all God's children, no child is restricted in any manner but given power to exercise individual taste and aspirations in everything; therefore, upon attaining to years of discretion or independence, about the fourteenth year, he is encouraged to exercise individualism in all ways.

The complete freedom of the individual, although ever under Divine and spiritual law, is the heritage of all. This heritage, so imperfectly manifested on earth yet so ardently craved, is that which causes, more than the impressions received from the angels, revolutions and wars in the interests of liberty, fraternity and equality. This freedom is a birthright, a gift from God. All enjoy it, hence, all realizing, even imperfectly, this truth, clamor for it on mortal plane and those who interfere with it, under whatever claim or guise, whether in the interests of autocracy, or democracy—its spurious child at present, meet with retribution.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Law.

Upon attaining to my fourteenth year, I was permitted to follow individual judgment, inclination and taste. But, while thus permitted, ever and always I received, from my inner consciousness,

correct impressions from those on higher planes as well as loving tutelage from my beloved Guardians. Our home was furnished and decorated as we desired, our especial chambers expressed our individual likes and taste. As our ideals and our knowledge of beauty and the arts were inferior to those of the angels, naturally our expressions of beauty and the arts were not so developed. While those that we selected from the works and expressions of others were on a similar plane, they could not compare with the greater beauty of the more highly developed expressions and selections of our teachers.

I was familiar with the beauty and chaste simplicity of their apartments, yet I regularly felt the ever-appealing charm of Harold's. I entered a small court with a fountain in the center. There were many courts and fountains in our home and the homes of detached spirits in our neighborhood, but none to equal in beauty those of our angels. This court, open to the sky, was encircled by pillars—as many of our courts were, but there all similarity ceased. The pillars were wondrously wrought by sculptors of angelic development, some by our tutors themselves, every flower, vine and fern so naturally tinted and painted as to appear as lifelike as the immortal flowers they represented. The floor of the court was of a lustrous substance, as soft and yielding as moss yet as firm as adamant, with flowers to harmonize with the pillars.

The fountain was a large oval basin made of pearl, encircled by flowers, a large lily in the center. The basin was upon a pedestal, of pale blue and golden jewels to harmonize with the color-scheme of the court, and entwined with fragile ferns and vines. From the chalice of the lily, and the beautiful flowers encircling it, issued streams of fragrant water, constantly changing the tints and hues of the flowers, presenting novel and exquisite features, momentarily, in form and color. Every pillar was crowned with a jardiniere of flowers and vines, upon which rested a bird of glorious gold and blue plumage.

From the court, I entered a trellised arbor, a mass of blue and golden fragrance, thence into an ante-room where I saw an automaton, one of the low-scale beings who perform the menial work of spirit life. These beings, (presumed by some psychics on earth to be undeveloped spirits, thus giving ground for the belief that spirits are in retrogressive forms ere brought forth) have the intelligence of the animal, just enough to make them do

that which is required of them, with also the capacity to enjoy many things. They never advance, ever remain automata, skilled servitors. They have not soul and are not evolving spirits, as animals are, and are not impressed with love or any soul gift, merely impressed with capacity for service and simple pleasures.

I nodded to the automaton and entered the study. Harold expected me. His study, open to all excepting when he taught me, was empty. I glanced in the room beyond, his private sitting room, and saw him standing before an open window, evidently deep in thought. With something akin to a sigh, he turned and hastened to me, clasping me tenderly,

"Dear John, I am indeed pleased to see you, my boy. You cannot imagine how I disliked to have you undergo that severe ordeal today. Of course you know we act under law, it could not be otherwise, it is necessary for you."

"Harold, do not think about it, let us banish it. I know you would spare me all suffering if possible, but as it is not possible I will conquer all right," I said earnestly, then, to change the subject I continued, "Why will not Tom be detached tonight, Harold?"

"Tom is going to a ball on earth and will be up all night."

"He said nothing to me about it."

"No, because he is going to heed the temptation he will not conquer and will have to suffer in another way."

"Could he conquer if he so desired?"

"No, John, he could not. He has not a good brain and mind."

"Will he ever form a good mind, one able to conquer there?"

"No, Tom belongs to the weakling class who will never be made strong, very lovable but weak and unstable as water. His schooling demands especial experiences."

I sighed as I said gravely, "No one, not even the Father, can change that which is to be, Harold, is this true? They call it predestination there."

"Do not think, John, that everything that happens on the mortal plane is ordained and that a child does not express free will and individual effort. All, excepting a small class, express free will and are, within the bounds of law, free agents, but, because we, with the prescience of God's highest, know that which is to be, does not mean to imply that that which is to be is ordained. All transpires under immutable law in spirit spheres, all subject to these laws. On mortal plane laws are variable,

subject to spirit laws, but many are but rules which are sometimes changed."

"Then sometimes prayers that do not interfere with the necessary discipline are answered?"

"Yes. Come, John, what would you like to do now: go to a lecture in the city, or study here until dinner."

"A lecture, Harold, I enjoy them very much."

Arm in arm we passed out into the grounds. Harold had a magnificent open vehicle to which were attached two superb horses. The vehicle, like unto a chariot, was of a lustrous silver, upholstered in azure satin, the horses—grey and satiny to harmonize, had no harness but grey, silken cords. All animals, in the real life, express love. They know not fatigue, hence are ever tireless and swift beyond expression. Harold and I caressed them. They answered with soft murmurs, overjoyed to have us with them, impressed with the truth that a Celestial Angel was to be their companion.

With a toss of their beautiful manes, a flick of the long graceful tails, they raised their heads and, with a speed unparalleled on earth, whirled over the soft turf wheresoever Harold impressed them to go. As thus we flew in the midst of beautiful grounds upon no especial road, we had an opportunity to see much more of the country than we otherwise could. The spirit life is a perfectly natural life, as natural as on earth. Contentedly lolling in the luxurious seats, our two steeds held by a slender thread to the equipage, we rolled on, enjoying with pleasure ever-renewed (a part of our heritage, pleasure never palls) all upon which our eyes rested.

The sky was like unto twilight, luminous with golden and sapphire gleams, through a white, feathery haze. The stars, with their golden suns, were clearly visible. Within a second it was transformed into scenes of bewildering beauty. Landscape upon landscape of pristine loveliness, beauteous mirages, sky-scapes beyond compare shot athwart the heavens, veritable moving pictures, a swiftly unfolding panorama of indescribable glory and radiance enthralled us so that we could not gaze upon the beauty of the grounds and country.

I was speechless for some time with delight. At last I broke the silence,

"How glorious, Oh, how grand, to be a child of God and not a poor mortal."

"Ah, little boy, this is nothing in comparison with the beauty and glory yet to be thine."

The horses, gazing on the heavens, correctly impressed where to go, heeded naught, but swift and tireless, scarcely touching ground with their silken hoofs, sped on. At last I removed my gaze from the sky and looked upon a scene almost as beautiful. We had emerged from our grounds, passed all castles and palaces in the suburbs surrounding Lexington, and were whirling through a country so alluringly beautiful, with natural parks agleam with flowers of immortal beauty, sylvan nooks and dells, softly singing streams, fern and tree-lined, with naught to dispel the solitude but a swift-flying eagle or light-footed gazelle, that, although we saw many attached animals in a comatose condition here and there, I would not let myself think of the mortal life.

This was the open country between Lexington and the great wilderness, the home of the red man on earth. I knew of the terrible deeds they committed but I would not spoil my pleasure with that which had to be and which, there, I could not grasp. Ah, how blessed that we cannot grasp, that we know the truth, or even in this beautiful world we would be wretched. Knowing that in truth the poor spirits I saw with their guides were but dreaming these unpleasant experiences on the mortal plane, I willed myself to see but the beauty, to forget the illusions.

We left the open country and through a vast forest, a primeval wilderness, the horses flew. Every tree, shrub and plant, made way for God's children. Lofty trees drew aside their wide outspreading branches, quivering with pleasure. Every animal, reptile and bird, impressed with the consciousness that, in spirit, life ever recognizes the presence of God's children, greeted us as we passed. This consciousness is not that felt like the consciousness of a soul child, but the consciousness of all the life organisms, lovingly impressed by the spirit in charge of them. There is not a life organism in mineral, plant, animal and human forms, in spirit spheres, that is not under law impressed by a spirit or magnetized into doing that which is essential, until the evolving spirit attains to self consciousness and is ready to assume command of all organisms in his spirit body.

Thus he is, under law, governed and directed from without as well as from within. The "indwelling spirit" receives impressions and instructions from without as well as within. The

mortal bodies for the mortal plane, are not only under the spirit's control when attached, but under the control of his guardian angels, whether attached or detached, until all organisms forming it are disconnected and disassociated by death.

Through the vast forest we flew, I observing as best as I could and that but little due to the great speed. The spirit life was, at this time of my life, a source of perpetual delight. Every novel feature had to be observed carefully and explained ere I could be satisfied. Suddenly I pulled Harold's arm,

"Oh, Oh, Harold, stop, stop, a moment."

The horses immediately stopped. I saw a mammoth snake, as large almost as a huge elephant in circumference. It was lying under a tree, seemingly asleep.

"Harold, I never saw one like him before. They do not have that kind on earth and I have seen no life form here like him." I jumped up and, after carefully surveying it, I returned to Harold who said,

"That is one of many very large species of extinct animals on earth. They are waiting here to be reincarnated in higher, smaller forms."

"Why were they made so large? Why did the earth have to have such monsters?"

"The purpose of the mortal plane is to develop, conjointly with the spirit, all organisms that are to become the permanent denizens of the bodies of the spirit children, as well as to develop the evolving spirit. All must be developed on the mortal plane, therefore as many as possible on certain lines of development are placed in huge forms. Not only do we develop these to be put in charge of vital organs but the countless on lower planes, simultaneously, as are in time to be also in charge of the vital organs. When these classes arrive at a certain stage there is no necessity for the large forms until we begin again to evolve from the primordial cell. Hence they become extinct on earth, but their spirit forms do not become extinct until we are ready to use their life organisms in higher and smaller forms, thence on until ready to be formed in a human form, the highest, the only form with which a spirit child can be connected. There are no mortal life organisms, all organisms are spiritual."

"Then the mortal body is composed of life organisms, ready to be formed in a real spirit body after death to it on earth?"

"Yes, but not the spirit of the body. The spirit offspring

from the spirit seemingly, a part of that cognized as the original monad or spirit, a developed organism having undergone, as part of the original monad, similar development, is put in charge of the brain and vital organs, which are composed of the mortal ones, the human the highest plane of mortal ones."

"Then in truth one does not inherit anything from progenitors nor ancestors on either plane?"

"No, when offspring seemingly inherit similar physical and mental characteristics, it is not due to heredity but to the truth that children in the real life are brought forth similarly and subjected to the education and training decided upon prior to birth. Their brains, composed of life organisms, developed on the mortal plane to be amenable to control. The child, upon attaining self consciousness, is impressed by those who guide and direct him until able to control himself more or less correctly, about the fifteenth year according to earth time. The similar characteristics are not due to that part of the original monad inherited from his parents but due to the fact that he is impressed similarly, and as he, on spirit plane, develops himself his brain, and forms mind, he expresses his characteristics more or less imperfectly through the material brain. The physical characteristics and animal nature are due to those who form the physical bodies, not to the spirit child or heredity."

"Then those born criminals, who seemingly inherit from generation to generation, are not victims of heredity, as presumed, nor the born insane and diseased, as is thought to be the case on earth?"

"The born criminal, some insane and moral perverts, are destined never to be reformed or regenerated, many of the born diseased never to be healed. In reality there is not a life organism, forming brains and bodies, that can ever be anything but good and healthful. All life is good and healthful. They are not born so, but apparently so. The criminal class are governed by those in charge of their physical bodies, under law, the law of suggestion, ever in operation. This law is not caused by God to punish nor to cause His children suffering, but for the purpose of giving them, in the only way possible, that which is necessary while on earth, on the mortal plane."

"That explains the difference in children of the same family. Often there are born saints and sinners, presumed to inherit the traits and predispositions of various ancestors as well as

their parents, one inheriting virtues, the other vices, one diseased and sickly, another well and vigorous. Why are the poor criminals, who are really irresponsible, punished there?" asked John.

"No criminal, no child of God receives any more suffering than is actually necessary. Criminals, moral perverts and the insane, do not suffer as much as is supposed. Their sensibilities are so torpid, their brains so drugged by poisons, seemingly manufactured in their bodies, in truth so magnetized that they are more or less impervious to all mental, and feel but little physical pain. They are but a small class in comparison with the great majority who are born amenable to control." replied Harold. "All who are not of this class have brains which they can develop, and thus many who commit crime, degenerates, weaklings, etc. can be strengthened and made to overcome these, seemingly, inherited predispositions."

"Every child upon attaining to about the fifteenth year on earth, who does not belong to the small class of irresponsibles, if given the right environment, etc. can develop and create new brain areas and form good sound minds, brains amenable to control of the spirit spheres, and minds able to grasp and express righteousness, power and strength, in various ways. The born righteous are those among every race and class who have brains amenable to control, in harmony with the spirit brain, hence express these qualities more correctly."

"Why are they born differently?"

"Their discipline or the discipline of a part of their spirit brain, requires discipline and suffering, the kind of suffering under law not caused by their own sins, but through disease—lack of harmony of their brains and bodies, and the sins of others. Many teachers on earth are prepared in this way. They themselves must conquer and subdue all material limitations, therefore conditions are regulated to give them all that is needful. They are put to every test. Even sin is oft presented in so alluring a manner, under so innocent a guise, that, before they know, they fall but to come forth stronger than ever. The mortal plane is not for the purpose of developing mentally or spiritually; and only morally in the sense of certain qualities regarded as moral, such as patience and loyalty. To develop the real brain, to make it amenable to control, through this development, the spirit in control develops qualities impossible to be developed in spirit life, qualities which have nothing to do with moral,

development although imperative for spiritual advancement. Therefore, not solely is the spirit on earth subjected to that essential for his brain, but conditions are made, a perpetual conflict, seemingly, between the spiritual and the material, to make him develop these qualities."

"Then as he is really a spirit child of God, endowed with free will, in the real life he advances mentally, morally and spiritually when he, through individual effort, strengthen his will, conquers limitations, attunes his brain to be in harmony with the spirit to express more correctly love, wisdom, power, righteousness, etc. whether he is rewarded on mortal plane with material prosperity or not? Many think on earth that "seeking the kingdom of righteousness" will bring material prosperity." replied John.

"Only in the sense when no more suffering is necessary to advance brain or develop qualities. The apostles were persecuted, "anhungered, naked and shorn" not because they had not the kingdom of righteousness but because they needed more suffering. Few are so unfolded on earth as not to need both physical and mental suffering. The Lord Jesus Christ, the physical manifestation of our Father, suffered the greatest physical and mental agony, to show His children that He took upon Himself, voluntarily, the greatest possible suffering, teaching them by example all the spiritual qualities necessary for all, then and for all time." answered Harold.

"Then those now in charge of my mortal body, in my vital body, will next live in a real spirit body forever?"

"Just so, my dear boy."

I understood this fully there but could not when I returned to earth. Nobody that I knew at that time could have understood, so it was withheld until, as now, there are those who can, who not only long for the truth but are prepared to understand. Not because they are superior to their progenitors on earth, or because their spirit brains are on a higher plane, but because, as universal progression is a divine law in spirit spheres, under this perfect changeless law they advance after attaining self consciousness, and, as, under this law, all are more advanced now, more than when spirits first emerged from the animal, they impress more perfectly their mortal vehicles which, under this law, have also become better instruments.

"The life organisms of the brain are not developed to think or

reason but to be a good machine, to receive and transmit correctly, obedient to the thinker or spirit."

"Then all, like Tom, and those who can neither think nor reason on earth, who are born criminal, moral perverts, etc. are so because they have not brains that they can use properly?"

"Yes, as they cannot receive correctly from the material brain, they form very poor minds, and as they are magnetized into insensibility regarding spirit life, and impressed with only that which is necessary, they rarely develop or advance on earth."

"Then in truth the physical bodies are only highly developed in being more amenable to spirit control and not to superior minds or intellects, as presumed by many?"

"Exactly. He who has a brain that he can use properly, one that receives correctly from the mortal life and is in harmony with the spirit brain, merely has an efficient machine which receives and transmits from the two planes, and records upon both that which is necessary. Hence, one with a good instrument can express more correctly the wisdom and knowledge he has in the real life through that cognized as inspiration, intuition, etc., and the knowledge of the mortal life which he receives from impressions transmitted through sense organs and brains. Thus, many are very good instruments for spiritual wisdom and the soul gifts, who, owing to poor environment, education, association, etc. are very ignorant and unlearned in material knowledge."

"And many with poor environment, etc. master these conditions and develop into advanced thinkers on earth, due to, I presume, having brains formed able to develop in the first place?"

"Those subjected to adverse material conditions who advance and seemingly master them, are born with brains, not intellectually superior, brain is but an instrument, but more amenable to control, as I said before, and they are merely impressed to do that which will help them advance and thus seemingly themselves master conditions."

Thus conversing we were unconscious of the beautiful scenery until we arrived in the suburbs of a marvellous city, embracing mountains, hills, meadows and dales; so vast it appeared to us, as we rested on the summit of a high peak and viewed it, I was overwhelmed with awe. This was my first visit to a detached city, one occupied solely by the detached and seldom visited by the attached or earth-bound spirit. I had seen paintings by the most celebrated artists and moving pictures of real cities

portrayed in the sky by the most advanced angels, but I had never seen so diversified an area as I now gazed upon with wonder and speechless joy. It was all, not a dazzling but a soft white, great administrative buildings in magnificent parks towered high above others. All buildings were of prodigious size, some stood out—huge sculptured masses of perfect art, free from verdure and decoration, sublimely beautiful; others ethereal, seemingly as fragile as filigree, were covered with ferns, vines and flowers of various tints.

Upon several mighty peaks were palaces linked together, spanning the city overhead by wonderful bridges, splendid boulevards upon which were trains, equipages and vehicles of all kinds. Falls of indescribable beauty whirled from each peak, falling thousands of feet, to form at the base lakes of great beauty filled with pleasure craft. Terraced gardens and orchards, interspersed with parks, covered some mountainsides. A river emerged from each lake, and in graceful winding curves coursed through the city, presenting upon the polished surfaces, in mirage effects, wonderful views of reflected beauty.

“What a wonderful, wonderful city,” I cried, “I cannot believe the Celestial cities are more beautiful.”

“Dear John,” Harold laughed, “the detached cannot compare with the Celestial. As these are superior to the attached so are the Celestial to them.”

“Beautiful enough for me.”

“Yea, and for many who are content to remain as they are, but there are many more who long for greater wisdom, greater service. To these come greater beauty, capacity to enjoy and wisdom to comprehend.”

I had never seen before such a concourse of flying, or floating spirits and animals, as I now saw flying on aerial roads, in countless numbers. Although it was early evening and the beautiful glow after the gorgeous tints of the sunset and skylscapes had disappeared, the sky was still brilliant with the lights of millions of worlds, giving a light almost as great as day, exceedingly soft and clear. I could see plainly the magnificent physiques and grandly beautiful faces of the angels on an aerial road near us, and the various types of female loveliness representing every style and form of beauty.

“Harold, I am so thankful we are all human in appearance and that there is not a higher form in existence.” I said.

“The most beautiful form, the highest expression of development, is the perfect human form. To you, all these forms appear perfect but many have to undergo, as they advance, slight modifications, not perceptible to certain stages of development, not changes of the actual shape, form or feature, but changes in the inner structure, enabling one at will to change the color of the eye, the shade of the hair, but never, as presumed on earth, to change a child of God—His highest expression, into anything inferior. That is impossible. Never retrogression in the real life, hence never can a child of God abide in any but his own form, the form evolved for him.”

“Although he can impress and be attached to, if he desires, mortal vehicles, for the purpose of instructing others, when he does, it is not known on the mortal plane, although surmised by some; but never is he born with a mortal form, brought forth a babe, never does he limit himself to such inferior expressions. You know, John, the class that is presumed on earth to be great masters. John, I have a novel experience for you. You have floated often but have not yet driven horses on an aerial road—we will take that road.”

Although the chariot was attached to the horses by slender silken cords of great strength and held the horses securely, it was not the strength nor the power of the horses that gave them the strength and power to leap into the air, upheld by Divine law, and fly with no perceptible effort. No form of life in the spirit world knows fear. Absence of fear, the perfect faith taught by the Lord Jesus, which even on earth would remove mountains, is the birthright of all. Flying or floating is as natural to all spirit forms of life, as walking on earth to the human or swimming to the fish. I watched with delight the graceful sinuous motions of our flying quadrupeds and the various flying quadrupeds and vehicles of others. We were on a road devoted exclusively to driving and riding, adjoining was a road for floating spirits, therefore there was no confusion.

Everywhere in spirit spheres order is maintained. As on earth, a disordered atmosphere and surroundings are the expressions of chaotic, disordered minds, so in spirit spheres there is nothing but order expressed by the well-ordered, balanced spirit mind. We flew through the air even more swiftly and smoothly than on the mossy turf. Flying through the air, one of humanity's dreams, is a reality. All “castles in the air” all dreams and

visions, are but imperfect impressions and cognitions of the real and true world enveloping all. As humanity advances, as brains become better instruments, the truths of the spirit life are expressed in greater expressions of science and knowledge of various kinds, hence the material world today expresses more perfectly the real and true than at any previous stage of development.

Although there has ever been, during certain stages, a few or a group of mortals who have expressed, on certain lines, art or science apparently more perfectly, they were not as correct expressions as those of today. The average human or mortal mind is not an open, receptive mind and will only accept that which is presented by those who are deemed by popular opinion to be superior. Too uncultivated to realize that the majority of any nation or class are unable to judge correctly, they deem it evinces superior culture and wisdom to ape those who are put on a pedestal by this class; hence, sometimes, one deemed a great artist, scientist, philosopher, preacher, is only great in the estimation of those not able to appreciate the truly great.

We alighted on an aerial depot located on one of the boulevard bridges, and were whirled on to a connecting one leading to the center of the city. As we neared the great university, encircled by a park of remarkable extent and great beauty, the horses moderated their pace to enable us to get a more correct idea of its classic and, to me, novel features. It was of spotless white and gleamed with innumerable lights. There was a stupendous dome in the center and many domes of smaller size on the sides, ablaze with light of constantly changing tints. The numerous openings or windows were encircled by vines and flowers, every flower emitting a beautiful light, enabling one to see clearly the transparent, ethereal shades of woven living vines and flowers. Some of the most beautiful blinds and curtains are woven of real transparent flowers and vines, through which one can see distinctly.

This university consisted of only one mammoth building. It resembled somewhat in architecture one of the noted Eastern mosques and possessed some of the most striking characteristics of the Celestial style, the most beautiful in existence. Columns of marvelous design and symmetry extended to the roof, supporting great porticos in the front and rear. Every column was capped with jardinières of flowers and foliage, and every portico embellished likewise. We ascended an imposing flight of stairs

leading to the center of the front portico. With the exception of countless flowers and plants there was no attempt at decoration. The columns were of pearl studied with emeralds, the floor of the same substance, the ceiling exquisitely frescoed. We passed into a vestibule and from thence into a hall of magnificent proportions, agleam with chandeliers of wondrous beauty.

In the center of the hall was an oasis of flowers and foliage, surrounded by columns which extended to the great central dome composed of jewels, blazing with light. Seats were everywhere occupied by majestic men and lovely women. Hereafter I shall call spirits men and women, for such they are, much more human, less like animals than imperfect mortal reflections. We passed to the rear of the hall, into a court which was also in pale green and white. In the center was a platform, surrounded by circles of seats filled with a great assemblage. Upon the platform stood a magnificent man, about to begin his discourse. He was very tall, of Herculean proportions yet strikingly graceful. His countenance was of great charm and beauty, a leonine head with faultlessly chiseled features. His hair was rather long and pushed carelessly back from his massive brows. Power, strength, mingled with Infinite love, shone in his superb blue eyes. A smile of rare sweetness dawned as he nodded to Harold.

"My brother, John," Harold said, nodding in return, "he is here for a visit. I think you will enjoy him very much."

This was a pleasant surprise, Harold's brother, I looked with even greater interest. Both Celestial Angels, both journeying the same route together. After nodding to Harold, John partially closed his eyes and remained silent and motionless ere he began. Intuitively I knew he was wafting a voiceless prayer to the Father for, even though the Father rarely receives a personal prayer, unless very imperative, all His children in moments of exaltation ever vibrate in unison with His Divine law of Love, and receive from those closer to Him inspiration and illumination. All are instruments to express His love and wisdom. The more highly advanced, the more perfectly they express.

Although angels are higher than spirits there are, as with spirits, various planes of development. John opened his eyes and, turning from side to side, welcomed all with gracious words and smiles. It is not for me to give aught of this address. It was suited simply to the comprehension of the detached spirit. Although there was much I understood, there was much more I

could not. Harold, knowing that my brain and mind were not yet ready, refrained from attempting to explain. During the parts beyond me, I studied the faces of my brothers and sisters. I vibrated with joy—my brothers and sisters, all my own. The men—divinely grand, each distinctly individual; the women, the quintessence of loveliness and purity. All pure and chaste as infants, all wise and profound beyond the greatest mortal.

For one moment my thoughts reverted to the animal illusion of the mortal plane, but I could not grasp, cognize it, in this state of consciousness, this atmosphere of purity, any more than I could the higher truths understood by all but myself, for very rarely were the earth-bound spirits permitted at such lectures. Ere John ceased Harold arose and I followed him to our waiting horses,

“You must study some tonight, John, hence we leave early.” he said as we sank into our seats.

Within a short while we were seated in his study where I was kept until supper, generally taken when most of the family were detached by sleep. All the dear attached ones, excepting Tom, were at the banqueting table, and a few of the Celestial tutors—sometimes one angel attends several of the detached. I wish, with the limited mortal language, I could do justice to this table. The love of beauty and its expression is a birthright from God. That which is deemed extreme luxury on earth, that which so many poor mortals, imperfectly impressed with the soul gifts, more correctly impressed with this love, yearn and struggle a lifetime for, is unknown in spirit spheres. While beauty is expressed everywhere, the enervating, debasing luxury, the barbaric, oriental splendor, is not in evidence, all spirits are genuine artists, far excelling the undeveloped ones of the mortal plane.

The banqueting hall, where we sometimes supped, was in an outdoor court, in the grounds. Magnificent trees formed a canopy overhead, beautiful flowers and vines fell in graceful festoons on the sides, a very large oval table was decorated solely with flowers. In the center was a splendid floral piece gleaming with countless lights. The lustrous pearl surface shone through the flowers.

Harold and I were on time to be seated with the rest who were standing awaiting us. My mother and Ella looked as lovely as the Celestial Angels. All were attired in white or pale

shades of filmy lace, ethereal material, or rich and lustrous silks and satins. All were dressed to suit their own styles and tastes, no set style or fashion, each distinctly individual. The men, likewise, in various styles, some in vogue, others never known on earth. All were also attired in shades to harmonize with the table and flowers. Harmony is everywhere expressed in spirit spheres. The love nature expresses itself in harmony in all departments of life.

The soft, flute-like voices of the women mingled with the rich, melodious tones of the men, ere music from an invisible source filled us with delight. Every voice was hushed. All spirits are musicians, all finished artists. I was not surprised when, after the music ceased, an angel started to sing in a perfect voice of great range and power, nor when all joined in with such an outpouring of melody as is rarely heard even in the real life.

After the song automata appeared, one for every person, took our orders and noiselessly withdrew. Then all began to speak to each other in joyous voices, with sparkling eyes and vivacious manner. Would that the mortal plane could comprehend, how I would like to portray: but not yet, not yet have you attained to that plane, nor will you ever on earth, to the wisdom, the knowledge, the intelligence that is yours in the real home.

The automata, bearing exquisitely appointed, dainty, choice viands and edibles of various kinds, appeared and waited on us with skill and celerity. Spirits have appetite, all eat with gusto. Taste is a spiritual gift. It is the spirit who tastes on mortal plane, not the mortal body. Could one on earth see the dispatch with which the delicious food and beverages disappeared, wines of all kinds divested of intoxicating quality, they would smile and no longer speak of ghosts or "etheric counterparts", would realize the truth that they, in their real home, are not very different from the mortal, only more highly cultivated in all ways, with the three evils of the mortal plane eliminated. All that is good is perpetual, all that is evil is evanescent.

Harold and all the angels appeared to enjoy more than I, which is true: all gifts, taste one of them, develop as one advances. Spirits do not eat to sustain life, all life is from God, but for pleasure alone. I fear this will not please the sanctimonious Pharisee, the worshipper of Cherubim and Seraphim, and those who think that through fasting, starving the body entrusted to

them by God, they can unfold spiritually. Harken ye to truth: build up, help sustain your natural body with good wholesome fare, know that the life organisms, little spirit entities in your brain and body, demand it under natural law, that by keeping them harmonious you can express harmony through them, never otherwise, as the great Buddha proved, and all others who have learned through sin and suffering.

CHAPTER IX.

After I awakened on earth and reviewed all I had heard and seen in the spirit world, I could only remember certain fragments of my conversation with Harold, and, as it was all unintelligible to me with the mind I had formed, I could not understand. All the rest I remembered. It comforted me greatly and filled me with courage and hope. In the spirit I knew the truth, I was free from all the mortal sensations of the animal, the ever-recurring successive stages of development which I now, for the first time, was experiencing.

As I had been trained and surrounded with love, kept from knowledge of all evil, I had not experienced these various stages of animal evolution, had not been impressed with them as I now was. Had they not been impressions, but a part of the human brain, I could have had them changed by education and training, according to those on earth who judge superficially. The brain or mind thus formed would not be subjected to the first stage after having evolved to the latest, unless by exterior influences, independent of my brain and mind.

I had been pure and chaste on earth, had never up to my nineteenth year experienced an unholy desire, when suddenly without a moment's warning I was seized with all the wild impulses of the animal. So strongly did the sensation hold me in thrall, independent of myself, the real me battling to eject them, that, even had I not known the truth, I would, so differently had I been trained to the average mortal, know they were not of me but due to some cause I could not fathom.

It is impossible to transform the pure and chaste into the impure and unchaste in a moment. Never having experienced aught of a debasing nature and never having been subjected to temptation, I was filled with a frenzy of delirium, like a hasheesh eater or drug fiend, as soon as my thoughts fastened upon Ella. Knowing the truth, the law that St. Paul had discerned: "The things that I would do, these things I do not," I prayed fervently to conquer. I knew that the sensations, the mental pictures

of Ella, in her alluring beauty, were presented to make me suffer and grow strong, to make me subordinate the material to the spiritual, to make me develop the qualities of endurance, loyalty and fortitude.

I knew that I had nothing in my training and life to develop them, I had developed love, compassion, sympathy and patience, all soul gifts; but the spiritual attributes developed on earth, the necessary qualities to enable me to advance, I had not yet developed. Before I could die, or awaken for good in my real home, I had to develop all of these. Therefore, my dear Guardian Angel had to impress these very unpleasant lessons, known as evil, under the law of suggestion. I never could cognize them in the real life. I was only directly connected with the cerebrum when the cerebellum—the animal brain—was impressed and filled with these sensations. I, when I received them through this brain, with which I was only indirectly connected, felt, in conjunction with it, the sensations impressed on them, not on the holy child of God, I knew, although I could not explain at that time; so I willed myself with the power of an awakened child of God to banish everything of the animal nature, to permit no outside suggestions to interfere with the real me. Therefore, instead of lingering over Ella and her charms, I jumped with alacrity out of bed, hastily performed my morning toilet and sought the large hall where we had prayers.

My father and all the family were present. I willed myself to listen to the prayers and singing. I would not look in Ella's direction. She was next to Roscoe who, as usual, I felt was more engrossed with her than the services. I passed out behind my dear parents into the dining room and after greeting them, with a nod to Ella and Roscoe, took my seat and was soon, apparently, solely intent on my breakfast. I heard my father exclaim rather excitedly,

"Where is Tom? Do you know, dear?" addressing my mother, Before she could reply Tom entered, somewhat sheepishly. He made a slight excuse to my father who answered drily, "I'll see you after breakfast before you leave for the office, Tom."

I recalled what Harold had said and looked lovingly at Tom who appeared quite anxious and depressed. He returned my look with interest. Oh, dear, lovable, sweet Tom, how I wish I could bear for you, I thought. I followed him into my father's study, never closed to me. We sat down and waited until my father

entered. I would not question Tom. I knew my father would very soon know the truth.

"Well, Tom, explain your absence last night, I find that you only just returned. Where were you?"

"Father, I was with the Wallace boys. We went out to Compton's to a party."

"With the Wallace boys. Those disreputable boys. And at Compton's, that disreputable resort. How could you so degrade yourself and family? Tom, I forbid you while you live under this roof to associate with them." Then, noting Tom's exhausted appearance, in a pitying tone and taking him by the hand, he continued, "My boy, I hoped you would be a tower of strength to John just beginning to learn the wickedness of the world. God grant you will not pollute him as you seem to be polluting yourself."

"Oh, Father," I interposed, "I may be a tower of strength to him. Have no fear for me and I will help Tom all I can."

Father looked at me earnestly before he replied very sadly and yet somewhat hopefully,

"John, I do not believe the world will pollute you, you are too spiritually unfolded, but I fear for this poor boy."

After a few more words of good advice Tom and I left for the office. That day was not quite as difficult as the day preceding, although I, with an iron will, kept my mind upon my legal studies, I could not refrain from an occasional pang and, worse, the alluring animal sensation overwhelmed me again when Ella and Roscoe entered on their way to luncheon. Ella came to me while Roscoe spoke to the Colonel and William. She was all in white and looked fair and beguiling, almost as beautiful as in the real life.

"What have I done to you, dear John? In what manner have I offended? she asked gravely, "you rushed away from me yesterday so peculiarly, and this morning you hardly noticed me."

"Oh, nothing," I answered smilingly, "I felt rather strangely but I am all right now. How is it that you are with Roscoe?"

"Father wants me at home for some reason or other, so I'll not be at the school any more. You know, dear, he only consented to please your mother and because he thought the regular life would do me good. I am going to take a farewell luncheon with Roscoe as Father has ordered me not to see him privately any more." She spoke softly yet bitterly, as though wounded deeply.

I knew she was strongly attracted to Roscoe, not with her soul but with the mind she had formed on earth, and that animal passion, physical attraction, held her in bondage. I knew that nothing I could say would influence her or change that which had to be until she learned the lessons, like the child she was, in the great big earth kindergarten.

I took her little hand, pressed it fondly, and said with deep feeling, so strongly expressed that she, startled, withdrew it hastily after looking at Roscoe to see if he had noticed. He had not but William had, a pitying smile, a suddenly averted head, made me halt my half-expressed speech, to finish abruptly,

“Do not disobey uncle, Ella.”

“Nonsense, I am a woman, a child no longer. Come, Roscoe, hurry,” turning from me rather coldly then, catching Roscoe’s look of remonstrance, she returned to me and said softly, “John, darling, you see how it is, I will not give up Roscoe.”

“I see, dear, God bless you.” I answered tremulously.

“Why, brother mine,” Roscoe joined in, “why so sober? Too much work, dear boy, I fear.” shaking my hand heartily and patting me tenderly on the cheek. He had made an especial favorite of me and loved me deeply, so much that I feared, if he suspected my true feeling, he would relinquish Ella no matter at what cost to himself. I loved him equally as well so I conquered myself and returned his smile with—for the moment for so I willed it—one free from pain, as guileless as I really was.

They left a few moments after, both gay and joyous, little dreaming of the gloom left in their wake. William’s face became white and set, Tom, perplexed and mournful, whilst I, after a furtive glance in the boys’ direction, sternly willed myself to study and to forget on the mortal plane that which was my greatest delight in the real life—my love for my soul mate Ella.

That night I did not retire until late. My father requested me to keep Tom in sight, not to let him leave the school, which was rather difficult as he constantly tried to elude me. With great patience, exercised in a righteous cause, I managed to keep him until too late to keep his appointment. He exclaimed, looking at his watch,

“Why, John, you beguiling obstructionist, you have conquered. It is too late to go and I had promised the boys I’d meet them and have a game of cards.”

"A game of cards!" I ejaculated with surprise, "why not play at home, I'll play with you?"

"A game of Old Maid, you know nothing else," he mockingly cried.

"I wish to God *you* did not," said my father suddenly appearing before us, "so you are too late and you, I presume, would like to teach John to gamble. What is coming over you, Son? Do you think of no one but yourself? Can you not control your evil propensities?"

"I don't think it evil to play cards, even to gamble. It hurts no one."

"My boy, it hurts not only yourself but all connected with you. You are yet too young to realize the evil effects. They will develop later. John, my son, you can retire. I wish to speak privately with your brother."

I sought my dear mother who awaited me in her room, to bid her goodnight. That beloved mother, staunch and true, even on the mortal plane, to her heart's core, to all her children especially to the ewe lamb, deemed for so long the weakling of her flock.

"John, my boy," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, that Father no longer needs you. I think we will need you more and more to help with the ones we have thought and prayed would protect you. Alas, that we did not train you differently."

"Why, Mother, I think my training was perfect. You made me strong to conquer and endure, you taught me nothing but love—the only power with which to conquer all evil. What amazes me is that Father does not see that only love will conquer Tom. But what worries you?"

"Tom, Roscoe and Ella. Tom is unruly, insubordinate, and Roscoe and Ella impatient of advice and control. The Doctor has forbidden Roscoe the house and threatens to send Ella away if she comes here. He was furious because she lunched with Roscoe. I am afraid they may do something silly, possibly elope."

I was rapidly acquiring material knowledge. Subjects, long debarred, were freely discussed, so I knew what she meant.

"Elope with her cousin Roscoe, marry him against her father's wishes! I do not think so, Mother."

"The Doctor wants her to marry William who worships her. The Colonel also is very desirous to annex her to his family."

she spoke bitterly, then, seeing something in my face, she added in yearning tones so full of mother love and compassion that, brave though I was, my eyes filled.

"Oh, my boy, my baby boy. You, too. Oh, how blind, how blind, I have been. Why, oh, why, did I bring her with her fatal beauty to entice my boys."

"Mother, she has not enticed us."

"I know, I know, but how will you bear it? She loves Roscoe. Oh, I wish she had never come here,"—crying softly and stroking my face tenderly with loving caresses, "how I wish I could bear for you."

"Mother, do not grieve for me. God will give me strength, and you know that I know the truth, as I often tell you I will not be here very long. We are always together in the real life, can never separate. Oh, Mother, my Mother, do not grieve for me."

She made a strong effort to repress all outward indications, gave me a loving embrace and said calmly,

"John, I believe every word you say. It does not give me consolation to know you will soon be taken. I hope you are mistaken. I could not bear it. So, dear, try to live and get strong, for your poor mother's sake, your poor mammy who loves you so. Father, Infinite Father," bowing head upon her hands, "watch over my boy, give him strength, I beseech you."

I spoke authoritatively, some outside influence possibly impressing me, "I am in the Father's hands. All is well with all of us. This is not the real life, you will know the truth before I leave you. That comfort will be given you."

"Thank God, thank God," she sobbed.

CHAPTER X.

MORTAL LIFE

Roscoe and Ella were seated in an arbor in front of the Doctor's home. The hour was midnight. All lights in the big Colonial house were out. All the family were asleep or trying to woo the god, Morpheus. The Doctor, turning restlessly, little dreamed of the stolen tryst or the many that had preceded it. Roscoe and Ella were passionately in love and, as is usual with this spurious counterfeit, aping and disgracing real love. The animal attraction, impressed under law, is ever more potent on the mortal plane than the true, conjugal love of the soul mate.

The spirit, shut off from the real life, oblivious of the truth, connected with the cerebrum, with the mind formed from mortal experience, is governed by the dominant compelling lower brain, cognized by Buddhism and Theosophy as the animal soul, under the jurisdiction of those who supervise and direct mortal conditions, hence is more potent than the imperfectly impressed conjugal love. Rarely does a spirit possess a material brain sufficiently in harmony with the true spiritual brain to be able to impress truth; hence a noted religious organization attributes even the truths of the mortal life to unreal mortal mind, not cognizing the great difference between the real and true, which endures for ever, and the suggested evil for a transitory period.

All not produced by mortal mind—all mind is spiritual, but ever in existence under Divine law for purpose of development. Thus poor Roscoe and Ella, under dominion of the lower brain, sat engrossed with each other, filled with a sensuous delight, indifferent to all but their own feelings. They knew they were causing sorrow to their parents and friends; they knew there was nothing chaste nor hallowed in their relations, yet, despite all, they had determined to flee, to be able to gratify their passion.

"Roscoe," said Ella softly, "you need plead no longer, I shall be ready tomorrow night. We will go far west, to California, you say—so let it be."

"Yes, to a Mexican puebla called Yerba Buena. We will go in a ship around Cape Horn. I have a friend, a captain, who will treat us royally and give us the only cabin the boat has."

Suddenly Ella began to cry softly, "Oh, Roscoe, poor Mama and Papa, and—and John."

"Yes, and my dear father and mother, and John. But we must go. They will never consent and when they forgive us we will return."

After making plans and arrangements they parted, little dreaming what would interfere to prevent, "Man proposes and God disposes" was verified in their case before another dawning. Upon reaching the house, as Ella stealthily ascended the front steps, a huge mastiff, not recognizing her, seized her by the limb and began barking furiously. In vain did she admonish and speak beguilingly. He was a new dog, not well acquainted with her and, presuming she was an interloper, insisted upon holding her until assistance came.

The Doctor, still awake, jumped out of bed, rushed downstairs, outdoors and stumbling headlong down the steep steps, whirling past Ella, he struck on his head and lay inert and motionless. Ella's wild shrieks resounded through the house. The family were aroused, Ella was loosed from the dog and the Doctor carried within. A physician was speedily summoned but could do nothing. Great was her tribulation and grief. Bitterly she blamed herself, "All my fault, all my fault." she wailed as she fell unconscious by her dead father's side.

For weary weeks she lay delirious with brain fever, unconscious when her father was carried out to return no more, unconscious of her heartbroken mother's tears, yea, even unconscious of Roscoe's despair. Only one had power to calm her in her wild paroxysms: John, with his saint's face and pacifying touch alone soothed her. His aunt beseeched him to stay, the nurse would not permit him away, and he was installed in regular attendance. Day after day, night after night, with but an hour now and then devoted to rest, he fought, with the nurse to save the poor, clouded brain, but, alas, they could not succeed.

The fever left Ella physically well but a mental wreck, with but the intelligence of a little child. She recognized none of the family, all were strangers to her and she evinced no feeling for even her mother. John alone bore with equanimity and upheld and strengthened all. He told them that Ella's brain was dis-

eased, that the part that recorded mortal impressions was unable to express correctly, and that her mind was as good, as sane as ever. But they could not understand even though her eyes glowed with feeling and intelligence in direct contradiction to the silly, inane speech.

"Ella's eyes look as sweet and intelligent as ever, so different from the insane," said Roscoe one day to John, "you wise boy, why, if they are really sane, do their eyes look so wild and terrible?"

"The brain and sense organs are instruments for the spirit, a machine through which he expresses his senses and mind. If a certain part of the brain, more directly connected with a sense organ, is affected, the sense organ does not express clearly any more than the brain does. Ella's sense organs, the eyes, the optic nerves and *motore oculi*, are not affected, hence, she herself gives the expression in the eyes. Were the organs of the eyes affected she could not, hence, the eyes would express vacancy or a wild glare."

"Good logic," said Roscoe, "you are ahead of your time, John. I really think you are inspired with the truth. But, John, you will be relieved to hear that I have accepted Ella's affliction as a well-deserved punishment to myself. God grant she may be cured and live to marry William, for I'd be afraid after this."

Roscoe did not know that he was opening an old wound, that he was stabbing his beloved brother to the heart. John did not answer until the tumultuous beating of his heart had subsided.

"Roscoe, I do not think Ella will marry William. Indeed, I fear she will never recover her reason, I mean the use of her brain."

The Colonel and William visited Ella very frequently. William's ardor continued. He would have gladly wedded Ella as she was and suggested it to his father, saying,

"I will see that she has the best medical skill even if I have to take her to Europe."

"No, no, dear boy," answered the Colonel, "Mrs. Langdon will never consent. They have had the best to be had here and Mrs. Langdon has sent East and it will cost a large sum to bring the great Doctor Stone here, an authority on brain troubles."

The great brain specialist arrived, a really advanced thinker and occult student. He agreed with John and said that when Ella fell by her father's side, she had injured the posterior region

of the skull, (the fissure which separates the cerebrum into two hemispheres), the posterior lobe, the tentorium, by which it is separated from the cerebellum, and many nerves more or less affected. In consequence, unless a miracle was performed, she would never be cured. He furthermore said that while her mind seemed impaired she was as sane as ever despite her lack of control of her instruments.

"Why, most certainly the brain is but an instrument for the thinker or spirit," he admitted before many, "she is fully conscious of all surroundings even though she cannot express herself properly. All mind is spiritual and appertains solely to the spirit. Though she cannot express mind, the mind is still clear and sane."

"Are all the insane, even violent maniacs, really sane and conscious of their terrible acts?" asked Mrs. Langdon.

"Behind each insane or demented brain there is a conscious spirit, conscious of all he commits, utterly powerless to control his acts. He is conscious in that part of the spirit brain where consciousness comes from, connected with God—all experiences are registered on the real brain—fully conscious of all he cannot express through a diseased instrument." This was unintelligible to all but John.

After the doctor left, Mrs. Langdon decided to place Ella in God's hands, not to apply to any system of healing but to rely simply and solely on Him.

In the meantime Tom was causing a great deal of anxiety to his family. John's time, after office hours, was divided between Ella and him. It soon became apparent that John alone had any influence with Tom, that he would heed no one but him. At last, tried beyond endurance, Mr. Roanoke forbade him the house. He would not listen to the pleadings of any. In an excited interview after Tom had not returned for several days, he thrust him forth and demanded that none of the family hold intercourse with him.

John, seeing that his father was hardly responsible, promised nothing but withdrew quietly and followed Tom. He overtook him as he was passing out of the grounds.

"Stop, Tom," Tom turned a haggard, sorrowful face, "I am going with you."

"What do you mean, John?"

"I mean I will not desert you."

"Oh, brother, my brother," cried Tom, sinking on the turf, "thank God for your love, but I will not burden your life with such a weakling as I am. I am not such a dastard as that."

John sank by his side, clasped him warmly by the hand then patted his cheek tenderly,

"You need me more than anyone, dear boy, we will fight together. Possibly God will hear my prayers. Come, it is late, let's get to the office."

The Colonel, an advanced thinker, cognizant of the utter irresponsibility of the born weakling, knowing that all that could be done with this class was to wisely and tenderly protect in all ways, insisted on taking the boys home with him.

CHAPTER XI.

SPIRIT LIFE

One night, after detachment, I sought Ella. It was after a very trying day on earth. Ella had been very restless and appeared as though memory were returning. Now and then she had alluded to past occurrences with complete understanding, had mentioned Roscoe and her father, with tears, then had suddenly subsided into a comatose condition from which it had been impossible to arouse her. The Doctor said it was due not to the brain but to the kidneys, and that in all probability she would pass out before returning to consciousness.

Harold and Clarice said nothing to me about her condition but requested me to return soon as they wished to explain some things. I found Ella in the attached home of the Langdons'. She was in her room in an unconscious state. One of her tutors was with her. I asked, after greeting him,

"Will Ella be detached for good? Is she coming home?"

"Ella is in that cognized as a trance," he answered, "such as you used to be put in. She will be here for several days and then return after her physical body is healed. You know, all vitalizing is done here; her physical body needs not only renewed vitality but complete quiescence. She will soon be conscious. Return in a few moments and you can see her."

I passed out with him, as Clara, her other guardian, entered to attend her. I seated myself on the front porch in a secluded nook, far from friends who were also awaiting her. I knew she would seek me first, that, as soon as she became conscious, she would receive my telepathic message. While awaiting her I surveyed the group on the porch and steps. Tom and Roscoe were among them. William was not detached, he was studying on earth to drive away thought. Full of fear that Ella would die he could not sleep, therefore I knew I would not see him. Roscoe, who had recovered from his passion for Ella and only loved her as a cousin, had retired early. Tom, whom I had

beguiled into giving up a card party, was not here, Tom the weakling of earth, but as mentally strong as I,—the dear, noble brother of the real life. O. Tom, I thought, how I wish you did not have to return there.

My sister, Lilian, bright and beautiful, peeped in,

“Oh, John, she is coming.” then she sped away.

A rustle, a soft footstep, and she came to me, my own, my love, in all her glorious beauty.

“Ella, Ella,” I forced her gently beside me on the couch, “thank God, you are yourself here. Oh, how trying it is to see you as you are there.”

“Yes,” she sighed, “but it must be, and Clarice says I must return and stay there a long while. Oh, John, how I wish it were over.”

“Thank God, it will be but a moment in the real life.”

“A very long moment, dear, but let’s forget the old school and be as happy as we really are,” pulling my face close and kissing me fervently.

Although animal passion is not known, a sensation much more rapture-inspiring swept over me at the touch of those soft lips, feelings that only the soul mate inspires.

Ella and I conversed for a while upon various topics of mutual interest, then I bade her goodbye and returned to my tutors, who, both together, an unusual occurrence, were waiting for me in Harold’s study. I seated myself between them on a couch and looked at them inquiringly.

“Prepare for a rather unpleasant surprise.” Harold said sympathetically.

“I am prepared,” I said soberly, “of course, it is about Ella.”

“Yes, Ella will awaken on earth with perfectly clear mind, all her passion for Roscoe gone. Then, later, she will develop a certain feeling for William and marry him.”

“Oh, no, Harold,” I said quietly, “not Ella but the poor mortal form, controlled by Ella, who is not herself, but a very poor reflection, will marry him. Since it is God’s will or the only way in which she can be fitted to be detached, I shall bear it as best I can. Thank God, we know not jealousy here. Well, at least I’ll have the pleasure of seeing her here.”

“Yes, but you can only see her as William’s wife, until she is detached and free to wed you here.”

"I know, but all know we are soul mates, that it is God's will when we are both detached to wed. Why does not God permit us to wed our soul mates on earth?"

"Simply because through wedding others one obtains the necessary suffering. Ella and William will not be happy, both will suffer and develop qualities through their union which they could not otherwise. You will be detached very soon, you have but little more to develop."

"I am glad and yet I shall miss the dear old earth." I said, somewhat regretfully.

"Yes, I still remember how I missed it." said Clarice.

"And because I loved it," said Harold, "I still devote considerable time to those still there."

"It must be a long while since you were there, Harold, you have advanced so far."

"I was of the first race, a race very little higher than my mortal animal progenitors."

"I suppose you could not really love it as you were so undeveloped?"

"It is true I was undeveloped and had neither spiritual nor material knowledge, but I loved many like myself and also loved the beauties of my surroundings in the then balmy tropical north. Then there were some who remembered the spirit life. I was one, and, although I could not express in words all that I remembered, I knew my time there was transitory, that the real life was that of the spirit—as do all primitive people. We knew we had evolved from the animal and were much like them, but we also knew we were very different.

"Now, John dear, you are prepared. How we wish that the mortal life could be less severe, but it is the only place of suffering in existence." said Clarice.

"The hells that Christianity teaches of on earth and that Swedenborg wrote of,—I am so thankful that I can recall them more correctly."

"Very few can like you, and even fewer able to understand the truth at present." said Harold.

"Even my father can but little, and my mother is skeptical still."

That evening Ella, Clara, Clarice and I, took a short flying trip to Lexington. We ascended from a porch in Ella's home,

Clara and Clarice, without any perceptible motion, arose before us. Ella and I followed rapidly, waving hands and wafting kisses to those below who were watching us.

"Wouldn't we be astounded if we'd seen anyone flying on earth." laughed Ella turning her glowing face towards me.

"We would have heart failure," I responded, "but I suppose in time there will be flying there."

"But not as here; they will invent flying machines, not float as we do."

"No, they are formed of different substance."

"Not different but grouped differently, subjected to different speed revolutions suited to the mortal plane."

Ella turned the subject by remarking lovingly, "John dear, I am told that when I return I will forget my attraction for Roscoe and, in time, marry William. Why, I wonder, must I do that which I dislike so much here. Oh, I'll be so happy when I am free. Why, why, must we act so differently from our real selves, like puppets, simply because we are shut out from the truth and governed by mortal mind?"

"If we could recall this life there, knowing the truth, before developing the essential qualities, the mortal school would be of no use."

"I would not care what suffering I have to undergo, John, if I knew the truth and could be with you."

"If you knew the truth you could not develop loyalty, patience and submission, the qualities you must develop. You never could with me, for your truly expressed love, your knowledge of the truth, on that plane subject to natural law, governed by the mind you have so falsely formed, would prevent both of us from developing that which we must. How could we learn if our greatest desires were granted?"

"Therefore," Ella said, "Buddha presumed, aghast at the misery surrounding him, that the sole way to find surcease from care and evil was to develop absolute indifference until all desires were conquered. Ah, how pitiful not to be able to grasp the truth that even the desire, animal attraction, is not to develop the ego, the soul child of God, but to make the spirit brain and body a fit instrument, and that the most dominant desires of all, the desire for love, truth, wisdom, can never become extinct but are increased as the ego advances, not into the absorption of a con-

dition of absolute indifference but to the state of archangel, all desires granted, all in perfect unison with the Source of all, our loving Father."

"Yes, how much we have to be thankful for, to know that instead of conquering pure and holy desires, we retain them until fitted to enjoy them, and that, when able to comprehend, even on earth, we know that the false, animal ones are but stepping stones to aid in our upward march, not to extinguish the real and true, but to develop us, to enable us to fulfill our holy, pure desires."

"Yes, dear John, I begin to see. I will develop patience, loyalty and submission, I see I am not yet ready."

We suspended our flight for a moment, our hands clasped lovingly, our eyes shone with holy lustre.

"What matters the fleeting moments of the transitory school life," Ella murmured, "nothing, not even our Father, can ever part us in truth."

We soon alighted in the little city of Lexington, of course larger and very different from the earth one. It was all of spotless white, encircled with great parks, orchards and vineyards of extraordinary beauty, instead of the fields of vegetables and earth produce. In all places where spirits live, whether attached or detached, in the spirit world, beauty is universal and cultivated to the highest degree of perfection of which they are capable.

The sun was just disappearing behind the distant mountain ranges. All the country was bathed in constantly changing tints, while the little white city sparkled with numberless rays. The trees and verdure scintillated with countless dewdrops, little sparks flying from the beautiful flowers and trees like bright-winged butterflies. We found ourselves in a park in the suburbs of the city. Before our gaze spread a view of enchantment. A floral festival was in progress. Not, as on earth, was there a procession or parade, but little booths and pagodas dotted the velvety lawns midst gay parterres of flowers. Here and there a vast building composed entirely of flowers, surrounded by a wide moat or stream, with floating flower islets and tiny canoes wreathed with vines, ferns and flowers.

Animals, of all sizes and species, made to appear like flowers, frisked and gambolled with themselves or their to-be brethren and sisters. All spirits, men, women, and children, personated an especial flower. We were grasped by Roscoe and Lilian, who had arrived by a different route before us and had attired them-

selves for the occasion. Roscoe was a huge chrysanthemum, Lilian a marvellous pink rose. So artistically were their costumes draped as to leave no suggestion of the form but the face glowing with pleasure and laughter.

"Come, John, come Ella, we have lovely costumes for you." they said, after greeting us.

"No necessity," said Clara, "I will have them clothed before you can."

Within a second, unknown to me how accomplished—only Celestial wisdom can understand—I appeared like a huge sunflower: that is every part of me was composed of numberless sunflowers emitting shafts of golden glory, streamers of electricity seemed to radiate from me. Ella stood transfixed as she gazed on me, while I, no less bewildered, gazed upon her transformation. Within a trice, ere I could hardly grasp the change, I saw little sparks, reasoning entities, group themselves into various colors and substances, forming lustrous, exquisite pansies, entirely covering Ella's form. Only her face peeped forth from the heart and center of a glorious pansy.

"Oh, how beautiful," we gasped, "why do not all have their costumes made so?"

"Simply because we seldom in spirit spheres display the knowledge and wisdom appertaining to the Celestial." laughed Clara.

"We will yet learn." said Roscoe.

"Yes, when you arrive at our plane, not before."

CHAPTER XII.

MORTAL LIFE

Ella recovered entirely. She returned to consciousness with no affection whatever for Roscoe, and seemed to regard him in a sense as an interloper. She would permit no one to touch upon her former relations with him. In fact, when he called on her after her recovery, she displayed so much indifference and apathy that her mother fearing a relapse requested him to keep away until she was fully assured that her recovery was permanent. Roscoe, already infatuated with another girl, gladly acquiesced. He recognized that physical attraction alone had enthralled them, and was much relieved to find that he need give his parents and relations no further cause for anxiety.

William met with a more kindly reception and was soon, to his great joy, installed as her favorite suitor. John, who remembered distinctly all his spiritual experiences, tried to bear with the same fortitude he evinced before, but, although he knew the truth, he could not always calm his turbulent passion and had often to scourge himself, mentally and physically, to repress his overwhelming desire.

"Verily," he thought, "if heaven were solely to be gained by ceasing to long for Ella, I fear that desire could never be conquered. Alas, how weak is poor human nature. Even though I know I am not of the earth, by no means animal, I am not potent to calm the blood and water of the natural body. The carnal triumphs so often."

Under the law of sin he was subjected, at this period, to daily fits of depression. The Colonel and William surmised the truth, with regret and sorrow, and did all they could to keep him from brooding. His father and mother also began to suspect the truth. Bitterly did the poor mother arraign herself for her short-sighted policy. When the truth dawned upon Roscoe and he realized all his brother had undergone through him, he was rendered almost as melancholy. One day, unable to restrain himself,

when John returned from the office with a pale, sad face, he lead him into the arbor and said huskily,

"John, I cannot stand it any longer. I know what is troubling you. Oh, what an ass I have been."

John turned a startled face while he sank on a seat,

"Roscoe, do not worry about me, I am conquering myself, I feel much better today."

"Why do you look so white and miserable?"

"I am slightly tired. The heat is oppressive."

"John, I know you love Ella. I see all now, I could kick myself for being so blind. I wish I had never seen her, that she had never come to us, we have only had misery through her."

"Roscoe, Ella is blameless," John said rebukingly, "she has never encouraged me at all, has only been a dear loving sister, and you know how she feels to you now."

"Yes, I am glad she does. I hope she and William will marry. He deserves her, but I can't bear to see you grieve over her. Do try to stop it, John."

"I am trying all the time, Roscoe. I will conquer all outward expression but my love for her is deathless. She is my soul mate although she does not dream it here."

"John, I know you are illumined, I do not doubt what you say. So, feeling that way, sure of her hereafter, although it seems cold comfort to me, I know you will be strong enough to pull yourself together, if only for the dear, old Mother's sake."

The dear mother, ever on the lookout for her ewe lamb, entered the arbor with both hands outstretched to her beloved sons. John sprang up, the blood suffusing his sensitive, young face.

"Dear mother, how lovely you look."

The mother glanced anxiously at Roscoe. He understood. He saw that she, as well as he, noted the pallid transparency of his skin, the unearthly glow in his eyes and, above all, the hectic flush in his cheeks after the blood receded,

"John, father and I have decided to spend our vacation with only our own especial brood, no-one else will be permitted. We have never really had a home. Father has bought a small place in the mountains and we insist upon all going with us. The Colonel gives you and Tom leave of absence until vacation is over. I will be so glad to get Tom away for a while."

Ah, diplomatic mother, you knew that would decide John, who little dreamed that the home was bought, not for Tom, who was

strong and husky although dissipated, but for himself, who, to the fond hearts surrounding him, seemed to be preparing for the final flight. At the mention of Tom's name, John looked much interested and replied with feeling,

"Mother, I heartily approve of your plan. It will be so delightful to be together for even so short a time, and I feel it will do Tom a world of good."

The mother and Roscoe exchanged bright looks of hope. Tom joined them with, not a hectic, but the flush of ardent spirits on his cheeks. He was in a slightly hilarious mood.

"Why, old fellow," addressing John, after nodding to the others, "why did you not wait for me? You are getting misanthropic, dear old boy, and need a change."

"So do you, Tom, and Mother is going to give us one. I hope you will come." John answered.

"Where? Oh, yes, to the mountains. Father spoke to me this morning, of course I'll come. It will help you wonderfully."

John answered with a smile, pleased to have Tom take such a view of it,

"Of course it will. I am eager to be off, when do we leave, Mother dear?"

"The day after tomorrow. You will have little time to bid friends good bye. You look tired, John, and had better rest awhile before dinner. Come, dear boy,"—putting an arm within his and taking him away.

"Roscoe, I would not mention it before, I hated to put it into words, but I fear for John." Tom remarked sadly.

"So do I, Tom," Roscoe answered sadly, "Oh, brother, for his sake, do be careful and control yourself, while he is with us at least."

"If it drives me crazy, I will control myself, have no fear." Tom swallowed a sob.

The brothers shook hands lovingly. Roscoe knew how impossible it was for Tom to control the appetite for liquor that he had developed. He knew that it was now a disease preying on his vitals, that it had advanced beyond his control, and that will was so dominated by the insatiable appetite that he was but a puppet in its hands.

"Oh, God, had we but confined him in its early stages before he had lost will, when strong enough to control. Oh, what a curse is liquor," Roscoe thought looking at Tom's lovable face, (with

its loving grey eyes and sweet mouth), with ineffable pity, "though he sinks to the depths, I will stand by him and take John's place with him."

Tom heaved a big sigh,

"Roscoe, if John goes Home, as he calls it, I fear it will be all up with me, I'll never be able to stand it."

"I'll stand by you, Tom, whatever happens. But try your utmost to exercise will, when unable I'll force you if possible." said Roscoe embracing him tenderly.

"Even if you shut me up, Roscoe, better that than worse."

Roscoe's handsome face wore a look of gloom, after parting from Tom, when he sought his father in the library. Mr. Roanoke's eyes brightened. His hopes were becoming more centered in Roscoe. Bitterly disappointed in Tom, heart wrung over John, he realized that this son, who had almost shipwrecked his life, was to be a bulwark to him in his old age.

"Roscoe, I wish to speak with you about John. We leave soon, especially for John's sake. The Doctor and I are hopeless. We know from John's own lips, when entranced, that he will very soon be taken."

Roscoe paled and trembled violently, "Oh, father, I had hope, Oh, Oh." He put his hands before his face, and tottered to an armchair. Suppressed sobs shook his big frame. John, his favorite brother, the angel of the home, to be taken. In truth, no hope, no hope, no use going into the country, vain all the loving care and prayers, his mother's heart would be broken, his father bowed with sorrow, and all for that unfortunate Ella who had almost ruined him, taken him from all these dear ones.

Bitter thoughts overwhelmed him, rebellion against God assailed him. Then his better nature asserted itself. He checked the unworthy thoughts. John's sweetness, holiness, arose before him, John's faith, love, wisdom awoke within him, for the first time, beams of truth,

"John is right, he will not really die, he will still be with us." Vanquished were his doubts and fears, conquered by faith in his brother he developed faith in life eternal and God. He removed his hands and lifted a transfigured face to his father, "John will still be with us, Father, and I feel I will see him after he passes on," impressed by the spirit spheres he spoke words of truth, he was to see the beloved brother often, ere he, also, would be detached.

That eve John, in company with Tom, whom he would not abandon even for Ella, called upon her to bid farewell. They found her, alone in the drawing room, seated before the piano. She arose as they entered, a vision in white muslin and pink rosebuds,

"Dear boys, so you are going away. I shall miss you so much." grasping each by a hand, and looking with tenderness and anxiety at John.

Ah, Ella, even then you were beginning to realize that John, although a cousin, had a peculiar attraction for you, one so potent that oft, despite the pleadings of your mother, and the worship of William, you had difficulty in keeping in check. When she, not for the first time, noted his extreme delicacy, the saintliness of his expression, she felt as though she would lose consciousness.

"Oh, my saint, John," she thought despairingly, "you will soon be taken and I will be bereft." Then sternly willing herself to subdue these uncousinly feelings, she felt too keenly that she had almost wrecked Roscoe's life, a cousin almost a brother, and would not permit unhallowed feelings to control, so she banished all and lovingly spoke,

"Dear John, dear Tom, my heart and love will go with you, you know, John, I am always with you in spirit."

John looked amazed. Was it possible that Ella was remembering the truth? He saw such a gleam in her eyes that his body, refreshed and revived, responded to the joy of his soul. A look of rapture shot athwart his face, of such hallowed love and purity, a look that Ella, touched to her inmost core, remembered to the day of her death as her greatest blessing and comfort.

The family were soon settled in their log cabin, in the mountains, about twenty miles distant. It was a roomy cabin of a dozen rooms, furnished with rustic, handmade furniture, with great fireplaces in the living room, and wide porches. It made an ideal home. It was located on the summit of a broad ridge, in the center of a clearing. Its outlook took in an unobstructed view of a vast range of country on all sides.

Beneath them, in front, ran a placid river, in the rear a forest primeval. The nearest white neighbor was ten miles away. The red man twice that distance, fortunately, at this time, not on the war path. Mr. Roanoke had brought several sturdy, colored men and a couple of women, to do the work. He and his boys devoted themselves to hunting and fishing.

Mrs. Roanoke and Lilian superintended the kitchen and dairy, besides taking occasional trips with the men folks. John, after his parting interview with Ella, had braced up considerably and soon began to improve in health and spirits. Feeling that Ella realized the truth at last, filled with a strong determination to forget self, to devote all thought and love to the dear ones whom he knew he was soon to part with on the mortal plane, he willed himself to take the best care of himself physically that he could.

Knowing that he could not prolong life ordained to go, he also knew he could keep the body in good condition by giving it the right kind of care, therefore he bathed and exercised regularly, ate good, wholesome food, breathed good, pure air, clothed himself properly according to the weather, and, above all, kept a calm, tranquil mind.

In those days, New Thought, as old as the hills, Christian Science and mental branches, were unknown, but John was especially gifted and received his knowledge direct from the spirit spheres, from whence all the knowledge in the world has come, hence knew more than any physician how to care for himself. He knew that the panacea for all ills, the best tonic he could have, was to forget self, to give no more thought to his mental or physical condition than was necessary to keep his brain and body in good working order.

Every night, after retiring, prior to going to sleep, he would thank God for all his blessings, forget or ignore all worries and relapse into sleep with peace in his mind and soul. Regularly every morning he awakened fully conscious of all that had transpired in the real life, thus strengthened and comforted. Needless to say, the family were delighted, and hope again began to sing her alluring song in all their hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke breathed sighs and prayers of relief and gratitude. Roscoe and Tom beamed with joy. Lilian carolled throughout the day and eve like a nightingale. Thus two months of peace and joy glided by. All began to think that John would be spared, that he was saved, and that within a few weeks he would be entirely recovered. Tom, also, had made a gallant fight and seemingly conquered. For love of his dear brother he had refrained from even going to the white neighbors because he kept a distillery. Although he suffered with the thirst of the damned he would not yield. In this pure environment, the healthful outdoor life, he acquired will and poise. All

began to hope that he would be enabled to conquer for good and all the insidious disease waiting to claim him.

Thus a beautiful calm preceded the terrible storm soon to break. Despite the fact that Mr. Roanoke had heard from John's own lips that he would be taken, he thrust all thoughts of it aside, deeming them incorrect impressions, one of many made by undeveloped psychics. John's pink cheeks—not hectic flush now, his bright eyes, joyous manner, his hearty laugh, deceived all. Several times he felt like preparing them but refrained, thinking he would let them enjoy every moment until the last day. One week, prior to the day, he decided to see Ella once more, so he sought his mother with the intention of requesting her to invite her sister and Ella for a few days. To his surprise his mother, doubtless impressed by her Celestial guides, said when he approached her, on the porch,

“John, I'd love to see my sister and Ella. Would it weaken you, dear, if I'd send for them? Are you strong enough to bear it?”

He laughed merrily. No, he would not spoil their last days. Let them remember him joyous and happy to the end.

“Mother, darling, just the thing. Have no fear for me. All my worries and glooms are of the past; yes, send old Tom with the wagonette and bring them tomorrow.”

“I have to consult your father first. Ah, here he comes. Dear, John and I would like to send for sister and Ella. Do you think it wise?”

Mr. Roanoke's face clouded. What unfortunate fate was forcing his wife, generally so sensible, to this unwise request. With John's eager eyes mutely imploring he was compelled to smilingly agree. He sought Roscoe and told him. Roscoe jumped up from the couch with anxious face,

“Oh, father, we are so happy. It is like Eden, now the serpent—Oh, God, forgive me!”

“Too late now. Would that your mother had consulted me in private.”

A merry party welcomed Ella and her mother. Mr. Roanoke helped them alight from the wagonette. All, excepting Roscoe, welcomed Ella lovingly. Roscoe, too perturbed, could not appear natural. While Ella was laying off her wraps he took his gun and went hunting. He could not bear to look upon John's rapturous face. For the first time since their arrival a terrible

foreboding overwhelmed him. When he returned late, after supper, he joined the family in the living-room and felt relieved to find all tranquil and happy. Even John's face seemed more natural, less rapturous, although his eyes glowed with a strange brilliancy. John pulled a chair next to him,

"Come, Roscoe, sit here."

Barely glancing at Ella, who sat between his father and mother opposite John, he sat down, looked searchingly at his brother and then at his father, whose eyes met his with a look of anxiety.

Ella, who had been gay and blithesome ere he entered, arose and sought Lilian, seated near her aunt, at the large center table. Roscoe noted John's eyes following her with such a look of yearning intensity that, startled, he glanced at Ella who, thinking herself unobserved, looked at John with equal yearning and intensity. Despite his indifference and irritation he felt a warm heart-throb of sympathy: "God pity them," he thought. So intense and prolonged was Ella's gaze that it soon became evident to all that she was unconscious of all but the one dearest object in the room to her. Fortunately John's attention had been distracted by his father and he, alone, did not see it. Her mother, alarmed and horrified, beyond measure, at the truth, so openly, unconsciously displayed for the first time, arose and took her hand,

"Ella, dear, please sing to us, my child."

Ella awoke from her absorption and answered smilingly,

"Certainly, Mother."

All had read the truth. All saw that not solely John but she also suffered. All hearts sympathized with her, thinking that she at last realized what a mistake she had made in encouraging Roscoe when her love had been given to John. Mr. Roanoke said to his wife ere retiring,

"How I wish there were not such a prejudice against cousins marrying, I'd really encourage it."

"We have nothing to do with it," she replied, "It is in God's hands."

Regardless of the secret canker of care the next few days passed pleasantly. John continued as bright and well as ever. Ella never forgot herself again, a hint from her mother sufficed. The last day of mortal life for John dawned. Alone in his chamber, after Tom left, he arose and attired himself carefully. Ere going out he looked in the glass and noted with satisfaction the peace

and healthfulness of his face: "They will remember me as I appear, I am glad I look so well."

All had assembled on the porch. Every member of the household was present. John went up to his father and asked him to read a certain chapter and to sing "Nearer my God to Thee." The grand, inspiring words: "The spirit is released in glory, the corruptible put on the incorruptible," in fact, the funeral service was read, with mingled emotions by the father, who began to suspect a motive and in the middle of it stopped abruptly and looked anxiously at his son. He saw a radiant face, so luminous with love, that he, encouraged, resumed to the end. After the closing hymn and prayer, all were startled when John advanced to his father, saying:

"Father, dear, there is going to be soon, I regret to say, a parting. While I have time I want to tell you all some things which, after I am gone, I want you to remember. First, dear father, as my time is short, draw up that couch here, Mother, dear, on my right, Ella, on my left. Beloved Father, brothers and sisters, friends, the time has come.' John sank slowly in the middle of the couch, no sign of weakness visible.

The mother took one hand, Ella the other, while the family grouped themselves around.

"Before I go on I want to bid all good-bye. Come, old friends," to the colored servants, "let me bid you farewell until we meet on the other side."

Sobbingly, wonderingly, they shook him by the hand. His old nurse kissed him thrice ere she returned to her place. The father, Roscoe and Tom, all trembling violently, with suppressed emotion, embraced him lovingly and lingeringly, loth to relinquish him. Mrs. Langdon, his aunt, with firm tones to give him courage, said tenderly,

"Not good-bye, dearest boy, but au revoir, we'll soon join you."

The mother, paralyzed with grief, sat incapable of motion or speech. Ella, with a frozen look of despair, swayed violently. Tenderly he took the hands of his best beloved and clasped them.

"Beloved ones, grieve not, believe me, we never part. I shall see you all tonight in the real home. Darling Mother, you will soon know here, you will be comforted, I know."

His mother's face suddenly became transfigured, joy, wonder overspread it.

“Father, Mother, Oh, it is true, you do live. Oh, Father, my Mother.”

“Oh, John, John, my ewe lamb, my baby boy, you are going with them, you will not die, you will live like them. Oh, I thank Thee, Heavenly Father.”

John drew her to him, kissing her repeatedly. Then he clasped Ella to his heart, murmured a few inaudible words, and, with a face unutterably tender and loving, continued,

“Dear ones, I do not go, I never shall leave you, you are ever with me. Father, believe me, all I have said is true. The real life surrounds you. Although you know it not, there is no separation. There is only a veil, it is now drawn for me. It will be drawn for you all, tonight, when you sleep. I only leave this mortal body, it will go to dust, but I shall live on in my real body. The spirit is released, the corruptible is abandoned. The incorruptible is always incorruptible, cannot be corrupted in hell nor purged in purgatory. I will not stay in the grave until Gabriel sounds his horn, anymore than did the dear Lord. God is the God of the living not of the dead. All live. Life cannot die, become extinct. Love cannot be wiped out of consciousness, my life, my love, I take with me. They are me. Without life, without love, I'd cease to exist. My life, my love is ever expressed through a body in the real life as here That body I ever live in. That body, you, Mother and Roscoe will see before long on this plane. It is the only real one. The glorious home of our Father is not solely for the redeemed, but for all His children—the saint and the sinner. All do not go, but live there all the time save when conscious for a transitory period here. Not solely for those who have faith, for those who can see and hear, for those who are ready, but for all—whether they have good instruments or not, whether born righteous, or moral pervert, whether able to stand, like Roscoe, or who fall like my dear old Tom. Your hand again, brother mine. You will not, you cannot fall in the real home, and, if you do here, if you sink to the depths, dear old boy, know that in the real life you are on an equal plane with all. Our Father makes no distinctions. All are His own. He knows what He is about. He is Omnipotent. We can neither advise nor teach Him. Oh, beloved ones, does not my going, all severing of the mortal, all birth, all, prove His Omnipotence. Father,” turning to his father, “thy hand, will you pardon and love, after I am gone, this dear brother,

and seek to understand that which causes physical and mental weakness. Not the pure, holy child of God, all God's children are holy, but the poor physical brains and bodies which they can not use properly. A poor, defective brain or body is not a good instrument, is not amenable to the control of the spirit, who fain would evoke harmony instead of discord, as so many do and regret bitterly. Beloved ones, there is nothing to regret. We all do the very best we can with the instruments which are evolved with us, and which, under law, we to a certain degree develop. Hath not the Potter power over the clay, to evolve one lump to dishonor or to honor, as is best for discipline here? Hence, as the lump is fashioned by the Potter or His instruments, is the career and life of all determined on earth. Always remember this so you can bear, with courage, all sorrow and sin. You all know of our beautiful home where I shall see you tonight, where we are all happy and free from worry. So, I pray you will not grieve, Mother darling,—clasping her again—you will be brave."

With streaming eyes, the mother promised. Then he turned to his father and with dimming eyes, tremulously he said, "Father, be good to Tom."

Mr. Roanoke knelt before him, murmuring, "My beloved son, I promise, I promise."

"Roscoe," John took Roscoe's hand and then said as his head sank, "Ella, Ella, do not grieve." then closed his eyes and his head fell upon his mother's breast, the breast that had nursed him as a babe, sheltered him as a child, comforted him as a boy, and now was the last to receive him as he lapsed into a state of coma, which preceded his death a few hours later.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPIRIT LIFE

Turn we from the sorrow-filled home of the Roanoke's to the same home in the spirit world. With Harold and Clarice, John, after a certain period devoted to connecting him more closely with the Divine Mind, slowly returned to consciousness. Memory of the spirit life was cut off. The part of his brain recording spiritual impressions was still in a magnetized state, which, unlike the majority as he was so spiritually unfolded, would soon be restored to its normal condition. While all remember, when detached by sleep or trance, all appertaining to spirit and mortal life, all, upon first awakening by that cognized as death, remember nothing of the spirit life until memory returns, which varies in all.

Many can remember nothing for several days and, during these periods, more or less in the material consciousness, insist upon staying in it, closer to the dear ones left behind, until memory returns and they remember the life of the two worlds. During these periods they seek all who are in communion who are still on that plane and have mortal bodies to connect them with it, for naturally they can only express through the material brain and body. Very seldom do spirits, still in mortal life, discern spirits in the real life. Solely when in the spiritual consciousness, attached or detached, do they see, at other times they merely see psychical representations of the spiritual which appear like unto the mortal forms, and representations of either mortal or spiritual life like unto the moving pictures of today.

There are many psychically developed but very few spiritually unfolded enough to see or hear in the true spiritual consciousness. Hence all, more or less, given by the average medium is tinged with her material beliefs and the beliefs of the mortal minds present, which they, unconsciously, in perfect faith, devoid of desire to deceive, give as spiritual tests and truths. All of an

undeveloped nature, all not pure, holy and righteous, is untrue. Only the good is real and true.

John awoke and glanced at his tutors with questioning eyes. He remembered all the mortal life and nothing else. All that he recalled of the spirit life on earth was also shut off, so, wonderingly, admiringly, full of love and awe, he looked upon their beauty and majesty.

"John, dear, you will soon remember all, you are at home." Clarice stroked his forehead tenderly.

"Home, Oh, yes, the eternal home I used to dream about, I presume. This seems so beautiful, so different. But, Oh, Oh, my beloved ones," yearningly and pathetically, "shall I never see them again? I cannot bear to leave them, I want them so, cannot I go back? Oh, please let me return, if but for a few moments. I want, I want them so."

John was feeling the only grief felt in spirit life, the grief of the newly awakened, who leave the best beloved on mortal plane, who, still unconscious of the truth, impress mediums on that plane, thus causing those only psychically developed to believe in sin and sorrow in the real life, as all religions teach, and as many claiming to be spiritualists, occultists, etc. claim.

John importuned so pitifully that his tutors put him into the material consciousness. As he had no material brain, no vehicle of expression, he was only conscious in his real body and could not manifest in any way to those conscious in their mortal bodies. Unconscious on the spirit plane, he was led by his tutors to the large hall where his parents and a large number of friends and relatives were assembled for the funeral. For three days he had been unconscious on the spirit plane. During that time his family had his body taken home and prepared for burial.

John, not conscious on the spirit plane, found himself back of his father and mother, sitting near the coffin wherein he lay. He cast merely a glance at his mortal form and centered all his attention on the bowed heads of his beloved parents. He spoke—they answered not. He caressed them—they heeded not. Saddened he approached Ella, heavily veiled and quivering with vainly repressed emotion.

"Ella, love," he murmured,—not a word in reply. He took her hands but they seemed to dissolve in his grasp. He could not raise them to his lips. "They neither see nor hear me," he murmured, "and yet I am more substantial than they." Hope-

fully he sought Roscoe and Tom, "They will know me," he thought. He put his hand on Roscoe's shoulder. He seemed, in a sense, to respond. "Roscoe, brother," he said caressingly.

He saw Roscoe raise his face from his hands and Roscoe's eyes looked into his with joy and exultation. He recognized him, he saw him distinctly: the quick and the dead, in truth the two living brothers gazed with breathless joy, "I am not dead, I live, brother mine."

"I know, I know, thank God, thank God," breathed Roscoe. Then spirit consciousness was submerged by the material and he dropped his face, still illumined, in his hands, quivering with mingled joy and pain: joy to know he had not lost his brother, pain that the dearly loved mortal form would soon be consigned in the tomb.

Finding no-one else to recognize him and that Roscoe could not see him any more, he placed himself next to the minister at the head of his coffin, and listened to his own funeral service as do many spirits. He was pleased to see that his mortal body was not at all repulsive but good and wholesome looking with a look of peace and sanctity, that the peace of the spirit was indelibly impressed on his face. At that thought, peace, he suddenly remembered all that he had known of the spirit life on earth, and peace, sweet peace was again restored to him, and he looked with renewed hope and love upon all assembled to pay their last tribute of love to him.

After the services, ere the pall bearers approached, he saw Roscoe seek his mother and father. He saw their illumined faces. He heard their softly murmured prayers of gratitude. He saw Tom and William join them and listen with trembling lips, and he saw his mother go to Ella and whisper the glad tidings. Ella did not raise her veil but he saw her clasp her little hands together and bow her head more reverently.

He followed them into the grounds and witnessed his body put into its last resting place, in the family plot in the extreme rear of the grounds. He stayed with them, following first one and then another until the shades of night fell and all retired to their rooms. When he awakened on the spirit side he was restored to complete memory and gladly welcomed the change, notwithstanding that he was never again to return to the dear old earth school.

That night, after Ella was detached by sleep, he sought her. She was seated alone in a favorite arbor.

"John," she exclaimed joyfully, "how joyous to see you, to know you still live. Ah, how grateful I was when Roscoe told me he had seen you," caressing him tenderly as he clasped her hands lovingly, and seated himself by her side. "It is so heavenly to know the truth, would to God I could remember there."

"Only a moment, dear, a moment in eternity, and we will ever see each other here."

"Even if I do marry William, knowing the truth, William also here, we can still have many moments of happiness."

"Yes, and I will be so occupied with my new vocations and duties that I will have no time to grieve over that which must be endured for our ultimate good."

William approached. He laughed merrily when he noted their absorption,

"It is well you have no animal attraction for me here, Ella, that I know you are not my soul mate as I deem you on earth, or I might have the feeling we call jealousy there."

"One of the most insidious and fatal in its effects of all the ignoble animal qualities, I know. I felt it often there, William." answered John.

"I the same. But, thank God, none of those base feelings are real, that they are suggested for a purpose." said William.

"Yes, of course they are but phases of consciousness, but as all consciousness comes from the Father, how can anything so undeveloped, so unlike His love, come from Him?" asked Ella.

"A question that perplexes many on earth but should not you, Ella. You must still be in the material consciousness." smiled John.

"I was just detached and possibly am a little. Of course I know that the earth life is more or less illusory, still that does not explain, because even illusions and delusions must be caused by God as He is the First Great Cause. We know He cannot cause anything unlike Himself, even an illusion, that in truth there are no illusions as we cognize them there, that this false state of consciousness is not the consciousness of God, but a phase ever in existence, not caused by Him as Divine Person, Embodied Being, but under His Divine laws, like them ever in existence, to develop His children."

“Yes, Ella, we as yet cannot solve many problems nor grasp, with our undeveloped spirit brains and minds, any more than we can with the material brain; but all the Celestial Angels know and understand, and this we know when entirely out of the mortal consciousness. I know and I shall try to help you now in seeing that which you ever know when fully yourself,” John said. “You know we often think we see and hear many things without any foundation, not caused by any being, but feelings caused by our little undeveloped entities in the aggregate. Thus, the angels, under Divine law, themselves not conscious or feeling aught caused by the different modes of grouping the entities, produce the various animal passions, entirely distinct and apart from the consciousness that comes from God, the sole real consciousness in existence. We, with the consciousness received from the Father, are not conscious of them here when apart from the mortal brain and body. Thus, as all appertaining to the animal nature of earth is in truth not the consciousness of the spirit child, but feelings transmitted from the animal brain to where individual consciousness is located, when we are detached we cannot understand as we only receive the transmitted feelings when attached to the mortal form. The feelings of the entities, you see, are transmitted to the spirit in control of the mortal form. The feelings caused by the expression of the soul gifts through the entities in the cerebrum, with which he is directly connected, are transmitted ere he becomes conscious of them, in a similar manner. The consciousness of the entities is not the consciousness of the spirit. The consciousness of the spirit is **not** the consciousness of God. The mortal plane is the most undeveloped plane in existence, the sole plane where life is developed through that cognized as evil, in truth undeveloped conditions, to become able to express in spirit life the soul gifts of love, wisdom, power, etc. Thus every entity on the upward march evolves from low to high, when detached by sleep or trance, expressing ever and always more perfectly the spiritual qualities, becoming more and more in tune with the Infinite; on mortal plane, little by little developing the attributes without which the qualities could not be expressed. Were not every spirit trained in industry, application, concentration, determination, courage, loyalty, forbearance, patience, submission, and other qualities, no spirit could advance. The severe conditions of earth life are essential or they would not exist. We here know it to be but a

kinder-garten where the spirit acquires neither wisdom nor knowledge, for all is impressed from this side, but where he learns, not to subjugate or conquer, as deemed on that plane, the animal propensities, but, as many know, correctly impressed, to develop the attributes necessary for each individual case, impressed indelibly on the real brain through sin and suffering, or otherwise, for all who sin do not suffer and all who suffer do not sin. A babe, stillborn, does not suffer at all, is never conscious on mortal plane, but the entities selected to form its brain reproduce as many as are essential to vitalize the organs of the next higher form in which they will be used. Their first experience in the vital organs of the babe stillborn succeeded by experiences in another. The babe, with no experiences to undergo, is never conscious on earth, is brought forth on spirit plane conscious, after all entities are developed in the mother's vital frame and mortal body, prior to birth. So you see, the mortal bodies are very different from the real ones and must be developed under different conditions.

"Every entity in the brain and vital organs of the real body never change nor leave their permanent abiding place. All have been developed through lower forms on both planes. The entities of the mortal human body used in a higher one, or more developed vehicle; hence the reincarnation of mortal bodies has led many to believe in the reincarnation of soul or spirit, which you know is not true."

"Certainly not. A great difference and yet almost impossible to understand there."

"These brains are not ready to transmit that which, in time, school children will as here." answered John.

"And yet they realize that brains make the difference between the different races." said Ella.

"Yes, they grasp that brains make the difference between races and individuals, but are not yet ready to understand that the soul or spirit is not responsible for the formation of his brain prior to birth nor for the material conditions of environment, education, training, association, etc. until impressed correctly from here, to himself, seemingly, although really under guidance, better his conditions or vice versa."

"They do not know that although he exercises free will he can only express according to the brain and mind formed under the environment he was brought forth in, the education and associa-

tion of his early years with which he has nothing to do. Fortunately for many on earth, who lead long lives, the child up to the fifteenth year forms but little mind, therefore, when taken in early life, or before he forms mind, to superior conditions, is saved needless misery, but as all are governed on this side all get that which is necessary."

"John, if I really were the creature I appear in mortal life, I would be ashamed if I could feel shame," laughing, "to look you in the face." Ella nestled closer. John caressed her lovingly,

"No, darling, you know no better there."

"And I know, although I had precept hammered into me daily by my parents, that these precepts had no meaning at all for me. I think so differently there." said Ella.

"That is the truth, you think so differently. Although you had almost the same education and environment as I, your material brain was formed differently, to make you through free will form a different kind of mind, not formed by the actual experiences of mortal life but by the manner in which these experiences were transmitted to you, through a brain formed to transmit to you very differently from that which mine transmitted to me. Darling, when mortals get into this truth there will be more love and tolerance expressed." said John.

"Of course, they will know it is foolish to expect an imbecile, a fool, a degenerate, a criminal born, or the mentally afflicted, to express themselves correctly, to act rationally or rightly."

"Thus comprehending that these unfortunates cannot, through physical causes, express themselves correctly, although they sometimes develop brains to comprehend that physical causes, material limitations, are responsible for all the ills with which humanity is afflicted, and the spirits not at all."

"Certainly, but we know the real spiritual not the physical cause, that under law every entity is impressed here to cause the physical disturbance, the necessary suffering."

"Thus knowing that which all will know in time, on both planes, whether able to express on mortal or not, and comprehending, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

"And, 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

MORTAL LIFE

Ella sat beside William's couch awaiting his end. They had been married several years and had become devoted friends, therefore, with great grief and pity, sat she by his side. No one else was in the great chamber. The nurse withdrew for a few minutes; the Colonel also, to take a much needed rest, completely exhausted after nights of vigil by his son's bedside.

The dying man, propped up with pillows, a shadow of his former self, wasted by consumption to a skeleton, put forth a weak, trembling hand which was clasped tenderly by Ella. His deep, sunken eyes glowed with love as he murmured,

"My time draws near, Beloved, I'll soon be with our dear ones. How thankful I am to your father and Roscoe that they have robbed death of all its horrors, so that I can go with peace and courage instead of fear and anguish."

"Yes, yes, dear William, you will soon know all and be with John and all the rest." replied Ella in quivering tones, eyes suffused with tears.

"Especially grateful I am, knowing as I have for some time that which I think you do not know here, that you will be with John and not with me when you go home." William patted her cheek tenderly.

"Why, William," Ella lifted eyes full of wonder, "how do you know? Sometimes it seems to me in dreams I feel something connecting me with John."

"And you know you love him, Ella, we all have known it for many years. I could not be jealous of John, I love him too much, but, dear, it has weakened my desire for mortal life and strengthened my faith in my life immortal, so all is well. I feel you could not change if you willed, so I cannot blame you in the least only love you more tenderly for being so loving and patient with me."

"William, beloved husband, I have loved and love you deeply.

Although it is true John seems to be a part of myself, I cannot explain, I only feel we are bound in some mysterious way, but, Oh," sobbing softly, "I do want you so to stay with me, William, I cannot bear to part with you."

"Dearest, I know now very much of the other life. I know that there we love each other as here but that there is a greater love in store for us. So, while I grieve to leave you I feel that we will never really be separated, as I have seen John several times. I may come to you here, at least I hope so."

The Colonel entered, still erect and stately, but careworn and furrowed in face. His idol was about to be taken. Nothing could allay his grief. He had advanced but little in occultism and, although he knew some truths, had no spiritual gift and dreaded to look forward to the long years without his boy.

William dropped Ella's hand and, with a bright, welcoming smile for his adored father, extended both his skinny hands. The Colonel took them gently and with intense love and yearning returned his son's look.

"Father, dear, I want you to know I am not going away. I will be here, though the remains—how little there is left of your boy, only skin and bones—will be bereft of mortal life. I, in another form, not skin and bones, will be with you. You know that, Father, so do not grieve over me but rejoice with me that mortal life's pains and sorrows will end, and I will emerge more full of life and beauty than the butterfly from its ugly casket, and, and, I'll be with Mother, dear Mother, so patiently waiting for my release."

"The only thing that consoles me, my beloved son, is that you know these things, that they are real to you. Possibly I may be blessed the same for, Oh, God," chokingly, "that alone can comfort me, nothing else can or will, I must myself know."

"Then seek and ye shall find, Father mine."

The Colonel flushed. Not yet had he abandoned entirely his belief in reincarnation of Theosophy. The words of Christ, with a new meaning, stirred his soul,

"I will seek devoutly and humbly," he murmured.

After William was interred, with the simple service he desired, the father sought his study to be alone with his soul, to seek if possible in some way to obtain greater clarity of vision, if not actual knowledge.

"Light, light, Oh, God, light, light, I pray Thee."

For the first time since a boy God was inportuned by the advanced thinker; one, who heretofore, although beneficent, loving, merciful, could not even think of an Omnipotent Personal Being, yea, truly, could not even think of God. But now, in his deep anguish, no deeper than when his beloved wife was taken, the veil was not drawn, the scales were not lifted, but the brain, within the spirit brain, for the first time received the correct impression of God, the Father, and thus, not in answer to his prayer for light, Ah, how many have prayed and prayed in vain, but because he was to be one of the few to receive it, he felt his whole being vibrate and his mind became open, receptive, to the truth of Life and Love Eternal, of, not solely life, but love eternal. Thus, baptized with the waters of love from the Source of Love Eternal, he knew, with the certainty of Soul knowledge, that his son, as his son, no descending into matter ego, lived the life eternal.

“Blind, besotted fool, not to know that without the real son and wife, the real love for them, (love for them as individuals,) could not exist. The greater the expression of love for the individual, the greater the universal, one cannot exist without the other. There could be no universal love were there none for our own—those given to us by Omnipotence, entrusted to us especially. No, no ego, no high and mighty adepts, do I long, do I yearn for, I want my boy; I want, I want my wife, and, Oh, I thank Thee, Father, that at last I have light and truth.”

He lifted his head suddenly as though impelled to, and with wondering, startled eyes he saw, (not forming before him, for true spiritual body ever formed does not form, only the material and etherial on mortal plane), with spirit sight opened, he saw his beloved wife and son, with radiant faces and love-filled eyes. He distinctly heard his wife's voice, so long unheard, so ardently longed for,

“Beloved, at last you see and know. We live as ever. We do not lose personality by reincarnating.” He heard his son's voice, vibrating with sympathy and love, “Seek and ye shall find, Father mine.”

No more, just a glimpse of Heaven, and darkness shut off his spirit sight, again overshadowed. But not his soul. Deep within its hidden recesses he knew the truth. Never again would skepticism, doubt nor incredulity assail him.

“Oh, what Nirvana can equal this; what union with the Absolute bring me such joy and peace. I dreamed of its joy and peace before I lost my wife, before I lost my son, before I lost my father and mother, as persons and individuals, but ever since, within my soul, I have known no universal love could ever bring me joy and peace, that, were they wiped out as personalities, I could indeed pray to lose individuality and attain to the Nirvana state of complete absorption and indifference. Not otherwise. Far more beautiful, soul satisfying, the Doctrine of Love which teaches that love can never become extinct but is the most potent emotion in existence; that the greater the influx of love for individual, parent, wife, child, friend, the greater the expression of love for all. Not by denying or renouncing love—superior to all, can we attain to Heaven—superior to Nirvana, but by expressing it in all ways to all forms of life according to their plane of development and receptivity and ours of development and expression. I cannot love a pollywog as I can a bird; I cannot love a bird as I can a dog or a horse; I cannot love a dog or horse as I can a human child; I cannot love the average child as I can my own, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. Therefore, there are various expressions of love and, although the pollywog in time will change into a higher form, the love for the pollywog is not as great as that for the higher forms; nor the love for the higher forms, unless more worthy in various cases, as great as the parent love derived from God, or the love for our own bound to us by ties of consanguinity and congeniality.”

Thus reflecting and pondering over the past, he sat for many hours. Finally he arose and took a long-unused Bible from a nearby stand. He turned to the Lord's Sermon on the Mount and read thoughtfully for some moments, then again broke into soliloquy,

“Blessed Messenger of Love. How ever could I have interpreted differently. How clear and loving your message: ‘Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the merciful. Love your enemies.’—how many who profess to follow Him, do that?”

“Ah, Divine Messenger, Thou didst never consign any of Thy creatures to hell, nay, but the physical body to the grave. How could I ever think that Guatama was higher, with his deeply complex, abstruse philosophy, a philosophy so complex, so full of the numberless conflicting impressions of countless psychics,

as to deserve the opinion of the materially erudite not spiritually unfolded: that all can find in it that which they consider truth, proving to the real thinker that although Truth is received and expressed differently, a fraction or a half truth, if true, can never conflict with truth of any kind. It is only the incorrectly received, or expressed, that conflicts; never the Truth. Therefore a religion or philosophy filled with contradictions and inconsistencies, such as Theosophy and the Christian religions, as interpreted by those who compiled and revised this holy book, a material contradiction for many spiritual statements, proves, without doubt, that the material contradiction, all, of the material nature, was not received correctly or was not from the spirit at all. Therefore I shall seek and find the spiritual."

CHAPTER XV.

MORTAL LIFE

Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke were in their room. Mr. Roanoke lying on the bed in painful thought. Mrs. Roanoke, pretending to sew, sat near him. Hearing him sigh heavily she said tenderly,

“Dear, I feel there is no hope for our poor boy. We have done all that we could. We can do no more. We must leave him in God’s hands.”

“In God’s hands! How many leave their beloved to His tender mercy to see them sacrificed as ruthlessly as were the lambs sacrificed on holy alters and the martyrs to the fire, to the dungeon, to the wild beasts. His tender mercy—Oh, wife, I am sick of that. I cannot believe in such a God.” bitterly responded her husband, not daring to look at her.

“Why, Randolph, you know the truth,” she dropped her sewing with consternation, “you who have proved to me, the skeptic, that this life is transitory and not the true life, and now you blaspheme, you arraign the loving Father. Oh, anything but that, anything but that.”

“I can be a hypocrite no longer. I have professed religion for many years. Although I could not grasp Christ as Divine, I believed in an Omnipotent Power, God All-Good. Now, although I know we live and do not die, I have my doubts about a God, All-Good, or Omnipotent Love and Wisdom. It seems to me God is not All-Good if Omnipotent or He would not persecute those who believe in Him, as He did Christ and all who truly follow the spiritual life. Look, think of all you have read of and personally know. The good have ever been sacrificed, the strong prey upon the weak from the time that man first began to think, the good, all history proves, have ever been sacrificed. Think of Christ, The Apostles, the martyrs, crucified, persecuted, burned. Think of the really devout among all races and classes, during all epochs, the prey and victims of the powerful and the cruel. No, wife, shake not your head. Think of all your friends

and neighbors who have lead and lead righteous lives. Are they not ever treated like dogs because they turn the other cheek, besides having afflictions of all kinds to contend with. If God is just, if loving, why does He not punish those who deserve it? Look at our own troubles. We were cast out because I dared to marry one socially my inferior. All my family have prospered, are wealthy and high placed, while I, who have wronged not one being, am in a subordinate position, have lost one idolized son and now see another going to the dogs, powerless to help with prayers and petitions or in any way. God, if good, is not Omnipotent. And yet there are fools who teach: "Seek the kingdom of righteousness and all good gifts shall be added thereunto. Bah!"

"Oh, Randolph, Randolph, what a material interpretation you put on these holy words. God grant few will be permitted to so distort their holy meaning. Think you earthly fame, wealth, glory, are superior to the true spiritual gifts of correct spiritual insight, of love, compassion, charity, self-abnegation, service, the good gifts really worth striving for, not the material ones. And how do we acquire these good gifts? Not by leading useless lives of self-indulgence, free from care, immune to sin and suffering, but through undergoing all, no matter how severe, with faith that He Who numbers every hair, every tear, every heart-throb, knows that which is best for us all. Although inscrutable and inexplicable are His ways, I can only love and revere, feeling intuitively that all is well no matter how we suffer here." almost sobbed the heart-broken wife and mother.

"You are a true Christian and yet you suffer. You have not the peace that passeth understanding."

"Again, Randolph, how often this beautiful saying is not understood. Although I have the peace that passeth understanding regarding our spirit loved-ones and spirit life, I cannot be in peace while my beloved ones here suffer or do wrong. No mother, no-one who truly loves another can be in peace when seeing others suffering or sinning, especially the child brought forth in suffering and anguish. Those mothers who proudly give up or send their sons to die for patriotism, who value the soil upon which they chance to be brought forth more than the child entrusted to them by God, I fail to understand, as I do the mother who placidly clasps her hands when her young go astray, and say it is God's will. Neither know the true mother love

or they would know that loyalty to God, Good, is superior to loyalty to one's country, and that God wills no-one to do wrong. His will is ever the will of righteousness and love."

"Well, if you think it right for God to take John and make a drunkard of Tom, I cannot."

"Randolph, I am not learned in religion. It is too deep for me. I do not know why we are here but often, often, I think of what John said about the beautiful world, where only love reigned and that the dear, loving Father was all love. So, though I cannot explain, I believe in Him in Whom my saint-like boy had such faith."

A tottering footstep in the hall, a heavy fall arrested their attention. They sprang to the door to see Tom lying in a shapeless heap upon the floor, blood oozing from his nostrils and mouth. Within a moment the parents called for help and soon placed their unfortunate boy, victim not of drink but of the taint in his blood that caused the insatiable appetite, upon the bed. The mother, after he had been attended to by the doctor and nurse, sat by his side, hands clasped in prayer. The doctor, after a thorough examination, said that the heart was very weak, that he might go at any moment or linger for some days.

Mr. Roanoke fled from the room, after an agonized look at his wife, to send Lilian to her mother. Ella, who was also in the house, entered with her cousin Lilian. Both approached the bed and knelt in prayer ere looking at Tom. The mother extended a hand to each, as they arose with faces, though heart-wrung in expression, calm and tranquil.

"Our poor boy will soon join his brother," she said quietly, "I feel that it is better so. The loving Father knows best."

Ella, in sombre mourning for William, sighed as she replied sadly,

"Only going Home, as John used to say, Auntie."

Lilian sobbed gently as she stroked Tom's white face, and murmured, "My brother, my brother." Mr. Roanoke entered and sat down beside his wife, looking yearningly upon the son whom, of late years, he had, following John's parting injunction, treated with the greatest pity and consideration,

"My winsome boy," he thought, "so lovable, so loyal, so bright, so strong, and yet so weak, now, now, cut down in your prime, victim to the millions of demons clamoring at vitals for that

alone which can appease their thirst. Oh God, if there be a God, grant that my boy is really free at last."

Roscoe opened the door. Roscoe, the consolation and pride of his father's declining years: stalwart, handsome, gracious, kindly, worthy of respect and confidence, with face blanched by extreme emotion he looked at no one but Tom.

"Tom, Tom,"—obvious of all, he cried, sinking on his knees, "Oh, brother, how hard we fought, you especially, no-one more gallantly as I know, but it was not to be. It is as John says. But thank God, you will not die but will live and be happy."

Roscoe's tones reached Tom. He opened his eyes and glanced from one to the other ere he realized the truth. Then the blood suffused his face, his eyes brightened,

"Oh, mother," he cried like a little child, "are you not glad I will be free at last? I am so thankful, I am glad to go."

The mother raised him in her arms while her tears fell, "So glad, so glad, Tommy, baby boy," she cooed, "going to John and we will all join you before very long, mother's boy, mother's boy."

Upon the faithful mother's breast, with all sobbing quietly not to disturb him, Tom's spirit drifted off gently into unconsciousness, as peaceful his death as had been his brother's. The mother in a swoon, was carried from the room, the father and girls going with her. Roscoe alone remained with his brother.

"Oh, Tom, now you know the truth. You know, as I know, as John did, that your life was mapped out ere you were born, ere you could think or reason. You are free at last. You who were but a slave, seemingly, to an inherited appetite, made a harder struggle, a nobler fight than your chum who was cured by religion. Though you fell and he conquered, he did not make the desperate efforts that you made. You are thought to be a weakling, he a hero. Ah, dear brother, the angels know the truth, and I knew how really strong and brave you were. Oh, my brother, my brother."

This was the truth. Tom received all that was necessary for him through violating law. He could not, under Divine law or the law of the spirit world, change that which had to be. His chum, a more loathesome, degraded drunkard than he had ever been, was born with an iron constitution, strong enough to resist and conquer extreme dissipation while material conditions of environment were changed; he was

placed in an institution, under surveillance, where he could get no liquor and provided with all that was necessary to make him strong enough to reform when subjected to religious instruction. Thus, one ordained to fall, one to conquer, both under law.

This by no means implies that one is a puppet in the hands of relentless Fate or Destiny. It simply means that all are under law and, under law, exercising will and effort, or vice versa, may or may not change conditions. All are instruments to fulfill on mortal plane Divine law, even though compelled to violate mortal law, on mortal plane, in so doing. "I come not to upset but to fulfill law," said the Lord. "The things I would do, those things I do not; the things I would not do, these things I do, whereby I discern a law," said St. Paul.

The Lord seemingly upset mortal law when He performed His miracles. In reality He did not upset mortal law, he fulfilled Divine Law. Under Divine law He performed them, hence fulfilled Divine law. St. Paul recognized the law of sin for the mortal plane, or rather the law of that called sin, in truth the all-potent, compelling impressions which force one, against will and judgment, to perform certain acts. St. Paul knew that all who sin are governed by this law, the impressions so potent that they cannot be resisted, while those who conquer receive more potent impressions enabling them to resist. All have the power when in harmony to conquer one and all diseases and appetite, until detached for good by death. But as all organisms are governed on spirit side, no brain can be kept in harmony when it interferes with law.

This explains why it is impossible for the most perfect healer, or learned physician to heal or cure those not to be cured. Many try every system of healing and remain incurables. Many are healed without any system, by the power within. Many are seemingly cured and succumb, after having been cured by physician or healer, when they are ready to go Home. The various systems are of use to cure and seemingly prolong the lives of those ordained to stay, but powerless before Omnipotence when they are to go.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPIRIT LIFE

The spirit home, the home of love and beauty, of the Roanoke family, was thrown open to receive all relatives and friends desirous of meeting Tom after his detachment. The reception was held in the early morning hours of earth life to enable the attached ones to be present also, as is done when conditions will permit. Although all spirits, attached and detached, mingle with and see each other when the attached are detached by sleep or trance, all are ever eager to see their dear ones liberated from the earthbound condition, to joy with them upon their emancipation. Hence these receptions are ever very largely attended, often, not solely hundreds but thousands come from near and far, from various sections of our spirit world as well as from other ones.

It was about two in the morning, the third day after Tom's demise on mortal plane. All his nearest and dearest had attended his funeral on earth. All now in spirit life were assembled to meet him. The earth classrooms, halls, reception rooms, on spirit side, occupying the same area, the mortal within the spirit, could not be enlarged, but the great porches were enlarged to accommodate a vast number. All walls were raised to form one immense, magnificent salon, such a salon as never can be duplicated on mortal plane, for spiritual art is so superior to the poorly expressed mortal art as to merit no comparison.

The ceilings, decorations, furniture, etc. were superior in grandeur and magnificence to the most sumptuous of earth's royal and financial potentates. All, for this occasion, in white: snowy, spotless white, with floral decorations of various harmonizing hues and exquisite texture. The porches were alluring with floral beauty. A carpet of roses covered all floors: immortal flowers that the most heavy step could not crush or demolish. The grounds of all the surrounding homes and the Roanokes, were illuminated by the great spirit worlds above, and numberless

lights of radium and electricity, sparkling on turrets, pagodas and boulevards, enabling all to see as distinctly as day.

A wealth of verdure and floral combinations encircled and decorated all buildings, lakelets and ponds. Earth's choicest, the spirit world's most beautiful, were massed in harmonious blendings or solitary splendor, exquisite beyond brush to portray or words to describe. If the vocabulary of earth cannot do justice to the glory and beauty of earth, why attempt to describe that which transcends the greatest glory and beauty ever imagined there.

All were assembled in the center of the hall and wherever they could get a good view, awaiting Tom's entrance. A space in the center of the salon was reserved for the family. Not as on earth were they awaiting to receive guests, but here, the opposite, for the entrance, ever imposing and beautiful, is esteemed the especial feature of such liberations. Music: sweet, soft, thrilling, arose in the grounds; music of softer cadences followed on the porch; music incomparably soft and soul-inspiring resounded throughout the room, house, porch and grounds. A hush, a deep silence, and the heavy doors, connecting the great hall with the Celestial Angels' apartments, swung noiselessly open and Tom's Celestial Tutors, with him in the center, slowly, impressively entered. Two magnificent men with Godlike face and mien, each holding a hand of the boy whom they had instructed on spirit side and governed, under law not as they willed, on earth.

Who, looking in their loving eyes, beauteous faces, could imagine that they could or would cause one pang to the boy they had, of their own volition, selected to instruct. Ah, no, though every impression comes from the spirit plane, the impressions to do wrong, that the weak cannot control, are compulsory under law, more essential than the surgeon's knife or the dental forceps on earth. No one, excepting the loving Father, rejoiced more over Tom's freedom than the two who had been compelled, under law, to cause him necessary suffering only to be obtained in this manner, adjudged necessary prior to birth.

Can this be Tom, the bloated, white face last seen on earth, the disfigured physique? Yes, it is Tom, the real Tom, the radiant *happy* spirit Tom, free from earth's sins and thralldom, awake forever and aye to the truth, the blessed truth that in reality he had never lived on earth, simply impressed a poor defective instrument. Glorious and beautiful, like unto a young

god, between his Celestial brethren, he marched slowly to the center of the room. He was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke and all the family, all radiant and beautiful, in glistening white attire.

Tom's tutors, gently pulling him by the hand, sank in prayerful attitude upon a prie dieu, all the family and friends likewise following suit, offering up thanks for his deliverance from sin and suffering. Shortly they all arose and one of his tutors, in a deep musical voice audible to all within and without, spoke:

"This is a most joyful occasion, brothers and sisters, to us all, especially to those who have been most intimately connected with our young brother upon both planes. Every liberation from the earth gives the pleasure, excelled by few, that one more is free to follow his own will, the will of a child of God, and not the enforced will of a being entirely unlike him in all respects. We joy when the mortal discipline conflicts little with the spirit life in those who are there called the righteous, when they are free from mental and physical suffering, but, Ah, how much more we joy when one, like Tom, is relieved from a life and habits, powerless to control with the poor brain and mind for that plane. How gladly we would have called him home before were it best for him, but he had to undergo all that was necessary or be handicapped throughout Eternity. Tom, beloved brother, the veil is lifted, the defective instrument cast aside, and now, free at last, you are enabled to go forth a liberated child of thy Father, to advance perpetually, as all do, until ready to join your Father in the Celestial kingdom, the real abiding place of all. Although we give up our labor of love in your behalf, and must leave you, through will and effort, to advance either slowly or rapidly, as you select, we will ever direct and impress you as much as we can. Never will you until on our plane, be entirely free from us, beloved boy; ere we leave for the Celestial kingdom, know that, in truth, in spirit, although not in body, we are never apart."

With embraces and blessings the Angels bade Tom, and all surrounding him, farewell. All eyes followed them as they saw the magnificent flowing robes change into the floating or flying garb, as they from the porch slowly ascended and joined a vast concourse of angels on their flight to the Celestial kingdom. Veritable Celestial chimes arose from their myriad of throats as

they flew above for several minutes, then, waving benedictions, swiftly floated away.

Merry throngs surrounded Tom, his sisters and brothers, a happy reunited family. John and Jim, the gayest, most jubilant, seized him, after many had congratulated him, and bore him out into the grounds. Then a scene of enchantment broke on their view. Upon every tree, shrub and flower, insects of exquisite luminosity and radiance formed pictures of scintillating beauty. Snowy domestic animals, of all species, ran about the grounds or sported on pond and lake. Flying vehicles with superb horses, equipages made for both air and water travel, arose from various parts of the grounds. Refreshments of delicious flavors, delicacies, substantial edibles, borne by automata, were served in the open. In fact, as stated repeatedly before, the spirit life is a natural life, on a greater, grander scale; all spirits are but advanced men and women and therefore enjoy the pleasures of taste even more than on earth.

Tom found himself in the center of a group on a floral bank of the lake.

"What a beautiful world, what a glorious life, Ah, I am so glad to be free, John. I have not one regret. Life there had become intolerable." John smiled sympathetically, while Lilian replied,

"Yes, dear Tom, but soon mama, papa, Roscoe, Ella and I will be sorrowing over you, forgetting not remembering this happiness, but we will not think of it now. Doesn't the lake, bestrewn with flowers and foliage, look beautiful? Look at those flowers, I must get some."

In her star-bespangled, glistening white robe, she stepped on the lake, walked on it as though it were solid—as it is for all spirits, and although her gown trailed in the water it did not get wet or spoiled for it was made of woven glass, impervious to water. She plucked some white and pink roses, thrust them in her belt just like an earth girl, and then, going to Tom, put a tiny one in his vest, saying,

"Tom, Tom dear, I love you, I love you here, but, Oh, I love the dear old mortal Tom too."

William, who was seated between John and Ella, answered rather gravely,

"Of course, we never forget, but how thankful I am that life is so transitory, I would not return if I could."

"No wonder," laughed Ella glancing meaningly at the beautiful one on his other side, "you have found your soul attraction."

The maiden, also a lately detached girl, blushed vividly, feeling the same emotion that she would have felt on earth. She had not been long enough detached to eliminate self consciousness.

"I move," cried John, "that we all take one of the large flying machines and —"

"I move that we take that magnificent one with the four white horses." cried Roscoe.

"Yes, yes, the white horses." answered one and all in unison.

All, about twenty, brothers, sisters and cousins, arm in arm, approached the designated equipage. In spirit spheres where all are brothers and sisters, the ties of consanguinity known to be no different from the ties binding all, propinquity, the ties of environment, education, association, etc., unite more potently those more closely allied on the planes. Hence the love felt for their immediate family is greater among the majority as on earth. No love is ever lost or ceases to exist. The mother love for her child on the two planes is a soul gift, as is all love, and although fully cognizant of how the bodies of her children are formed, she loves them as her own throughout all spheres as do all who are brought forth and bound together by not solely soul but physical attraction.

Within a trice all were seated in a sumptuous coach and the four snowy quadrupeds, their magnificent manes and tails gracefully waving, with a dash, sprang into the air and struck out for an aerial road without the slightest obstacle or impediment to mar their perfect ease of motion.

"This is more delightful than any land driving—the first I've experienced." cried William's sweetheart, eyes glowing with pleasure.

"Were I on the earth I'd say, as I have many times there," said William, "without the absence of danger the element that gives spice to all sport there, this might be deemed tame, but, oh, how ridiculous, what can be more gloriously exhilarating, more nerve and blood tingling, than this: to have *all* within us so in unison as to enjoy with a power unknown there."

"Especially as the sole part of us there that takes pleasure in all undeveloped conditions, is not at all of us but merely a few

undeveloped little organisms clamoring to make themselves felt in an unpleasant way, rushing blood to the head to becloud judgment," John laughed.

"No wonder I could never think or act rationally with mine full of little hot entities, stimulated by alcohol to control me." Tom answered.

"Yes, but we know what stimulated the alcohol."

Flying through the air, the dream of ages on earth, is in spirit spheres immeasurably more enjoyable than on earth. As no such thing as fatigue is known, all spirits and animals are ever fresh and tireless and actually enjoy every moment of life.

After a few moments devoted to flying they returned to a large open pavillion where many were dancing. The floor was of crystal, the pillars encircling it wreathed with vines and flowers, the men and women radiantly beautiful, perfectly flawless, of diversified types, attired in countless different styles—each perfect of its kind. Some were very etherially clad, exposing the exquisite contour of figure; others in rich, lustrous silks, velvets and satins, bespangled with natural or artificial flowers or jewels. The exquisite poetry of motion common to all, the perfect symmetry of form, the extreme grace and beauty of the dances, made Tom exclaim,

"Oh, how beautiful," as he seized Lilian by the arm and whirled her away. Ella found John's arm encircling her and, following Tom's lead, they whirled after with all the abandon of the most thoughtless on earth. Dancing, abused on earth by many, misinterpreted by the animal passions accompanying it, in spirit life is much enjoyed and is known to be what it really is: a form of amusement and exercise to give pleasure to both body and mind. All are pure in spirit life. "To the pure all things are pure." with perfect safety there, but, alas, not on the mortal plane where the impure predominates, nothing but the purest, holiest emotions are called forth by its motion and the propinquity of the forms. Exposure of forms, perfect nudity, the most perfect, flawless productions of the loving Father, causes neither surprise nor condemnation. The higher the civilization the more delicate the sensibilities. Hence, as the spirit life is much more highly civilized than the mortal, that which the mortal, in its false conception of modesty, condemns, the spirit life, on appropriate occasions, admires; but as spirits all have perfect taste, that which is admired in the open or on the seashore, is not in

the drawingroom or salon, hence, very rarely does spirit expose unduly form in the latter, although, when it is done, as all are pure, it elicits no disparaging comment. Many a truly innocent one on earth exposes form, many a prude condemns an innocent girl or boy who does not dream of the animal nature that judges them nor of the passion not yet known to them. Therefore, while here and there a beautiful form was revealed in all simplicity, it was not condemned any more than were it exposed upon the seashore or in the wilds, where often many go on expeditions scantily attired in flowers and vines.

After the dance, knowing that the detached ones would soon have to abandon them and be returned to the mortal school, all agreed to go to a neighboring village situated on the peak of the nearby hills. Swiftly changing to floating garb, they, in pairs, each with the most beloved, ascended to the height desired and, with as great celerity as the horses, flew across the country warbling and singing with joy as they flew. Entrancingly lovely all looked, even more so than when dancing or engaged in any other form of exercise or amusement, for there is a beauty-giving tonic in the air at a certain altitude not possessed by the lower stratas, which renders the eyes and skin exquisitely brilliant and beautiful, while the swiftly undulating motion is even more graceful than that produced by any other form of bodily exercise. "Love looked love into eyes that spoke again." Oh, but a very different kind of love from its spurious counterpart—the average mortal love, infinitely superior, devoid of all animalism, yet so great, so alluring, as to make physical attraction seem insignificant in comparison.

A unique village arrested them, a village of spun glass, every edifice and bridge, connecting peaks, of crystal of various colors, crystal embellished with countless electric lights.

"It sparkles like a great jewel, it is indeed beautiful." all exclaimed.

They alighted on a fairylike bridge and walked swiftly over it until they came to an auditorium on one of the peaks, where many people had congregated to partake of a sumptuous banquet given in honor of another liberated spirit, detached by sleep, one of the well known at that time on earth plane, no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln. In the real life Abraham Lincoln is only a child of God, no greater than the average spirit in expression of the soul gifts and by no means as advanced in knowledge and

wisdom, but as on earth he was loved and revered for expressing more perfectly the soul gifts, in the real life he is loved by all, who revered him there, when detached by sleep, and death, as well as by all with whom he had mingled during his periods of detachment by sleep. Hence, this banquet was very largely attended.

Our party very soon found themselves near their brother, Abraham. Tom grasped him by both hands joyfully,

“At last I meet you in our real Home. How I longed to see you on earth, but—” laughing merrily, “I never was sober long enough to gratify that privilege.”

“I fear that my duties would not have permitted me to seek you there, brother, but I certainly am glad to know you here.” answered as merrily the, at that time, President of the United States, who was at that period trying to prevent the South from seceding with as much success as was permitted the present President, Woodrow Wilson, from following his policy of peace. Woodrow Wilson, revered by many, abhorred and calumniated by others, was the instrument selected, not to bring peace but a sword to the world. Though a lover of peace, a genuine humanitarian, one who abhors bloodshed and rapine, like his predecessor Abraham Lincoln, he was instrumental, through these very qualities, in obtaining the confidence of the people who selected him to be the instrument, as they deemed, to prevent war, whereas in truth these very qualities, combined with others which sometimes accompany this kind of character, made him yield when, as many thought, he should have remained firm, and thus, despite his innermost conviction, he became the instrument for the thing he abhorred most. Ah, poor human nature, how many less prominent than he, how many of the average daily, against will and best judgment, do that which they most loathe, like St. Paul “The things I would do those things I do not. The things I would not do those I do, whereby I discern a law.” Therefore, I pray ye who are prone to judge the present President, look within and remain mute. He and all are under law. The purpose of the mortal plane is not to cultivate love, peace and harmony, although as all advance they are expressed more perfectly, but to develop, through sin and suffering, through the perpetual conflict of the spiritual and the material, the necessary qualities. When humanity evolves to the plane where the majority will express love, peace and harmony, war will cease for a while, but

not until then. Then will come the Millenium and aeons after the necessity, as other races advance to a certain plane, for the sin and suffering absolutely essential for development.

Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, two of the greatest lovers of humanity, under law they were powerless to control, were the instruments selected to detach millions of God's children. When ye reflect that death is but an awakening in the real life, not taking life but liberating it from pain and suffering, ye will view these things differently. Not solely were they chosen to detach the mortal life, to free many from sin and suffering, but to free many from bondage imposed on them by their brethren. Though it is true many have lost mortal life through their instrumentality, many have also gained greater freedom, a greater expression of liberty, fraternity and equality, among all peoples. The ultimate result of the present war, after reason and judgment resume their sway, will be seen to be due mainly to the American President; without the determining factor of America, Europe would have been completely wiped out, which is not the purpose of those in charge of the mortal plane. Without Abraham Lincoln, the colored race would still be at the mercy of their white brethren. Thus, these two have been selected, not solely by the mortal plane but by their exalted brethren in charge of the material world.

Abraham Lincoln, with extreme cordiality and affection, welcomed all and proudly conducted them through the vast amphitheatre, showing them many novel features. In the great ball-room he introduced them to many of the notabilities of the mortal world who were detached by death, also to many of his friends who were detached by sleep as he was. One, the Little Giant, Stephen Douglas, his bitter opponent when awake on earth, was one of his greatest friends. Quite a coterie grouped themselves around them. The Little Giant, with his magnificent head held more superbly than on earth, laughed as he said to Congressman Casey, at that time in congress for Illinois, and Thaddeus Stevens, Lincoln's most bitter enemy,

"Think how on earth I reviled and fought you. Think what you, Stevens, are now doing. Oh, what fools we mortals be."

Thaddeus Stevens, not deformed here morally or physically, but grand and great as the man he opposed so basely, joined in the peals of laughter with real enjoyment though he replied gravely,

"I never express my real self there. I wish I could but my poor mortal expression is so vile that, could I, I would blush for him."

Queen Elizabeth, not the Virgin queen or a man as some presumed, on account of her intellect, but a wondrously beautiful woman with imperious mien of manner, laughed as she said,

"Often, often, I have tried to impress many on that plane, but, alas, all have misunderstood and deemed the vibrations they caught from me to imply that they had been Queen Elizabeth, some so deluding themselves as to become insane."

Oliver Cromwell, young and magnificently handsome, smiled whimsically as he replied,

"Elizabeth, did they catch the vibrations from you or were they not really impressed under law, like we were and as all are?"

"Laugh as much as you please about my dear, old school," exclaimed Lilian, "but I am still going to it and I know it is very serious to us there, as well as dear."

"Serious, indeed," exclaimed Lincoln, "I dread to return to its horrors. You are seeing the best, I am seeing and causing misery unparalleled."

"We all did and all do, more or less," said George Byron, "what a foul fiend all thought me there."

"But you were not, you were mainly slandered. I was not slandered, I was bad, very bad," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, you really were," heartily agreed Byron, "I used to blush for you and my people when they would laud you in foreign countries. Many a sneer and gibe were leveled at the 'Good Queen Bess'."

"Hypocrisy seems to be the besetting sin of the mortal plane, all deluding themselves or others. They will not look truth in the face. Thank God, we have the grace to be ashamed to, hence invest all appertaining to self with virtues we possess not. At least we are impressed correctly enough to try to pretend we are good even though we really are not," cried Tom, "I know I often pretended I was sober when I was beastly intoxicated."

"I do not think, Tom, that you could have prevented yourself from being deceitful any more than I can," said Lilian.

"Oh, yes, you often can," said John, speaking for the first time, "we are not puppets there, we have free will. I conquered,—looking at Ella—many enticing dreams there."

"Because you were awakened as was St. Paul who, before

awakening, sinned ignorantly in unbelief. Why should the ones who are not awakened, who continue sinning ignorantly in unbelief, be discriminated against because they are not brought into the light? Why interpret the gospel of Love so erroneously, unless mesmerized as all really are?" answered Elizabeth.

"Even there, obsessed somewhat with their delusions, I cannot refrain from smiling at the sanctimonious Pharisees, who, utterly unable to comprehend the Divine character of the Lord, invest Him with their human characteristics." laughed Abraham.

"Yes, poor brethren, as much hypnotized as those they condemn and misjudge." said the Little Giant.

Suddenly, coming rapidly towards them, they saw a majestic figure, a highly advanced spirit. He greeted all lovingly yet with extreme dignity.

"I was conscious of your thoughtlessly uttered comments and I come to correct some of them. You all know that free will is expressed even on the mortal plane by all excepting a very small class and such as several of you here who failed to express your wills in the right direction. God's children are neither puppets nor automatons, all are connected with Him, all have the power to express will as they decide, and, although continually tempted and tested by numberless impressions, all decide, independently, every question. Solely the criminal class, a very small element, are restricted by law. Every time that child on the mortal plane conquers temptation and subjugates self, not hypnotized but with the will inherent in all, he becomes a better instrument for the soul gifts, as did this boy," turning to John, "whilst this boy," turning to Tom, "restricted by law, did that which he could not prevent. While you two," turning to Elizabeth and Stevens "not bound by law, voluntarily willed to do that which pleased and pleases you most."

"Yes," laughed Elizabeth, "that is true, but it is also true that I was as I was because I could not be otherwise."

"That is an error. You could not change that which is to be, but you had and have the power to govern your own brain and mind, *after attaining to a certain plane*. You willed not to advance to that plane in mortal life, and you yourself on that plane were responsible for your life there and the misery you inflicted upon others and yourself." he answered gravely.

"It seems I have not yet arrived at the plane that I know I can exercise free will here." she laughed, even more joyously.

"No, not even yet despite the intellect you had on earth and the intellect you have here. You must yourself cultivate the love of service and the love nature. On earth all service was abhorrent to you. It is still unpleasant. Therefore, not yet have you, though conquered all material limitations as a child of God, developed yourself sufficiently in the highest of all love expressions, that of service. Until you do, beloved sister, you will not really comprehend many things."

"I see, I see," bending her regal head graciously, "I know it is so. Dear brother, although I have been told so repeatedly, I have never felt the desire to try until now. I wonder why?"

He looked into her glorious eyes with peculiar intensity and a wonderful love. Elizabeth, still a virgin maiden, still unknown her soul mate, trembled visibly as he replied earnestly,

"I have come from my distant home, traveled millions of miles especially to see you, Elizabeth, to ask you to hinder no longer your development. So many await you with yearning."

With the spirit's prescience she knew and with soul at last at rest, she murmured softly, yet all heard,

"Dear brother, I will for all their dear sakes advance so rapidly, if love and service alone are essential, that you will welcome me ere many decades."

He gave her his arm and, after parting with the others, led her away. A silence fell on all until Oliver Cromwell spoke,

"I have known that her soul mate was not in our spirit world but I did not dream he was almost an angel."

"How long he must have waited," sighed Ella.

"He was one of a very few," said a Celestial angel, "who were so in tune with God, so full of the love of service, that he advanced more in a day than others in a decade. He was known on earth as the Earl of Leicester, a contemporary of Elizabeth's, who often has deplored him advancing so rapidly beyond her. Very rarely has she seen him since their detachment."

CHAPTER XVII.

Ella had been detached for some time, she had buried her mother, aunt, uncle and Tom, and had lived for many years with Roscoe and Lilian in the Academy, ere Roscoe became so successful in law, that he closed the Academy and transformed it into a splendid private residence. Roscoe, who had married and was the father of several children, had insisted upon Ella making her home with him, which she in the depths of anguish had gladly consented to do.

Roscoe, as years passed, advanced in occultism or spiritualism, but the prejudice still continued and, like many others, he refrained from discussing his soul experiences with any but his closest friends. Ella never became a psychic but had implicit faith in Roscoe, and obtained much knowledge and comfort from him. She firmly believed that John was her soul-mate, hence, although still young and beautiful, had not re-married.

Ella was waiting for John in her private sanctum, in her mother's home in the spirit world. It was a flower room, a part of a great, open conservatory. Her mother, until all her family were detached, had selected a home in the suburbs of Frankfort, Kentucky. The house was not in the attached section, therefore was much larger and more imposing than any attached home at that time. It stood on a large circular hill, in the midst of a grove of majestic trees. Of luminous white, with great pillars entwined with pink and white flowers, turrets, lower and upper porches similarly decorated, contrasting with the varying shades of green of the trees, and the pink moss of the lawn, it presented an appearance of great beauty. It was about ten miles from the spirit city of Frankfort, therefore its grounds were more extensive than is permitted or selected generally in spirit spheres. The whole hill was of pink moss, surrounding it a wide stream of golden water, with moats and drawbridges of the white, glistening substance of the buildings. The park encircling the stream was in velvety green lawns, with white statues, pagodas, fountains and seats, then gardens of bewildering loveliness, interspersed

with lawns of harmonizing shades and courts of alluring charm.

Ella, herself the fairest flower, stood at an opening, between the gorgeous flowers, looking eagerly for John. She knew not how he would come but, with the prescience of the spirit world, glanced to the sky where, some distance away, she saw several flying vehicles.

"He is coming, my John is coming," she rapturously murmured.

Then she saw a vehicle, drawn by a single pair of white horses, slowly descend to the ground on the outer edge of the vast park, and, although it was several miles away, so keen is spirit sight, saw John, looking preeminently beautiful and glorious, attired in white, smile lovingly in greeting. She gaily wafted him a welcome, then another and another, as his horses flew with the celerity of the wind over the downy moss. She could not wait and, though not in flying robe, gently stepped upon the ledge and floated, with even greater celerity, to meet him. He stopped the horses as she approached and tenderly seated her by his side, then he drew her sparkling face to him and, in the old earth way, rained kisses galore upon cheeks, lips and hair. Golden and black locks intermingled as he pressed her to his heart.

"Dear love," he sighed, "how glorious it is to be with you, to know that, ere that golden orb sinks to rest, we shall be united to part no more."

"Oh, John, we are as silly as though we were still of the mortal, you are as impatient as any love-sick swain." laughed Ella, detaching herself from his embrace.

"I am the same John, you are the same Ella, we love as we did there."

"Nay, John, infinitely more," Ella shook her flowing tresses from her face which clouded a little as she said comically yet somewhat dolefully,

"John, I hate to recall the animalism of that plane, although I do not cognize it here it still appears revolting. Even our animals are pure and loving here, have no disgusting, abnormal habits."

"Ella, can we never forget, banish, I pray you, upon our wedding day, all thoughts of our misery there."

"I most certainly shall today, dear, I am so happy, but I do wish I had not married William there."

"Of course you do, but it had to be, and we know the truth so let's forget it. Now, where to, ere we go home?"

"Why, of course, dear, we will go to Auntie and Uncle and all the rest. I presume great preparations are being made."

"Yes," he answered, "all the family, our countless friends and the magic wand of our Celestial Guides, are creating a vision of Celestial splendor. But come, your mother said we must hurry, for we must deck Ella as she has never been decked before."

Gaily he chirruped to the horses, softly neighed they in return as they left the turf and bounded up into the air.

With arms entwined, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, in perfect harmony, silent and thoughtful, they were whirled at a terrific rate of speed onward and upward. Up into the fleecy, white clouds, over mountain ranges, hills and dales, until Lexington lay outspread beneath them. Then on to the outskirts, where Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke had located after their detachment, a soul-united pair on earth, with no necessity for another ceremony. A magnificent, stately castle, of turquoise of various shades, upon the banks of a tree-lined river, arrested Ella's attention.

"Why, John, what have they done to it, it is so much larger and grander."

"Harold and Clare have been transforming and renovating, isn't it gorgeous? There are thousands coming tonight. There will be many Celestial Angels present. Harold's brother, John, Clare's soul-mate, and many of their friends are en route to the Celestial Kingdom after a sojourn in our world for some time."

"Oh, how glorious, how I do love our Angels, it will be very long before we are Angels, John."

Ella, as she drew nearer and noted the splendor of the castle, and the magnificence of the grounds in the rear, gave many exclamations of delight. The horses flew over a bridge and drew up before one of the side entrances, where stood her mother, aunt, and Lilian, who was detached by sleep for this especial purpose, a sleep in the mortal home in a long afternoon siesta.

"Come with us, Ella, you are not to be visible until the ceremony." said her mother after greeting her.

Her aunt and Lilian welcomed her lovingly and with John went into the grounds, filled with their relatives and friends. Ella was escorted to a suite of apartments, sitting room, bedchamber,

dressing and bathroom, all in spotless white, embellished with flowers in every corner and nook.

"Now, darling, you must rest for awhile to collect yourself, you surely need time for reflection."

Ella laughed merrily,

"Mother, you will recur to the earth form, I need neither rest nor reflection here as you know."

Her mother drew her on the couch beside her,

"Come, at least sit down and try to be calm, you are as restless as a bird."

Ella, to please her, sat down and nestled close to her.

"Baby mine," cooed the mother, "always and ever, my baby, if for no other reason than for the pangs I bore for you on earth."

"Yes, darling Mother, a very potent reason, you suffered enough there to deserve a special right and a special love. I thank the dear Father that we are blessed with the same love that we had there. No cold universal love or Heaven would be but a dreary place, Mother dear."

"Indeed, it would be," the mother murmured, "deprived of the greatest joys of life."

"Think how undeveloped," said Ella, "are the mortals, how unbalanced, who believe, not in love for their own, who think it denotes superior wisdom to subjugate and renounce the most holy feelings, unconscious that all love is of the spirit, does not appertain at all to the mortal. How wisely they prate about the universal love, how I used to laugh at some of them, Mama."

"Whilst renouncing and denying, still claiming that not the material vehicle, (only an instrument), but the ego lives on the life side, thus implying that the ego lives but does not love save in an impersonal manner. The transitory, material vehicle cannot love, then who loves if not the ego? If all egos loved one way on earth and another in Heaven, from whence comes personal, individual love, since they admit all is, in truth, from the Heaven world?" said the mother.

"They deny, dearest, all that makes mortal life endurable, simply because they have brains and minds not receptive to the real truths, and as they only feel the cold, universal love, they cannot express the greatest loves of all. Oh, Mamma, how glad I am that even there I loved you and John."

"And how thankful am I that the dear Father has with Infinite

wisdom ordained the different degrees of love, that their incorrect impressions are not true."

"The correctly impressed realize," said Ella, "hence, like John, pity all who reject and do not grasp the real meaning of the Doctrine of Love."

"Well it is for that tempestuous plane, my child, that some express themselves truly or all would suffer immeasurably more, and yet some of the noblest there have never known, and will never know, aught save animalism, which they mistake for love and the universal love."

"How loving of our Father, Mother, never to separate us, to have us live here while we suffer there, to have us always together in spirit, so much more loving than to send us to a distant place, ever apart from our dear ones, or to places of punishment after we come Home. Better to suffer all that is necessary there and get done with it."

Ella spoke very earnestly, gently caressing her mother. She closed her eyes for a few moments and drifted off into a light slumber. Her mother let her rest, for while sleep is not absolutely essential as on the mortal plane, it tranquilizes the life organisms of the brain and vital organs. All organic life is under law. Everybody is an aggregation of organic life, whose mission is to build up the tissues, the substance of the body.

Ella awakened shortly and, by her mother, proceeded to the bathroom; a limpid pool, in the center of the pearl floor, welcomed her lovely form with as loving caresses from its countless organisms as her mother had bestowed on her. She stood in her nudity, a being of exquisite grace and beauty. Tenderly the mother robed her in soft, silken sheen, as fragile as cobwebs. In the dressing room, Auntie and her grandmother, as beautiful as herself, awaited her. With great care they arrayed her in a gown that would shock prudes on earth, disclosing, as it did, her form, in all its sinuous grace, but, as stated before, as all spirits have good taste, not unduly exposing, although the beautiful shoulders and body, to the waistline, were almost visible through the filmy lace. Her hair was piled high, with long ringlets on either side. Small blossoms, more exquisite, similar to the orange, covered her gown, formed a circlet around her throat, and clustered in her ebony hair. Beautiful as an angel, she stood before them, her nearest and dearest, equally as lovely, equally as daintily robed, but a more radiant expression, a

greater joyousness animated her, for she was to be united to her soul-mate and her heart warbled an anthem of delight and gratitude.

Her Guardian Angels entered the sitting room to escort them to a reception room where John, with his Guardian Angels and family, awaited them. In the meanwhile a great number had assembled in the lower floor, which had been converted into exceedingly large apartments, much grander, much more splendidly finished and furnished, than the most magnificent on earth. Emmanuel Swedenborg, in his work "Heaven and Hell", touches upon the splendor of the angelic homes, but did not attempt to describe them. Suffice to state that, as there are many arts in spirit life unknown on earth, there are many articles and modes of embellishing and decorating buildings which are impossible to be described as finite language is limited. The vast central hall was made to appear like a gorgeous floral arbor. The ceiling, walls and floor were of white, immortal blossoms, with fragile, green leaves. In the center was a platform also covered with blossoms. From the blossoms in the ceiling, and the walls, peeped tiny birds of exquisite plumage, the sole touches of color, tiny humming birds, with eyes like unto glow-worms, illuminating all with soft, golden tones. From the center of the ceiling, suspended by veritable living cherubim, (a form of life similar to automata), were two superb wreathes, of exquisite beauty, from whose blossoms also peeped snowy birdlings with scintillating eyes of gold. On the platform, under the suspended wreathes, was a prie-dieu. Great openings on all sides gave enchanting vistas of the wonderful grounds and river, more beautiful than the greatest masterpieces; animal of various kinds, and birds, frolicked in the grounds and caroled in the trees and shrubbery. On an islet, in the rear, was a life size statue of the Father, and here and there in the grounds statues of Celestial Angels and advanced spirits so perfectly chiseled as to appear lifelike. Leading up to the platform, on opposite sides, were wide steps also covered with blossoms. Angels and spirits of entrancing beauty mingled in joyous converse, all young, all perfect and, as on mortal plane, eagerly awaiting the wedding party.

Suddenly they ceased converse while all the countless little birds began to pour forth the most perfect melody from their tiny throats, incomparatively soft and alluring. Then a wedding march in the grounds, from invisible musicians, joined in perfect

harmony, and Harold and his soul mate, followed by Clare and hers, then John and his mother, his father and Lilian, and all his relatives, entered one opening, and opposite, at the other, appeared Ella's Guardian Angels, she and her father, her mother and Tom, and all her relatives of many, many generations. They stopped at the platform on opposite sides. On one side Harold and John, followed solely by his father and mother, ascended, whilst Ella and hers, on the opposite, followed by her father and Mother—also a soul-mated couple, ascended and met before the prie dieu.

Harold took John's hand, then Ella's, joined them, and, while they sank on the prie dieu, lifted his arms in holy blessing and began to speak slowly and impressively,

"Children of the One Father, yet so distinct and differently individualized are ye as to be able to be joined in perfect unison in holy wedlock, destined prior to thy formation and birth for each other, educated and developed on both planes with the especial object in view of enabling you, as one perfect being, to advance perpetually throughout all times and all spheres, I now consecrate your love to the highest, and pronounce you one in soul, in mind and in body. The Infinite love, love of the Father, be with ye throughout Eternity. Oh, Heavenly Father, Who now I represent in this exalted duty, these two made one after countless years of struggling and striving, unconsciously in the lower forms, more or less in a dream while conscious on the mortal plane, I now pronounce freed from the last material limitation, eager to be welcomed by Thee as one more of thy emancipated children, heirs to Thy glorious Kingdom now and evermore, Amen.

He gently lifted John to his feet whilst Ella was assisted by Clara.

"John," he said fondly, "my love shall always be with you, my boy, whom I have taught since first brought forth. Ella, dear sister," taking her arm and placing it within John's, "let us now proceed to the banquet."

As Harold spoke the cherubim let the two wreathes softly fall on their heads, Harold and Clara arranged them gracefully, then Harold and his soul-mate, John and Ella, and all in their respective places, slowly, to the thrilling melody of angels overhead, as they emerged outdoors, the warbling of birds and the jubilant melody of the golden river, proceeded through a ravishing court,

in the center a beautiful lagoon, to the immense table encircling the lagoon. It was just twilight, yet softly and clearly illuminated by the great stars, the golden moon and the countless luminous insects and birds. The table, encircling the lagoon, only permitted seats on one side so as to give a good view of the lagoon, but as the lagoon was quite large all were accommodated with perfect ease. The table and chairs were decorated with snowy, living blossoms. Between spaces on the table were blossom-wreathed vessels, of intricate design and beauty, filled with fruit equally as perfect and beautiful, fruit unknown on mortal plane, of white and golden hue to harmonize with the blossoms of the lagoon and the chairs and tables. Animated voices broke the silence as they became seated. Merry remarks, brilliant repartee, were heard on all sides, until, knowing Harold was about to speak, silence ensued as he arose and, taking a glass passed him by an automaton, said laughingly,

“Not as on mortal plane, shall we drink the red wine that ever bringeth misery, but the pure, white vintage of love, peace and harmony. I pray all join with me in drinking, not the health but a greater and greater expression of the soul gifts, to hasten the time when these dear ones shall join us in the Celestial Home.”

All, with very thin glasses, formed like unto blossoms, arose and drank with gusto. Then, as automatons began to appear with pearl and golden trays, heaped with viands and edibles of all kinds, of the same hue, naught to mar the harmony of the appointments, all began to discuss them with more enjoyment, accompanied with greater refinement and delicacy than ever evinced on earth. Who, looking upon those godlike men, those queenly women, all of snowy white or delicate creamy skin, and firm, substantial flesh, could doubt that they, and not the poor, dwarfed, feeble, imperfect mortals, are made to really enjoy all the good gifts which the Father so bountifully lavishes on them, and as the senses are some of the greatest gifts, all that will gratify them is given with unstinted measure in the real Home.

After some time devoted to the table, all in order arose and were shortly seated in a white airship, to visit a large cathedral, in the mountains, of a detached city. Roscoe and Lilian, the only attached ones, waved a merry adieu, ere they floated to their home to be attached to their vital frames. John and Ella found a seat in a secluded corner, a bower of roses, prepared

expressly for them. The trip extended for many miles as they were bound for the great attached city, wherein is located the University in charge of George Washington, mentioned in "My Life in Two Worlds."

"Ella, my love, mine for evermore." murmured John, drawing her sweet form to his, with not passionate fervor but with a bliss incomparably superior. The greatest bliss, excepting personal contact with the Father, is the bliss of personal contact with the soul-mate. Tactile sensibility, more acute, more highly developed in them than in mortal, the sense of touch feebly reflected or expressed on mortal plane Tremulous with delight, Ella responded to his caresses, then arose and standing before him said quiveringly,

"John, John, even in the midst of this bewildering pleasure, I recall what I fain would forget. Tell me, dearest, am I never to forget Roscoe and William as they seemed there?"

"Yes, Ella, I presume you will forget after you have seen the Father, all unpleasant memories will cease then."

"I wonder when I shall see Him, John. You have, but although I have been many months according to earth time here, since my detachment, I have not seen him yet and, I assure you, I do not forget the undeveloped conditions as I would like."

"But you do not cognize nor feel them here, Ella."

"I know, John, but I recall them, and they make me feel ill at ease."

"Try to forget them," said John, drawing her to him and magnetizing her into forgetfulness of all but her love for him.

All on the large deck were in the highest spirits, as is ever the case with those long detached, forgotten completely the dark and tempestuous earth life, or, if remembered, only that which is of use recalled when necessary. Within due time they neared the glorious city. The exclamations of delight aroused John and Ella, who hastened to join them. When they saw the peerless city, the first detached that Ella had seen, they remained mute with voiceless emotion. Not yet had Ella seen moving pictures representing the Celestial, as had John, therefore, she remained so long silent and awe stricken, that John, more eager to look in her sweet eyes than upon the myriad charms of the city, said softly,

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

She did not turn to reply but, with enraptured gaze, continued

to look upon the extensive city, located, apparently, upon a thousand peaks, spanned by bridges, and embracing an area of several hundreds of miles, taking in mountains, foothills, meadows, valleys and dales, watered and beautified by two magnificent rivers, streams and lakes innumerable. The mammoth buildings, with countless domes, turrets and spires, all of yellow topaz, looking like liquid sunlight, with their perfect systems of radium and electric illumination, were the largest she had ever seen. It was as bright as day although it was late in the evening. The moon with its numerous rings of different hues, high overhead, was seemingly much larger than on earth. Added to their iridescence were millions of lights gleaming from the jewels on all buildings.

"Oh, Oh, John, how beautiful, how entrancing," Ella at last exclaimed.

Harold and his brother John approached,

"Ella, sweet sister," John smiled, "a feeble reflection of your real home in the Celestial Kingdom."

Ella slowly removed her gaze, and, though he was an exalted Angel and she but a lately emancipated spirit, (with as great familiarity and greater freedom than to one on her own plane—for she knew that she was the child of his Father, destined in time to join him in their real Home when she would arrive at his expression of Love), knowing he loved all things both great and small more than she did, she put her little hand in his, drew him to her side, and said:

"Oh, John, can it possibly be more glorious? This is beautiful enough for me."

Harold and his brother laughed merrily, then Harold said,

"See that great cathedral spanning those two peaks, we will alight there."

They all looked as they hovered, far enough away to obtain a good view and saw a building twice the size of St. Peters, Rome, more wondrously beautiful than the Madeleine and the Taj, or any that they had ever seen. It was suspended like a suspension bridge, on and beyond the peaks, fronting on both mountains. The sides were on floating gardens, more marvellous than the earth-famed ones of Babylon. It was of golden topaz and reflected all the rainbow-tinted beauty of the moon and stars. A mammoth dome arose in the center, sparkling with number-

less radium lights. Immense columns extended all around a vast court.

"The columns are of Celestial architecture," said Harold, "not yet expressed on earth, although similar in some respects to the Ionic and Corinthian."

By this time they had arrived at the cathedral and slowly descended to the grounds which were thronged with people, who, although they had never met any of our party, excepting the Angels, greeted them without introduction. They needed none, brothers and sisters all, so, ere long, John and Ella were receiving many loving congratulations upon freedom from the thrall and delusions of the mortal plane. They entered a court of palms like the earth, excepting perfect in form and color, and thence ascended the first steps leading to the immense sanctuary, into a gallery, thence into a court, from that into a chapel, of prodigious size like a great ballroom or theatre, with an elevated platform at one end. The magnificent frescoed ceiling and walls, panelled with masterpieces of art, portrayed nothing of that deemed holy, but were representations of views of the Celestial Kingdom and various spirit worlds. Two or three tiers of seats were near the walls, leaving a vast apartment for promenading. The sole furniture were flower-garlanded fountains and a few seats encircling them. Every flower emitting light as well as the numberless flowers in all the paintings in the ceiling and walls, giving the luminous glow, never to be known on earth, as it is only known to advanced spirits and only in vogue in detached cities. Therefore the chapel was brilliantly illuminated without any visible system of lighting. As attached are superior to the mortal so the detached are to the attached, with this difference, the attached cities will attain in time to the development of the detached, but never the mortal to the attached. When the mortal arrives at the lowest plane of spirit development, the material world will be resolved into its primal elements, and the spirit detached from it.

Harold escorted John and Ella to the large central fountain, and then, with a few words to those nearest, all withdrew and left them alone. John looked at their disappearing friends and, impelled by the soul within, spoke,

"Ella, dear, I feel like examining the platform, come."

Ella arose, took his arm and walked, as in a dream, to the steps leading up to the chancel. They noticed a prie dieu and with

one impulse sank upon their knees, to give thanks to the loving Father who had so blessed them. They did not see the marvellous figure, the most sublime in all existence, the greatest and most beautiful in all universes, who entered through the walls which parted before omnipotent Love and Wisdom, and who said, with a voice once heard, never forgotten,

“Arise my children, I am here in person.”

Quivering with excess of emotion they arose, and prostrated themselves before their Father, God Omnipotent. Then, lovingly, not timidly, they lifted their eyes. Ella, with a rapturous cry, threw herself into His arms,

“Father, my Father,” she murmured.

Tenderly he clasped her to that mighty parent heart, from whence all parent love comes, and said with love ineffable,

“Now, my dear child, the last illusion will vanish. Never again, will you recall the sin and sorrow of that darkest of all planes.”

“Oh, thank Thee, thank Thee, my Father.”

“John, my son,” clasping him by the hand, “have I not chosen a fitting mate for you.”

As if by magic, three chairs were placed before them. He seated one on each side of Him,

“It is all over now,” He said, “all the misery and sorrow. Ah, children, it is well on this plane we do not cognize. Enough for me, beloved ones, that I seek it as the Christ, to give the hope, faith, peace and fortitude, that only I can, or my children would suffer much more.”

“Must it ever be so, Father,” asked Ella, fondling His hand which quivered like a dynamo with the inherent energy that He alone possesses.

“Always, it always has been, it ever will be, for only thus can life evolve, spirits learn. Do you think that even on earth, I, impressing Jesus, would have made you suffer. Nay, therefore why should I here. You will know all when you advance. But, not yet, not yet, much further have ye to go ere ye can grasp the truth. Were it told you now, you could not comprehend.”

Ella, entranced, listened to the melody of that voice, gazed with soul in her eyes on the most peerless countenance in existence. Not the face of Jesus Christ, the mortal form consigned to oblivion, but the countenance of the Father, worshipped by all races, at all stages of their evolution, whether they worship

idols, a Supreme Being, or Principle—the effluence from that Being on earth, and worshipped in spirit spheres by all His children, at all stages of their involution and evolution, as God Omnipotent, their Father.

After a few more remarks, entirely beyond the comprehension of the mortal plane, He arose and, with a parting embrace, disappeared as invisibly as He came. With many thrills, they resumed their posture on the prie dieu, and, were it not that Harold aroused them saying,

“The Father was here, I saw Him.”

would have believed that they had dreamed it.

“How do you feel now, Ella,” asked John.

“Oh, as though all Heaven was opened to me, banished every trace of regret or that peculiar feeling. Now I know how it all had to be, that the dear Father would have spared me if possible, but it had to be.”

“When the mortal plane arrives at that plane, Ella, they will worship in truth, not as they do ignorantly believing that He causes their sin and suffering. When they say, ‘Thy will be done.’ they think He means it is best for them to suffer and wills it so, whereas, although He is cognisant of it and knows it must be, He cannot change the Divine, perfect laws ever in existence: the sole way of developing life, unfolding soul. It is His will, in the sense that life must be developed, in the only possible way, or remain undeveloped. Rather than have no children, as a mother bears pangs on the mortal plane, transitory and fleeting, all of the mortal plane more or less illusory, as ye know, so bears He, as the Christ, the sufferings of all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPIRIT LIFE

John and Ella were staying with her mother, who was loth to part with her. They had taken several long trips throughout the United States, and one or two to Europe in company with George Gordon Byron and his soul mate, Thyrza. The four were very congenial, George Byron, much more advanced, was of great assistance to them in many ways. One does not acquire knowledge, even on spirit plane, without the assistance of those on higher planes. As Harold had left for a prolonged sojourn in the Celestial Kingdom, George kindly proffered his services.

It must be ever kept in mind that the spirit life of our mortal world is but a higher expression of the soul gifts in a perfectly natural world, that many weaknesses, not entirely eliminated, must be outgrown. Spirits, until their detachment by death, spend three-fourths of their time on earth, and, while it is true that contact with the Father banishes the last trace of materialism, being as it were the second death ere the spirit awakens to the truth of being, there often remain many habits not yet discarded. Thus one who has devoted a mortal life to petty gossip finds it difficult to check it. Although it is impossible to feel or express unloving thoughts, too much interest in trivialities is not beneficial to soul advancement. Fortunately John and Ella were both spiritually unfolded, and extremely loving, hence, with George and Thyrza, they advanced considerably.

It was agreed that they should move to Washington as John had applied for a position in the Administrative Department. The spirit world, as the natural, is governed under laws. There are not politicians but advanced spirits in charge of the various departments. All are on an equal plane as children of God, but the most highly developed are given the most important positions. Efficiency counts here as well as on earth, with the difference that the efficient are no more highly regarded, as all are advancing and all express naught but fraternity, liberty and

equality. Whether a spirit is a clerk in the humbrest department, or in charge of the most important, makes no difference in any way. All are equal socially. All are entitled to all the good gifts of the Father, although all are not, nor ever can be, equal mentally or spiritually, as there are ever different planes here as on earth. When the good gifts, given by the Father to the mortal children, are developed equally, when they arrive at the plane when they will be expressed, they will not care whether the inefficient get the same, are given an equal share; for, wiser than at present, they will recognize their limitations and instead of limiting, handicapping them more, gladly share, as in spirit life, all good gifts with their less favored brethren. When they express love and forbearance with the failings of each other, when the classes recognize all as brethren, even though not compelled to associate with them whilst expressing their animal crudities, if not propensities, when the masses realize that the classes are their own, on a different plane, they will, after much suffering and sinning, for only so does poor humanity learn, strive to express the Doctrine of Love. Alas, that at this period, so few practice it.

John and Ella stayed with her mother principally to be at the accouchment of Lilian, who, married some time, was about to become a mother. She had been attached to her vital frame whilst developing the child, under the supervision of her Celestial tutors. On spirit plane, when conscious, attached to her vital frame, she did not suffer at all, excepting a vague apprehension of discomfort to be undergone on the mortal plane. All knew that she was nearing her period of travail, and wanted to be with her when she was conscious. John and Ella, not having been to a birth on spirit plane, were eager to acquire knowledge, hence were to be present with the consent of her Guardians.

As Lilian was living with Roscoe in the Old Academy home, Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke, Tom, Jim, May, John and Ella, one exquisite day in early June, when all appeared more beautiful than ever,—as June is an especially balmy, glorious month in that section of the spirit world,—decided to make the trip on horseback and camp out in the open. Although horses travel with much greater speed than on earth, almost as rapidly as flying spirits, as this was to be purely a pleasure trip they intended to prolong it for several days. All on superb animals, the ladies, not phantoms, but ladies, were attired in

plain white short suits, the men likewise. As nothing soils in spirit spheres, the tiny invisible cleaners ever at work in the atmosphere, white is very much worn. Without hats or gloves, with hair in two long braids, Mrs. Roanoke and her daughters looked like exceedingly beautiful earth maidens, with the exception that nowhere on earth is ever seen such exquisite complexions, lustrous hair and eyes, even features, and perfect symmetry and grace.

Although Ella's hair was dark and she looked not at all like the earth conception of angel, and was entirely unlike May who was a veritable golden-haired, blue-eyed one, she was equally as glorious and, to John, the acme of perfection. He thought how glorious were her starry eyes, how beautiful her cupid mouth, how velvety her creamy skin, and, above all, what an adorable expression. So you perceive John, even though a spirit and an unfolded one, had a mortal's appreciation of feminine beauty.

Jim, as frolicsome as ever, Tom, as lovable, were in hilarious spirits, but not more so than Mr. Roanoke, who, looking very much like Jim, was as much in love with his wife's beauty as was John with Ella's. They left the castle, trotted across the park, and were soon on a great highway, lined on either side with beautiful homes, similar to the Roanoke's, of detached people living close to their attached ones in the neighborhood, or not far distant. They passed the homes of several of their relatives and friends, and stopped at their grandparents for a few moments.

The highway was as beautiful as spirit art could make it. The boulevard, of most delicate pink moss, was several hundred feet wide. On either side were white moss roads for pedestrians, bordered with green vines and ferns; beyond, a tree-lined stream upon which were tiny boats of various kinds, filled with gay, happy children, and youths and maidens. The roads were thronged with pedestrians enjoying themselves, either running, skipping or jumping with the children. Here and there were arbors with seats and drinking fountains. It was, although on mortal side sparsely settled, teeming with spirits and domestic animals. The boulevard was also filled with automobiles, equipages and quadrupeds of various kinds. Not solely are horses used in spirit life but elephants, zebras, oxen, mules, donkeys, dogs,—sleek and beautiful, swift and tireless, are seen everywhere. It is not an infrequent sight to meet lions, tigers, and those known as wild

beasts on mortal plane, in the grounds of all spirits. Love reigns in spirit spheres, fear is not known.

Our party sat, without saddles, without reins, as comfortably on the beautiful backs of their animals as in easy chairs, and though, at intervals, the horses galloped, or ran, the pace was so even, the turf so smooth, they enjoyed perfect ease. They dismounted, as the beautiful twilight approached, at a roadside hotel, for refreshments, a white castle, enjeweled with choicest jewels, surrounded by extensive grounds. All throughout the spirit world are hotels, apartment houses, places of resort, restaurants, cafes, cafeterias, of such splendor and magnificence, as would overwhelm mortals, kept by those who govern, for all spirits, in charge of spirits who prefer a public life or experienced automata.

There are also simple unpretentious places, frequented as often, for spirits like changes of all kinds, variety is more the spice of life than even on mortal plane. So great is their love for variety that often their grounds are changed daily and their homes re-furnished whensoever they desire.

There was no necessity for leaving their horses to be cared for, they simply dismounted—the horses knew where to find water and fodder. John said to his horse: “Be here when we get through.” the horse understood, neighed softly and loped after his brethren.

They entered a large vestibule and, by an automaton, were escorted to apartments where they found all necessary apparel to dress themselves for dinner. Spirits are rarely hampered with luggage. Every public, every private place provides all that is necessary in every guest chamber. Costumes of all styles and sizes, suitable for all occasions, are to be found in large closets connected with all dressing rooms.

Within a few minutes all, appropriately arrayed, met in the vestibule completely metamorphosed and yet not more beautiful. Mr. Roanoke, John, Tom and Jim had donned colors to harmonize with the ladies, who, telepathically, had decided on pink. The men were in white with pink boutonnieres and ties, perfectly fitting costumes of heavy, brocaded silk. In spirit spheres, men dress as they please and use colors as do the women. The ladies were in pale pink, lustrous filmy lace, satin, silk and velvet, all of different materials, trimmings and flowers, pink and white, excepting the few green leaves of the camelias and roses.

Ella was in lace with low corsage, and white camelias, Mrs. Roanoke in velvet with train and pearls, May in satin and silk combined, short skirt, white roses.

They merrily greeted each other, but not as on earth exclaimed gushingly, "Oh, how lovely you look, what a beautiful gown!" and other trivial inanities, although the men's eyes glowed with admiration. Although beauty is universal and love of beauty expresses itself in all ways, the love of personal beauty in others, not in self, is much greater on the true plane.

Mr. Roanoke fondly placed his wife's arm within his, and with May between Jim and Tom, Ella and John in the rear, proceeded to enter the large central dining hall. This superb apartment accommodated thousands. It was a vast, circular room, encircled by columns, open to the sky. The columns alone separated them from the outside grounds, which presented a most glorious vista of the most perfect landscape gardening, the most exquisite combinations of flowers and trees. The tables were divided from each other by portieres of immortal flowers and set in the center of drawing rooms.

There were many in the hall and they were greeted by smiling eyes and lips as they selected a table and seated themselves on the richly decorated chairs. The table was oval and made of an elaborately carved satinwood, covered with lace so sheer and fine that the highly polished wood gleamed through like silver. In the center was a sunken pool of water—reflecting the colors of the rainbow,—edged with fragile ferns, with snowy birds and flowers.

They took their seats and then glanced over the assemblage as naturally as on earth, the marvellously gowned women, the courtly god-like men, the exquisitely beautiful children not debarred from companionship of their elders; the splendid furniture of the various rooms, of different shades, so harmoniously blended as to appear more beautiful, if possible, than if of one or two alone; the columns of varying colors entwined with flowers, the sky ablaze with the afterglow of the setting sun, a perfect symphony of exquisite tones, gave their beauty-loving souls pleasure.

"Oh," exclaimed Ella, "if only on earth all the beauties we have here could be free also there. Think of those who hunger, who have not even the necessaries of life."

"But it is not true," John said, "It only seems so."

"Alas, how real the seeming." Mr. and Mrs. Roanoke involuntarily sighed, thinking of Lilian. Ella, somewhat ruefully, feeling she had not yet conquered her thoughtlessness, changed the subject by exclaiming, taking one of the birdies, no larger than a humming bird and more beautiful, out of the pool,

"Look, John, look!"

A servitor, a daintily clad automaton, appeared and took their orders. Within a few seconds, in the center of the unoccupied space of the drawing room arose a table, and four automatons, one for each, appeared and served them. Music from everywhere filled the room, varied by spirit voices of the greatest compass and sweetness, not from invisible musicians nor from graphophones, but transmitted directly from famous opera houses and theatres of the spirit world.

Mrs. Roanoke, after they had finished, in her room used the telavue and had the pleasure of hearing and seeing Lilian's Guardian Angel, who told her that Lilian was in good spirits and not suffering yet on earth. Spirits prefer to use the telavue to telepathy, unless necessary, as they enjoy seeing their friends as well as communing with them. Telavues, in the near future, will be used on mortal plane, as well as all kinds of air craft.

They found their horses waiting for them in a lemon and orange grove. It was about midnight. The air was soft and filled with the perfume of flowers and fruit. The moon shone brilliantly in the clear, azure sky, the stars sparkled like immense incandescent globes. They left the boulevard and cut across an unoccupied section of a valley, then foothills.

"Here," Mr. Roanoke observed to his wife as they approached a wooded dell, "is a good place to camp. Stop, John, Tom, let's camp here."

It was seen clearly as daylight, an unusually charming spot, a grove of majestic trees covered with berries and nuts. A mossy turf, soft as down, with thick long grass. From one tree gushed a small stream of water, from another milk—richer, more delicious than the choicest Jersey's; upon another was a fruit formed in the dainty fiber cups which spirits use as drinking vessels when camping, thus obviating the necessity of taking any outfit. As they dismounted a large rattlesnake crawled up to them. They patted it kindly,

"Thank God," said Ella, "you are not as on earth."

The snake withdrew to its own quarters, and they threw them-

selves on the turf between two large trees, similar to weeping willows, after selecting some elevated spots for their heads.

"How lovely," exclaimed Ella.

The foothills conforming, (or rather the material conforming to the spirit, within which it evolves,) rose before them. They appeared just as on earth excepting that they were more graceful in form and more luxuriantly wooded, as, besides the earth vegetation, there is the spiritual perfectly distinct. The hills, in the soft glow of the moon, bathed in its shafts of light, were not deserted or unpopulated, several attached spirits with their spirit guides were camped not far from them. There were also many attached and detached animals wandering about.

"That party of attached spirits, I presume, are Indians," remarked Tom, "you know they are still hereabouts on earth."

"Or trappers," answered Mr. Roanoke, "I was here several days ago, entered the material consciousness, saw old Dan Boone here years ago, but these hills now are the hiding place of many fugitive slaves."

"Not so many Indians here," said Ella, "there were only a few when I came Home."

"I have seen them in moving pictures," said May, "I am glad I never saw them in reality."

"Randolph and I often go to the mortal plane to the dear old earth, we love it still." Mrs. Roanoke nestled closer to her husband.

"Yes," he answered, "we do not forget where we were first attracted to each other and where we passed so many years with our children."—clasping her hands fondly.

"And I love it too, even though I acted like a fool there." Tom involuntarily sighed. "Let's return to it as we used to do."

"I am willing," replied John.

"Jim and I cannot," said May, "but we will accompany you on this side."

After a few more moments desultory conversation they drifted off to slumber as peacefully as in their chambers, though rattlers crouched near them and night animals and birds gazed on them. Naught had they to fear from their lesser brethren, who, after they slept, crept near and gazed on their beauteous faces with loving curiosity.

At peep of dawn, ere the sun rose, our party arose one by one, ran to the water tree, and merrily threw cups of water over each other, which fell from their suits, made of woven glass, in showers,

leaving no trace of dampness. Then they plunged their glowing faces in a pool, ran their fingers through their hair, and, looking perfectly groomed, prepared to eat breakfast. Soon with flowing cups of milk, delicious berries, nuts, and the cup-fruit, similar to luscious cake, they made a delightful repast. Seated on the turf near their horses, which also were busily browsing upon the rich turf, they resumed their conversation of the previous night. Jim and May agreed to accompany them on horseback, they promising to return to spirit consciousness after seeing the old Academy. The horses were told to go home. All, excepting Jim and May, knelt and prayed for a few moments and arose in the mortal consciousness, with faraway gaze.

"Look, look, how natural, how I love it all," exclaimed Randolph.

A very different scene presented itself to them. They all looked as on spirit side. They were not material bodies, simply in the material consciousness, but their eyes appeared, not as they did to Jim and May, but fully conscious, perfectly natural. The hills were covered sparsely. The beautiful dell had a few trees and bushes but neither fruit nor berries. There was a turf, rich and green, in the shady places, yellow and seared elsewhere. It appeared bare and very desolate to John and Ella, but Randolph exclaimed gleefully,

"Oh, the dear old earth, it seems like coming home again."

"It is one of our homes," answered Mrs. Roanoke, "we will always, always love it."

"The sky looks sombre, the sun so small," said Ella. "Oh, how different to our gorgeous sunrises."

"I used to think our sunrises superb," said Tom, "this is an especially fine one for the earth, but it is a very poor reflection of ours. The earth really must be the infernal societies meant by Swedenborg."

"Of course," said John, "the sole hells in existence are the material worlds."

"Oh, look, Father, there are runaway slaves, a man, a woman and a child. Let's see what they are saying," said Tom.

They approached the camp fire, brightly blazing in a secluded spot, shut off by thick bushes from the open country. In the thrall of the mortal consciousness, oppressed with a strange yearning and deep sympathy, they gazed upon their own, undergoing, in unhappy colored bodies, the horrors of their earthly

discipline. Three fugitive slaves: an old white-haired negro, a young quadroon with a comely, pathetic face, and a little child, completed the group. Although our party had no material bodies to hear with, they, as spirits, cognized every thought ere uttered.

"We must hurry, hurry," said the woman, "how far before we get there, I am so weak. The child is tired out."

"Hab no fear, Elizy gal, we'll soon be dere. Ole mammy will be awaitin', sure honey."

"Gen' Grant can't be far away. He is some place near here."

"Sure, gal, he is in de west ob Kentucky, far from de South where de debils are."

Our party lingered a few moments and then, seeing some men, evidently guerillas in Confederate uniforms, some miles away, walked swiftly towards them, knowing, although Kentucky was a free State, that, far from settlements, they could easily overtake the poor slaves and carry them South. Within due time they neared the guerillas, six in number, accompanied by, evidently, an old Southern planter, the poor white type.

"Let us all concentrate," John said to his father, "and try to change their route."

They saw not the spirit guides, they were in the material consciousness. They got very close to the men, Randolph placed his hand on the head of the leader, John, his on the planter, the others on several of the fiercest looking, and willed them to go in an opposite direction. They were successful. The men did as commanded, not at all conscious on mortal side, simply thinking they were using their own judgment.

"Oh, how glad I am," Ella exclaimed, "that the poor dears are ordained to escape."

"Or we, most assuredly," said John, "would not have been instrumental in helping them. We had not time to find that out, one is so limited on this plane."

They traversed many miles at a rapid gait, and found themselves in one of the most unexplored forests, a forest primeval, known but to the trapper and the red-man. Mrs. Roanoke and Ella nestled together.

"Oh, what a place," sighed Ella, "how thankful I am we were never here while we lived here. Everything looks so weird and horrible."

"Why, Ella, child, you are actually quivering."

"Yes, I am oppressed with all the horrors of this plane."

John drew her to him and impressed a kiss on her brow. "Dearest, think, we may be impressed to be the instruments to help some others or we would return."

"Oh, no, no, John. Oh, look, look there."

A terrifying spectacle presented itself. Two red men, naked savages, were tying a young white girl with thongs to a tree, several others were igniting a fire under her.

"Oh, now, now, will, will, concentrate," cried Mr. Roanoke.

Approaching without fear, although Ella quivered, Mr. Roanoke selected one, John the others who were tying the girl, while Mrs. Roanoke, Ella and Tom, concentrated on the kneeling Indians igniting the fire. To their great relief one said:

"The Great Spirit wants to spare this squaw."

The others nodded approval and put the fire out. The medicine man, some distance away, hurried up: "Stop, stop, me see spirit, beautiful spirit, who say, 'No, no, let girl go, take her home.' So now I take her home. Come, squaw, come with me."

Overjoyed at being released from so cruel a fate, the girl fell in a swoon. The medicine man bathed her brow with water he had in a canteen, then poured some fire-water (appropriately named), into her mouth. When she recovered she gladly accompanied the savage. Our party escorted them out of the forest and to a road near a village, where the Indian parted from the girl after making her promise to say nothing.

Our party's course lay in a different direction, so, knowing the girl would soon be home, they walked until they came to an isolated cabin in a clearing, shut in by great, old trees, where lived a trapper, an Indian boy, and old negro to do the chores.

"Why, this is old Tom's place," cried Tom, "and there he is, poor old fellow, at his gruesome tricks."

An aged trapper, with pipe in his mouth, was engaged in skinning a huge bear, muttering to himself; a buck was also skinning a deer. The old negro was chopping wood.

"Poor things," said Ella, "what a life, no pleasure but in slaughtering their lesser brethren."

Just then was seen approaching a calvacade of horsemen, wearing the blue, with General Grant in command. Our party waited until they drew up and halted before the cabin. The old trapper extended his bloody hand to the General, who grasped it cordially.

"How different the General looks," John remarked, "to what he does in spirit."

"No wonder, engaged in such terrible work, God pity him and all who are engaged in it." sighed Ella. "Of all undeveloped avocations on earth, I think that of officer the most undeveloped. But it must be, for so many have to suffer through war, and many can develop in no other way."

"As humanity advances only the most undeveloped will stand for it." Ella replied.

General Grant, on mortal plane one of the most honored of men, despite the censorious attacks through the financial failure of one whom he had trusted, and one of the most kindly despite his terrible profession, which did not succeed in conquering his true nature, was a very brave man, a good husband and father, a loyal friend, and few have shown such genuine courage, such heroism, as he showed during his last days when, slowly dying with cancer, a victim to one of the most malignant diseases, he kept at his desk, though soul was clamoring for release, day after day, writing his memoirs, with the hope that they would avert financial ruin from his family. To the pride of the American people this hope was realized.

Loving their brother, Ulysses, whom they had met on spirit plane several times, our party stayed a few minutes listening to the trapper's loquacious remarks, to the man of few words, regarding the enemy on the southern border.

"Oh," John said feelingly as they left, "how sad that our brethren must be so antagonistic. "Yes, Ella dear, I fully agree with you, I cannot take pleasure here. It is necessary or it would not be, but how unspeakably painful."

"Oh, let us hasten and see no more horrors." Mrs. Roanoke remarked.

That night they camped out, still on the mortal plane, near a large stream, on its bank some distance from a farmhouse.

"Mortals call this beautiful," said Tom, "I, in mortal life, thought this stream with its clear water, wild berries and ferns, an ideal spot. I remember raving over its beauties once. It appears very ordinary now."

"I am more than thankful," responded Randolph, "that it is so beautiful and not like the hells portrayed by Swedenborg and others."

"I do not think anyone has ever portrayed any hell worse than the hells of war." said John.

"Yes," interposed Ella, "and, like Swedenborg's spirits, this much correct, *delighting* in their hells."

"Oh, poor deluded darlings, if they only knew the truth that their worst demons are, in reality, angels, or angels in the making."

They stopped at no other place. Early the next morning they started and arrived at the old Academy at dusk. Unseen, unnoticed, uncognized by any, they wandered through the old home and grounds after seeing the family. Then, after they retired, they returned to the spirit plane and were welcomed by all with joy.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPIRIT LIFE

Lilian's nude body, beautiful as sculptured art, with the exception of the abdomen open exposing the child, lay completely magnetized into insensibility. The little child, like a flower, also magnetized into a comatose condition, was ready to be brought forth. As the doctor approached the couch, the nurse standing by his side, he leaned over and seemingly grasped the child whilst a Celestial Angel took it in his hands. The doctor then seemingly passed it, the Angel still holding it, to the nurse, who placed it on her knee, the child in the hand still of the Angel. Thus, while on mortal plane the little mortal child was taken by the doctor and passed to the nurse, the little spirit child, to which it was attached, first became conscious on earth. Another Celestial Angel, within a few seconds, so advanced is Divine lore, closed the cavity in Lilian's body and made her as perfect as before. The child had been placed within her, as in an incubator to develop, not brought forth through nor made by animal passion, but by God's holy Angels. All children are made on spirit side, the vital frame of the child placed scientifically within the mother, after inception, on mortal not on spirit plane.

Ye, who wish to learn, read the last chapter and try to think. Then, wonder not and deride the immaculate conception of the Lord, which in truth, in spirit spheres, is no different from all conceptions, *excepting* that the *vital body* was connected by vibrations with the Father, which He, or the Angels, impressed, save when he was personally attached to it. The Virgin Mary was pure and immaculate. There is more than one way of bringing forth life, oh, ye advanced thinkers, on the mortal plane.

Those who read this work understandingly will grasp why it is that, although children are seemingly brought forth in the same manner as on earth, they are in truth brought forth quite differently. The mortal child in embryo is formed in the vital frame in the body of the spirit mother. The vital frame, with

the spirit child, in embryo, being developed of selected oozons, six from the father and six from the mother, so correctly portrayed by Edgar Lucien Larkin's "Within the Mind Maze." not transmitting hereditary characteristics, as presumed on that plane, but impressed, under law, with the characteristics judged essential, whether to be the same characteristics of the parents, grandparents or animal progenitors; just as the child in embryo is formed to resemble in various physical ways those agreed on, the little material body formed also, within the vital frame, of six selected organisms, from both parents.

As all births and deaths are governed by the Angels in charge of the different children, the sex, and all appertaining to the child, is decided prior to birth. When the parents are attached to their vital frames, in an unconscious state, hypnotized into a certain degree of insensibility, governed by the Angels under both Divine, spiritual and natural Law, they, at the proper time, are magnetized with that designated as animal passion on the mortal plane, and, after inception, the mother kept attached to her vital frame, whilst the child is being developed with the lore known but to the Angels, until the child is brought forth, on the two planes simultaneously. Hence, in truth, parents are also necessary in spirit spheres.

As an equal number of life organisms are taken from both parents it can be seen that a soul could not be transmitted from either parent, half a soul from one and half a soul from another, impossible. In truth there is no such thing as an evolving soul. Spirit bodies evolve, not souls. Spirit bodies evolve to become better and better instruments to receive the soul consciousness which develops the individual child. Thus the child is formed of selected, highly developed organisms on spirit plane, capable of being impressed correctly, living records of all experiences in the lower forms of animals, and of the spirit father and mother. The material, as said before, of the same number, to develop characteristics essential to give the organisms of the spirit child all that is necessary to develop a good brain, to receive and express the soul gifts. If the organisms selected, on spirit side, require no development, and can be developed into a good instrument, the child is formed with its instruments, and connected with the Divine ere being brought forth, and detached, or still-born, a completed individuality, thus from the germ cell, the embryo, to the perfected individuality. More are brought forth

in this manner than, on the mortal plane, subjected to lives of sin and suffering, to the sole discipline which will render these organisms subservient to the child in charge. This, to any but thinkers, will appear absurd, but material scientists, beginning to apprehend more correctly, will not ridicule but receive suggestions which will make them more capable instruments. When they are more developed they will bring forth soul-less beings, but they will never, on mortal plane, know how to connect with the Divine, and give the self consciousness of a child of God.

A brain and body is a very important part of a spirit or mortal man, without them they could not be individual entities, the idea of self would be impossible. Their soul consciousness would still be a part of the consciousness of God. Therefore since children must have instruments to become individual, they are developed in the most perfect manner, that composing them must be trained, not solely on spirit side, expressing or being impressed with the soul gifts, but also on the mortal, developing under the severe conditions of mortal life the qualities of industry, concentration, determination, perseverance, loyalty, courage, submission, etc. these qualities impossible to be developed in spheres of perpetual peace, love and harmony. Many thinkers recognize that were mortality here to be developed mentally, morally and spiritually, that, as it is impossible to develop in one incarnation, they must be subject to many, and, as they know that reincarnation is true in the lower forms, gradually evolving higher and higher until primitive man is brought forth, they, naturally, not correctly impressed, think, since there is such a difference between the various planes, that man must return to advance here. Owing to certain portions of the material brain not being able to receive correctly, they cannot see the inconsistency of the claim that the spirit spheres are superior and impress all the wisdom and knowledge, thus admitting that the ego does not receive either knowledge or wisdom on this plane, and the claim that the material vehicles or bodies are being developed to become better instruments, thus tacitly admitting that the difference is not in the ego but in the physical bodies. There is no such thing as a soulless mortal man. Every mortal body is animated by a spirit man or ego. The spirit man or ego who lives in Devanachon, or the spirit world, as an individual spirit, the same identical one that impresses his mortal body, or, rather, that evolves with it. Thus Guatama is still

Guatama, the same ego or spirit that animated his mortal body. He was not reincarnated sixty years after in an inferior body, which would have evinced very poor judgment to abandon a very good instrument for a very poor one.

An idiot, an imbecile, a weakling, a degenerate, the criminal born, defectives, cannot advance with poor instruments on this plane. Did they have the wisdom to build their body in the spirit spheres, greater wisdom than any mortal has yet evolved, they surely would have wisdom enough to build instruments, not to credit them with demerits but to add to their merits. Or if the "Lords of the Creative Hierarchies" build their bodies, as they do, they surely do not expect them to express either knowledge or wisdom through such inferior brains. Then, why are they here? Not to advance mentally, morally, spiritually, but to develop qualities which all, regardless how defective, develop. The righteous did not even need the Lord Jesus Christ, "They that be whole need not a physician." Intuitively impressed, they need no spiritual teaching, but advance themselves mentally, morally and spiritually. Why are they here? Not to develop qualities without which they cannot advance in the real life (they are advancing there) but to bring, through suffering, the real brain into perfect harmony, to fit it to be a better instrument. The majority who are neither criminal or righteous, comprising all planes and classes, do not all advance mentally, morally, or spiritually, some mentally, some morally, some spiritually, some remain at a standstill, some retrograde, yet all develop the essential qualities through sinning and suffering. When man was first brought forth, when there was neither wisdom nor knowledge received or expressed for many centuries, he could only advance mentally in a slight degree, and not at all morally or spiritually. The majority today among the lower races are very slightly advancing in any way. Are all of these, the majority, who "sin ignorantly and in unbelief" to be shut out from Devanchon or the heaven-world, because they have not been given good instruments to express themselves correctly? There is not a man nor pigmy upon the face of the earth that is not animated by a glorious, radiant spirit. There is not a criminal, an outcast, a fool, a lunatic, that is not the same. There is not the most poisonous, venomous, lowest form of life, that is not conjoined to one expressing only the soul gifts impressed upon all.

While there are undeveloped conditions in spirit worlds just

coming into existence, and those not very far evolved, not yet ready for spirit children, there is not one, when the animals have attained to soul consciousness, that is not more highly evolved and civilized than the earth. Hence any religion or philosophy that teaches of evil in spirit spheres, or hells, places of punishment, Karma Loca, demoniacal—not human depravity, teach but half truths, not yet correctly impressed. Even on earth evil is being proved to be the result of undeveloped conditions. When mortals have developed brains, not solely minds formed and filled with the obsolete, antediluvian knowledge of ancient times, brains and minds sufficiently spiritually unfolded to grasp the true meaning and potency of love, they will realize that not until they cease seeing evil in others, not solely ceasing to do it themselves, will it really cease for them. When they cease consigning their foes to places of punishment, when they cease hating, warring, sinning, when they cease teaching inconsistencies, half truths, they will know the true meaning of fraternity, liberty, but by no means when slaughtering, maligning and hating each other. True fraternity takes in all, not solely one class, true equality demands equality for all not only for one class, true liberty wants all, not solely their own, to enjoy its blessings. Thus, until the classes and masses combine with true fraternity, there will be neither fraternity, liberty nor equality expressed.

CHAPTER XX.

John and Ella were alone in the mountains, far from the haunts of man. They, in their desire to get into the wilds, free from society, after a season devoted to work and service, had selected one of the most isolated sections of our spirit world, a large section kept for this especial purpose.

The Divine discontent of many comes from the spirit spheres, although not cognized as discontent there, simply the laudable, inherent desire for change. Hence there are ever, as on earth, different regions and different countries. Whilst the highest civilization is to be found amongst all more advanced than the highest on mortal plane, all like the simple life as much as on earth, and often flee to the mountains, the wilds, or the seashore, to be close to that cognized as Nature, in truth, the more simple, soul-stirring expressions of Angelic Art. These mountains are in South America, on earth never to be occupied. Up on the highest peak John had built a simple, stone bungalow. The peak was covered with trees and shrubbery; the slopes were carpeted with green moss. A stream swarming with fish, gurgled past their front door. In the basement they kept an airship, and two horses feasted on the clover and moss. One automaton waited on them and brought their supplies from the nearest detached city. They were in the roof-garden, filled with choicest flowers and plants. Ella was reclining on the velvet moss, John, with his head on her lap, gazing dreamily over the wide expanse.

“John, isn't this the grandest of all views? Mountain peaks upon mountain peaks, the beautiful and the sublime, the picturesque and the grotesque side by side, I never weary of it. Look at that terrible gorge, with the madly rushing river. It looks so gruesome and forbidding. Now look at that magnificent peak, gold and blue, golden moss, blue vegetation with white flowers here and there.”

“Glorious, indeed. Look at those, the same as on earth, dark,

bare, sombre, we surely have a variety here, dear." answered John.

"And look at the train, creeping up at snail's pace in the distance. That attached train; some mortals, I presume, going to some mine."

"There will be several here before long." John answered. "These majestic ranges are as yet hardly known on earth."

"John, let's fly to that train, I want a change."

Within a few moments they donned flying robes, and flew rapidly, side by side, to the poor little mortal train, or rather to the attached spirit train. It would appear very strange to mortals but not to spirits. The train, within which was the mortal, invisible on spirit side, was entirely of glass. The engineer in the engine was in a magnetized condition, accompanied by two Celestial Guides. The passengers were going from a little puebla to the mine, also accompanied by Guides: on spirit side, beautiful, radiant spirits, in white attire, on mortal, swarthy half-breeds, ragged and unkempt.

John and Ella ascended the train and entered the passenger car. They were welcomed cordially by the angels. Ella took a seat offered by one, with a smile, who said,

"I have no need to ask why you are here, I know, but how long will you remain?"

"That, you also know," laughed Ella, "but we expect to go home within a few days, we are longing for the dear ones."

"As is ever the case," he replied, "no matter how far we advance we must take our dearest, or Heaven would not be Heaven."

"And yet, see how much of your time you are devoting to the mortal plane," said John.

"We are never too advanced," he replied, "to be but men and women, and we like change and the simple life."

"That you also know," laughed Ella, "but we expect to go ourselves for ever and ever," said Ella.

"Not as great," he replied, "as the joy of making others realize selfhood, to train and develop from infancy after first forming them, then to fit them to advance independently. That is one of the greatest joys. Look at this fine boy, he will soon be detached, ready to advance, and I shall then go home."

"Oh," sighed Ella, "if we could only spare them the sorrows of mortal life."

"Impossible, little sister, no instrument unless trained and

developed, as are the spirit and mortal bodies, from the lowest up to man, could express soul consciousness and form individual mind.

After a little more conversation on spiritual topics, John and Ella flew to a peerless lake, on the summit of one of the most lofty mountains. One of many in this marvellously, even on earth, beautiful section. No life forms, save condors and many extinct forms of mortal life, were visible. The lake was especially beautiful. Various shades of water continually forming pictures reflecting, not the picture of the sky as is usually the case, but pictures, (enabling one from the slopes above, to see, in all their loveliness), made by angelic art, of wondrous beauty. Some of the most isolated sections, rarely visited, are the most beautiful. Thus, although John and Ella were the sole ones in that vast, lovely region, the wondrous beauty impelled them to decide to spend the night in one of the sparkling little caves, near the lake.

Ella, after selecting a mossy corner for a couch, cried,

"Now, John, let us seek some supper, take a plunge, and then retire."

John took her arm and, like merry children, they looked here and there for fruit and nuts, gaily pretending they knew not where to find any, although, in truth with the spirit's knowledge, they knew exactly where they could find all they desired. They found themselves in the midst of a fragrant aroma of delicious scents and, although there was no vegetation visible, excepting some vines, Ella fell upon her knees and began to part them eagerly.

"Look, John, look, Ah, such berries."

Feasting upon the luscious strawberries, they saw in the distance a canoe, with a lonely figure.

"Not an attached spirit," John exclaimed, "no Guide. Ah, Ella, Ella, it is Father. Father here alone, I wonder where Mother is!"

"Not far away, I am sure. Oh, look, John, look."

A mammoth airship flew over the towering adjoining peak. They rapturously caught the telepathic message from Roscoe and Lilian.

"Beloved ones, we are free at last."

"Yes, I knew it would soon happen," said John.

The airship rapidly approached, they saw the beaming faces

and, ere it descended, flew to meet them and were pulled on deck with ejaculations of love. Many of the Roanokes and Langdons were on board. They had been to the collision on the Mississippi River, where Roscoe and Lilian had been detached, and had kept them with them until spirit memory returned. Then, as Roscoe and Lilian insisted, hastened to John. They alighted on the banks of the lake in time to greet Mr. Roanoke, who seized his beloved son, Roscoe, and Lilian, ere greeting the others. He had been visiting another spirit world and, upon receiving message from his wife, had hastened to meet them at John's, the nearest place.

"Roscoe, Roscoe, Lilian, Lilian, free at last. Thank God, thank God," all cried again and again, rapturously.

Roscoe and Lilian, although joyous and relieved, looked ill at ease, until Roscoe spoke rather sadly,

"Remember, I still have my dear ones, attached. I know what they are undergoing. I do not like to cut your visit short but Lilian and I desire to return to the old home, to see them tonight.

"Of course, we will all return at once," cried John and Ella.

All entered the airship which, with marvellous speed, for they had many miles to traverse, ascended to the desired height and sped on. Over the immense mountain ranges to the east, over the Amazon and its tributaries, so swiftly they flew they could see nothing below, and but little as they whirled through the balmy, brine-scented air over the ocean. The marvellous pictures in the sky, the superb tints and tones of the ever-varying sea, the scintillating beauty of the countless worlds, were barely observed so engrossed were they with each other.

"Yes," said Roscoe, "Lilian and I were seated on the deck, listening to the merry chantings of the colored men, loading the boat, when, suddenly, a terrific blast and we must have been whirled into the river, for we knew nothing until we found ourselves both together, on spirit side, in a hotel in the little town of Visilia, with Mother and our dear Guides, from whence we returned to see the dear, earthbound ones, until we recalled everything."

Lilian, embracing her mother, interposed,

"And, Oh, we never felt a pain or an ache of any kind, although we found that many of the poor colored men had been burnt severely and are still suffering greatly."

"Oh," Tom shuddered, "the horrors of that plane, I confess I never want to return to it."

"Certainly not, Tom," answered Lilian, "you have no loved ones there, but I have a beloved husband and a child, who are mourning over my poor form just rescued from the river."

"And my poor family, similarly stricken," said Roscoe, "so we must hasten, I long so to comfort them, if possible."

Ere long they arrived in the outskirts of Lexington and descended into the grounds of the Academy home. They found all awake on the mortal plane. The sun was just setting and the twilight, with its soft afterglow, effacing its effulgent glory. When our party entered the hall on spirit side, Roscoe and Lilian, accompanied by their parents, sought their loved ones ere entering the material consciousness. That evening, all the mourners, detached by sleep, wore transfigured, ecstatic faces, more joyous than the detached ones in the transitions from the depths of gloom to the heights of bliss.

The Celestial Angels had again transformed the home into a vision of beauty and thousands assembled to welcome Roscoe and Lilian. Many Celestial Angels were present, among them, Elizabeth's soul-mate, the Earl of Leicester, who, with her rapturously happy on his arm, remained quite a while, wandering through the grounds with his best-beloved; Lord Byron and Thyrsa, lovely as a dream, and many well-known characters of earth.

As soul mates are twin souls, in the sense that, when ready to be in perfect harmony, they are conjoined or wedded, it sometimes, although not often, as in Elizabeth's case, takes one or the other some time to become in perfect unison, which is imperative ere they can be conjoined. Those familiar with the Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart, can understand why Elizabeth, arrogantly vain and heartlessly cruel on earth, because she willfully chose the broad path that leadeth to destruction, though innocent and pure as are God's children in the real life, had subjectively so potently impressed a few of the organisms in the real brain, that she could not render them subservient and transmit or express the soul gift of love, as she should, until they were developed. After her interview with her soul mate, for the first time she willed herself to serve others on the mortal plane, and was advancing so rapidly, bringing under the law of love the inharmonious entities into harmony, that ere long she would

be a fitting mate for the man whom she had wronged so greatly on mortal plane.

Thus whilst, in spirit spheres, there are no places of punishment, God's children do not merit punishment, but sometimes, very, very rarely, one, like Elizabeth, is retarded in soul expression, free will is given to all. With free will she chose that which kept in perpetual inharmony her material brain, which so indelibly impressed a few of the entities of her spirit brain with inharmony, so put them out of tune as to render it a poor instrument for soul expression, until she, in command, willed to lovingly serve others, therefore, the entities willed lovingly to serve her.

Thus it can be seen, while there is no suffering, that the greatest joy of all cannot be enjoyed until love conquers all limitations. Elizabeth belonged to the class on earth who, with a good brain and good material conditions, wilfully selected the material and ignored the spiritual. Tom, to the born weakling class, John, to the born righteous. Tom, utterly irresponsible for all his acts, after the insidious entities had gained control, was born with a brain impossible to be developed on earth. Hence the Angels had not permitted any of the material impressions to put his real brain out of harmony. John, born righteous, subjected potently to temptation, born whole, needed no physician to heal him, but, with the power of an awakened child of God, dominated both the spiritual and material brain. The average mortal, like the rest of the Roanoke and Langdon families, born with good brains, subjected to good conditions, chooses the path of duty and, though not as intellectual or materially wise as Elizabeth, not as righteous as John, keeps their brains more or less harmonious, hence nothing of an especially unloving nature puts the real brains out of harmony.

When it is realized that love alone is the power that rules all worlds, life forms and entities, it can be seen that while there is great intellectuality and knowledge expressed by many of the so-called great on earth, that, whilst they seemingly control, they are in truth subordinate to love and wisdom. The most potent man on earth, He Who raised the dead, healed the blind, the lame, the halt, He Who seemingly upset natural law to fulfill Divine law, ruled simply and solely with love. He could have called twelve legions of angels, he could have prevented the crucifixion. To show His children greater love than this hath

no man, that He lay down His life for His friends. He, not only sacrificed life, but taught them industry, application, determination, concentration, at the carpenter's bench. Not solely endurance and patience when persecuted and driven from place to place, not solely fortitude, humility and submission, with the sweat of Gethsemane and the cross of Calvary, but, with limitless love and infinite compassion, inculcated wisdom, endowed the lowly fishermen with the light to perform that which the most highly intellectual cannot, and the love to bless all no matter how they transgressed. All His life and acts proved the supremacy of love. Love forgave the woman caught in sin, Love compassionated the publican, the sinner, Love healed, Love set the Divine Example for all to follow, Love did not select the chaff from the wheat, Love made no distinctions. But intellectuality, a spurious counterfeit of wisdom, not able to receive or express love through inharmonious brains or instruments, has so changed the Holy Doctrine of Love given by the Lord, that, were it not for the glorious *acts* which deny the interpolations, we would indeed be without hope and faith.

But thanks to the Christ Spirit ever with all, the time is ripe for not a re-interpretation of His message, but to interpret, give it as He gave it. The Christ Spirit movement, based upon the "Apocryphal Revelations" the genuine New Revelations, published and copyrighted in 1914, prove the truth of their inspiration by *harmonizing* all the various expressions of the one, true religion, the worship of the Father; by reconciling the scientific fact of evolution, with special creation; explaining the law of regeneration or reformation; proving reincarnation true up to self consciousness as a child of God; and, above all, at last proving the true Doctrine of Love, by showing all that Love gave them birth, Love guards and protects—even in the sole hells of earth, and that Love ever abides with them, therefore that they were not born in sin, that they have not fallen, that there are no places of punishment, and that Love, ruling all, develops the lowest to become the highest under the *universal law of progression*, and as this law is universal there can be no retrogression, *in truth*, anywhere.

CHAPTER XXI.

The writer is fully cognizant of the ridicule and unbelief of many who believe otherwise than is portrayed in this work, but that does not deter her from giving this as it comes. She knows, as do those who impress this, that they are not yet ready, that Emmanuel Swedenborg truly says in "Heaven and Hell" that solely the highest see him as Divine Person in Heaven. If, at his period of evolution over one hundred and fifty years ago, he was impressed, could grasp Him as Divine Person, the writer, more correctly impressed, does not limit His love, nor make any more distinctions than He did when impressing Jesus. At the Transfiguration He showed Himself as Divine Person, as He does to all in the real life. Those who grasp "sole begotten Son" and "the Divine Idea of Christ" acknowledge the physical as the "Sole Begotten" but make the Divine idea of Christ an intangible principle, therefore denying personality to God, whilst acknowledging the Divine Idea (child of Christ.)

All who worship Principle, the Divine Mind, the Absolute, make Omnipotence express Himself (rarely do they allude to God as an impersonal, abstract principle, not "it" but "Him", not "itself" but "Himself") in a very undeveloped, imperfect manner, whilst claiming He is perfect and the Absolute. Whilst all life is of Him, undeveloped life is not on His plane, whilst consciousness comes from Him, the consciousness of an amoeba is not the consciousness of God, the monad *descending* into matter does not express the Absolute. Were all ideas or manifestations of life for the purpose of expressing principle or the Absolute, from whence came the Infinite wisdom necessary to create or form the different worlds, *ere life forms were brought forth?* and if life forms are necessary to express mind on the lowest plane, how could mind have been expressed without a Supreme or Superior Beings to express it, to form the worlds, life forms, and to develop mind?

While it seems absurd, incredible to ascribe Omnipotence to a person, regardless how Divine, to limit Him (not "it") to a

Divine Personality, it is more absurd and incredible to make Divinity and Omnipotence express Himself through the lowest forms, and sinning humanity. To evolve means to grow from low to high, incompleteness to completion, imperfection to perfection. Those who believe in *evolution*, in reincarnation up to the animal and through successive races of humanity, also believe in the Absolute, that they will in time become part of the Absolute. If they *descend* into matter from the Absolute to *grow* under evolution and involution, why do they, already a part of the Absolute, *descend to grow*?

Any ego who descends from a *high estate* in the Heaven world for the sole purpose of *expressing life* in *inferior* life forms on the *lowest* plane must have very poor judgment, or very poor taste, to leave the Heaven World or Devanachon to descend to an *animal* plane for the sole purpose of expressing himself in *lower forms*. Were there no Heaven World, no Devanachon, the true home of all egos; were there naught but etherial, intangible shadows in the Heaven World, and Devanachon, there would be good reason, but since they teach that all wisdom and all knowledge has its source there, that they also have form—though somewhat inferior to that of humanity, why leave a superior plane to grow or develop on an inferior? And if the “Lords of Creative Hierarchies”, advanced Archangels, form the worlds, etc., from whence obtained they their wisdom? Not, most assuredly, on the lowest plane. Therefore, they must *descend* to the physical plane, not to advance in wisdom or knowledge, but to develop, (since the physical bodies are rightly cognized as but vehicles of expression), certain qualities, impossible to acquire in the higher spheres; not, most assuredly, for the puerile purpose of evolving material bodies, nor a sensuous, animal enjoyment in sin on a lower plane, therefore, conceding that the Lords obtain their knowledge, etc. from the Absolute, that they are higher expressions of the Absolute than the physical plane loving egos, if the Lords are a higher expression of the Absolute, there must be higher and higher until they arrive at the *plane of the Absolute*. Then, if there are many who express the Absolute on the highest plane, from whence received they their wisdom? Surely not, as Mind must have media for expression, from soulless Principle, or a planet, for only a being with brain and sense organs can express mind. As principle cannot be expressed without a Being, a planet, with the most advanced Divine Mind, the universe with

the *mind* of the Absolute could not express unless through some being, hence Principle is but the effluence from the Divine Mind of One Supreme Being, and the Absolute must be embodied or He could not *express* His Infinite Wisdom through evolving egos. Soul illumination, mind development, can only be received and transmitted through instruments. Hence, for the wisdom of the Absolute, there must be an Instrument, and that Instrument is God in Divine Person in Spirit spheres.

While there is that which some on mortal plane cognize as the Over Soul, entirely distinct from the Divine Mind, and there is *Divine* Mind distinct from the Individual Mind—which some deem the Absolute, they appertain, not to a Principle nor to the Absolute, as grasped by many, but emanate from that part of the Mind of God, which is not the Individual, and to the Soul, from whence all soul consciousness comes, of our loving Father.

Thus in God's Divine Person, scoff if you will, is embodied the brain which expresses and transmits all the Divine Mind in existence. Also that brain has the *soul* consciousness from which all consciousness is sent, to be in harmony with the Divine Mind. The monad must develop on both planes, from low to high, to the awakened soul consciousness, as an off-shoot, a child of God, thence, after, until he becomes in unison, as an individual entity. In this sense, descent into matter is correct, and re-incarnation or reformation true up to the awakened soul consciousness in "the image and likeness of God" in *Man*.

Without an *instrument* to transmit on vibrations Mind and Soul gifts, it would be impossible for any being to express soul or mind. God has ever existed; the Celestial Kingdom has ever existed, likewise the spiritual and material *universes*, although material worlds are ever being developed as birth places and training schools, in conjunction with the spiritual, not created but formed out of the already existing substance. When the material worlds outlive their usefulness, they are not destroyed (nothing can be destroyed), but are disintegrated and dis-associated, returned to their primal elements.

Material worlds are ever in process of formation and decay. The spiritual are detached from the material and exist forever. Archangels, familiar with the origin of life and all laws, Divine, spiritual and natural or physical, form the various worlds and life forms. The advanced, on mortal plane, in reality no farther advanced than the average young child on spirit plane, realize

all are under directivity or guidance. None doubt an omnipotent Power, whether cognized as Supreme Being, Principle or Nature. Many know that without a receiving machine or instrument, mind could neither be formed, received nor expressed through either vibrations or impressions.

There must be a receiver and a transmitter. The spiritual brain after formation first by the Angels, then developed by the spirit, is the instrument to receive on vibrations the soul gifts from the Divine Mind and impressions from spiritual experiences in the spirit world. The material brain is the instrument within the interstices of the spiritual, when attached to the vital frame, or, as deemed by some, the astral body, while subjected to the mortal school. Were the material brain not in the spiritual, were there not a permanent receiving instrument to record material impressions, it would be impossible for the spirit to form correct impressions, or to remember, with a constantly changing material brain. When detached from the vital frame he would have nothing to refer to, for, while mind is distinct from the material brain, it is not from the spiritual, which is the living record of all spiritual and material impressions and experiences.

The Divine Person of God is the Supreme Receiver and Transmitter. He, on vibrations, transmits to the highest, they to others on lower planes, many essential matters, but the soul gifts on vibrations go direct from the Divine Mind to every awakened child of God. When the child, on mortal plane, has a material brain in harmony, he expresses the soul gifts more or less perfectly, but not the spiritual life and experiences, unless impressed or permitted by his Celestial Guides or tutors. It can be clearly seen that when animal is regenerated, made into man, and attains to self consciousness in the spirit world, that that self is not the self consciousness of an animal or he would have been self conscious in the lower form. He becomes conscious as a spirit man, in a man's body, with a man's brain which receives the self consciousness. Did he destroy or change that body, he would be deprived of self consciousness. He could not put his consciousness, nor the brain which receives it, into another body. He ever remains in the one body in which he receives consciousness. But he can be magnetized into insensibility and rendered conscious on the mortal plane, with that part of the brain wherein is located consciousness, connected with his vital frame when attached to it, and thus be conscious through the material brain and sense

organs. That part of his spirit brain, related to spirit life, magnetized, so as not to render material experiences valueless.

He can, when entranced or detached by sleep, leave his mortal body, and, if very advanced on mortal plane, (very seldom done,) detach himself independently of his tutors, and, as Theosophy claims, project the ego, free the spirit, not the astral body which is the vital frame. Without the vital frame, the material would become, save for a few organisms, lifeless. Death ever occurs when the vital frame is disassociated and disconnected. The spirit is only directly connected with the cerebrum. The lower brain, the medulla oblongata, the spinal and the sympathetic system, all that regulates muscular action, all reflex action, is mainly under the charge of his tutors, or those who form his vital frame. Thus it can be realized that he is not the sole arbiter of his destiny, and, although it is true that he has free will, he can only exercise that will within the bounds of law. The half truths now being taught must be corrected in the light of truth.

When in tune with the Infinite, which really means when the material brain is in harmony, he can govern, to a certain extent, his material brain and body. He receives more or less of the soul gifts, clear impressions how to care for his instruments, put himself in harmony, and thus will, unless subjected to mortal afflictions—which are the common heritage of all, especially the loving, keep himself well. The loving suffer, endure, not for self but for others. The Lord Jesus Christ was the Man of Sorrows, nothing could put Him out of harmony, He was impressed by God. But every other mortal is put out of harmony, regardless how righteous or God Loving, when it is necessary, especially those being developed to give the higher truths. When entirely developed, in perfect tune, nothing puts out of harmony until they are detached, oft in their sleep, or more painfully if more suffering is needed to free them.

The greatest exponents of all systems of healing, the greatest saints, martyrs, apostles, disciples, had to, as did the Lord, give up mortal life, not voluntarily, oft exercising all their will to prevent, when it was time to go home, simply because despite their will and presumed knowledge of law, they are detached from their vital frames by their Celestial Tutors and have to submit to Divine Law.

FINIS.



