

THE  
PHANTOM FORM:

Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

A TRUE LIFE HISTORY,

COMMUNICATED

BY A SPIRIT

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP

OF

MRS. NETTIE PEASE FOX.

MEDIUMISTIC AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN KEY, OR MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL." "A SEARCH FOR THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS," ETC., ETC.

"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—*Daniel* v: 5.

"To a mind not influenced by popular prejudice, it will be scarcely possible to believe that *apparitions* would have been vouched for in all countries had they never been seen in any."—*Rev. Geo. Strahan, D. D.*

"Facts like these, with which the world is filled, embarrass strong minds more than they are willing to acknowledge."—*Baylie.*

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TO MY<sup>02</sup>

BELOVED HUSBAND,

TO WHOSE BRAVE AND HELPFUL SPIRIT, I AM INDEBT-  
ED FOR ENCOURAGEMENT AND AID IN PLACING THIS, AND OTHER  
WORKS BEFORE THE PUBLIC, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTION-  
ATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

W. W. BENTLEY  
NEW YORK  
1887

# CONTENTS.

## PART FIRST.

### EXPERIENCES IN EARTH LIFE.

#### CHAPTER I.

PAGE

My Parents—Their Cold, Unloving Life—First Clairvoyant Experience—Consequent Unhappiness—My Mother a Clairvoyant—The Spectre—My Father's Dislike For Me—Sister Eunice—Deaths Foretold.....	“ 9
--	-----

#### CHAPTER II.

Is there Another Life?—Questions—My Mother's Death—Deathbed Visions and Revelations—Light from the Beyond.....	“ 15
--	------

#### CHAPTER III.

Sacred to Obligations—Youthful Aspirations Blighted—Disbelief and Dislike of Religion—Sore Trials—Angel Ministration—Cruel Separation.....	“ 20
--	------

#### CHAPTER IV.

Spirit Presence of one yet living in Earthly Form—A Spirit from the Other Life—Sorrowful Prediction—Astonishing Revelation—Disappointment.....	“ 23
--	------

#### CHAPTER V.

Prophecy Fulfilled—Houseless, Homeless, Friendless—Heart Revelations—Betrothal—Mysterious Appearance—A Great Surprise.....	“ 33
--	------

#### CHAPTER VI.

Eunice's sad Experiences—A Father's false Representation Corrected by the Spirit Mother—One of Earth's Dark	
---	--

Places—Inez, the Unfortunate—Eunice Saved from a  
Horrible Fate by Spirit Warning—The Escape . . . . . " 38

CHAPTER VII.

The Cross of Jewels and Thorns—Its Significance—It is  
Grand to Suffer, that Others may be Lifted up—Fore-  
boding—Love, as interpreted from the Higher Spheres. . " 46

CHAPTER VIII.

Sunshine of Happiness—Eunice Strange Proposition—What  
does it mean—The Secret Revealed—The Terrible Or-  
deal—Marriage. . . . . " 53

CHAPTER IX.

Can Love be won—The Gulf Widens—Eunice—A Circle of  
Spirits—Life Saved by Spirit Power—The Law of Love  
—Alone in the World. . . . . " 60

CHAPTER X.

The Letters—Man, the Result of Unseen Forces—An Aim-  
less Life—Death Foretold—Spirit Advice Rejected—  
The Result—My sudden Departure from Earth. . . . . " 69

Poem: THERE IS NO DEATH. . . . . " 77

PART SECOND.

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

My first Awakening--Dead! Am I Dead?—What I Saw  
and Heard—My Mother the first to meet me--Power  
of Earthly Love -- Mother, where am I?—Arbor of  
Repose--Deeply Interesting Questions Answered—A  
Journey--Traveling in Spirit Life--Undeveloped Spir-  
its Controlled-- Do Spirits get Weary—Spirit Always

Connected with Matter—Gonzalo, the Spirit Teacher  
—A Grove Meeting in Spirit Life—Gonzalo's Oration. " 79

## CHAPTER II.

Mansions in Spirit Land—Luscious Fruit, as Real as in  
Earth Life—A Resort, and its use—Is the Distinction  
of Sex Lost in Spirit Life?..... " 93

## CHAPTER III.

Return to Earth—My Spirit Guide—A Magnetic River  
and Crystal Ocean—How Material Objects are seen  
by Spirits—Searching for Earth Friends.. " 99

## CHAPTER IV.

My Experiences as a Spirit with Mortals in Earth Life—  
Unhappiness—Spirits attend an Earthly Marriage Cer-  
emony—A Spirit long in the Atmosphere of Earth—  
The Loss—Who is my Spirit Guide—A Discovery.. " 106

## CHAPTER V.

Weary of Life—Return to the Summer Land—Religious  
Zealots in Spirit Life—They still Worship a Personal  
God—Mansion of Artistic Beauty—A Home for the  
Loveless—A Mother Relates her sad Earth Experience  
—Marriage by Human Law, not always a True Mar-  
riage—A Curse to Children—A Congress of Spirits—  
Important Subjects Considered..... " 111

## CHAPTER VI.

My Mother's Experience in Spirit Life—Woman's Condition  
in Earth Life—Martyrs in Marriage—Without Reci-  
procal Love Marriage not Conjugal—The True Mar-  
riage Eternal. Through it will come Human Redemp-  
tion—Marriage in Spirit Life..... " 119

## CHAPTER VII.

Library in the Spirit World—A Paper Published—The first Book read—Treatise upon the Existence of God—A Christian searching for Jesus—A Temple of Science—Self Abnegation—Aiding Others gives Power to Rise—Emily meets her Unhappy Father in Spirit Life. . . . . " 127

## CHAPTER VIII.

A new Life—Universities, Education—Reform in Spirit Life—Societies and Classes—Mythological Errors Sometimes Long Adhered to—Meeting of Husband and Wife, whose Earthly Marriage had been Unfortunate. . . . . " 134

## CHAPTER IX.

Advancement by Administering to the Needs of Others—A Park in Summerland—Meeting an Intimate Friend of Earth Life—Interesting Topics Discussed—Thalia's Home—The Iron Cross and Crown of Thorns Exchanged for a Jeweled Diadem—Beautiful Scenes, and Impressive Ceremony in Spirit Life—Silver Star—Eunice and her Husband's Apotheosis. . . . . " 142

## CHAPTER X.

Strange Meeting—A Family Reunion in the Summer Land—Ceremony Related in last Chapter Explained—Condition of a Class of Despised Women—Obstacles to their Restoration to Virtuous Life—Silver Star, the PHANTOM FORM, opens the Book of her Life. . . . . " 152

## CHAPTER XI.

Gonzalo's Revelation—A grand Tour to Another Sphere—Wonderful Experiences—A Realm of Beauty—Marriage—The Great Work in which I am Engaged—Employments in the Spirit World. . . . . "

## PREFATORY.

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Many years have elapsed since the truth of Modern Spiritualism, first took possession of my mind. No conflict of theory, or aim, has been possible to me since that time, nor have I ever undervalued the importance of mediumship, forgotten its responsibilities, or questioned the moral magnificence of its destiny.

Notwithstanding my long and varied experience as a Medium, its sublime mysteries still remain unsolved. Marvelous, indeed, is the power of that fine, spiritual aura; its waves of billowy music, surging through the purified channels of the brain, producing a calmness indiscribable, a sweet restfulness, which soon ends in the death-like trance.

In such a condition the revelations of this book were given, and written at the time, by an amanuensis, exactly as spoken.

The spirit author, claims it to be a true life history. I have no means of testing its veracity. But, I do not question the candid and confiding statements of friends here, unless they have proved themselves unworthy of confidence; neither, can I look with suspicion upon one whose pure and noble face bears the stamp of truth, and honor.

While under the magnetic control of this intelligence, my clairvoyant powers were greatly augmented. Localities were as plainly seen, and could be as readily identified, as can the various

cities I have visited on earth. Several of the characters, prominently referred to in the narrative, were seen so frequently, that they seemed more like dear friends than strangers from another world.

I give this book to the world as it was given to me, believing it will awaken in the minds of many a desire to investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism.

Surely, there is no other revelation that embodies such far-reaching and beneficently promised results. If the reading of this book, shall make one life happier, or, for one moment part the fleecy curtain that veils some dear ones face, I shall have been rewarded.

N. P. F.

THE  
PHANTOM FORM.

EXPERIENCES IN EARTH AND SPIRIT LIFE.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

*My Parents—Their Cold, Unloving Life—First Clairvoyant Experience—Consequent Unhappiness—My Mother a Clairvoyant—The Spectre—My Father's Dislike For Me—Sister Eunice—Deaths Foretold.*

“Why is life given

To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? Who, if he knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be dismissed in peace?”

 TAKE up the thread of my earthly existence, and again pass over the changing scenes that marked my life journey here. I do this that the reader may more readily understand the facts which I shall have to present, which bear upon the higher life. I lived upon the earth many years and have been in spirit life so long, that the facts I am about to relate, seem more like pictures from the land of dreams, than the stern realities that shaped my earth life, and marked out the destiny of the spirit.

My name was Emma Blackburn. I was the eldest of a large family of children. My father was a stern, relentless man; rigid in the performance of what he styled his duty, the master of the house, the authority before whom we had to bow, a church member in good standing. Thus, externally a religious devotee, but closely viewed only illustrative of:

"What a reasonless machine  
Can superstition make the reas'ner man."

My mother was a gentle, quiet christian woman, whose love for her husband had been transformed to duty, whose deep, affectionate nature flowed out in idolatrous love for her children and her religion. As my father possessed but little of this world's goods, industry and economy were constantly necessary to keep the family above want. The one great need of our house was harmony. I cannot remember the time when my father spoke kindly or tenderly to our mother or one of the children. An event occurred when I was fifteen years of age, which rendered our lives more gloomy and intolerable than before.

I was sitting with my mother, the little ones around us, waiting for the return of him who always brought a shadow to the house; when by the dim light of the lamp, I saw the shadowy form of a woman clad in white. She approached my mother, placed her hand upon her head, and in a voice that thrilled my entire being, said: "I have come to release you." My blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and with a cry of terror I threw myself into my mother's arms. At that moment my father entered and demanded an explanation of the scene. His angry voice and threatening words added to my terror, and it was long before I could sufficiently control myself to explain the cause of my agitation. At last I told him all. My mother sank back, white and motionless.

My father sprang from his chair in a paroxysm of rage, and uttering a volley of oaths, said: "The demon that has tracked me through life appears again. I command you never to look at it, speak of it, or think of it again; if you disobey, you shall be driven forth and never be permitted to enter this house again." He was restless and nervous through the evening, frequently going to the window, looking out into the darkness, then glaring upon me with a mingled look of fear and hate. I was glad when I could creep to the solitude of my room and there sob myself to sleep.

The next day when mother and I were alone, she told me that this spectre had often appeared to her. Its appearance had first soured my father. When she mentioned the subject to him, his whole nature seemed to be transformed, and from that day to the night of its appearance to me, she had never dared to speak of it, although it had frequently appeared, and upon one occasion, made some startling revelations which she declined to reveal to me. She begged me to think no more about it. I need not tell you, how useless was such a request. I longed to know what the spectre was, and how it was connected with my father's life; but as I dare not speak of it again, I had only my own thoughts to commune with. My father watched me suspiciously, and I anxiously waited for the return of the spectre that I longed for, yet dreaded to see.

My father's evident dislike for me was increasing day by day. At last I began to have an undefinable dread of some fearful event; but what hurt and grieved me the most deeply, was the sadness and silence of my mother. The family seemed to be withdrawing from me, and I had no power to approach or draw them to me, and I felt that soon I must stand alone. The PHANTOM FORM stood between me and all I loved. Had I at that time suspected

the nature of the secret, I should have not been anxious for the revelation.

My sister, Eunice, was always true and changeless in her love. Father's frowns and mother's silence failed to intimidate her. She was three years younger than I, and the embodiment of beauty and affection. Her large blue eyes and bright golden curls, were in strong contrast to the black eyes and dark locks of the other children. Nature seemed to have robbed all of us, to lavish its gifts upon her. In disposition there was as marked a difference as in external appearance. My brothers and sisters were all vigorous, active and energetic, with hasty, and seemingly ungovernable will. Eunice was gentle, mild and yielding, strong in her attachments, and fearless in expression; totally unlike my father, yet his favorite; although at times he seemed to have an unaccountable aversion to her.

One evening when we sat conversing, my father engaged with his paper, I was suddenly struck with the angelic beauty of my sister, and said to her, "You are so unlike the rest of us, so fair, so tender, so beautiful, I shall call you Lilly." My father dropped his paper, and glaring upon me with his wild eyes, said: "Never again give expression to such thought; never call Eunice by any other than her right name." Then taking his hat he strode from the room, leaving us in a state of bewilderment. I looked to my mother for an explanation, but she only answered by a shake of the head, and seemed to draw away from Eunice. Two weeks from that evening, my little brother, Robert, the youngest of the family, was taken suddenly ill, in two days his sufferings were brought to an end. My mother attended him with the greatest care, but at no time expressed a wish that he might recover, or a fear that he would die. When he was gone, she knelt by his little

bed, and in a calm, quiet manner, thanked God for carrying her darling home. I was surprised at her calmness, which I did not understand until we had returned from the funeral. Then taking me to her room she threw her arms around me and kissed me as she had when I was a child. Taking my face between her hands, looking into my eyes with a long, searching gaze, she said: "My daughter, you have been the idol of my heart, others I have loved; you I have worshiped. You have been the hope and comfort of my weary life. Do you love me with all the fullness of your nature?"

Deeply affected, I answered in the affirmative, and she continued:

"Do not weep; be calm; I have something of importance to say to you; but first let me say that I am very thankful that God has taken our little Robbie away. He will not be left to struggle on alone and perhaps sink in the dark path of sin, which only a mother's love could shield him from. Robbie was an unwelcome child. Your father has never manifested the least interest in him. God knew what was best; he is gone and I shall soon follow. Nay, do not interrupt me; I must talk to you now, for I may not have another opportunity. You understand something of your father's nature; but of the power he exerts over me, the wonderful influence of his anger upon me, of the thralldom in which I have been held for years; of the bitterness of the cup of which I have been compelled to drink, of the hypocritical life I have been compelled to lead; of my fear of him, and of his influence in my conduct towards you for the past few weeks, you know little; and I would that I could shield you from a knowledge of the facts that will darken your future life. Let the dark revelation rest in the future, it shall not pass my lips to add to the unhappiness that has already shaded your life. But there is one thing you must

know. You remember the PHANTOM FORM that appeared to you. It came to me the night that you called Eunice the Lilly. It told me that we should lose our little boy, and that soon after his death it would conduct *my* freed spirit into a better world than this. Do not weep; do not interrupt me. I know that this revelation is a truthful one. I have had many conversations with the PHANTOM, whose real name is Lilian. The nature of these revelations you will understand when you are older and better able to bear them than now. My child, I am going to leave you; to leave you alone in a cold, selfish, heartless world. There will be many snares for your young feet; be prudent and prayful and God will protect you. But I want you to make me one promise. Place your hand on this bible and swear that whatever your trials and temptations may be; whatever the inducements for your ease, profit, or pleasure, you will never leave, neglect, or desert the little ones I entrust to your care."

"Do you promise?"

I do, I answered with a voice husky with emotion.

"Remember your father's dislike for you; think of the sufferings you must endure, and tell me, are you strong enough?"

I am strong enough to do anything that *you* desire; but oh! dear mother, do not leave us.

"My child, I thank you; you have removed a great load from my heart; but lest you should think I had forgotten your interest, and doomed you to a life of misery, I will tell you that Lilian has assured me that I should return to earth again, and watch over you and in time, break the chain whose links will seem to canker your tender flesh. Remember my words! You do not understand their full import now, but in coming years they will be a staff for you to lean upon. I hear your father's step, and I must go.

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Say nothing of our conversation to any one, and do not think strange of my seeming coldness to you in the presence of your father. Farewell, my darling child, farewell." Imprinting a warm kiss on my lips, she left me.



## CHAPTER II.

*Is there Another Life?—Questions—My Mother's Death—Deathbed Visions and Revelations—Light from the Beyond.*

“When I sought thy radiant spirit,  
When I sought thy well loved form,  
How the icy pressure chilled me,  
Of the hand so lately warm.  
How the dim eye closed upon me,  
How the lips I loved so well  
Seemed to neither seek nor shun me,  
As my kisses on them fell.

Oh ! my dear and blessed mother,  
Angels claimed thee for their own,  
But to form that blessed union,  
Must thy child be left alone ?”

HE long hot summer had given place to the golden days of autumn ; never had the forests been more gorgeously arrayed with rich and varying tints ; never was the sky brighter, nor the air purer ; but the glory of the autumnal months was fast fading, the brown, withered leaves lay now in heaps upon the ground, or were driven hither and thither by the chilling winds of November. The few songsters that remained seemed pining for the beauty that had perished, and the mountain stream murmured a sad and mournful requiem. Our home within, was a fit representation of the world without.

For many weeks my mother had been slowly losing her hold

upon earth and now seemed almost ready to break the last link that held her to earth life. There was no disease, but a gradual loss of vital power. Her step had become slow and tottering, her form emaciated; her face almost colorless. The large dark eye still retained its brilliancy, and the sweet spirit illuminated the face with indescribable beauty. As all that was lovely seemed to be withdrawing from the earth, so the divinity enshrined within its earthly casket was rapidly passing away. Winter would soon chain the dancing waters and spread its white mantle over the earth. Alas! I knew its snowy covering would fall on the grave of my beloved mother. The winter of death would blast the one sweet blossom of my heart, and congeal the fountain of its affection. How cheerless and desolate life would seem to me! The vivifying breath of spring would awaken external nature and remodel myriad forms of life, in fineness of proportion, touched with tints of delicacy and beauty, that would charm the eye, and delight the hearts of millions; but no warmth, or light, could enliven or dissipate the perpetual winter which had enfolded me in its relentless arms.

I look back to those days and marvel at my short-sightedness, and at the anguish that crushed my young spirit, seemingly unbearable. But I knew nothing of philosophy or science; a knowledge of the immortality of the soul had never reached my spirit. The religion which had brought faith and consolation to my sweet mother, was robbed of all its beneficial effects upon me by the deceitful, and repulsive character of my father. His life had caused me to *think*, and thought had resulted in skepticism, but which I had never found courage to express. The PHANTOM I had seen, and which my mother assured me had *conversed* with her, was the only evidence I had received of the power of the soul to

outlive the decay of the body; and this was not entirely satisfactory, as I did not know who or what the PHANTOM was. My mother's silence upon the subject, and her wish that I should not mention it, together with the knowledge that she must soon leave us, made me doubly anxious to know more of this strange visitant.

One day when mother seemed weaker than usual, I drew my chair to her bed, and taking her thin, white hand in mine, said: "Dear mother we are alone, there are no prying eyes to watch, no ears to catch the sound of our voices; I must speak freely to you once more. I know you will soon leave us, tell me, O tell me! Do you know that you will live after death? If you have proof, O give it to your distracted child! Day by day I see the lamp of life, flicker fainter and fainter; how will it be re-lighted? You are calm and quiet, what is the cause of this composure? I shall soon be alone, all alone! but if you can give me a certainty of your existence, I shall not mind the darkness and trials that await me on the way of life."

My mother's face flushed, and then became pale as death, even the lips took on the ashen hue that marks the approach of a great change. I feared that my excitement had destroyed her, and was about to call for assistance, when she beckoned me to draw near and be quiet; then in a low tremulous voice she said:

"My child I have done wrong in keeping you so long in darkness, but I did not know that a doubt had ever entered your mind. Faith was enough for me: in the Gospel, I found all the evidence that I required. With you it is different and you shall have the benefit of my experience. Lilian, or the PHANTOM FORM, was the first angel, or ministering spirit that God sent to me. It was long before I became fully satisfied as to her identity, and I am too weak now, to tell you all the means she has resorted to, to

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establish the strange revelation she made. Suffice it to say, that she once lived in mortal form. You will sometime have as good evidence, of this as I have. Since the death of my baby, Lilian has often brought him to me. I have seen, handled, and talked to my precious child; therefore I have not grieved for him. Every day of the past week, two or more spirits have been with me a greater part of the time. They wait to conduct my emancipated spirit to its new home. I am calm, because I have no fear; death is swallowed up in victory. My child, I know that you will be faithful and I will come to you often to aid, love and bless you; do not shed one tear, I am happy. My child, give me your hand! it is getting dark! a chill creeps over me, See! there is Lilian and baby, and—and—mother! Hear the music! see the bright forms! they come! My child farewell, farewell."

The head fell back, and before I fully realized the import of her words, she was gone. But O, what a light flooded my soul; all doubt had been swept away, and I felt to thank God that my beautiful mother was free from the cares and troubles of earth life. I threw my arms around her and listened to the music greeting the new born spirit. So great an impression did her last words make upon me, that when father returned his first expression was: "what has occurred to make you look so happy?"

### CHAPTER III.

*Sacred to Obligation—Youthful Aspirations Blighted—Distrust and Dislike of Religion—Sore Trials—Angel Ministration—Cruel Separation.*

“O hearts that never cease to yearn !  
O burning tears that ne'er are dried !  
The dead, though they depart, return,  
As if they had not died.

The living are the only dead:  
The dead live, nevermore to die;  
And often when we mourn them fled,  
They never were so nigh.”

**T**HE golden years of girlhood! how fair their dreams, how bright their hopes, how inspiring their prophecies! Their enchanted palaces may fall, their dreams prove meaningless, their hopes turn to dust and ashes; yet they are sweet, the dawn of a new era; happy the heart that is permitted to linger long in this rosy period of existence.

“Oh! the joy  
Of young ideas painted on the mind,  
In the warm, glowing colors, fancy spreads  
On objects not yet known, when all is new,  
And all is lovely.”

I was not imaginative; nature had not endowed me with beauty of face, or perfection of form, nor that quick intuitive perception, which adds a charm to existence. My life had been common place,

I had not dreamed of anything out of the ordinary course of events. I wanted to prepare myself for teaching; to attain this object, I bent all my energies. My father's limited means prevented my having the advantages I desired, and alone I poured over the books which were to pave the way for the future independence I craved. The sickness and death of my mother, and the sacred promise I had made to her, destroyed my hopes for the future, and compelled me to accept a position, and to perform duties which were very distasteful; nevertheless, I resolved to be faithful, and if necessary, sacrifice myself for the good of those entrusted to my care.

My father did not seem to understand the heavy burden that had fallen upon my shoulders; he did not offer to procure assistance, nor did he seem to realize that there was more required of me than I could possibly accomplish. I assumed the entire control of the house; its many arduous duties and the charge of the children, kept me constantly employed, leaving no time for thought or culture. Sister Eunice kindly offered to assist, but I insisted upon her staying at school, hoping that some day I might see her occupy the position I had so earnestly desired.

My duties almost entirely secluded me from society. I left our home but twice a week; Saturday afternoon to visit our mother's grave; and Sunday morning to attend church with our father. I dreaded the approach of the hour when I was to go to the Chapel. It had been no trial to go with mother; I could sit and look into her sweet, patient face, and know that it reflected the purity, and sweetness of a holy life. The earnest words of the Pastor were joyfully received by her spirit, her faith in their truthfulness and power illuminated her face and inspired me with something akin to awe. With my father it was different; to me his face was like a mask, which strove in vain to hide the deformity beneath. To

my young mind, he seemed while in church, to be acting a part, a character not his own. I think my mother's gentle spirit must have ever held me in check, for after her death I found it difficult to control the impulsive nature, which longed to speak out and assert its freedom. It was only the memory of my sacred promise that prevented.

There was another cause of trouble, my disbelief and dislike of religion was increasing day by day. There was no one to whom I could express my feelings and I shuddered as I thought of my growing sinfulness; and as the weeks rolled on without bringing any tidings from my mother, I began to fear that my sinful thoughts prevented her approach. Thus weary and bodily overtaxed, tortured by contending emotions, my life was becoming intolerable. I felt the need of human sympathy, longed to open my heart to some friend. I had never mentioned the last conversation with my mother. Finally, I resolved to take Eunice into my confidence, and that night I told her of the PHANTOM FORM, of my hope and desire to see mother, and lastly of the religious doubts that were troubling me. Eunice listened with great interest, and putting her arms around me said:

"Sweet sister, I am glad you told me all; I believe in the PHANTOM FORM. There is in my heart something that tells me it is a reality and that we shall know more of it by-and-by. I am sure mother will come, she was so good, her first thought would be to bless and care for us; yes, yes, I know she will come; but with your doubts I can have no sympathy; our father's faults should not lessen our respect for the religion our mother accepted as true, and taught us to rely upon as essential to salvation. Your doubts must have been caused by your disappointment. Let *me* stay at home and take your place, I will do the best I can, and

get the widow Brown to help. You can pursue your studies and will soon be able to earn something; please do, I shall be happier if you consent."

In this way the dear girl continued to talk for some time. It was sweet to receive her caresses and see her face brighten as she spoke of the future, when I should feel independent. I reminded her of my promise, and said: "My darling sister, I have your love, it will give me strength to endure the trials that await me. I feel a vague impression of a coming storm, cling to me, Eunice; you are to me an angel of beauty and goodness; I shall not be entirely shut out from the influence of our mother while you are near." As I finished these words a sound near the window attracted our attention. Looking in that direction we saw the dark form of our father, who had evidently overheard our conversation. Frowning upon me, his voice husky and tremulous with anger, he said:

"So I have a *heretic* in the house, a scoffer at the truths of religion, a believer in ghosts and spectres, a child who reviles and slanders a loving parent, a sister who is pouring the poison of her vile heart over the pure white life of a child; I have heard all, I know all. Eunice go to your room; to-morrow I will see that you are removed from the baneful influence that surrounds you." Then turning to me he continued: "I once had high hopes for you, you have blasted them, you are unfit for any position of trust or responsibility; I shall keep you under my eye, and see that you have enough to employ your hands and brain, and if possible dislodge the demon that has evidently obsessed you; go, go, no more idle moments for you!"

Trembling with fear and dread I crept away, glad to get beyond the glare of his angry eyes, and filled with horror, and a gloomy

foreboding at the full meaning of those words. The night was a terrible one for me. I retired at an early hour, and tried in vain to quiet my fears, and dispel the fearful forebodings that haunted me. I understood my father too well, to hope for any change in the determination he had formed of sending Eunice from home. I thought of my desolate and wretched condition and of Eunice; what did he intend to do with her? I knew that he was not able to place her in school, and that he had no friends to whom he could intrust her. My agony of spirit found vent in tears; at last I grew calm, and sweet slumber shut me out from the world of sorrow. I seemed to have rested but a few moments when awakened by a light step. I opened my eyes, and saw Eunice standing in the moonlight, she advanced saying:

"Sweet sister, I knew you would be wretched to-night, and I could not stay away from you; do not make yourself unhappy because of father's threats; I will not leave you, I do not fear him, he cannot separate us, unless he does it by force, and I hardly think he will resort to that. Together we can endure all things." I knew the words came from her heart, and I also knew, how powerless they would be to change the iron will of our father. Her sweet words soothed me as the murmur of a stream, as the gentle pattering of rain soothes the disturbed spirit. I held her in my arms and felt a consciousness that it was the last time. The hours glided by, the bright moonlight flooded every part of the room. Finally, Eunice slept, and I too, soon lost all consciousness of my surroundings. I was aroused by a rustling sound, and the pressure of a little hand upon my arm. I opened my eyes and saw two shining forms standing in the moonlight, the one nearest the bed was Lilian, the PHANTOM FORM. She was radiantly beautiful, there was a look of unutterable tenderness in her large blue-

eyes, and an indiscribable richness in the long wavy hair that fell around her like a veil of gold. Her eyes were fixed upon Eunice, and in a low, almost inaudible whisper she said:

“Lilly, my darling, a terrible experience awaits you, a terrible blow will fell you to the earth, the voice, is the voice of a serpent, the words contain the poison of the asp, be strong, I will help you, I will guard you; do not oppose the will that is able to crush you; darling, I will not leave you, trust me, love me.”

She seemed losing power, her form grew faint and shadowy; as she receded the Spirit accompanying her drew near, placed her soft hand upon my head, and bent over as if to caress me, the moonlight flashed upon her face and I saw that it was my mother. With a cry of delight I started up and extended my arms to embrace her, but she was gone! I rushed to the open window and gazed out into the starry night; no living form was visible, all was silent as the grave. I opened the door and went into the dark entry; the house was very quiet; I could hear the ticking of the clock in the room below, and the soft breathing of the children in their quiet slumbers.

As I stood peering into the darkness, I heard a loud noise in my father's room; it seemed like the fall of a heavy object. Trembling with excitement I drew near his door, and heard him addressing some one in angry tones. I could not distinguish his words, but they were soon followed by a whizzing sound like some heavy substance passing through the air, the next moment it fell with a crash that could have been heard all over the house. I heard my father spring from his bed, and saw my mother and the PHANTOM FORM leave his room, float through the hall, and pass out of the open window.

With noiseless tread I returned to my room, too much excited

to wonder why Eunice did not accompany me. I commenced to relate to her what I had heard and seen. As she did not move, or speak, I became alarmed; putting my hand upon her I found her body cold and rigid. In an agony of fear and terror, I rubbed her cold hands, forced brandy between her lips and tried every method of which I knew to restore her, all was in vain, she remained cold and apparently lifeless. I was afraid to call for assistance, and continued working over the inanimate form until the first beams of day brought the welcome fact that the night of sorrow had passed. With the approach of light, and the awakening and singing of birds, Eunice drifted back to conscious life, and before the hour for me to begin the duties of the day, she was fully restored to her normal condition. I then supposed that the sinking spell, or fit, was caused by fright; the last she remembered was seeing my mother approach the bed. The words spoken by the PHANTOM FORM, were entirely obliterated from her memory, and I could not bring myself to repeat the prophecy of evil. My father appeared at breakfast, pale and haggard, with sunken eyes and those hard drawn lines around the mouth which told plainly of a settled purpose that would be carried out, at all hazards. After breakfast he said to me:

“Get the clothing, books, and all that belongs to Eunice, place them in the trunk standing in my room; have her ready to leave at eleven; I shall call for her, see that there is no delay.” With these words he left the house, leaving me overwhelmed with sorrow. Eunice was defiant—she declared that she would not leave me. With aching heart and tearful eyes I obeyed my father’s command, and at the time designated all was in readiness. Eunice wondered at my willingness to prepare for her departure, saying: “Your labor will be in vain, I will not go.” Father was as usual

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prompt, he ordered the trunk placed in the light wagon at the door, then addressing Eunice, said: "I am ready, get your hat and shawl." She threw up her slight form to its full height, folded her arms and looking him defiantly in the face, replied:

"You order me to follow you, as though I were a dog instead of your child, you would tear me from my home, from my sister whom I worship; I will not obey you! I will not leave this house unless taken by force!" Throwing her arms around me, she clasped her little hands as though no power could unclasp those small fingers. My father smiled bitterly, and bending down, whispered a few words in her ear. The bright color left her face—her arms relaxed their hold and she sank to my feet in a death like swoon. My father moved me aside, lifted Eunice from the floor, applied restoratives, and at the first sign of returning consciousness wrapped her shawl around her, placed her in the carriage and bore her away. To me it seemed that she had gone to her death. I should have been less unhappy, could I have known her spirit was free and with the angels who had visited us the previous night.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Spirit Presence Of One Yet Living In Earthly Form—A Spirit From The Other Life—Sorrowful Prediction—Astonishing Revelation—Disappointment.*

“When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping  
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,  
And the earnest eye, dimmed with strange weeping,  
Sees the visions of fancy depart ;  
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,  
And the heart throbs with passions fierce strife,  
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,  
Who then can find sweetness in life ?”

ONG, dreary months had passed since Eunice left us; months of toil, loneliness and sorrow. My father had told us that he had placed Eunice at school and that was all we heard, although I had hoped and prayed for a letter, or one word from, or of her. Disheartened, and weary of the toil and monotony of my life, I felt at times that I must at all hazards break away from its narrow limits, and seek for the one dear object that made life worth living. The promise I had made to remain and care for the little ones entrusted to my charge, was all that restrained me. No angelic form had appeared since Eunice's departure, no spirit voice guided, or cheered my lonely life.

It was just six months from the night that my mother had appeared to us, when I found myself sitting alone, weary and disheartened. Father was from home, the children sleeping the sound sleep of childhood, and the house silent as the tomb. The injustice and wretchedness of my condition seemed to crowd upon

me, and sting almost to madness. I dropped my head upon my hand and wept. Suddenly, I felt the presence of some one, and looking up saw Eunice standing in the dimly lighted room. She was pale and thin ; her bright locks had been removed, and her eyes were intensely brilliant, almost wild, in their eager, dazzling light. I sprang forward to clasp her in my arms, she put out her hands as if to ward me off, and in solemn, measured tone, said :

“Search my father’s pocket!” then, slowly receded and finally faded from my sight.

Astonished, bewildered, and pained by her sudden appearance and changed looks, I sat as motionless as stone, gazing at the spot where she had stood, and wondering if sorrow had made me mad. How long I remained in that dazed condition I know not. The first thing that aroused my attention was a light, cloud like appearance, which gradually took form. I watched it unmoved, and with no feeling of excitement and little interest, until the vapory substance rolled back and revealed the radiant face and beautiful form of my mother. O, what a contrast between the indescribable loveliness, peace, and brightness that seemed a part of her being, and the pallor, wretchedness and shadows that made up the apparition that first appeared; and what a contrast between her brightness and rest, and my wretched, lonely and darkened life. I realized this, and a feeling of bitterness pervaded my entire being. The calm, searching eyes of my mother read my heart; drawing near and speaking in a low, musical voice she said :

“My child, do not judge of life before you have read more than one page; do not grow impatient at the heavy and grievous burden you have so patiently borne. I have never ceased to watch over and care for you, but have been unable to change or brighten

your life; now I have a revelation to make. It is not given me to read the full record of your future, but I can look along your life path and see some of the changes that will mark your eventful career. The monotony of your life is about to be broken, a stranger will enter the family to take the place I once occupied. You will be indignant and protest against what to you will seem an injustice to me; you will be wrong in that, but right in your estimate of the stranger's character. The woman will be no friend to you, and your father will grow more bitter and selfish. This will hasten the change which is inevitable. The time will come when you will be compelled to go forth a stranger, houseless, friendless. So far you have kept your promise nobly, from this hour you are free; when the trial comes I will guide you. Think not that this change will bring unhappiness to me; my children will be well cared for until they can care for themselves. The only shadow that falls upon me is the sadness of your life, but I know that eventually you will pass into the sunlight of happiness, for God is good, and the fingers of time are polishing a crown of happiness for every soul; be hopeful and trust the Good Father. I shall come again when the storm which I see in the future shall beat upon your head, and the sharp agony of misplaced confidence will wring your heart."

At these words I looked up; could it be that she spoke of Eunice? I cried out, mother! Oh tell me of my sister! Eunice, oh Eunice, where is she? The sweet face was shadowed, and the clear voice tremulous, as she replied:

"Ask me not to reveal the depths of infamy and crime, connected with one who was so intimately related to me; let the truth come to you from another source, you will soon know all. He has placed her in a position that will darken all her earth life.

Lilian is constantly with her. Oh, my child! I must tell you part of the secret that made my life wretched, Eunice is not my child, not your sister! Love her, protect her, and yet, Oh God! she will blast your happiness and cause you to hate the life that should be beautiful to you. I cannot tell you more, Eunice is guiltless, fate binds you to her; you to bless, she to curse; I cannot change it. My poor darling, bear up, after the storm there will come a season of rest, and out of the ashes of disappointed hopes and buried love, will spring that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

She placed her hands upon my head and murmuring a blessing, slowly faded from sight. I seemed incapable of thought or movement, and remained almost paralyzed until a late hour when my father returned. His sharp reproof fell unheeded; mechanically I arose and retired to my room, and it was not until the next day that I could think calmly of all that had transpired, and even then much of it remained a mystery. At times I was half inclined to believe that all this, was the work of an overwrought brain. Finally the words of Eunice came to my mind and I thought, this will test the reality of the vision. The next evening, after my father had retired, with trembling hands I searched as directed, but the search was fruitless. I had spread the various papers and letters on the hall table and looked over them with nervous haste. Satisfied that there was nothing that could give any light about my sister, I was about to return them to their place, when the sound of a step attracted my attention. Looking up, I saw my father's cold, sneering face bending over me. I tried to stammer an apology, but my tongue failed. I will not repeat his angry words; suffice it to say, I sought my room deeply humiliated, feeling that I had been the victim of my own imagination, and re-

solved to be more guarded in the future. Oh! how my very life sank back into the darkness, as the beautiful vision of my mother faded away.



## CHAPTER V.

*Prophecy Fulfilled—Houseless, Homeless, Friendless—Heart Revelations—Betrothal—Mysterious Appearance—A Great Surprise.*

“She loves—but knows not whom she loves,  
Nor what his race, or whence he came ;—  
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
Some beautiful bird without a name,  
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
From isles in the undiscovered seas,  
To show his plumage for a day  
To wondering eyes, and wing away.”

**N**OTWITHSTANDING my determination to think no more of the revelations so mysteriously given to me, I could not entirely banish them from my thoughts. Every day brought something to remind me of my mother's words and in less than six months from the events recorded in the last chapter her prophetic communication was fulfilled. A stranger sat in her place, assumed the management of the children, and the control of the household. To me she seemed a coarse, repulsive, selfish woman, and my whole nature rebelled against the authority she attempted to exercise over me. To my father and the younger children she was kind; to me, harsh, exacting and cruel. I need not enter into the details of the six months I remained with her. Suffice it to say, that life became unbearable and finally, at the suggestion of my father, I left the shelter of home; moneyless, and almost friendless, went out to fight the

battle of life. Through the kindness of a neighbor I obtained a situation in a country school and entered upon my duties.

For the reader, whose life may have glided on like a sun kissed stream, fragrant with love, radiant with beauty, joyful with the bright pictures of hope, it will be impossible to appreciate the rapture with which I greeted the change that was to bear me forever away from old scenes and familiar faces. The arduous duties of school-life were brightened with the anticipations of independence, and surrounded by a soft halo of peace. The change was like passing from darkness into light, and gradually as I became accustomed to my new duties, the repulsive scenes of my early life receded, and I settled down into a calmness of spirit, deeply refreshing after the struggles and trials through which I had passed. By the closest economy I was able to lay by a portion of my hard earned wages, thinking each time that I looked at my hoarded treasure, I shall need it by and by to aid me in seeking for Eunice. I had received no word from her, nor had my mother or the PHANTOM FORM appeared to me since the memorable evening to which I have alluded.

Three years glided by and found me still occupying the same position; no event had occurred to disturb my smooth and uneventful life. It was the time of the summer vacation, I look back to it as one would recall a pleasant dream. The family with whom I made my home had received a boarder, a gentleman, who, having grown weary of the heat and dust of the city, had come to spend the summer months in the pleasant village where I was teaching. Mr. Lawson was young, talented, and to my inexperienced eyes, one of the handsomest, as well as the noblest of men. Fate threw us much into each other's society; my soul rejoiced and grew strong as I listened to his brilliant conversation, and what to me,

appeared his profound and far reaching thought. How well he understood the human heart, how broad and grand his views of life, how inspiring his conception of religion. From admiration of his intellect I learned to love him, or rather my *ideal* of him. When first I made the discovery that he had become the idol of my life, I was startled at my audacity for daring to lift my heart to one so far above me. I was a plain, uneducated girl and could have no attraction for him into whose brilliant and fascinating society fate had thrown me. I might taste the sweets of love, but only to feel its most bitter disappointments.

After my heart had to itself confessed its secret, I determined to shun the man who could only dazzle for a time, and then leave my heart in desolation. Accordingly I made arrangements to retire to a distant village and spend the remainder of the vacation with a favorite pupil. But love is stronger than all other emotions of the soul, and the more earnest the endeavor to conceal or destroy it, the more surely will it assert its supremacy. I can now understand that my shyness and reserve, served to reveal the secret they were intended to guard. The result was a declaration, the exchange of vows, pledges of deathless love, and an engagement of marriage, which was deferred until the following spring.

Now for the first time in my existence I tasted unalloyed happiness. Love's young dream was never brighter or more promising. Time flew on, and the day arrived when I was once more to be left alone. The separation was hard for me, and tears dimmed the large eyes of my betrothed, as he tenderly bade me farewell. "It is only for a short time," he said, "next month I will come and spend a few days with you; be hopeful; when you are mine, this drudgery and wear of body and brain shall cease forever, farewell, darling, farewell!"

He was gone, and the world suddenly assumed its old, dark hues, with only one light to cheer its gloom; the sweet, perfect happiness of the last few weeks and the bright prospects of the future. I endeavored to put my lover out of my thoughts and devote myself to the duties of the hour. But found that:

“Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
’Tis sure the hardest science to forget!”

A week after his departure, sitting alone, trying to master the thoughts of an author which he had recommended me to read; the startling and revolutionizing ideas presented, so excited and disturbed my mind, I was compelled to close the book and turn my thoughts into another channel. An unaccountable sensation as of the presence of some one near, greatly disturbed me.

My mind went out in thought of Eunice; poor child, I said, the savings I have put by, to aid in seeking you, will be used to procure my bridal outfit; but, after I am married I will find you, and you shall share my happiness! With this thought uppermost in my mind I retired, and soon fell into that peculiar state in which I was neither awake nor asleep. I seemed to see a woman approaching; her drooping form was wrapped in a worn and faded shawl, her pale and emaciated face almost concealed beneath the coarse hat pressed down over her eyes; as she drew near she extended her thin hand as though about to beg for assistance; fixing her eyes upon me with a long, wondering stare, she suddenly threw her arms around me, exclaiming:

“I have found you! save me! save me!”

There was something familiar in the agony of her voice, something that carried me back to the days when golden haired Eunice was the only light of my dark life. This aroused me, and by the clear light I had left burning, I saw the shadowy fig-

ure of my vision. Her arms were extended to me and her pale lips repeated the words of my dream; one moment she looked upon me and then vanished. It was impossible to compose myself to sleep, and morning found me restless and feverish. I commenced in a mechanical way the duties of the school. About the middle of the forenoon I heard steps approaching the open door, and looking in that direction, saw the tottering form of the previous night; my brain reeled so that I was unable to leave the chair, and not until the large mournful eyes were fixed upon me, and the trembling voice called out in agony "I have found you! save me! save me!" could I break the spell of horror that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins, and fly to my poor Eunice, take her in my arms and assure her of my protection. As soon as I could realize that she was veritable flesh and blood, I dismissed the school and with Eunice went to my quiet home.



## CHAPTER VI.

*Eunice's Sad Experiences—A Father's False Representation Corrected By The Spirit Mother—One of Earth's Dark Places—Inez, The Unfortunate—Eunice Saved From A Horrible Fate By Spirit Warning—The Escape.*

“'Tis the cruel artifice of fate,  
Thus to refine and vary on our woes,  
To raise us from despair, and give us hopes,  
Only to plunge us in the gulf again,  
And make us doubly wretched.”

“Hope 's at best  
A star that leads the weary on,  
Still pointing at the unpossessed,  
And palling that it beams upon.”



THE unknown power controlling the mysterious changes of life, seemed weaving golden threads into the warp of my existence; the one great desire of my heart had been granted, Eunice was with me once more. Bright were my anticipations for the future, rainbow-tinted and joy-empared were the thoughts that swept through the chambers of my soul as I hastened home to meet the dear one that waited there. She was ill, I would restore her to health; she was friendless, I would be mother, sister, all to her; she was poor, and I smiled to think of my treasure; that, would provide for her necessities until she was prepared to aid in caring for herself. With a light heart I entered the room; Eunice was seated by the fire, its ruddy light tinting the pale cheek, adding brilliancy to her eyes. I was al-

most startled by the striking resemblance she bore to the PHANTOM FORM. Before I could utter my thoughts, she took my hand in both of hers and said :

“Emily, my sister, your face is the kindest that I ever looked upon, your voice is melodious, and rich with unfathomable depths of affection. You, who are a part of all the happy experiences of the past, my light and guide in childhood, the model to which I ever turned my eyes ; to be like you was the highth of my childish ambition. Oh ! how different would have been my life could I have remained with you ; but a relentless fate willed it otherwise.”

She dropped her head upon her hands and for some moments seemed absorbed in thought. Do not disturb yourself by speaking of the past, I replied ; the long, dark years with their many trials are past, do not recall them ; let us live joyfully in the present and look hopefully toward the future ; we are united, who shall tear us asunder, who prevent us from enjoying the rich blessing of sisterly affection ? At these last words Eunice started from her chair and in a hurried, excited, manner replied :

“No, no, I cannot forget the past ! I must tell you all to night ; and then, Emily, do not, O, do not cease to love me ! If you do there is but one refuge left, and I will seek it before the light of another day dawns upon my wretched being !” I was about to assure her of the permanency of my affection and of my knowledge of the subject to which she referred, but she waived a silence and said :

“Wait, wait until you have heard the revelation I am about to make ! You remember the day of my departure from home, when I so defiantly told the man we called father, that I would not leave you ; you saw him whisper to me, witnessed the effect of his words ; but you little dreamed their import ; he said :

'Emily is not your sister, this house is not your home, you are a waif, an illegitimate child!' My heart assured me that he had told the truth; the blow was too great, I fainted, and when consciousness returned, found myself in a carriage supported in my father's arms. Slowly the awful truth dawned upon me, and as soon as I gained strength and power of speech, I threw off his arm and demanded to know who I was? A sarcastic smile was his only reply. Growing weary after repeated efforts to obtain an answer, I wrapped my shawl around me and determined to make no further attempts in that direction. Hour after hour passed without the exchange of a word; and it was not until the shadows of evening were falling over the earth that he broke the silence by saying:

'Your calmness assures me that you are now prepared for an answer to your question. Your father I never knew; your mother was an actress, a vile, abandoned woman; to conceal her shame she deserted you, threw you upon the charity of strangers. I was from home when my kind-hearted wife found you upon the door step and insisted upon adopting you as her own. Had she lived, your wayward disposition and unruly temper might have been curbed, and guided into better channels; as it is, the inherent depravity of your nature has grown stronger, until I no longer consider you a fit companion for my children; you are indebted to me for the kindness and support you have received; to-night I leave you; we shall probably never meet again; the friend I leave you with, will carry you on further in the country, where you will be left with a family who will take charge of you and give you your true position in life. If your heart was capable of gratitude, you would thank me for the interest I have taken in you and the provision I have made for your future; as it is, I expect

no thanks, and I assure you that any attempt to escape from the position in which you are placed, will be worse than useless.'

I made no reply, but then and there made a solemn vow, that I would free myself from the control of those whom I already hated, and whom I felt were empowered to make my life wretched. I will pass over the incidents connected with the remainder of our journey; suffice it to say that I arrived at my destination at the close of the second day. The building was pleasantly located, not more than half a mile from the village of N—. I was agreeably surprised by the pleasant aspects of its surroundings. Entering the house I was met by a genial, motherly woman who gave her name as Mrs. Bowen. She seemed much pleased with my appearance and admired, what she termed my spiritual look and golden curls; she told me that her house was to be my home. I was expected to wait upon her daughters and make myself generally useful, and she continued, 'if you give satisfaction, you will never regret having come here.' I was conducted to a neat chamber, told to rest, and the next morning was introduced to the four grown daughters. My childish eyes were dazzled by their beauty and their handsome attire, and I began to question, why should father have sent me to such a pleasant place? I will not weary you by relating all the changes of the years while I remained with those people, but briefly tell you, that a few weeks were sufficient to open my eyes as to the character of the place to which I had been introduced. I at once made an effort to escape, but was captured, brought back, and more closely guarded than before. My life there would have been much worse, but for the kindness of Madam Bowen, who had really taken a deep interest in me. My annoyance and disgust often found expression in bitter words and stinging rebuke, but punishment of some kind always fol-

lowed. When Madam B. was from home I fared badly, being compelled to perform the most menial service. During the last year of my stay my sufferings were almost unbearable; the envy and jealousy of the sisters, their anger at my steadiness of purpose, and my unceasing condemnation of their course of life, lashed them to fury; and at last, not satisfied with having reduced me to the position of a slave, they determined that my life should be one with theirs; a plot was laid, which if successful, would have resulted in adding one more unfortunate to the list of suicides; but happily for me it was discovered and frustrated.

“In giving this revelation, I have passed over my sad and lonely hours, my great desire to see or hear from you and the efforts I made to accomplish that result. It seemed that a sea of inky blackness swept between us; even in dreams I could seldom pass the gulf that separated me from you. Once I succeeded in getting a letter to the office. O, how fervently I prayed for its safe delivery. A few nights after, I dreamed that I was in the old home, I saw you as plainly as I see you to-night; I saw my letter in father’s pocket, I knew that he intended to destroy it, and that my only hope was in making you understand where it was. I made a great effort of will and called out, ‘search father’s pocket!’ then my strength ebbed away, and I could only see you as through a mist; but great was my disappointment to see you retire without heeding my words. This was afterwards explained to me by my angel mother; she said that I was with you in spirit, but that your mind was so preoccupied by later communications that you neglected the letter until the following night, then it was too late and the search caused you trouble. During the darkest hour of my absence, the spirit known as the PHANTOM FORM frequently came to me; by degrees I became familiar with her, and

from her angel lips received a *truthful* answer to the question I had put to father. She was my mother, but upon her memory rests no stain, she was as pure as the angels in whose society she now finds her home. Emily, your father is my father, upon him rests the wrong, the sin which he fain would have cast upon another. I have not strength to speak upon this point to-night, but will pass on to show you how I escaped from the den of infamy in which I was incarcerated.

“There was at the house a very beautiful woman by the name of Inez, who had been enticed into a secret marriage and was brought into the house as a boarder. She was accompanied by her husband who remained only two or three days; after his departure she became greatly depressed; her days and nights were passed in bitter tears; her lonely and dejected condition touched my heart and drew me to her; but she manifested no interest in me. I noticed a gradual change in her appearance, her cheeks became flushed, and her eyes had an unnatural brilliancy; she seemed less disturbed in mind, but very nervous and excitable. Judge of my surprise when one night the door of my room opened and Inez entered. Drawing a chair to my bed side, she said: ‘Do not be frightened by my sudden appearance, I have come to tell you something of great importance to you.’ She then gave me a history of her life, ending by telling me of her love, her flight from home, her secret marriage and her conveyance into what she supposed was a quiet family circle. The desertion of her supposed husband, the grief and despair that followed, and at last the awful revelation that she had been brought to a den of darkness and pollution. Her anger, despair, and attempts to escape the watchful care of those who guarded her as a prisoner, and finally her determination to make friends with the inmates of

the house and in this way escape. She had paid little attention to me, knowing to do so was to put an obstacle in her way; but that day she had heard of a diabolical plot which had been laid for my destruction. She determined to save me and had come to tell me of her plans. You cannot imagine my horror at the story she repeated. I entered into her plans for escape with all my heart, and yet I felt that they would fail. O, Emily, my sister! words can give you but a faint conception of the agony I endured for the next week. Madam B. had been absent for several months and my tormentors had lost no opportunity to annoy me. It lacked only two days of the time appointed for our flight, and although I knew we were closely watched, I had no reason to think that our plans were suspected. So great was my agitation, I could neither eat nor sleep, and the least sound caused me to tremble like a leaf.

“It was morning, I was busy with my duties when a piercing scream rang through the house, followed by peals of laughter and the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. The next moment the door was thrown open and Inez stood before me; her long hair streaming over her face and shoulders and her eyes telling more plainly than words, ‘I am mad! I fly, the demons are after me!’ I will not relate the painful scene that followed; Inez was secured and borne from the house and I was alone, with only one day between me and the horrible fate that seemed inevitable. O! how I envied Inez! and I prayed that the light of reason might go out in darkness. That night my angel mother came and in her sweet voice said: ‘Eunice, to-morrow Madam B. will return at 5 o’clock in the evening; tell her all, appeal to her sympathy, she will leave you alone, then make good your escape, I will guide you, fear not, you will not fail?’

"I could scarcely wait for the light of morning, and as the hours flew on I found myself constantly looking in the direction from which Madam B. would arrive. She came; taking her to my room I threw myself upon my knees before her, told her of the outrageous treatment I had received in her absence, and of the plans which she could frustrate. She was a woman of strong passion, her temper knew no bounds. 'They have driven Inez to insanity, I have lost her; they have dared to interfere with my plans for the future, now let them beware! Stay here child, do not leave your room to-night, I will see who is mistress in this house!' She left me, and soon the sound of angry voices reached my ear; now was my opportunity.

"With trembling hand I secured a few presents that Madam B. had made me, then went out into the darkness. There was in the village a young man who had frequently come to the house with provisions; it was early in the evening and I knew that I could find him; I was not disappointed; he agreed to carry me to the house where I had spent a night after leaving home, if I would give him a beautiful ring, one of the presents received from Madam B. I passed the journey without interruption, then fearing pursuit, I went to the more unfrequented part of the country, walking until ready to fall from exhaustion, then resting in the woods. In one of these rests, I dreamed of you and saw this room as plainly as I see it now. I journeyed on until I came in sight of the little school house where I hoped to obtain rest and food, for I was almost famished. When I entered and found you it was almost too much, I could scarcely realize that I was at last safe, thank God I am safe."

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Cross Of Jewels And Thorns—Its Significance—It Is Grand To Suffer, That Others May Be Lifted Up—Foreboding—Love, As Interpreted From The Higher Spheres.*

“A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine  
the lessons of experience ;  
Yet one shall read them all, and go forth none  
the wiser ;  
If self-love lendeth him a glass, to color all he  
canneth,  
Lest in the features of another he find his own  
complexion.”

HEN Eunice had finished the recital she seemed much exhausted and at once retired. But there was little rest for her ; all night she tossed and moaned in her uneasy, broken slumber ; seeming to live over again the terrible scenes through which she had passed, and morning found her feverish and drowsy. I left her alone while I went to attend to the duties of the day. On my return at noon she was no better and I procured the attendance of a friend to remain with her. In the evening she had failed so rapidly I sought medical advice. Day after day, and week after week she was prostrate upon a bed of suffering, unconscious of the anxious faces and aching hearts that watched over her. At last the crisis was passed and she was out of danger. That night my mother and Lilian came and stood by the bed of the sufferer. They seemed to be imparting

strength and vitality to the exhausted one. My mother presented a cross of jewels surrounded by small, sharp thorns, she said:

“My child, you must wear it; I would that I had power to tear away the thorns that the brightness and beauty of the gems they conceal might adorn and glorify your life. But my darling child, it is only through growth that you will learn their significance and value. Each little jewel represents a great principle, and you are no better prepared to receive and appreciate their worth, than the soil that is covered with weeds is prepared to vitalize the golden grain. Sharp, and to you terrible experiences must weed out the errors which spring from educational bias, and in the calm that will follow the fierce conflict to which I refer, will come the revelation of truth whose light has but just entered my soul. Shrink not, faint not, when the darkest hour arrives; one by one the thorns will fall, and the cross grow lighter and brighter until you can lift your heart in thankfulness, and praise God for the trials which shall be as teachers. Eunice will be restored to health, but she too must drink of the cup of bitterness. My child, this knowledge would sadden my spirit if I did not know it to be the only way through which your life can be unfolded and a faint glimpse of truth be presented, which will be handed from one to another, growing stronger and clearer year by year, until it shall strike the chains from millions now in slavery. I know you do not comprehend my words, but the time is not far distant when they will be clear. My child, it is grand to suffer, that others may be lifted to a higher plane of life. It should be inspiring to realize that your sorrows are opening the door through which millions of captives may escape. Be of good cheer, you are guided by the wise and good and your mission is a noble one, farewell.”

The musical voice died away and the bright forms faded from

my sight. I had been intensely conscious while receiving the communication; not one word was lost, and yet I could draw no meaning from what she had said, save that I was to suffer for the good of others. Weary as I was, I admit that the words were not calculated to inspire or refresh my spirit. I had expected a visit from Mr. Lawson, but it had been deferred on account of my sister's illness, and now that a change had come I hoped that he would soon be with us. Eunice improved rapidly, and was soon able to sit up and converse. All my savings had been exhausted during her illness and I was glad to have had the privilege of thus administering to the wants of one so dear to me. I had not told her of my engagement, but intended to do so as soon as her strength would permit. Time rolled on, the holidays were fast approaching. Eunice could now go from room to room and gave promise of full restoration to health. Never had she been so affectionate and beautiful as now; there was nothing she would not have done for my happiness, and in the sunshine of her pure, sweet devotion, my soul grew strong, and I thanked God for the angel whose presence blessed my life.

It was a clear, cold night in December. Eunice and I were seated by the glowing fire; a package of letters lay upon the table, and I was about to open the secret door of my heart and let her gaze upon the idol enshrined there; I had brought the letters that they might give her a glimpse of Mr. Lawson's strong, clear mind, and the noble impulses of his heart. When I was about to begin the recital a gentleman was announced; judge of my surprise to find myself face to face with the object of my thoughts. Mr. Lawson greeted me kindly and bowed to Eunice in his usual dignified manner. He conversed cheerfully, explained his unexpected arrival by saying, that not being able to remain to as late.

a day as anticipated he had come earlier, in order to lengthen the time.

What a delightful evening! I look back to it now as we look back to the innocence of childhood. Eunice soon grew weary and retired, then Mr. Lawson spoke of her as being the most beautiful person he had ever seen. I was delighted and thought how happy we should be with her to brighten our home. Our marriage day was fixed for the first of June; my school was to be given up at the holidays, the intervening time to be devoted to rest and recreation; so said Mr. Lawson. Anticipating this request from him, I had arranged to teach private classes and in this way meet our expenses. Mr. Lawson spoke of my weary and worn appearance, said I must have been greatly overtaxed, "now while I am here," he continued, "I will relieve you of the charge of your invalid sister." I thanked him for the interest he manifested in Eunice and requested him to enliven her lonely hours while I was in school. He expressed the pleasure it would afford him to read and converse with Eunice a part of each day. Even then something like a shadow fell over my heart from his coldness, which could be felt, rather than expressed.

Days lengthened into weeks and still Mr. Lawson remained with us. Eunice had greatly improved, her eyes were brilliant and her cheeks glowing; when he read or conversed she seemed to feast upon the rich, mellow voice, but when conscious that his eyes were upon her, she would shrink and tremble like a frightened child. He too, attracted my attention by his cold and almost freezing manner to Eunice, at other times by an impassioned earnestness and depth of feeling, which seemed to carry him beyond the power of control; all this I saw, yet dreamed not of the true cause. The first of February my betrothed left, left me with tear-

ful eyes and burning cheeks, but with a happy heart in anticipation of his return in the sweet month of May, when he was to remain until the time of our marriage. He left Eunice cold and white as marble. A silent clasping of hands her only farewell.

“They spoke not a word ;  
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,  
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.”

I reproached Eunice for not even looking at him, one who had been so kind to her and done so much to bring back the roses of health. Her only reply was, to put her arms around my neck and kiss me in an earnest and impulsive manner, saying: “Oh Emily! If my life could add to your happiness I would willingly pour the last drop of my hearts blood at your feet!” She then glided away and I did not meet her for hours.

The following evening when Eunice was reading aloud, and I with half closed eyes was enjoying bright visions of future happiness, she suddenly closed her book and asked: “What is the strongest proof of love?” Without raising my eyes I answered to give life for its object. As the words passed my lips, I was conscious that the room was filled with a white, misty vapor through which bright, ethereal forms were moving. One, whose noble bearing and majestic mien filled me with awe, drew near. Brushing aside the hair from his high, broad brow, he calmly said:

“Life is filled with golden opportunities! cherish and hold sacred this priceless gift. Love is immortal! it buds on earth and blossoms through eternity; that which dies, changes, or is renounced, is not love, only its semblance. Love blesses all who come within the sphere of its influence. It is a part of the spirit, it knows its own; vast spaces may separate the outer forms, but loving spir-

its cannot be parted. Dark waves may roll between, and insurmountable obstacles hedge the way, yet spirit calls to its own, and neither time, distance nor circumstances can prevent the ultimate and perfect union, blessed by the presence of the angel, love. It is nobler to live, wrapping round the spirit the pure bright garments of untarnished affection, waiting for the unerring hands of destiny to restore your own, than it is to shrink and die, depriving society of the fragrance and noble example of a soul living in the full assurance of a union with that other soul which is its true, and only counterpart. Love, suffer if need be; but live exalted, glorified by the consciousness that however remote the loved one may be, however insurmountable the obstacle may seem, your spirit can bridge the chasm and hold sweet communion with the one who waits to receive his own. Love is the glory of heaven, it is the brightest jewel in the crown of angels! cherish it, and to it dedicate your life!"

Slowly the mist rolled away and the bright forms faded from sight. Looking at Eunice I saw her face bright with a beauty indescribable, a calm, sweet restfulness seemed to have become a part of her being. "O it is glorious!" she exclaimed, "glorious to know this!" She closed her eyes and sat in a quiet, dreamy state, from which I did not attempt to arouse her.

The communication produced a wonderful effect upon Eunice; she seemed to stand in the door of paradise; a peace which I could not then understand, folded its white wings over her spirit. She devoted much of her time to the study of music, in which she was ambitious to become proficient. A few days later, Eunice asked my opinion of the communication, saying: "Would you be satisfied to wait and hope; in a word, could you yield your right to Mr. Lawson, believing that eventually you would be united?"

No, no, I answered, he is mine! mine by the right of the love that claims him, the love that has made my life to blossom over with beauty, that has warmed my cold and desolate existence; mine by the hopes he has awakened in my heart, by the deathless love he has called into being; mine by the wealth of affection he has showered upon me, by the vows he has breathed, the pledges he has made; mine by all the laws of God, and soon to be so by the law of man. Renounce, yield all this with the shadowy, sentimental thought that sometime in the unknown future we should meet again, and love as now? No Eunice, never! If I knew his very soul was poured out at another shrine, I would still claim my right and trust to the deathless devotion of my heart to win back his love.

“Do you love him so well?” spoke the tender voice of Eunice.

Yes, so well that I tremble for myself, should anything break the even, steady current of this beautiful stream! But forgive me for speaking with so much warmth, there is no cause for this serious conversation; sing, darling, sing, and we will forget my impulsive words. You, with your quiet nature, can never understand the depth of my passionate love.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Sunshine Of Happiness—Eunice Strange Proposition—What Does It Mean—The Secret Revealed—The Terrible Ordeal—Marriage.*

“O marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,  
Where hands alone consent and hearts abhor.”

**C**ULTURE opens broad avenues through which the spirit may pass to higher and broader conceptions of life, and bask in the sunlight of truths of which the uncultured mind knows nothing. Rich and varied are its resources and ample the material from which it constructs its temple of beauty. Yet it often causes its possessor to be cold, proud and reserved. How vast the distance between culture and love, and how widely different their effects ; the latter not only quickens and inspires the mind but it exalts, softens, glorifies the entire being. Its mystic charm transforms cold, common place life and adorns earth with the glory of heaven ; while its object takes on the highest attributes of the ideal. Love is a benediction, a baptism from the highest and purest realm of life.

“Love is a god,  
Strong, free, unbounded ; and as some define,  
Fears nothing, pitieth none : sweet love is mine.”

Such it was to me ; each day added to its brightness ; never had the sunshine of happiness folded me in her shining mantle as now. Our marriage had been deferred until the first of June. Now the sweet, balmy breath of May kissed the red lips of the opening

rose and played with the bright locks of Eunice as we walked in the pleasant grove near which we were boarding.

Eunice was apparently fully restored to health, and although quiet and pensive, she entered into all my plans for the future with pleasure. She had expressed a wish to accept an invitation from a friend of mine, to spend the summer months at her retired home in the country, giving as a reason that she would improve there, much more rapidly than in the city, and would come to us in the autumn. I had reluctantly consented, and now to my surprise, Eunice insisted upon going before Mr. Lawson's return, saying: "You will not need me, all the arrangements are complete, I will return in time for the wedding; please, sister, do not refuse your consent."

It was the middle of the month, my betrothed was expected in a week, her hasty and unreasonable request annoyed and perplexed me, and I determined that I would not permit her to leave until after the wedding, but deferred giving a definite reply, bidding her wait until I had time to consider her proposition. While she was anxiously waiting, Mr. Lawson arrived. I shall never forget the look of surprise, pain and utter wretchedness expressed on her countenance when she saw him. I was too much delighted to suspect the cause, or to notice their cold, constrained greeting. I was happy, my beloved had returned, my hand rested in his, and I felt that calm and content which comes from happy love. Years would come and go and find us in heart the same. Life looked so bright and beautiful, I half forgot the dreary past and lived and enjoyed the joyful present.

"Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,  
Proud of the present, to the future blind."

Eunice soon left us; as she passed into the house I noticed

her pale face and remarked, sister is disappointed, she did not intend to be here when you arrived. The dark face flushed crimson as my companion ejaculated the one word, "Why?" Fearing that he was offended, I replied, do not feel hurt, Eunice likes you, she has always been peculiar and had expressed a wish not to see you until our wedding day. There was no answer to my remarks and they were soon forgotten as we drifted into easy and pleasant conversation. I will not weary you by relating the incidents that occurred from the day of Mr. Lawson's arrival. Suffice it to say, that had I not been blind, I should have known that a deep and absorbing love had been kindled in the heart of my gentle sister—a love that was returned with all the ardor and devotion, natural to so impulsive a nature as that possessed by Mr. Lawson. But I saw nothing of this and moved blindly on, seeming to tread over thornless roses whose fragrance bewildered and intoxicated me. This was the condition of affairs until within three days of the time appointed for our marriage.

It had been a warm and rather oppressive day, and as the shades of evening fell, I walked out to enjoy the refreshing breeze. I was alone; indulging in bright dreams of the future; my thoughts were mostly of Eunice, the advantages I would give her. She was young, and very beautiful, and I rejoiced to think it would be in my power to make her life so smooth and fair as to obliterate all thought of the past. Letting my thoughts have the widest range, I wandered on and on, until I grew weary, then looking around I found myself near a little arbor. It was there I first listened to words of love that stirred the very depths of my soul. Resting on a rustic seat, I was soon lost in sweet dreams of that mysterious power that had wrought such a change in my life. I had not remained long when aroused by the murmur of voices,

but was too much absorbed with my own thoughts to heed them until I heard my name pronounced in an excited manner. This restored me, for I recognized the voice of Mr. Lawson, he was speaking quite loud and hurriedly.

“Emily!” he exclaimed, “yes, I know all you would say; but listen, you have promised to hear what I have to relate. My childhood and youth were cold and dark, not one sweet memory lingers to bless my manhood. Early cast upon my own resources I struggled with poor health, friendless, and alone; but my unyielding will conquered at last; close application and unwearied industry, raised me to the position I now occupy. In all these years, and in all the struggles through which I have passed I have been alone. The sweet voice of friendship I never knew, but, believe me, Eunice, I have ever been honest and honorable, ever following the path of duty, neither seeking nor asking for favors. I came here to recuperate my exhausted energies; fate threw me into the society of your amiable sister; I was pleased with her quiet, modest disposition, her clear, well balanced mind. Friendship wove her silken cords around me; I misunderstood it, I thought I loved her; nay, do not reprove me, remember your promise and hear me through. It is possible that I might have passed through life without recognizing the difference between friendship and love, had I never met with you. When I first looked upon your wondrous beauty, I knew that you exerted a strange and to me incomprehensible power over me. In spirit I worshiped you, your smile intoxicated me, the touch of your hand filled me with indescribable emotion; even then, I did not know that this was love, and believed that a more intimate acquaintance would still the tumultuous emotions of my heart, and my life would flow back to its old channel. It was like tearing

my heart out to leave you, you were with me, I saw you everywhere; your blue eyes looked at me from the flowers, your voice spoke in the breeze and the very clouds seemed to take on your form and personal appearance. Oh! how my heart hungered for one word from you, but it came not, and when I returned, your icy reception was like a dagger thrust.

What my life has been for the last few weeks, I leave you to imagine, but I beg that you will remember I had no thought of injuring Emma. I had never dreamed of breaking my engagement with her, I am proud of my honor, and these lips would have carried the secret to the grave but for a strange revelation received last night. I was never more unhappy; for the event which is so rapidly approaching was so revolting to my finer and truer sense that it seemed at times death would be preferable. Eunice, I do not ask for your love, I dare not hope for it, I only wish you to place yourself in my position, think of me as kindly as you can; do not blame me for loving you, I could not control it!

Last night as I lay in an agony of mind never before experienced, I became conscious of a dizzy, sinking sensation; I thought I was dying, but, it soon passed away, leaving me calm and quiet as an infant. My mind was clear, and thoughts seemed pouring in upon me from some external source. I saw that what I had estimated honor was but a sham, that my life was black with falsehood, that if I permitted myself to carry forward this deception, my future life would be a wretched failure, each day would bring out a renewal of soulless professions, our home would be joyless, our union but a matter of form. Startled by these thoughts, so new and strange, I resolved to go to Emily at once, and have the marriage deferred, but finally decided to first see you."

He paused, and I, paralyzed with grief and anger, heard a hard,

cold voice, which it was difficult to imagine belonged to Eunice, ask in reply:

“What do you propose to do?”

He answered: “Honor, justice to myself will compel me to break the engagement with your sister, and may I—may I hope,”—here the hard, cold voice interrupted him saying:

“May you hope for happiness! You who have awakened the love of as pure and noble a woman as ever lived! You sought her in her quiet retreat and vowed to love and cherish until death! you saw another, and a second love sprang into being; what assurance have you that it will be more lasting than the first? Another face may banish the memory of the second. Your sense of honor must be strangely defective to have caused the revelation you speak of! It was *your* happiness, *your* home, *your* well-being, that you thought of; not one thought of Emily! Nothing of the heart flung back all crushed and bleeding! Nothing of the cruel taunt of society because of a broken engagement! Nothing of the slight thus cast upon her! Honor (?) bids you to be frank when *your* happiness is at stake! You have asked me to hear you and save my sister from sorrow, have asked me for sympathy and advice! Hear then! Your revelation was but the projection of your own selfish nature. The second love, is but the result of a psychological influence. When I am removed it will abate. You were attracted through my beauty. Your love for Emily was spiritual, central; if you renounce it, you will ruin yourself and her! The fascination which I have unconsciously thrown around you, will fade before the increasing brightness of Emma's love! Forget this interview, forget your foolish dream; let the preparations for the wedding proceed; the time will come when you will thank me for my plain words. Go now; not another word; go seek Emily; you have left her too long!”

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He attempted to answer, but the commanding voice again bade him "Go!" The next moment I heard his retreating steps, and soon a low moan, and a sound as though some one had fallen to the earth. I knew it was Eunice, but I was so paralyzed that I could not move. As soon as I could gain control of my half crazed brain I went to look for Eunice. She was gone, and I made my way to the house, shut myself in my room, and gave vent to the anger, pride and scorn which at first asserted their sway; but, at last, I was forced to acknowledge to myself that I loved him, and I would not give him up. Yes, I felt that Eunice was right. He did really love me, and had only been bewildered by her beauty. I felt sure that in time I would regain possession of his heart, and I was determined that the marriage should not be postponed. The next day Mr. Lawson was tender and affectionate; Eunice was confined to her room by illness. Neither of them mentioned what had passed, and three days afterward, Mr. Lawson and I were married. Eunice was unable to attend the wedding, and begged us to start at once to our city home, leaving her in the care of friends. Knowing all, I deemed it best, but when I bade her farewell, I little thought that years would pass before we met again.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Can Love Be Won—The Gulf Widens—Eunice—A Circle Of Spirits—Life Saved  
By Spirit Power—The Law Of Love—Alone In The World.*

“It may be that I shall forget my grief;  
It may be time has good in store for me;  
It may be that my heart will find relief  
From sources now unknown. Futurity  
May bear within its folds some hidden spring,  
From which will issue blessed streams; and yet  
What e'er of joy the coming years may bring,  
The past—the past—I never can forget.”



HEREDITARY tendency and educational bias, greatly retard the reception of new truths; especially is this the case with those principles which pertain to the social and religious life of man. It was long before experience and observation taught the utter uselessness of opposing the forces which control the life; hard to believe that man was at the mercy of unseen powers, tossed hither and thither as remorselessly as the autumn leaf; yet such is the case. The determining power of individualized spirit is effective only when operating in harmony with the mighty forces of the universe. I did not believe this, I strove with all the energy and skill of woman to break or overcome the power which had estranged the affections of my loved one; fully believing that time was all that was necessary to produce this effect. Five years I lived faithful to this thought, using every means in my power to win back the love which I believed really belonged to me; each year had but widened the gulf be-

tween us. There was no unkindness, no neglect, but a coldness had crept into his heart which I in vain strove to change. Closely applying himself to business in which he had been successful, he seemed to draw more and more away from the influence of home. At last a quiet reserve, almost a settled sadness, had taken possession of him. When at home, all leisure time was spent in his library and I was compelled to confess the utter failure of my hopes. Our home was cold, dull and cheerless; yet I never for a moment thought of relinquishing my right to the man I loved.

Alas! I did not then realize that

"Love is a celestial harmony,  
Of likely hearts, composed of stars consent,  
Which join together in sweet sympathy,  
To work each other's joy and true content."

Five years, since I parted from Eunice; during that time her letters had been few and reserved. She finished her musical education and after several changes had entered a family as governess. Three years after our separation, she had written that she was about to accompany the family to Europe, and that circumstances would prevent her visiting us before her departure. I did not attempt to change her determination; in fact it was a relief to know that the ocean would roll between us. She wrote of her safe arrival in London and I heard no more of her for two years.

It was the anniversary of our marriage and I determined to make one more effort to awaken the lifeless heart of my husband. Arrayed in my most becoming attire, just before the dinner hour, I entered the library. Having seldom intruded upon his hours of quiet he seemed surprised and annoyed by my unexpected appearance; but quickly recovering self-control, he enquired if there was anything I desired? Stung by his formality I replied, nothing;

I merely came to remind you that this was the anniversary of our wedding. He said he had not forgotten it, and was about to continue when a servant entered with letters. There was one in an unfamiliar hand writing for me. A strange foreboding filled my mind as I broke the envelope and read the following words:

"Your sister is dying: Come to her at once."

The paper dropped from my trembling hands and unable to explain my emotion, I said, read, read! One glance at the letter and my husband was on his feet. "Quick, be ready, we must start in an hour! Two days and a night, before we can reach her," he exclaimed in an excited manner.

Oh, those long, long hours, in which it seemed was compassed the sorrow, bitterness and self-reproach of a life time! At last the mask was torn off. I saw my selfishness, my neglect, I felt that I had been the cause of the death of the only one that had ever truly loved me. In proportion as I sank in my own estimation, Eunice arose; her virtue and self-abnegation showing in vivid contrast with the traits of my own character. During the journey my husband was silent and apparently absorbed in thought.

It was evening when we arrived at the little village where we were informed we should find Eunice. We went at once to the house, the family had expected us, and we were conducted to a room adjoining the one occupied by the invalid. "Don't be shocked," said the nurse, "you may as well know the truth, the physicians say she cannot live until morning. She has been calling for you more than a week, but she won't know you now!" I passed into the room and could scarcely recognize my once beautiful sister in the emaciated form before me. The large eyes

wandered around the room as though in quest of some one they could not find; the feverish lips muttered incoherently.

Eunice, dear Eunice, look at me, I cried! Say that you forgive me, I am your sister Emily!

"Emily, Emily?" she repeated, "Emily was a name I used to wear in my heart, but it turned to iron! It was so heavy!"

In vain were all my efforts to recall her wandering reason. Weary, heart sick, I sought my husband. She is dying, I said, in reply to the question his lips could not frame; go look upon her for the last time! With rapid and nervous step he passed into the next room and I sank upon a lounge and poured forth my sorrow in bitter tears and sobs. I was aroused by the nurse putting her hand upon me, in whispered tones she said, "go and see!" pointing to the room which my husband had just entered. I went quickly to the door and there beheld a sight which paralyzed all my senses and held me spell bound.

During the five years of our married life, neither my mother, or the PHANTOM FORM had ever been visible, had never given me one cheering word. I was therefore unprepared for the sight that met my startled vision. My husband was on his knees by the bedside, holding the thin hands of the invalid; his face was transfigured, it shown with a brightness indescribable, and a golden halo surrounded his head. Around the bed stood many spirits, joining hands so as to form a perfect circle. There were three who stood apart. One, the PHANTOM FORM, was bending over Eunice; another, a large, powerful spirit, whose garments shown like the bright rays of the sun, stood back of my husband with his hands extended over his head; from his fingers passed rays of light which seemed to be absorbed and to impart their brightness to the kneeling form. Another powerful magnetic

spirit was engaged in making passes over Eunice. The circle seemed to impart light and power to this spirit standing near to my husband, and from his hands it seemed to flow into the nerves of the now quiet Eunice. Soon her eyes closed and her breathing became natural. I waited quietly, thinking that there would soon be a change, but I was mistaken; sweetly she slept and faithfully the ministering spirits performed their work.

I finally became uneasy, the motionless attitude, the set features and rigid appearance of my husband alarmed me. I advanced quietly; gently placed my hand upon him, calling his name. He moved not, gave no sign that he was conscious of my presence. I was about to make a second attempt, when the PHANTOM FORM glided past and beckoned me to follow. Pointing to the door, she said in a low whisper, "Go!" I obeyed, for I dare not do otherwise. Hour after hour passed, and there was no change in the sick room. I passed from fear to despair; it seemed that both were going from me.

The stars were fading from the sky, and the rosy light of morning shining in the East when the change came. I had returned and was passively watching them; Eunice turned her head and withdrew her hands. That moment my husband fell to the floor, cold, rigid and apparently lifeless. We sent at once for the physician, but before his arrival he had returned to consciousness, as weak and helpless, however, as a child. He asked no questions, made no remarks, only exclaimed "Saved!" Then sank into a deep sleep from which I did not attempt to arouse him.

It was near the hour of noon when my husband awoke and entered the room. There was a light in his eye and an exaltation in his bearing that awed me. Without speaking he drew a chair

to the bedside and again took the hands of Eunice. She started at his touch and opening her eyes, gazed long and wonderingly at the radiant face before her. Soon a faint flush tinged her brow and a smile of recognition wreathed the pale lips. She murmured, "I knew you would come!" "Eunice do not talk, you are very ill; rest, I will guard you!" was my husband's reply; her eyes closed and she was soon again sleeping sweetly. But why linger over the details of those hours? The danger was passed, but it would require many weeks to restore her to health. I rejoiced in the prospect of her returning life, for it seemed like a restoration from the dead. For many weeks I waited upon her with care, but there was one, more attentive than I, who seemed to anticipate her every wish, and even thought, before expressed. My anxiety for Eunice and deep sorrow for my selfish and suspicious behavior toward her, had banished all jealousy from my heart. The sweet, childlike joy manifested by Eunice in the presence of my husband, found an echo in my soul. Well as I thought I understood the mystery of love, I failed to comprehend its wonderful power upon my husband, he was transformed; every leaf, bud and flower possessed a charm; his soul was filled with beauty and everything received the baptism that exalted and glorified him.

Many weeks passed before the first shadow clouded the fair sky. Eunice was sitting by the open window, enjoying the fragrance of the evening air, her fingers toying with the dark locks of him, whose eager face was always turned toward her. I was sitting alone, neglected, if not forgotten by the happy lovers. A pang shot through my heart as I watched them and resolved that this familiarity must cease. I was mortal and could not endure to see all attention, thought, love, go to another. That night I

urged my husband to go to our home, saying Eunice is improving rapidly and no longer requires the time and attention of both: our home is neglected, your business suffering; adding, that I would soon follow. He replied, "We may lose something by our protracted absence, but consider what we have gained; Eunice will soon be able to travel, then we will all go." He spoke frankly, there was no attempt on the part of either to conceal their deep love. I said no more, but waited; my soul growing each day darker; the old nature trying hard to assert its supremacy. It came at last. Eunice had so improved that preparations were making for our departure, I, suffering the tortures of a jealousy I dare not express.

"O, jealousy,  
Thou ughest fiend of hell, thy healthful venom  
Preys on my vitals, turns the deadly hue  
Of my fresh cheek to haggard shallowness,  
And drinks my spirits up."

The evening preceding our departure, returning from a short walk I found my husband and Eunice sitting in the moonlight conversing in low, earnest tones. I was about to leave them alone when my husband called: "Emily, come here, I have something to say to you!" He then gave me the history of his early life as he had once given it to Eunice, speaking of his friendship for me and his love for her; our loveless, hopeless condition. He blamed himself for being the cause of this disappointment and unhappiness; pictured in glowing colors his self-struggle, and the protracted and useless effort he had made to tear the memory of Eunice from his heart, and to love me as he had loved her. His depression, loss of health, loss of interest in life, and the utterly hopeless state, into which he was sinking when summoned to Eunice. He

spoke of the "revelation" made to him in which the sinfulness of marrying me was made clear, then referred to his death-like trance at the bedside of Eunice; of the spirits who had aided him in transfusing the aura from his own life into her exhausted and almost lifeless form. Then he spoke of a revelation received while in the trance which came from one who claimed he had been seen by Eunice and myself and had given us a communication on the subject of love. He had also said that Eunice and I were united by the highest and purest affection; that no power in the universe could lessen or change our regard for each other, that our external union might be deferred, but that the laws of God bound us so closely, that some time, all obstacles would be removed. He spoke of you, Emily; said your affection for me was not conjugal love, that it would lessen and finally be entirely erased; that there was one who had seen and loved you, to him you belonged; that eventually you would comprehend the great law of spiritual attraction, and be thankful that you were saved from a permanent union with one who could never answer the demands of your nature.

My husband then talked long and earnestly upon what he called the "law of love;" but every word was like a poisoned arrow to my soul. I strove hard for self-control, but in vain, and at last throwing aside all attempt to disguise my feelings, I replied: All this is for the purpose of having me say that I am willing to yield my interests, love and right to you, to break the sacred tie of marriage and give my husband to another—to one you loved when you came with a lie on your lips and in your heart, vowing love and fidelity to me. Your sophistry shall not becloud my intellect. You have succeeded in making me wretched, but you shall not bask in the sunshine of another love, while I am writhing

in darkness and agony. Your story of another who will love and beautify my life, is well gotten up; but if it emanated from a spirit, it was an evil and designing one that your black heart has attracted; better say it is a dream of your own. I now understand you, and you will understand me when I say that I will never relinquish my legal right to you.

I left them and sought the quiet of my own room. My brain seemed on fire, I could not think, nor did I note the flight of time until the light of morning was in my room, when I slept, slept till the sun was high. Wakening, my sorrow seemed a great load upon my heart. I went into the next room, all was quiet, the very air seemed oppressive. Trembling with apprehension I sat down near the window; the servant entered bringing two letters, saying: "I found them in the library and Mrs. sent them to you." I received them without a word, for husband's well-known hand writing revealed the truth—he had gone, and Eunice too. I had strength to reach my room, but it was many days before I could read the letters that separated me forever from those I loved so well, and left me again alone in the world.

## CHAPTER X.

*The Letters—Man, The Result Of Unseen Forces—An Aimless Life—Death Foretold—Spirit Advice Rejected—The Result—My Sudden Departure From Earth*

“The Gods are just ;  
But how can finite measure infinite ?  
Whatever is, is in its causes just,  
Since all things are by fate, but poor blind man  
Sees but a part of the chain, the nearest link,  
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam  
That poises all above.”

“**D**EAR EMILY:—It is the still hour of midnight; the sighing night winds, the chirp of insects and the loud ticking of my watch are the only sounds that break the almost death like stillness of the hour. I can almost hear the rustle of angel garments as their ethereal forms move to and fro in the moonlight. I had hoped that these angel watchers would inspire and guide me in this turning point in my existence. But hope and prayers have been unavailing. Upon me rests the responsibility of deciding the important question that is to make or destroy the earthly happiness of three persons. Yes, dear Emily, three immortal souls with lofty aspirations and boundless capacity will look to this hour for the impetus that is to urge them forward into broader and more expanded views of life and its ultimate. I will not shrink from the task, but take up the broken threads of my life and endeavor to unite them.

“I have spoken clearly and definitely of my feelings upon this

subject, therefore have little to add, save upon general principles. I need not repeat my regrets for the past; you must realize more fully than words can express how deep they are. The question pressing for an answer is this, shall we submit to conditions which our ignorance or folly have produced? Shall we three spend the remainder of life regretting the past and sighing for the happiness which we have not the courage to grasp. Long, careful and deliberate thought has yielded the answer I now give you. Every individual is the result of unseen and little comprehended forces of the universe. In man is found only the combinations of atoms and the result of mentalities which have existed in myriads of forms and conditions. In nature it is the unconscious, unthinking force; in man the gradually matured reason guides the otherwise discordant forces. It is man's province to control, and mould matter. It is also his province to work out and control his own destiny. Without the guiding star, the logic of the brain, the three lives that have come so near shipwreck would be lost in the pitiless storm and the impenetrable darkness that envelopes them. Reason points the way to the green valleys and peaceful streams where each may advance along the line of individual progression, ultimating in that restful condition, the crowning joy of earth. Emily, you and I have sought the sunny isle in vain, no balm, laden breezes reached our souls, no strain of heavenly music prophesied of brighter years. Despair had folded its dark wings around my life, and you too were unhappy. I thought to talk calmly with you to-night of my plans for the future, but your angry voice and flashing eye silenced me. I had hoped for a tranquil separation, finding that impossible, I take the only step that is left for me. First returning to our home and leaving my property in care of a trusted friend. You shall have all. There

is more than enough to keep you comfortable for life; all I ask in return is, that you consent to a peaceful disunion. Yet, I realize that this request is useless, you will not, for you cannot see this subject as I do; nor understand, that according to the eternal laws of God we do not, never can belong to each other. I ask for my liberty, but to obtain it shall bring no charge against you, nor will I violate the laws of right that you may have cause to apply for the freedom which I so fully grant. Emily, I have wronged you, do not fear that I shall ever wrong another. I shall wait until time has taught you the great lesson so strongly imparted to me. I go away alone; shall write to you once more, but it is not probable that we shall ever meet again. You, I respect, Eunice I worship! When the sunlight falls across your way and the fingers of idolatrous love shall sweep your heart strings, then you will appreciate our feelings. Eunice is an angel of purity and goodness, and I am fully satisfied that she is my eternal companion. Dear Emily, forgive the past and forget it as soon as may be. I shall ever remember your kindness with gratitude. Eunice is writing; what I have omitted she will supply. Emily, farewell! I feel assured that this parting which now seems so cruel will be a blessing in disguise. Ever your friend,

LAWSON."

"DEAR SISTER EMILY!—There are many things I would say to you, but the painful embarrassment consequent upon the position I occupy will prevent the presentation of my thoughts as fully and clearly as I desire. I need not refer to the sisterly affection which brightened and blessed our childhood; to the kindness which inspired you to receive to your heart, one who had been deserted and led to the very verge of destruction. The nobility and self sacrificing spirit you manifested, made a deep and lasting impres-

sion upon me, and welded more firmly the links in the beautiful chain of affection. I will not weary you by dwelling upon the horror that seized me when I discovered, what I then looked upon as an unholy love, had taken possession of me. The hand you had caressed was raised to stab you, the viper you had warmed into life was about to turn upon its benefactor! Dark and appalling was the picture drawn by the delicate fingers of love. My resolution was formed; God and angels know how earnestly I struggled to keep it! Mr. Lawson has told you of the event that occurred before your marriage. At that time I thought I had torn from my heart every motive that could quicken it into action, every seed that could be warmed to life. I had dashed from my lips the cup of happiness for your sake, I had welcomed darkness, loneliness, desolation; yea, gladly consented to carry a dead heart in a living form, that the crowning joy of life might be yours. Of my life after your marriage I need not speak; its struggles and heart sorrows are known to those whose watchful care has ever been over me.

This brings me to the time when I was about to pass to that land I had so long sighed for; again your hand snatched me from the grave. Language is inadequate to express my gratitude for your unwearied attention; for you have indeed brought me from death unto life. But, oh my sister! you do not know, and it is useless to attempt to describe the tide of emotion that swept through my being, when I recognized the presence of him from whom I believed myself forever separated. I will not pain your kind heart by portraying a depth of affection you have never known; but I would like to tell you of the gradual recognition of great principles; of their existence I was once ignorant. I realize that you are not prepared to accept of anything I might say upon

this point although you have admitted that for five years you hoped and struggled to obtain the love of your husband. Your saddened spirit, joyless home, listless, and almost aimless existence proves how great the failure has been. Ask your own heart, would it be well to have this struggle continue through earth life? What God has united, no man, no institution or law can put asunder. Neither is man capable of forming ties sufficiently strong to bind and bless those whom God has not joined! How long I was blind to this great fact, but how clearly I see it now. Emily, the time must surely come when you will rise above the narrow prejudices which hold you. You must see that permanent, true love is reciprocal, you and Mr. Lawson must eventually drift apart; the earlier this truth dawns upon you, the better it will be for all. Knowing you as I do, I feel sure you will put aside the legal bonds that holds you to one to whom you have no right. I know you will suffer, and gladly would I stay to comfort and bless you, but I fear my presence will only annoy you. Sould you need my help, or be willing to accept my sympathy, a letter directed to the family with whom I have so long made my home will reach me. I go into retirement to gain the strength I so much need and to await your decision. Sister do not judge me too harshly; wait for the light that will surely come. Ever your loving sister,

EUNICE."

Nothing new was revealed by these letters, yet they produced a terrible shock. For weeks I lingered between life and death; a strong constitution prevailed and reason returned. As it came back the little form that had been constantly at my bed side, the soft hand that had soothed my brow, withdrew, and in its place was the faithful nurse who had cared for Eunice. I questioned her in

regard to the other, but receiving no satisfaction, turned my attention to other subjects. One thought was clear and well defined in my brain, my husband had asked for his freedom that he might be happy with another. Never, never could I consent! If I must suffer, they should suffer with me.

I returned to my desolate home, secluded myself from all society, spent weeks and months wandering from room to room, as wretched and miserable a being as ever lived. At the end of a year my mother appeared to me; her looks and words convinced me that her sympathies were with my husband, therefore, I refused to receive anything from her. Each day I grew more selfish and morbid; I consoled myself only with the thought, that others were as unhappy as I. My health was failing and at the close of the second year my mother again appeared. After trying to draw me away from my gloomy life she said: "You will not live on earth much longer, drive this selfishness and jealousy from your soul and prepare to come up higher."

This announcement angered me; I resolved that I would not die and thus permit others to triumph. From that day I entered upon a new existence. My house was thrown open, the rooms filled with sympathising friends. The change worked like magic. Before the close of the third year I was in perfect health; never had I been so pleasing in my person. I resolved to go to my husband and see if time, and the change wrought in me would not bring the love I craved. I was preparing for the journey when my mother appeared. There was a look of anxiety upon her face as she said: "Emily, desist, if you do not, you will hasten your own destruction! I have told you this trial is for a purpose and out of it will spring roses whose fragrance will sweeten many a life." Her words and earnest manner failed to change my pur-

pose and the preparations were continued; another day, and all would be complete.

It was a bright, clear autumn day when for the last time I ordered my pet horse brought to the door; one more ride through the bright tinted forests, and then I would trust him to other hands until my return. Even now, from the heights of spirit life, I look back with pleasure to the beauty of that morning. I had been out an hour or more and was leisurely returning, when the report of a rifle shot close by the way side startled my horse. He sprang forward and rushed on regardless of all my efforts to control or keep him in the road so often followed. On he flew, becoming each moment more and more frightened, until by a sudden turn I was thrown to the ground; my skirt became entangled and I was dragged some distance and when found was insensible. In this condition I remained until death closed my eyes and they opened upon the realities of another life. I died with all the energies of life bent upon accomplishing one purpose; I died with the fires of jealousy burning in my heart. Think you I awoke transformed? Future chapters will reveal the facts.

Many years had been passed in a physical form, yet the spirit was so dwarfed that it was not prepared to enter into the joys or harmonies of the inner temple. You who follow this experience will understand the necessity which held me, subsequent to death, so long within the magnetism of earth. No beauty of scenery, no desire for knowledge; not even the pure love which I cherished for my mother, could break that powerful spell which had woven itself around me. It was not the physical that was jealous, that loved, that was ignorant of the meaning of life; it was the spirit. The physical is an evolution from the cruder forms of matter, the spirit is an evolution, an individualization of what you

term the forces of the universe. Good, harmony, happiness are evolutions from sin, evil and discord. In the majority of cases this last and greatest change comes after the death of the physical body. Future chapters will illustrate this better than I can now explain it.



## THERE IS NO DEATH.

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

There is no death ! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear ;  
The fairest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

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

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread ;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life ; there are no dead.



# EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

## PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER I.

*My First Awakening—Dead! Am I Dead?—What I Saw And Heard—My Mother The First To Meet Me—Power Of Earthly Love—Mother, Where Am I?—Arbor Of Repose—Deeply Interesting Questions Answered—A Journey—Traveling In Spirit Life—Undeveloped Spirits Controlled—Do Spirits Get Weary—Spirit Always Connected With Matter—Gonzalo, The Spirit Teacher—A Grove Meeting In Spirit Life—Gonzalo's Oration.*

“Can it be?

Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?  
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?  
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,  
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?”



WEEK passed after the event recorded in the last chapter, before consciousness dawned upon my benumbed and deadened faculties. The memory of that awakening is like the faint echo of far off music. I lay with half closed eyes enjoying the beautiful sights, delicious odors and sweet sounds that surrounded me. From this delightful, visionary mood, I slowly

drifted back to the full possession of conscious being, and realized that I was not dreaming, not gazing upon a vision, but surrounded by realites. I examined with intense interest the profusion of wonderfully beautiful flowers that attracted my attention. The vast apartment was literally alive with these children of beauty. The walls were semi-transparent, and in places, literally covered with feathery mosses and fine, delicate vines, trained in forms of artistic elegance. Among the bright, green moss, gleamed little golden flowers, so arranged as to form words: "repose," "rest," "peace," "love;" these and many others, sometimes whole sentences were apparently growing in the strangely illuminated walls. The light falling through tinted windows was soft and mellow, rustic chairs and lounges cushioned with moss, were seen as far as the eye could reach. A soft, velvety carpet covered the floor, while the vaulted ceiling which had at first attracted my attention was of a deep blue, spangled by golden stars, their beauty half veiled by silvery cloudlets, such perfect copies from nature, that one could readily imagine himself gazing at the sky. The air of this splendid apartment was filled with fragrance, and melodious with soft, sweet strains of distant music, mingled with the murmur of the fountains, and the song of many golden-winged birds flitting among the flowers. It was sweet, natural, restful; and long I revelled in the delight that this sphere of beauty imparted.

At last the question, how came I here? disturbed my tranquility of mind. I closed my eyes and tried to recall the past. Slowly the bygone years came back; childhood; the poverty and inharmony of our home, the stern, hard man I called father; the pale, patient suffering mother; the bright, sweet Eunice; the appearance of the PHANTOM FORM; the death of my little brother and mother. Each event was as clear and distinct as the realty had been, and

each scene awoke the peculiar feelings and emotions that had belonged to it; every event of earth-life was depicted with perfect clearness, and I can truthfully say that I lived over again every phase of the existence I passed through, up to the very closing scene. Until this was presented, I had not realized that I was dead; for memory did not go in advance of the scenes depicted.

Dead! I startingly exclaimed, and wringing my hands in despair, with one bound I sprang to my feet and pulled aside the swaying vines that partially concealed a crystal mirror. No, I was not dead! The delicate features, the finely rounded form, smooth, white skin, long and darkly shining hair, large lustrous eyes, rich, full lips; this picture spoke of life and beauty, and for a time I thought of nothing but the wonderful transformation, and I reveled in the contemplation of a beauty so long coveted. But at last I came to the conviction that I was of the earth no more! The beauty was at once valueless, and from that moment there was a settled determination to return to earth again, and rest not, until he who was the sun of my life, should be free from the meshes that had been woven around him, and bow before her whose beauty, now far surpassed that of the pale-faced Eunice.

Do you think it strange that a desire to re-enter the shadows of earth should have found its way to that peaceful abode? That a love that had stung me almost to madness should be more potent than the uplifting love of a mother? While thinking how best to broach this subject to my mother, who I felt sure would endeavor to detain me, she entered, accompanied by two spirits whom I had known in earth life. They greeted me as one arisen from the dead; and painted in glowing colors the beauty of the world they lived in. I was glad to meet these friends, especially the sainted mother, whose youth and beauty astonished me, being

far superior when seen in a spirit world, by spirit vision, than when looked upon through the murky atmosphere of earth. Her robe was of soft, silvery brightness, falling around her perfect form in wavy outlines. The light of the mother love had not faded from her face. She placed the hand of her child in mine and whispered his angel name. How tall he had grown, so perfect in proportion! Ah, mothers, if you could but see the happy change wrought in your little ones, when borne away to the gardens of paradise you would no longer grieve without hope!

As soon as possible I signified my desire to be alone with mother. It was granted and we sat upon one of the rustic seats and enjoyed a sweet communion. In giving me a history of her experience in spirit life, to my astonishment she did not mention the spirit known as the PHANTOM FORM. At the close of the recital, she said:

“Now, my dear Emily, I know all that is within your heart—the great longing that has taken possession of you. It is my duty to try and draw you from this earth attraction; it is at best, but temporary. The trials you have passed through, as I once told you, were for a purpose, a purpose you cannot yet understand; but, be assured my child, the sooner you break this attraction, the better for you. He is on earth, you in the spirit world! He a mortal, you a spirit! The effort to cross the gulf that separates you, will but add to your sufferings, and will lengthen the time that must pass before you are freed from the entanglement of magnetic conditions and are prepared for higher fields of usefulness.”

My mother paused for an answer; her words had failed to change my purpose. The spirit world was nothing to me; the society of angels, even the pursuit of knowledge, was as dust and ashes to one whose every thought centered in another plane of

existence. Reading the decision in my face, my mother said :

“My child, it shall be as you wish; if you can only acquire knowledge through bitter experience, you shall return, but not at present; you are weak, need rest and strength, be content to tarry with us a time. There is one I would have you meet, one who has watched for your coming and will have something to say to you before your return to earth; rest now my child; to-morrow you shall meet my friend and go for a time to my pavilion. Ah, it will be long, long before you will again look upon it!”

Don't go yet! There are many questions I would like to ask in regard to the new life that has been so suddenly forced upon me. In answer to my request my mother seated herself by my side, and shaking down the delicate vines until they screened us from view, said :

“Now my child, be as brief as possible; to-morrow you will be stronger and better prepared for the consideration of subjects which at present seem wrapped in mystery.”

First, dear mother, where am I? I mean in what part of the spirit world?

“This temple is called the Arbor of Repose. It is situated in the Southern portion of the lovely valley of Zayat.”

That signifies a place of rest for travelers! is this valley dedicated to that purpose?

“Many temples similar to the one you are now in, occupy beautiful sites, and are used for the reception and entertainment of those who pass suddenly from earth.”

What! are all suicides, and all who die by accident brought to this place?

“No! Many are received by friends and congenial associates in the sphere below this.”

Then this sphere is not the nearest to earth ?

“No.”

Is this entire sphere devoted to the purpose to which the valley is dedicated ?

“No, the Northern part is inhabited by a refined and intelligent class of persons whose most powerful attractions is toward the earth, which they frequently visit ; and there are also other classes, some, dwarfed by earth experiences, others, angular, and unbalanced.”

Why do those spirits remain there ; are they held by physical force ?

“The scenery is more beautiful than any your eyes ever looked upon, and their homes more attractive ; there, all the pleasures and benefits to be enjoyed by refined and delicate natures may be found. Spirits remain there because it is their will to do so ; it is near the earth to which many of them cling with the deepest affection ; while others who have outgrown the attraction that once held them, prefer to remain and acquire the knowledge and experience they should have gained on earth.

Mother, is your home in that beautiful place ?

“Not at present ; I remained there for years, and have many warm friends who still linger there. Silver Star, better known to you as the PHANTOM FORM, has never ascended beyond that lovely plane of life, nor can she, until her all-absorbing love for Eunice has ripened into a broad, humanitarian work.”

You have spoken of the spirits of that sphere, frequently returning to earth ; can they not as easily descend from other and higher planes ?

“Certainly, but their mission is purified from all selfishness and is wholly for the good of humanity.”

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What class of spirits occupy the first sphere?

"The coarse, unrefined, and unfortunate; I mean those who on earth are termed low, depraved and wicked."

Must I pass through that sphere in again returning to earth?

"Certainly not."

It would seem that there could be little, if any, opportunity for improvement, where there is congregated all that is vile and low in nature?

"That place has not been set apart for that class of spirits, they simply gravitate to it; nor is it left like a plague spot upon the glory and brightness of the Summer Land. Missionaries are constantly laboring to enlighten and heal the sin sick souls, and they are ever passing on to higher schools, in another portion of this sphere."

Have they no high, strong laws that regulate and restrain these turbulent natures?

"Certainly, the sphere is not given over to their control, nor are they as vicious as when on earth; they do not have unlimited power when permitted to re-enter the magnetism of earth."

Should I remain, where would be my home?

"With the PHANTOM FORM, until the attraction which now holds you was broken or had become mutual."

It will never be broken! Will I not have greater opportunity to strengthen and render permanent this love of my soul when near its object?

"You can try. Experience is the best teacher," replied my mother, bending forward until the long wavy hair concealed the expression of her face.

I will try, for I could never, never be happy here! But, dear mother, you spoke of rest, do spirits grow weary?

“ Spirit is never disconnected from matter ; the fine organization endures longer, but it too, requires its period of rest ; and I have learned that this law holds good throughout all the realms of spirit existence.”

I should reason that the body that wearies, would sometime decay, I said, looking with admiration upon the clear, white face of my mother.

“ Yes, child, it is said there is a process analogous to death, but I have not seen it.”

How soon can I return ?

“ Day after to-morrow.”

Day ! Do you have night here ?

“ Something that resembles it, a lesser light. And now my child, I leave you. Duties of which you will be apprised to-morrow require my presence ; be calm, and remember that your sorrows have planted seeds that will sink deep into many a human heart ; starting many a dormant mind into action and helping to prepare the way for a revolution which will agitate the stagnant waters and enable millions to cast off the yoke of slavery more terrible than death.”

Mother, you have hinted at this in your communications to me while on earth, what do you mean ?

“ Child, you are not yet prepared to understand the significance of my words, neither am I competent to speak understandingly of the great movement, ere long to be inaugurated ; trust ! trust in the overruling power of goodness and justice ; to-morrow you will see my humble efforts to work in unison with the circles of higher intelligences that are preparing to break in pieces the idols of man. I must now go, rest until to-morrow !”

How could I rest ! What strange meaning was concealed beneath

her words? Long I puzzled my brain over this question and at last let it drop and drifted in thought back to my old home. It was long, long before the active brain was still, and sweet sleep folded her pinions over my weary eyes.

“Sleep, sleep! be thine the sleep that throws  
Elysium o’er the soul’s repose,  
Without a dream, save such as wind,  
Like midnight angels, through the mind.”

The song of birds, and the play of fountains called me back to the world of conscious life. Two spirits stood by my bed and smiled at my look of surprise. In a low, musical voice, one said:

“We have been sent to prepare you for your journey; will you rise and go with us?”

I assented, and was conducted into a recess, off from the main apartment where the light fleecy garment I had so much admired was taken, and I was directed to pass through an arched doorway into another apartment. In the centre of the room, if I may call it a room, was a body of water, which on earth I would have called a little lake; water as clear as crystal, so beautiful, that the vines and flowers which formed the walls of the room, were all reflected on its polished surface. The air was balmy and filled with most delicious fragrance. I soon perceived that it was intended for a bath and truly, I can say, that never had I enjoyed the like; the water imparted vitality, and the beauty and fragrance of every object filled me with a strange and rapturous delight. For a time I forgot everything but the object of existence.

“So the whirlwind bore my spirit,  
But to lands that Saints inherit,  
And it seems my heart forever like a ruby cup runs o’er.  
I am blessed beyond all blessing  
And an Angels pure caressing  
Flows around my soul forever, like a stream around its shore.”

I remained sporting in the water until the angel called, requesting me to prepare for our departure, friends were already waiting to accompany us. I was directed to pass into an alcove on the right; there I found all that was essential; the most delicate and beautiful wardrobe had been prepared, made of the finest and most perfect texture. Soft creamy lace that seemed too delicate to handle, something that I called linen, but lighter and finer, dazzling my eye with its whiteness. I will not weary by giving a minute description of the toilette my mother had prepared. Suffice it to say, that the gossamer robe was of a bright, rose color, trimmed with the finest lace and confined at the waist by a girdle of jewels. Everything from the dainty boots, to the snowy buds for my hair was perfect, and when I gazed for the last time in the long mirror, I felt that I had never dreamed of beauty so perfect. My angel friends threw a light mantle of silvery brightness about me and each taking a hand, led me toward a large mansion where they said we should meet our friends.

O, the beauty and glory of that morning! the delicious fragrance, the soft, mellow light falling through the swaying branches of the magnificent trees under whose shadows we walked to the mansion from whose open windows music floated out to greet us.

“How music charms? How metre warms?  
Parent of actions good and brave!  
How vice it tames? and worth inflames  
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!”

We were met at the door by a young lady and her brother, once my scholars. I was surprised and delighted to see them, also two ladies who had been intimate friends during the first years of my married life. Knowing nothing of the skeleton in our home, they enquired eagerly for my husband, and sympathised with me

in the sorrow that must follow our brief separation. My guide seemed to notice these remarks were embarrassing, and suggested that we should enter the house where other friends were waiting.

After being warmly received by the company, we passed out, over the soft, velvety grass and moved in line toward the bright expanse of water which lay sparkling in the sun-light. The inter-lacing branches of graceful trees formed a canopy, partially excluding the light and protected us from the heat, to which I found myself exceedingly sensitive. We soon reached the silvery sand bordering the beautiful river. Beautiful! indeed, the word will give but a faint conception of the broad shining water, its musical waves casting white blossoms and tinted shells at our feet, while swaying vines and bright flowers were laved in its crystal bosom. A number of small boats were waiting to receive us, their silken sails fluttering in the breeze, reminding me of the poets description:

“The dainty boat like a pearly shell,  
Tinted and lined with a rose as well.”

Poetic imaginings contain more truth than is usually accorded to them; so delicate and frail seemed these little barques that I hesitated before trusting myself to them. My friends smiled at my fears and asked lightly: “how Spirit could be destroyed?” The meeting of familiar faces, the natural and easy conversation relating to events of the past, the beauty and harmony of our surroundings, the flashes of wit and joyous flow of mirth, put me at ease and for a time lightened the heavy load resting upon my heart. I had many questions to ask of deep interest to me, but I will not repeat them here; enough to say, that after a most delightful sail we came in sight of the emerald shores, heard sweet strains of music and were soon gliding along past mansions whose

magnificence must be seen to be appreciated. Green lawns sloping to the water's edge, statues and fountains gleaming among the dark leaves; all, all so beautiful, that earth memories for the time were entirely erased.

We landed and were met by my mother, accompanied by her friends, and the proud and happy glance bestowed upon me, gave assurance that the love of a mother burned with an added power in the heart of that fair, noble woman. She led us over the undulating banks where strangely shaped carriages awaited us. I was surprised by the fine appearance of the horses, their symmetry of form and beauty of color; some were white as snow, others of a rich cream color, and others shone like polished steel; nor was my astonishment lessened, when I noticed how easily those spirited animals were controlled. Observing my curious and bewildered expression, my mother said:

"You wonder at seeing animals in spirit life, and marvel at the ease and speed with which we are borne along."

Yes I do wonder, their dainty feet seem to scarce touch the white, shining pebbles, they really appear to be treading the air, I replied.

"You are hardly prepared, to understand the explanation I could give; wait, enjoy the beauty of your surroundings and by and by, another will answer your questions. My child, I do not at once take you to our pavilion, the number of people, the music; the preparations you behold, were not made with special reference to your visit. We have a meeting here to-day; a gentleman, resident of the sphere you have just left, comes here from time to time to charm us with his eloquence, encourage us with our work and unravel mysteries whose solution we have not yet reached. He is known by the name of Gonzalo, and in reality belongs in

this sphere, but for reasons which I will not now explain, he prefers to pursue his studies in the home he has so long occupied. His subject to-day is love. Listen my child and ponder well the words of wisdom you will hear."

The wonderful steeds were now standing in the outskirts of a beautiful grove. Near by was a platform, literally covered with flowers, canopied with blue and white, and rustic seats were appropriately arranged. We alighted, my mother drew me near to the speakers' stand. Men and women were approaching from every direction and soon the entire grove was filled with an audience of beauty, intelligence and grace. I was strangely impressed by the purity, frankness and intelligence of the faces; no expression of sordid selfishness, jealousy or discontent. Soon the rich strains of music ceased, and from a distant group two gentlemen advanced toward the rostrum.

I shall never forget the electric thrill that leaped from heart to brain, as I fixed my eyes for the first time in spirit life upon Gonzalo, and recognized in the majestic form, the broad brow, the eagle eye, the firm mouth, the wavy, silken hair, the spirit that once came and communicated with Eunice and I. If he appeared perfect then, he now seemed to my dazed senses godlike; and when the rich, mellow voice, was lifted in sweet, holy words of invocation, the eyes grew misty with the intensity of feeling and the white brow flushed with the glory of inspiration; then, the last tie that bound me to earth seemed to snap asunder and in spirit I fell at his feet.

I will not attempt to repeat any part of the oration; it thrilled, exalted and transformed me! I was born anew, and for the first time obtained a glimpse of the boundless wealth and deathless power of reciprocal affection! He paused, my mother's clasp

tightened upon my hand and brought me back to a consciousness of my real condition. Her face was radiant when she presented her daughter to the orator, and again we were conducted to the carriage in waiting and were soon moving rapidly along through the most charming scenes the eye had ever rested upon. My mother, brother and Gonzalo accompanied me. His musical voice in the most poetic language, explained many things, and when the horses were checked in front of an immense marble edifice, and we ascended the broad avenue and stood for a moment looking up at its gleaming walls and crystal windows, I felt that this was heaven; but, what had mother to do in that magnificent structure, how came she there, what meant the bright faces looking out upon me, and above all, what was the meaning of the mysterious power exerted upon me by Gonzalo; why did his touch thrill me, his eyes draw me like a magnet and his voice fill my soul with music? These questions will be answered hereafter.



## CHAPTER II.

*Mansions In Spirit Land—Luscious Fruit, As Real As In Earth Life—A Resort  
And Its Use—Is The Distinction Of Sex Lost In Spirit Life?*

“A dream sublime of a sunny clime,  
Whose balmiest breezes blow ;  
Whose mountains loom and landscapes bloom  
In God’s eternal glow !  
Give me my lyre ! I feel the fire,  
Unseen by mortal sight :  
Oh ! vision grand, of the summer land,  
I’m fainting in delight !  
But words are weak when the soul would speak  
Of the angel home above ;  
Faint visions alone are to man made known,  
Of that dwelling of light and love.”

T IS NOT my intention to give an elaborate description of the stately mansion, nor dwell upon the elegance of its spacious apartments. This would require much time and like many things I must relate would tax your credulity, therefore I shall pass lightly over external surroundings, confining myself principally to instruction received.

Ascending the marble steps we passed into the main entrance where I lingered to admire the rich and varied works of art, and not until my mother called, could I leave the delightful scene. Passing down the full length of the great entrance hall, I followed the sound of cheerful voices, and soon stood among my friends in

a small, neat apartment, partaking of the most luscious fruits and other delicacies. Yes! eating in spirit life, as real as it had been on earth, and I could but smile as I remembered the ideas of spirit life that I had imbibed while there. After an hour or more passed in this pleasurable manner, we were invited to follow mother who led the way to one of the most beautiful rooms I had ever seen. Here, my child, you will be free from interruption, you can ask as many questions as you wish; our friend Gonzalo will answer. I thanked my mother; her quiet, graceful manner and easy conversation had overcome the timidity and restraint first felt in Gonzalo's presence; addressing him I said: I am curious to know why you occupy so large a house?

"This is a school, or more properly speaking, a Resort," answered Gonzalo. "It is designed to aid and educate those unfortunate woman who have been deprived of intellectual culture, and opportunity to unfold the inherent capacity and latent talent they possess. They come from all conditions of life, prompted by one desire—improvement."

Why are they isolated from companionship with those gentlemen who are prompted by the same high motives, I mean, why is this school devoted exclusively to women?

"You have asked the most important question relating to this subject. Co-education of the sexes is as important and beneficial here as on earth; but there is a condition reached by some men and many women, which renders association absolutely detrimental."

I cannot understand this.

"Because your experience has been limited. When the love nature, which I may term the central principle of being, has been outraged through a long succession of years; blunted, degraded,

and almost deprived of its beauty by the abnormal condition into which it has been thrown by circumstances, or hereditary taint, then life is robbed of its highest inspirations! Nay, the greatest good is transformed into the means of the greatest evil! The individual sinks into a dark, selfish condition, from which the most brilliant power of intellect cannot rescue him,—hatred, eventually creeps in and usurps control.”

Will not the love of knowledge, of truth, prevent this disastrous result?

“No; for truth cannot awaken a sentiment that it cannot impart! Love of right does not emanate from the same principle as personal love, nor should it be called love.”

Surely, Mr. Gonzalo, it would save from a low, vicious life!

“For a time it would; but eventually, that nature which has been evolved from lower conditions would assert its supremacy, unless guided and held in check by the Godlike power of reciprocal affection. Your knowledge of history will convince you of the correctness of this statement. But, to return to this school, the object was, to provide a place for those women from whose very existence, love seems to have been eliminated. Many of them dislike, even the presence of men; they cannot endure the least manifestation of affection from their own sex. They thirst for knowledge, and in this overruling desire, even the maternal love is lost.”

Do such spirits advance rapidly?

“Yes; indeed you would be surprised at their power of mind, depth of thought and display of insight!”

Are they happy?

“Yes, they enjoy all the happiness they are capable of appreciating.”

Why is my mother here?

"She has been chosen because of peculiar magnetic conditions, which frequently softens and mellows the icy natures around her."

Oh, mother! can you be happy here?

"Yes, child, for like many of this unfortunate class, I too required the solitude and comfort which is attainable here; my heart needed rest from the tempestuous gales that had so long tortured it. This Resort has been a heaven to me, and now I rejoice in imparting the knowledge and experience I have gained."

This is strange, something I had never thought of. How do these students appear when they leave school?

"You will understand that they are not controlled by compulsion; there comes a time to each one of them, when the over-taxed and weary love nature has had its rest, and the intellectual powers have grown comparatively mature. You must understand that developement or growth, is in circles; when one is complete, another begins; the vigor and action of love is lost and its awakening is slow, but by degrees it again assumes supremacy, and the individual arises to a higher and more harmonious plane than ever before."

This is all beyond my comprehension, so I will ask a question upon a subject I think I can understand. In passing from sphere to sphere, assuming new forms, is the distinction of sex lost? Is every spirit complete to itself in the highest sphere? Gonzalo turned his thoughtful and expressive face towards me, and replied:

"I, am only a learner. For many years I have been trying to free myself from the errors, mistakes and entanglements of earth life; therefore, I may not answer your questions as clearly and fully as some other one could. The light that comes to me is from the revelation of principles which I am studying, and the ex-

periences related to me by those who have passed on. These principles assure me of the indestructibility of all that belongs to spirit. Sex in person, is only an expression of principle embodied in spirit; therefore it will never be lost! No individual spirit is in itself all-sufficient. Man and woman are the two halves of the perfect whole."

I have many other questions to ask upon this subject, but will wait until my next visit. Before I leave, will you be so good as to satisfy my curiosity in regard to those wonderful horses whose beauty and speed so delighted and amazed me. How came they here, and how are they so easily controlled? Gonzalo smiled as he replied:

"Those you saw are not flesh and blood as you imagine; but are simply machines guided and moved by electricity.

What! Is there no life there?

"It is hard to believe there is not, but such is the case; I have heard that in the higher spheres every thought takes on a form, as the poet sings:

"All worlds and suns are the thoughts of God."

So it is said thoughts, beautiful thoughts take on the form of birds, flowers, and many beautiful shapes. You remember the power of thought upon earth; how tangibly one mind can affect another without speech; this power is much greater here, what it may be, we cannot say."

This is truly a wonderful life, so different from what I had anticipated!

"Yes, and you have only had a glimpse of its wonders."

"She has had enough for one day," remarked my mother. "My child, you will rest here to-night; to-morrow I will accompany you to your earthly home, unless you prefer to stay here."

Like a great wave came the sudden thought of earth. Stay here! I exclaimed, starting up, oh no, I must go!

"Yes child," said Gonzalo, "you must go, your heart is on fire; but the cords that bind it, will be burnt to ashes; the power that holds you will be broken, but long, long, will the gray shadows of unreciprocal affection drape your spirit; but, at last you will pass through the pearly gate into perfect freedom."

Thank you for the prophetic words, may they be as truthful as they are pleasant.

"Farewell," said Gonzalo, looking into my face with a searching gaze. He stood as calm, white and still as a marble statue; then suddenly his face lighted and become suffused with a crimson tide; then bowing gracefully he took his departure; leaving my mother in a state of rapturous joy, though why, I could not tell.



### CHAPTER III.

*Return To Earth—My Spirit Guide—A Magnetic River And Crystal Ocean—  
How Material Objects Are Seen By Spirits—Searching For Earth Friends.*

“O, this strange mingling in of Life and Death,  
Of Soul and Substance ! Let me comprehend  
The hidden secret of life’s fleeting breath,  
My beings destiny, its aim and end.  
Show me the impetus that urged me forth,  
Upon my lone and burning pathway driven ;  
The secret force that binds me down to earth,  
While my sad spirit yearns for home and heaven.”



HOW TRUE it is, that the dominant idea will assert itself and obliterate or dim all other impressions. I had been charmed by the surpassing beauty and naturalness of spirit life, and delighted to again hold uninterrupted communion with my loved mother. The novelty and freshness of the scenes through which I had passed, had drawn my mind away from earth ; but, now that the time was approaching for my return, all other thoughts lost their hold upon me, and I awaited with anxiety and impatience for the time to arrive when I could once more turn my face homeward. At that period of life an all-absorbing, selfish love was the power that ruled me.

“The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ;  
More gen’rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,  
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.”

I had been long waiting when my mother entered, accompanied

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by a radiant being, whom she introduced as Thalia, explaining that she had come to accompany us and would remain with me as guide and counselor. Her calm, sweet face, and large expressive eyes, had a tranquilizing and wonderful effect upon my turbulent spirit. I recognized her superior mind, and proud, exact, yet loving nature; and I greeted her with pleasure, yet with a consciousness that her superiority would be a check to the spontaneous expression of my impulsive nature.

"You will love her and she will bless you," said my mother. "Always follow her advice. Time, sorrow, and experience have refined and polished her soul. I rejoice that I have secured the companionship of one so well adapted to your necessities. Now, my child, as it is your desire to enter again into the scenes of rudimental existence, you will bid farewell to this beautiful world!"

Yes, I answered hastily.

Thalia moved on in advance and we followed, passing quickly through the flowery grounds surrounding the mansion. Once outside, we passed rapidly through the sweet scented air; Thalia keeping in advance, and taking no part in our conversation.

Why is she so reserved, and formal? I asked.

"You will know by and by; she is worthy of your full confidence, and is one of the purest and most noble spirits I ever met."

There is something strangely familiar in her voice and gesture, yet it is improbable that we ever met before.

"You have never met. She is to you a stranger, and has volunteered to be your guide and friend."

She does not walk as we do, but seems to float without effort.

"All spirits in this sphere have that power."

We now stood on the mossy bank of a beautiful river, where a small boat, resembling the one we used on a former occasion,

awaited us. Never had I seen anything so charming; the tall trees with their drooping branches; the profusion of curiously shaped, bright tinted flowers, and the water glowing in a flood of rosy light. Thalia would float from the boat to the shore, bringing flowers and shells.

I called to mind those beautiful words of the poet, descriptive of the Spirit World:

“There everlasting spring unfolds  
The flowers of every clime,  
And every form the mind beholds,  
Is beauteous and sublime.  
There’s Love and glory in the sky,  
And music in the air,  
And every breath is melody,  
And every thought a prayer.”

I know not how long we remained upon the beautiful river, it seemed but a few moments until the sweet homes, shining palaces, lovely flowers, and beautiful trees began to fade in the distance, and the river lost itself in a boundless ocean, clear as crystal. The boat stopped and mother and Thalia stepped out upon the bright sea, motioning me to follow them; which I could not do, until I had received many words of assurance. Once out of the boat and resting upon the bright, magnetic stream, we were borne on with the rapidity of light,—on and on through the boundless realms of space, no object in sight save the glistening waves and the clear, blue sky above; no sound, save the murmuring of the waves and rich, harmonious notes that seemed to come from the blending of innumerable human voices. Up from the crystal water came a delicious, sweet scented breeze that exhilarated, while it quieted and calmed every fear. I had many inquires to make in regard to this mode of conveyance, which I found to be

in accordance with the law of attraction. Whoever was placed in the current of this mighty stream, was borne at once to earth.

“This is the direct channel of communication,” said my mother. “In this way you avoid contact with other planes of spirit life, arriving in the atmosphere of earth in an almost inconceivable short time.” My mother now bade me farewell, charging me to remember the lessons I had learned, and to withdraw myself as soon as possible from the entanglements of earth and come up higher; then left me to the guiding care of Thalia.

I am ashamed to admit the fact, that the murky atmosphere of earth, was far more attractive to me, than the spheres I had left. I felt more at ease after mother had withdrawn; her pure eyes seemed to be constantly reproaching me for my love of earth. Now I was free, yet not entirely so, for Thalia, surrounded by a soft halo, stood near waiting my bidding. I resolved to overcome the restraint I had felt in her presence. Let us go first to my old home, I said. She bowed, beckoning me to follow, as she moved on. I too could float with the greatest ease in the murky atmosphere, which seemed to slightly impede her progress. Soon we stood before the well known home. How dark, cold, and cheerless it looked. No comfort, nothing to attract or hold me there. I must seek my husband elsewhere. I had not then learned to utilize my clairvoyant powers, nor did Thalia enlighten me.

Material objects were seen only through the emanations that surrounded them; and instead of finding my husband by the power of sight, I wandered from place to place, tracing him by the magnetic emanations imparted to all things with which he came in contact. It was a long search, as he had heard of my intended visit, and had gone from place to place to avoid me. Thalia made no objection to the search, simply acquiescing in the

suggestions I made: At last I found him in a quiet village. It was evening as I drew near, and, for the first time since my change, looked upon the face of him I loved.

He was seated on a rustic bench, beneath a wide spreading tree; the silver moonlight, falling through the swaying branches, lighting up his pale, intellectual face. I could plainly discern deep marks of care and sorrow. By his side sat Eunice; her head was resting on his shoulder, her small hand clasped in his. This sight aroused all the jealousy and anger of my nature. Thalia stood looking upon them with an expression of admiration. Glancing at me, she seemed to have an intuitive perception of my feelings, for she came to me at once, and said:

“Emily, my friend, come away, I have something to say to you.”

Never! I replied, I will not leave them until they realize that I am still living, still claim my right as wife! Saying this, I advanced to my husband, calling to him in a loud, strong voice. I might as well have called to the stars; he could not see, hear, or feel me. Never before had I realized how complete was our separation.

Every whispered word, yea, thought of theirs was clear and distinct to me; but to them I was dead; gone. It should not be so. I would make them conscious of my presence! I remembered that Eunice was a medium. Going behind them, and using all my will and strength, I placed one hand upon her cheek, the other upon my husband's. He did not move; she gave a piercing scream, and fell fainting to the ground.

Oh, how I gloried in my success! I had heard her whisper: “nothing shall part us now;” but my first effort had been more than successful; between them had come the hand of death, the icy touch of her they believed forever gone.

Thalia bent over the drooping form, and soon restored her to consciousness. Then taking my hand, she led me to a beautiful grove, and seating herself by my side, said :

“Emily, you are wronging yourself; you are hindering your growth; you are grieving away the sweet spirit of gentleness and purity that is a part of yourself!”

Don't expostulate with me, I replied; if you are here to aid me, if you are indeed a friend, then help me to accomplish the one purpose of life: to win back and hold the love that once was mine, that I have a right to, that I will have! Eunice will love another; I never can. She is fickle; I am changeless! Will you help me?

“Emily, hear me! Is love the only object of life? Is this the only light you aim to attain? Let me show you that the love you have made a God of, should only be an incident in life; it is a fountain from which you drink, to pass on to higher, grander results. When your soul makes an idol of an individual, all avenues of growth are closed. Worship of the finite, will not advance you intellectually or spiritually! Worship of an individual will not prepare you for the grand, humanitarian, world-lifting efforts you will be called upon to make! Worship is blind; idolatry is folly! Love is only worthy of the name, when free from all narrow, selfish, degrading influences. Has not your love silenced your better nature; extinguished the pure light of sisterly affection; lessened your love for an angel mother, intensified your jealousy, anger, and selfishness; caused you to forget the intellectual treasures you were once so earnest in seeking; brought you from heaven to earth; debarred you from the society of the cultured and refined in spirit life; dragged you into the mire and wretched conditions of earth life? Is this love? What good has it brought you? Is it not even now binding you anew with fetters.

that may hold you through many, many years? Pause, I beg of you! Think of my words! Oh, barter not the store house of inexhaustable treasures for the false glitter and sparkle that allure but to destroy! Think of it! To-morrow I will come to you again; promise me that you will remain alone until that time."

I promise, I replied, and the bright guardian angel vanished from sight, leaving me filled with strange and unaccountable emotions.



## CHAPTER IV.

*My Experiences As A Spirit With Mortals In Earth Life—Unhappiness—Spirits Attend An Earthly Marriage Ceremony—A Spirit Long In The Atmosphere Of Earth—The Loss—Who Is My Spirit Guide—A Discovery.*

“O Remembrance!

Why dost thou open all my wounds again?”

“Experience teacheth many things, and all  
men are his scholars;

Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that  
which he has taught.”

“Remembrance wakes with all her busy train  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.”

 WAS ashamed and humiliated by the earnest words of Thalia, and felt that she expressed the truth in regard to my condition; yet, when left alone I could not fully accept her theory, and never found rest until the broader views and more spiritual expressions of Gonzalo came back in all their purity and freshness. He did not look upon love as an incident in life, but rather as the inspiration—the crowning glory of all. My unfortunate circumstances had prevented me from perceiving more than a glimpse of this central principle of life. Patience and persistent effort would at last confer upon me the boon I craved; then all that was desirable, must follow. I had promised to wait the return of Thalia, but oh, how slowly the hours passed! With

great effort I controlled my impatience and waited, waited until the last lingering ray of twilight had disappeared and the stars came out in the blue dome; still she came not.

At last, overcome by anxiety and unrest, I left the grove where I had remained all day, and moved through the silver moonlight to the little vine clad cottage. The doors and windows were open, and I entered. The rooms were filled with sweet scented flowers and occupied by a company of gentlemen and ladies, who seemed eagerly waiting for the appearance of other parties. I was about to pass on to the other rooms, when Thalia, hand in hand with the PHANTOM FORM, entered the room. They were clad in dazzling white, their faces radiant, as if with a new found joy. I drew back into the shadow and watched them unobserved. Their conversation in low, earnest tones, I could not hear. Soon my attention was diverted from them by the sound of approaching footsteps; the door of an adjoining room opened, and my husband, with Eunice on his arm, and accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen, entered the room. They advanced so close to where I was standing, that I could have touched the white cheek of Eunice. A tall, pale gentleman arose and approached them and before I was aware of the significance of the scene, my husband was no longer mine.

“With wild surprise,  
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
A stupid moment motionless I stood.”

I had passed through all the stages of jealousy and anger, and this unexpected scene seemed to paralyze all my senses. I could not see, hear, or realize what it was, that had so suddenly transformed me from a thinking, suffering, loving woman, into a heartless, passionless statue. How long they remained in the room, or

when they left it, I do not know. My first recollection after the marriage ceremony, was seeing Thalia approach; her arms were extended, as though she would caress me, and in her rich, clear voice she said: "Come, sister, come away. We did not intend that you should witness this scene; but, perhaps the sharp conflict may help to strike the scales from your eyes, come; we will now leave them, and return again to brighter scenes, where your weary heart can find rest and strength; come, the last link that bound you, is broken, why tarry longer?"

My brain and tongue seemed paralyzed; the only response I could give was a wave of the hand, signifying my desire to be left alone. Thalia did not go; she expostulated, reasoned and plead with me, but she might as well have talked to the frozen streams. Her eloquence and sympathy were lost. I heard her words without comprehending their significance. I do not know how long I remained in the house. Days and weeks passed and I had no power to tear myself away from the magnetism of that room. Thalia was frequently with me; other spirits were there, but neither approached nor addressed me. At last I awoke from this trance of reason, and moved out into the pure air and sunshine.

It is not my intention to weary you by particularly relating my experiences while lingering in this border land. Suffice it to say, that when fully restored, though love seemed dead, I formed a settled determination, that Eunice should not enjoy the happiness of which I had been deprived, and for long years neglected no opportunity to annoy and disturb their home happiness. Thalia often counteracted my plans, by erasing written communications, by destroying my power to entrance Eunice, by projecting her positive will, and her own angelic face and form, when I was attempting by my presence to dishearten and discourage them.

You may be surprised, when I tell you this was my highest happiness, and it held me a bound slave for many years.

Eunice and her husband had left the sunny valley of youth ; age had silvered the bright locks and furrowed the fair brow, and the two little ones had grown almost to womanhood before I was freed, or rather had outgrown, my own selfish, distorted nature. I too, had changed ; the prominence of low and selfish thoughts had marred the beauty of that spiritual form of which I was once so proud. The long sojourn in the coarse magnetism of earth, without one pure breath from the sunny table-lands of spirit life, had changed the transparent whiteness of the face that once looked at me from the crystal mirror of the Arbor of Repose. Thalia and mother had from time to time visited me, but never had I looked upon the face of Gonzalo. Finally I grew weary of my self imposed task ; then came shame for the narrow and contemptable life I had lead ; sorrow, for the years I had wasted, for the opportunities lost ; and slowly I awoke to the consciousness, that Thalia was right. That such a life was but :

“ A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,  
Like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves  
Of pain and pleasure, by the wavering breath  
Of passions.”

I had had my dream of life, it was passed ; and now my heart was cold and hard as flint ; but there was an awakening of the intellectual powers, a thirst for knowledge, and with a triumphant smile I said to Thalia : I have conquered at last, henceforth I live in the brain ! I am ready to commence the great work of uplifting others from the fearful condition I have so long lived. A smile of ineffable beauty illuminated the face of my friend, as she replied :

“You are now prepared to go to school; you stand on the first round of the shining ladder of truth. Many years ago I occupied nearly the same position, but think not that I remained stationary during all this time; I have entered a new world, of which you can at present have no conception. The glory of the Infinite is around me, the joy of the truly emancipated, thrills my entire being.

“Emily, I have much to say to you; you have noticed a strangely familiar look in my eyes, and recognized the accent of a remembered tone in my voice. You are right, you have seen the eyes and are familiar with the voice; I am Gonzalo’s sister, and there was a purpose in my being sent as your guardian, and to aid you. You have now, at least for a time, finished your experience on earth, and, as it is your desire, to-morrow we will go to a place of rest, where in solitude you can commune with your own soul, and prepare yourself to enter the great school you once visited. There you will have opportunity for culture, and your soul will flow out through many avenues, until you become strong, bright, and pure; then the light of a life of which you now know nothing, will enfold you; then, and not until then, will you know and feel the value of life.”

By this conversation I was confirmed in my resolution. True, I had often thought of my transient visit to the land of souls, but it had never entered my mind, that I should ever become an inmate of the school I had visited. I was rejoiced at the opportunities opening before me, and should have been happy, had I not realized the loss of time, the unfavorable change in my personal appearance, and the utter dread of affection. Even the thought of seeing my mother, did not awaken one thrill of love; my heart was apparently dead, its grave covered with ashes, in which no bud could ever again blossom. All life, strength and ambition, seemed to tend toward the intellect. These, and only these, could I live for in the future.

## CHAPTER V.

*Weary Of Life—Return To The Summer Land—Religious Zealots In Spirit Life—  
They Still Worship A Personal God—Mansion Of Artistic Beauty—A Home  
For The Loveless—A Mother Relates Her Sad Earth Experience—Marriage  
By Human Law, Not Always A True Marriage—A Curse To Children—A  
Congress Of Spirits—Important Subjects Considered.*

“ Alas, for my weary and care-haunted bosom !

The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more,  
The song in the wild wood, the sheer in the blossom,  
The fresh swelling fountain—their music is o'er.  
When I list to the stream, when I look to the flowers,  
They tell of the past with so mournful a tone,  
That I call up the throng of my long-vanished hours,  
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.”

 **WEARY**, very weary of life, with no light, save the hope of the attainment of knowledge, it was with a feeling of relief that I placed my hand in Thalia's, and turned my face from the scenes and bitter memories of earth. No individual in possession of reason, was more of an utter nonentity than I. The Summer Land with its gorgeous beauty, its rich and varied sources of enjoyment and culture, failed to awaken one thrill of joyful anticipation; nor did remorse cause regret or sadness, for the selfish course I had so long pursued. I was weary, and hoped for rest; ignorant, and thought to make existence durable by the acquisition of knowledge. My beautiful friend seemed unconscious of my mental condition, and silently led me on.

"Earth! O Earth! thou art my mother.  
 Mortal man! thou art my brother.  
 We have shared a mutual sorrow, we have known a common birth;  
 Yet with all my soul's endeavor,  
 I will sunder, and forever,  
 Every tie of human passion, that can bind my soul to earth—  
 Every slavish tie that binds me to the things of little worth.  
 'Come up higher!' cry the Angels; 'Come, and bid farewell to earth.'

From life's overflowing beaker I have drained the bitter draught,  
 Changing to a maddening ichor in my being as I quaffed.  
 I have felt the hot blood rushing, o'er its red and rameous path,  
 Like the molten lava, gushing in its wild, volcanic wrath;  
 Like a bubbling, boiling Geyser, in the regions of the pole;  
 Like a Scylla or charybdis, threatening to engulf my soul.  
 I was wounded by life's arrows in the head and in the heart.  
 'Come up higher!' cried the angels, and I hastened to depart."

When at last we stood upon the shining shore, I looked around and vainly tried to find some object that would recall the beautiful scene spread out before me.

"You have never been here before," said Thalia, reading my thoughts, "but this will be your home for a season."

It is a lovely place, I replied. The wooded hills, picturesque valleys, and distant mountains, present a pleasant contrast to the city, with its showy mansions, its beautiful, quiet cottages, and immense public buildings. The broad avenues lined with graceful trees, the playing fountains, whose murmuring waters reach down even to the silent sea. It is beautiful! I shall rest here. What are those immense buildings, formed of dark gray substance, glistening like polished marble? I asked, as we moved up one of the broad avenues leading to the city.

"They were erected by a religious order, and are occupied by those, who, when upon earth, were immersed in convents, and by long and devoted monastic life are so dwarfed, that they are in-

capable of enjoying a life entirely devoid of form and ceremony; In fact, they still believe in the infallibility of their religion, only changing its forms, and modifying its tenets to adapt them to their new condition of life.. They still worship an individualized God and pray to the saints, believing they can save from the pains of purgatory. The large, light edifice on the right is a place of worship. There Protestant devotees still bow at the consecrated shrine of antiquity. In this sphere you will find many narrow, dogmatic minds; unprogressive, zealous ministers and teachers."

This is strange; why can they not perceive the fallacy of their preconceived opinions?

"Simply because they have not been able to overcome inherent tendency, early impressions imparted by education, combined with egotism, will not permit them to admit they have been wrong; your mother will explain this more fully. Do you see those beautiful dwellings, shaded by magnificent trees?"

Yes, they are built of what seems to be polished stone of many colors; I never saw any thing more beautiful; the great lawns surrounding them filled with flowers, fountains and birds. Why are they so isolated?

"You will find many such, some far more beautiful; they are occupied by families, who belonged to what is termed the highly aristocratic classes. They look upon themselves as superior, and refuse to mingle with what they call common society. They are unsocial, unprogressive, and many families of this class remain here, a much longer time than you remained upon earth. Intense selfishness closes the avenues through which they might advance."

It is strange, I replied, that these refined souls, do not perceive the advantages that would accrue, should they advance to the higher spheres.

“When one is engrossed in the pursuit of pleasure, and hedged in by the pride of birth, there is little opportunity for serious thought upon any subject, outside the narrow limit of their sphere.”

We had now reached the entrance of a magnificent building, whose vast proportion and artistic beauty, challenged my admiration. We passed up the polished steps, and before I had time to express my surprise, the doors were thrown open, and we were received by a woman, tall and dignified, who had no more expression or suavity of manner, than a marble statue. We were evidently expected, for she led the way through the immense building to a large and airy room, which she requested me to consider at my service as long as I was content to remain; she then withdrew, leaving me alone with Thalia.

Where am I, where have you brought me? I asked. For the first time since my acquaintance with her, Thalia laughed, a laugh clear and beautiful, that was caught up and echoed through the long corridors of the building. She quietly replied:

“I am glad to notice your astonishment. I feared that it would be long before the dead sea of your mind would be broken. This is simply a home. Hundreds find rest and shelter here, with leisure to pursue any course of study they may deem most desirable. Here you can enjoy congenial associates, or dwell in solitude, if preferred. I will now leave you for a time, as I see it is almost time for your mother’s arrival. You will be visited by other friends, who will introduce you to your new life. Books, pictures, music, writing materials, teachers, and all that your present condition demands, have been supplied by your thoughtful friends.”

My friends are kind; I shall find rest for heart and brain. Scarcely had Thalia left me, when my mother entered, and greeted me with an affectionate embrace.

“ Emily, my Emily! I am rejoiced that at last you have freed yourself from an affection which at best, touched only a part of your nature. My child, you have had a long, bitter experience; its effects have crushed your spirit, chilled your heart, and deprived you of many bright years of happiness, and yet your sufferings will ultimate in good to others. Every step in advance from ignorance to knowledge, is more or less painful; had you been differently organized and conditioned, the sorrow would have been less, the struggle shorter. But, that organization was not of your choice; my ignorance was the first cause of the many seeming wrongs that have followed. I did not choose your father, he won me by psychological influence, aided by the powerful influence of interested parties, my necessity of a home, and the deep need of affection, of which my young heart had been long deprived. These, and other motives placed my life in the keeping of one, who had neither affection nor honor to give me; nor had he that most essential of all, a nature that could in any way respond to the demands of my soul. By his cold, proud, exacting and selfish nature, the warm tide of affection was frozen in my heart. We were married according to human law, but never according to that higher law, to the obedience of which alone can come happiness. We were never united by the law of true marriage, expressed by the poet:

“ But happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend.  
’Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love.”

My child, I need not refer you to the wretched life I lived with

the man who called me wife. When on earth, I thought it was his cruelty that repulsed me; but now I understand that it would have been more possible for oil and water to blend, than for our widely sundered temperaments to come into harmonious relations. The curse of this merely legal union fell with terrible power upon my innocent children. Not only has many of the repulsive and degrading traits of the father been reproduced, but other singularities and defects have followed this violation of nature's law. I refer to this, that you may the more readily comprehend what I have to say to you on another subject. None of my children have yet fully freed themselves from the mournful influence of this sin. Its effects followed me into spirit-life, and hung like an incubus upon me for many years. Thank God, I am free at last! No, not free, for so long as one of my children suffer, I suffer with them, but I am comparatively free, made so through my own exertions. You too, my dear children, must work out your own salvation. You will understand the full meaning of my words by and by. Now Emily, I wish to tell you something of the work I am doing.

I had been in spirit-life many years, before the truth dawned upon me, that I was entirely absorbed in seeking my own individual good, blind to the needs of others, deaf to their cries for help! Soon after, I became conscious of this fact, and endeavored to forget my sorrows in benefiting others, I became a teacher in the great school, where you found me. I remained there five years after your return to earth. At that time Gonzalo informed me, that there was to be a Congress of spirits, and urged the necessity of my presence,—a great humanitarian work was in contemplation. It was anticipated, that thousands of the most advanced minds would be present; that they were to meet in the sphere above the one in which I then resided. I accepted the

invitation, and with a company of ladies attended the grandest assemblage it is possible for the mind to conceive. I will not weary you, by describing the location and external surroundings, nor by naming the many prominent members, whose names are written upon history's page, and on the tablets of human hearts. Sages, philosophers, reformers, many martyrs, whose white souls ascended from dungeon cells and blazing faggot. These spirits, one and all, were imbued with the lofty purpose of benefiting humanity. To free the world from religious bigotry, political injustice, and social depotism; it was decided, that there must be a systematic, orderly communication opened between the two worlds. The revolution they designed to inaugurate, could be best accomplished by the most startling manifestations. To accomplish this, it was essential to employ spirits whose magnetism would the more readily blend with the existing magnetic condition of the earth.

Two classes of spirits were designated as possessing this power. One class, those who had been suddenly deprived of physical existence. Their power, however, was limited, seldom extending beyond the room or building, which had absorbed much of their vital power. The other class was the Indians, children of nature. When in the presence of a sensitive, they could readily produce manifestations, that would challenge the attention of the most skeptical. Committees were formed to select from these classes, those who would be willing to work in harmony with the Congress, and follow the directions of more highly unfolded minds. The next step was to appoint committees to seek upon earth for individuals, whose peculiar organization was adapted to this phase of mediumship. In this search, we were instructed to give no thought to intellectual or moral status, to religious or social train-

ing, nor to distinguish between poverty and wealth; but to keep ever in view the one great object to be accomplished, viz: the production of startling phenomena that should arrest the attention and compel all classes of minds to investigate. Other committees were sent forth to work in various ways, and take the initiatory steps in the great movement contemplated. Many wise and good spirits went independently, working in their own way. I say went, for although thought may be projected through an immeasurable distance; time and space being in fact annihilated, or rather are inconceivable in their relation to spirit. Schools were opened and wise spirits selected to impart a knowledge of the laws of mind and the power of will, over a less positive spirit.

I gladly availed myself of the opportunity thus offered for improvement. The light received from my mediumship upon earth, and the instruction imparted since entering spirit life, had prepared me to grasp with avidity the knowledge so pleasingly imparted by advanced minds. It is not my intention to weary you with a recital of the course of instruction. I will simply say, that I was soon able to trace to their true source, crimes, disease, and the terrible blight of insanity, that had fallen like a pall upon so many brilliant minds. When you are prepared, I will impart the knowledge to which I refer, and show you how it decided the course of my life, and absorbed all my energies in the grandest reform that the world has ever known. This great movement is yet in its infancy, and I trust, dear Emily, that the time is not distant, when you will work with me. My child, I have also hinted at great and important truths, which require time, and a receptive condition to receive and appreciate. My object in coming to you, was to welcome you to your new home, and speak to you of important changes in my life, so be not surprised at the revelation I am about to make.

## CHAPTER VI.

*My Mother's Experience In Spirit Life—Woman's Condition In Earth Life—  
Martyrs In Marriage—Without Reciprocal Love Marriage Not Congugal—  
The True Marriage Eternal. Through It Will Come Human Redemption—  
Marriage In Spirit Life.*

“ But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.  
With boundless confidence : for naught but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

EAR mother, it is pleasant to listen to the music of your voice, and watch the light imparted by lofty thought and noble purpose. I am rejoiced to again hold uninterrupted communion with you ; but I must admit that the subjects you have broached, and the humanitarian work, which has so inspired you, touch no responsive chord in my being. I care not to trace sin and wretchedness to their cause, much less to become active in removing them. A shade of sadness rests upon your face. My cold, selfish nature has chilled and repulsed you. Let

me explain myself. The sorrow and anxiety of my life have crushed out every sweet flower of love. I am perfectly indifferent to all. *I* have suffered, let others suffer also! I seek no favors, ask no blessings, not even happiness, which I believe forever beyond my reach. Dear mother, if it were possible, I would fling off the life that has ever been a burden. The loss of identity seems now the highest blessing, but as this cannot be, I shall pass existence in the acquisition of knowledge. In this way I shall find self-forgetfulness, and this I believe is the object of existence, if, indeed, there be any purpose in it. I am sorry to chill you by these words, but will be frank, therefore, while I take no interest in the work that inspires and ennobles you, I would ask one question. Why have I been told that my sorrows would ultimate in good; that the thorns would be transformed into roses, the cross to a crown?

“My child, your state of mind was not unknown to me, but I hoped to touch a chord of sympathy, which would eventually lead you out of spiritual darkness into the clear light of peace and happiness. The seeds that I have sown, will surely sink into the dark soil, and eventually bring forth an abundant harvest. Child of my heart, you will yet be in full sympathy with the progressive movements to which your attention has been called. To answer your question, I must call your attention to the degraded position occupied by woman. Slowly, right asserts its supremacy; slowly, justice asserts its sway. The lower forces, individualized in undeveloped man, have long held undisputed power. Physical strength controlled, and the result has been, that women have been deprived of their natural right, which belongs to every individual. They have been treated as inferiors, mere cyphers in the world of thought and action. Debarred of political equality, educational

advantages and financial independence; the result, political injustice, social corruption, and religious superstition. To remove these evils, the band of iron must press more heavily upon the tender heart of woman, until she is stung to madness, and by a mighty effort of will, throws off the incubus and proclaims herself free. The injustice I refer to, has probably never been felt with more rigor, more fearful results, than in the marriage or conjugal relation. If woman has realized the degradation of her position when single, what think you must her sensitive nature endure in the slavery of an uncongenial marriage? You know something of my sufferings. Have you ever turned your eyes to the broad plain of life, whitened by the bones of millions of martyrs, who have died without a word of protest?

“My child, did you ever think of the flames consuming the very life of millions of as noble women as ever lived? These victims must be goaded on, and ground still lower in the dust, before they waken to a knowledge of their humiliating position, and their power to strike off the galling chains of slavery. Do not misunderstand me, marriage in its high, spiritual significance is the glory of life, here as well as upon earth.

“The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,  
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,  
Sinews, concord, earthly immortality,  
Eternity of pleasures.”

“But no mortal has grasped its significance or ascended to the sunbright heights of its purity and perfection. Marriage on earth, is to-day little understood, and the cause of an infinite amount of torture. To reform and infuse this divine principle of spiritual marriage, women must be aroused from their listless, negative condition, and this can only be accomplished through intense

suffering ; therefore, all the sweet lives that have been sacrificed to this *Moloch*, have been as golden seeds, transformed into mighty forces to vitalize the dead corpse, called marriage. *No heart has suffered in vain, the result is inevitable.* Martyrs in religion have paved the way for the highest expression of spiritual light. Martyrs in marriage have opened broad avenues of thought, through which millions of emancipated souls shall pass on to the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness.

“The study of the laws of marriage, brings us to the principle of conjugal love. You, my child, who have thought and heard so much upon this subject, must now understand that this is the central love of the soul, and if not reciprocal, is not conjugal love. If not entire, all absorbing, complete, restful, it is one of the other loves. You have suffered through a fatal mistake of this kind. Your error and saddened life will cause others to think, and to step more cautiously along this beaten, but little understood way. A correct knowledge of conjugal love will lead to self-examination, the study of organization and temperament, and will enable the student to distinguish between the needs of the soul, and the magnetic attractions of blood love. In this way your experiences will be a blessing to you and to the world. The cross you have carried, will indeed prove a crown for some other. But this is not the end, for your earth-life with its lights and shadows, will have its effect upon the life that is. Your solitude will lead your mind to the consideration of these and other important subjects, and prepare you for the position which I have long realized you would fill.

“Before leaving, let me call your attention again to the subject of marriage, or soul union. It may be compared to a beautiful plant, that buds on earth, to blossom in the higher spheres. As

I said, its divine uses are little understood. One of the highest conceptions of marriage that has been grasped by finite mind, is, that through it, humanity is to be redeemed by bringing into existence a race of true, noble, natural men and women, whose tendencies towards virtue, truth, art, science; are to bring the blessing of harmony upon earth. This is but a limited view of the great subject. In it the mother's soul is attuned to the divinest harmonies, in order that the child may sing its glad song at the gates of paradise. In it kindness, even the gentle offices of love are bestowed, that they may react upon the white soul of the little one.

“Many crimes may be traced to *ignorance* of the true laws of marriage. The poet gives expression to this thought:

“The man is ignorant of law who gives  
 Being to offspring, cursed, before their birth  
 With passions that destroy their future peace,  
 And make the stately fabric of the soul  
 A dungeon of impure depravities.  
 The man is ignorant of law who takes  
 A forced, reluctant wife into his breast,  
 Whose inward soul another spirit claims,  
 Whose deepest heart expires in constant pain,  
 Dying and waking daily to new deaths.  
 O cursed ignorance, that educates  
 Maidens for public torture; that first crowns  
 With orange blossoms their brows, then turns the key  
 Of wedlock, falsely called so by divines,  
 To crush them in its infamous bastille,  
 Making the marriage bed a rock, where they  
 Must wed themselves, poor children, to despair,  
 As to an iron giant, while the fire  
 Of madness inundates the reeking brain.  
 O God, 'tis trouble! Thou who didst once  
 Rest cradled in the sainted Mary's arms,—

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Whom woman loved, bathing thy sacred feet  
With costly tears, wiping them with hair,—  
Break thou that spell of ignorance that makes  
Woman the slave ; redeem her captive heart.  
Let marriage be the sacrament of the soul,  
The deathless union of accordant minds,  
The blending of two perfect lives in one,  
Whose home shall be a paradise, whose bliss  
Chaste, fervent, lasting as an Angel's love."

" This philosophy is in harmonious accord with that which perceives and worships the outer form of the universe. Here the tender heart, the sensitive brain, inspiring soul of the mother is valued, not for their intrinsic worth, but rather as a means of effecting certain results. The beautiful mother soul is forgotten in the soul that is to be. The brain that could inspire and thrill the world with its burning thoughts, is looked upon as a secondary consideration. In a word, womanhood is absorbed in motherhood. Thus the divine, the true significance of a spiritual union is buried from sight. This brings me to the subject upon which I designed to speak, when I entered your room.

" Go with me in thought to that great Congress, of which I have spoken. I have told you, that great reforms were to follow the startling manifestations to be made. I also referred to a course of private instruction. The lectures were attended by a large class of ladies. Our teacher, a stranger, one who, while in the physical form, inhabited one of the distant planets. I can give you no conception of the power and purity expressed in his face, and the dignity and nobility in his bearing. You shall see and judge for yourself, whether I over estimate his appearance in saying, that no language could do him justice. While teaching, he was always surrounded by a soft, golden light, which seemed to

emanate from his brain, and flowed around him like a mantle. Spirit communion had always been an established fact with him, and gladly he gave his aid to establish a more open communion between the inhabitants of earth and the spirit-world. His lectures pertained chiefly to the subject of mind, but questions, caused him to express his views of the subject of which we have been conversing. From him I received a clearer conception of marriage, than ever before. Up to this time, I had given it but very little thought.

“You must understand, that marriage is very different in spirit life from that on earth. 1. The opportunities for deception are far less. 2. Selfish considerations, such as want of a home or affection, never becomes a factor in marriage. 3. There are no offsprings to be provided for, hence no necessity for arbitrary laws, which are essential to other conditions. 4. There are no pledges of eternal fidelity, and no statutory enactments compelling the married to live true to their vows. Here, the laws are God-made, no vows being necessary where infidelity is unknown. Marriage is eternal, natural, sweet and holy; conferring upon the recipients, the benediction of a love of which you have but faint conception. Many of these years passed in spirit life, I walked alone, having met no one to whom my soul responded; but now a change as great as it is possible to conceive, has come. Far above me in the spiritual galaxy, I have found the star that I worshiped; but its bright beams traversed the intervening space, and warmed and thrilled my frozen heart. How natural and beautiful were the expressions of this affection. He recognized my spirit as a part of his own, and I saw in him that strength of character and nobility of nature, which drew me as the sunbeams draw the dew. This is what I wanted to say to you, I no longer

dwell alone. I am stronger and less selfish than before. Years glide by while we, absorbed in the effort to emancipate other souls, and impart a portion of our happiness, are scarcely conscious of their flight. My child, look up! Let me lead your spirit to the crystal waters of life!"

No; I replied; go back in the sunshine, if you can; if you will exhaust your powers by laboring for humanity, I will rest. I have no faith in the permanency of affection, or the triumph of good. Leave me, your happy heart is in strange contrast to the shadows that environ mine.

She arose, and whispering the one word "hope," left me.



## CHAPTER VII.

*Library In The Spirit World—A Paper Published—The First Book Read—Treatise Upon The Existence Of God—A Christian Searching For Jesus—A Temple Of Science—Self Abnegation—Aiding Others Gives Power To Rise—Emily Meets Her Unhappy Father In Spirit Life.*

He who trembles at pain, and breaks the chain  
That binds him to this life,  
Need not hope to find a quiet mind,  
When he reaches the other life.

For years of woe will come and go,  
Finding him still a slave,  
Life's fearful deeds, like noxious weeds,  
Will long around him wave.

The fetid breath, like the fumes of death  
Will still o'er him roll,  
Stifling the prayer for purer air  
That rises from the soul.

Until he knows his bitterest foes,  
Are those that are within,  
He cannot be from sorrow free,  
Nor break the power of sin.



AFTER mother's departure, I sought rest and forgetfulness in sleep, and for many hours was under the control of its magic power. I awoke refreshed, feeling a calmness and sense of repose, to which I had long been a stranger. I arose, closely examined the apartment which had been so kindly

dedicated to my use, and found everything essential to my needs, but missed the delicacy, richness and beauty, that had greeted my first awakening in spirit life. Soon after I had arisen; a young lady with pale face, large mournful eyes, and quiet, subdued manner, entered my room. She asked if I would go to the grand dining hall, or take my meals in private. I had inhaled the finest, best portion of fruit and flowers while on earth, and had been too much absorbed in other thoughts, to inquire or care to learn how life-sustaining principles were evolved from the atmosphere by spirits. I shrank with nervous dread from contact with others, and replied accordingly. The young lady said:

“My name is Anna; it is my duty to attend you; should you desire company, I will conduct you to the pavilion, where you may meet congenial minds; if you prefer solitude, this and the adjoining room, with the grounds upon which they open, are at your service.”

She then withdrew, and I turned to examine the adjoining room, and to my joy, found that it contained a large and carefully selected library, a musical instrument resembling a piano, writing materials, paper and music. Upon a small table lay a paper, which attracted my attention. It was smooth and white as the finest satin, the type was clear and distinct, the most beautiful I had ever seen. I perceived that it belonged to my new home, its name *The Dawn*. It contained an account of the various incidents that had transpired during the last few hours. I was surprised to see an item, giving an account of my mother's visit, and the arrival of her daughter from the sphere of earth. This disturbed me somewhat, as I desired the strictest privacy. While thinking upon the subject, Anna entered, and I was soon refreshed by my first meal in my new home. I shall not attempt to fully describe

it, but simply say, it was as enjoyable as any I had ever had, leaving a sense of satisfaction of which I was not conscious, when subsisting upon the emanation arising from earth.

Taking a handsomely bound book, I passed out into the shady lawn, determined to at once commence a search for knowledge. Finding a comfortable seat in a small vine-clad *arbor*, I opened the book, and found it to be "A *Treatise* upon the Existence of God." My first thought was to return it, but a startling sentence having attracted my attention, I continued to read. Clearly, and in the most forcible manner, the writer presented an array of facts, drawn from nature, and pointing with unerring precision to the existence of a universal intelligence. I continued to read until the book was finished, until its clear, bright blade of truth, had cut away the last remnant of unbelief, until I grasped the sublime truth of the existence of God. Language cannot impart a knowledge of the rest and joy, that prevailed my entire being. The book was written in spirit life, and was intended for those restless, storm-tossed souls who had lost all faith in God, religion, love, and hope. I kissed the book, pressed it to my heart, and felt that I could never more drift out into the darkness, from which I had been rescued. Long, long, I pondered over its revelation, and the change it had wrought in me. Then I wished to gaze upon nature and humanity through this new light.

I found the book I had read, corresponded with nature, and I could joyfully exclaim:

"There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the love its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and willing hearts.  
The works of God, above, below,  
Within us, and around,

---

Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found."

I passed leisurely through the magnificent park and out upon the broad avenue, bordered with trees and paved with milk white stones. It was my intention to visit one of the institutions of learning, pointed out to me by Thalia. I had turned from the avenue for this purpose, when I saw a man approaching. He was tall and spare, with wild eyes, haggard face, muttering to himself, and gesticulating violently with his arms. As soon as he saw me, he quickened his step, and when within speaking distance, he said:

"Madam! can you tell me where I can find Jesus? See, a stain is on my soul! He alone can remove it! I have traveled far, over mountains and glens, over continents and oceans, the last journey was a long one; they tried to make me rest, saying Jesus would come; but I could not, would not believe it. He is here, I must see him and implore forgiveness."

My heart was touched with pity for the man who had just awoke from the trance of death. The dominant idea still retained supremacy over his bewildered faculties. He continued talking in a rapid and disconnected manner, while I was trying to form a suitable answer for his question. Before my thoughts could be embodied in words, he started on at full speed, crying aloud:

"Pardon! Pardon! oh, thou Son of God, pardon!"

I turned to see what it was, that had increased the intensity of his excitement. Standing in a mellow light, surrounded by a halo of glory, I beheld the tall, dignified form of Gonzalo. The man had cast himself at his feet, and continued to implore for pardon. Gonzalo placed one hand upon his head, and seemed to infuse the calm tranquility of his own nature. He then beckoned

him to follow, and led the way to a beautiful grove, where they were lost to my view.

I cannot describe the intensity of my emotions. The magical power of Gonzalo was again exerted upon me, and for a time I could neither move nor think. Then remembering that he had not recognized me, and probably had not seen me, I became more self possessed, and continued my walk. I had not proceeded far, when I saw a man seated near a small cottage, his face disfigured by scars and deep lines, his hands were clasped, and his head bent in an attitude of deep dejection. At my approach he arose and concealed himself behind the shrubbery, but not before I had a full view of his wretched face. My first impression was that of disgust, but I soon felt reproached for my selfishness and indifference. There was a familiar look about the eyes and mouth, that perplexed me, nor could I dismiss them, until I resolved to call on my return. After this my mind was again at rest, and I soon stood before one of the great temples, dedicated to science.

Here at last I should have time, competent teachers, and all that was necessary to obtain a thorough knowledge of that grandest of all sciences, Astronomy. I entered the building, was received with kind attention, conducted through its several apartments, and my soul seemed to expand, while drinking in the great thoughts, and learning something of recent astronomical discoveries. I found men and women pursuing their studies with a devotion that I had never before witnessed; each one striving to advance with all possible rapidity. The short time I passed in this temple, revealed the fact, that the intuitive soul of woman, aided greatly in scientific researches. It pointed out the direction in which facts were to be discovered. Here, as in fact in all

scientific institutions, the aristocracy of sex is not acknowledged. I was delighted with my first experience, and with a lighter heart than for many a year, turned my footsteps homeward, dreading and shrinking somewhat from the self-imposed task of calling at the cottage.

This feeling so increased, that long before I came in sight of the place, I had concluded that it was impossible to pass through the ordeal, nor should I bring myself in contact with one so repulsive, and shadow the bright light of nature, that I had received at the temple, by the deformity of sorrow, perhaps crime. I would let him work out his own salvation. As I reached this conclusion, I came in sight of the cottage. It was transformed, a halo of glory hung over it; every bough, leaf, and flower, seemed to emit a colored light peculiar to itself, these beautiful colored rays, blended with perfect harmony, forming the most beautiful sight you can imagine. Outside the door sat the man I had before seen; no longer bent and crouched by sin and grief, but with his upturned face, radiant with the light that fell from one who was leaning over him. Gonzalo held the hands of the wretched man, he poured the divine light of love into his soul. His presence had transformed everything. I observed them from the distance, for I dare not approach. My selfishness appeared dark and repulsive in the light of his angelic love. I heard Gonzalo speak, drank in the music of his voice and the wisdom of his words. He said:

"Lack of knowledge has made you what you are." "Oh no!" replied the broken voice of the man, "no, I knew the right, but did it not." Gonzalo replied, "Lack of knowledge has conferred upon you a defective moral nature. The influence of which I speak, existed long prior to your birth; knowledge could not have constructed a perfect moral nature, it did not, and cannot now

supply the defects. Wisdom can; you have erred, but a proper course of life, a strong, unswerving will, a consciousness of defects, earnest endeavors to rise above them; a love of right, purity and goodness, which will grow by culture, will finally change the weak and defective nature you have inherited, to a sound and normal condition: then, over the errors of the past will float the fragrant beauty of the present, and these sin marks be completely effaced."

"Oh! tell me how I can rise, where I can look for light? You are an angel, guide me, oh, guide me aright!"

"Seek first to walk upon the lofty heights of self-abnegation. Spirits are constantly coming from earth, surrounded by darkness much deeper than yours. Seek them, and forget your own sorrow in aiding others, and as you give, you shall receive."

"Thanks, I will follow your advice, you have brought me the first gleam of light, the first ray of hope that has shone upon my path for many years. I am debased, degraded, and unworthy of your attention, but I will save myself; only tell me, have you met—that is—I mean to ask—I want to say, that there is one here who was once my wife. I embittered her life, broke her heart and caused her death! Have you seen her, do you know her, would she come to me? I have children here. Oh, if I might be permitted to see them but once! My wife's name was Emily Blackwell, tell me, do you know her?"

Gonzalo's voice was tremulous, as he replied, "yes, I have known her for many years, she has changed since her entrance to spirit life; I will inform her of your arrival."

"Oh, can I see her, will she consent to see one who blasted her young life, who deceived and destroyed her?"

"She is a noble woman, and has outgrown all feelings of bitterness," replied Gonzalo. "Stay, do not go yet!" exclaimed the

wretched man, as Gonzalo attempted to move away. "Implore her to come to me, and I have a daughter, Emily, do you know her?"

Gonzalo was silent, and seemed agitated.

"If you know where to find her, sir, bring her to me, that I may obtain forgiveness."

Gonzalo fixed upon me his large magnetic eyes, beckoned me to approach, and moved swiftly away.

You can have but faint conceptions of my emotions; my feet seemed rooted to the earth; sorrow, shame, fear and love, seemed blended in strange confusion. Finally, the good triumphed. I advanced and knelt at the feet of the man, whom I had vowed to hate through eternity. I was conscious that I was acting under the controlling power of Gonzalo; for, inwardly I shrank from him before whom I bowed. My father looked upon me, long and earnestly, and murmured:

"It is another angel come to bless me, but not so bright as the first."

His memory could not recall my face, and it was long before I had strength and moral courage to give him facts to prove my identity. At last the truth dawned upon him, and he threw himself at my feet, and begged my pardon. While listening to his words of self reproach, for the first time I caught a glimpse of the one spark of goodness that had been concealed by mountains of wrong; and I learned that:

"There never yet was found a heart,  
Where virtue all had died;  
'Twas lurking in some unseen part.  
We've all our angel side."

I will not repeat our long conversation; suffice it to say, that

the example of Gonzalo, shamed me into acting as a missionary to one whom I had looked upon as my greatest enemy. I left my father in a more quiet state of mind, and with hasty step sought my room, where the memory of the noble face, the rich, musical voice, and the boundless, unselfish love of Gonzalo followed me like an actual presence and awoke in my heart a desire to be worthy the esteem of so noble a nature.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*A New Life—Universities, Education—Reform In Spirit Life—Societies And Classes—Mythological Errors Sometimes Long Adhered To—Meeting Of Husband And Wife Whose Earthly Marriage Had Been Unfortunate.*

“The soul of origin divine,  
God’s glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day !  
The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
The soul, immortal as its sire,  
Shall never die.”

 INTO my veins had been poured the elixir of life; across my path fell the glory of a new existence. The repulsive shadows of selfishness and unrest were drifting earthward, a divine presence seemed to enfold and uplift me; all things combined to recall the memory of one, whose praises my heart was ever repeating. If I walked upon the shady lawn, the fragrant breezes repeated his name, and recalled the melodious accents of his voice; every living form was transformed into a likeness of him, who was the one star to which my spirit turned. I confidently expected that Gonzalo would visit me; but days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, and he came not. Mother, Thalia and friends were often with me. They rejoiced in my improvement, but never mentioned Gonzalo, and at last the unpleasant conviction forced itself upon me, that I had become interested in

one who had forgotten my very existence. I resolved to lock the secret in my heart, and apply myself with renewed energy to the acquisition of knowledge.

“’Tis in my memory locked,  
And I myself will keep the key of it.”

I had formed acquaintance with a few congenial friends at the school. Ladies and gentlemen, whose lives seemed as isolated as my own. Gradually the constraint and suspicious reserve which had characterized our intercourse, wore away, and from mutual sympathy in our studies, we came into closer and more intimate relations. From them I learned much of life in the sphere we occupied. Society was divided into many circles. The religious, represented by a large and intelligent class; the worldly and thoughtless, intent on seeking their own pleasure, and filling the flying hours with what they termed happiness. The scholars, as they were called, formed another class. Here was found the most advanced thinkers, as well as those, whose whole aim and object was the acquisition of truth. This was the least numerous and yet the most powerful of the three classes. It was looked up to with respect and veneration. The members of this class were connected with no religious sect, and had freed themselves from all narrow prejudices and sectarian tendencies. These classes do not represent those spirits whose attractions are to the earth. I was told that missionaries frequently descended and labored with the people; but it was a significant fact that they never entered the Universities, nor approached one who attended them.

There was also a class of independent teachers, who, upon their arrival from earth, immediately commenced their iconoclastic work. This aided in preparing many who were still wrapped in the folds of mythological error, for the reception of natural truths; and

awakened a love for the verities underlying the outer form of science. Many had passed from the Universities, gone to dwell in higher spheres, returning at times to inform friends of their happiness and progress. I was much pleased with the glowing descriptions of other spheres of Spirit Life, and enquired how long I should occupy my present position before being permitted to pass on.

“That depends upon the rapidity of your progress. Greatly as you admire intellectual facts, and earnestly as you are seeking to adorn your spirit with pearls of knowledge, your advance is very slow. Your heart,” continued my friend, “has not yet been touched by that broad, humanitarian love, which would lead you to forget self and your own attainments, to administer to the aching hearts and diseased moral natures, which are constantly rising from earth. I have seen you imparting comfort and consolation to one, and only one; but judging from your appearance, you were not impelled to this work by true sympathy and self abnegation. It does not brighten your eye and lighten your step as it would, had the motive been high.”

My check flushed at this allusion to my selfishness, for I was compelled to admit its justice, and also that the repulsive man I served, was my father. He had often repeated his wish to see mother, and I realized that he could never be at rest, until he had besought her forgiveness. She had hitherto declined to see him, sending her pardon by me, and begging him to forget the injustice of the past and to strive by noble action to become worthy the respect of the good and true. This did not satisfy him; he longed to feast his eyes upon her beautiful face, and hear again the voice that had so often cheered and soothed him. He never wearied in asking questions of her appearance and condition, and

was overjoyed, when at last she consented to meet him. I thought it strange that he had never mentioned the PHANTOM FORM, nor Eunice; but, as he avoided the subject, I was silent.

The day fixed for my mother's arrival, I repaired to the cottage where my father spent all of his time; for he persistently refused to mingle in society, and would neither see nor converse with any one. His only expressed wish was to see mother. The hot fire of remorse seemed burning into his very soul. This woman, crushed and despised by him on earth, seemed to hold a wonderful influence over him; she was the power that was to compel his regeneration. I was at the cottage when mother approached, leaning upon the arm of my brother, who had left the earth in childhood. I had met him once only, since I passed from the physical body, and was delighted to see him again. Father was trembling violently as they drew near. He declined to touch the hand extended to him, fell at mother's feet, and kissing the hem of her garments, implored forgiveness for the past. Mother was calm and self-composed. With quiet dignity she bade him rise, and after presenting his son, whom father had not noticed, she said:

"I had hoped to avoid the excitement which this meeting must cause you. The past is dead, bury its errors and wrongs so deep that they can never be resurrected. Our marriage was a misfortune. You were true to the nature you had inherited. Long, long before my flight from earth, the tie that bound us was severed; now every shadow and taint of that earth life has departed. I no longer condemn you; rise, throw off the shadows of selfishness, pride, and ambition. Beautiful germs are sleeping within the chambers of your soul; permit them to guide you to a noble manhood. I am supremely blessed. When you have passed above the darkness that now surrounds you, we shall meet as friends. Press onward and upward, and now, farewell!"

“ Oh no, no you must not go, do not leave me! I have much to say to you, I must tell you how deeply I have wronged you, how deeply I have sinned against you ! ”

“ I have read every page of your life. Know all your weakness, all your folly. Freely I forgive, and gladly will aid you as I can.”

“ Oh thanks, a thousand thanks, but stay ; your purity and brightness transforms and elevates me. Oh, if you forgive, will you not,—is it too much to ask you to come often,—you, and you alone can save me from the haunting memories of the past. You can quench the fires of gehenna! Come and elevate me by your presence, tell me of the world in which you live, let me feel that we are not entirely sundered ! ”

Mother's fine form was drawn up to its full hight, and her very soul seemed luminous in her eyes, as she replied :

“ Love is the most powerful element of the soul, death can never touch it! We never loved, else this separation had been impossible. My pathway lies away over the purple mountains ; there is a realm, of whose beauty you have not the faintest conception, there are homes, whose outer loveliness correspond to inward harmonies. There, friendship and love have ascended loftier hights and compassed broader realms, accomplished loftier purposes than you can grasp. There is my home, there are the streams of wisdom and inspiration, which have prepared me for the work in which I am now engaged. To-morrow with a band of noble souls I cross the magnetic gulf and pass to a distant sphere, to aid in preparing for the influx of light, which is to uplift millions. No ties bind me to you, no wish draws me here. We had met as meet two atoms in one form, to dwell a time, and then drift out into the unknown. Cease trying to draw or hold me, I am not a part of your being, nor you of mine. Forget the past, cover

it with the fragrance of noble deeds, and the future will give a rich reward, farewell." She bowed gracefully, and moved swiftly from the cottage.

Father cast himself upon the floor, crying, "lost, lost." No, not lost, I replied, she is a star whose brightness will ever draw you heavenward, an angel whose perfection will save you. Rise, rely upon your own strength, I will aid you as best I can.

"Oh soul, I said, thy boding murmurs cease ;  
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,  
Thy father's hand is guiding thee through all,  
His love will bring a true and perfect peace."



## CHAPTER IX.

*Advancement By Administering To The Needs Of Others—A Park In Summer Land—Meeting An Intimate Friend Of Earth Life—Interesting Topics Discussed—Thalia's Home—The Iron Cross, And Crown Of Thorns Exchanged For A Jeweled Diadem—Beautiful Scenes, and Impressive Ceremony In Spirit Life—Silver Star—Eunice And Her Husband's Apotheosis.*

“Where sadness long has held control,  
And darkened o'er the suffering soul,  
When amid suffering, pain and strife,  
Man almost wearies of this life,  
And in despair of solace nigh,  
Would gladly lay him down and die.

Then on the heart, afflictions shock  
Falls like the rod upon the rock.  
Tears flow, they wash away the pain—  
The fainting spirit lives again ;  
Man springs from terror and dismay,  
And goes with gladness on his way.



WITHIN the archives of the spirit are stored exhaustless treasures, which time and culture bring to the surface. Embosomed in beauty, over-arched by the crystal sky of truth, the spirit bides its time, assured the hour approaches, when it can put on the diamond crown, flooding life with its ineffable beauty. Slowly the dross had been consumed in the fiery

flames of affliction; slowly the pure and noble attributes of my better nature were asserting their power. My sympathies were touched, and warmed into practical use, by the constant demand upon them for advice and aid from sad and uncultured spirits, constantly arriving from the earth.

It was impossible to administer to the needs of these unfortunates, without having the work, at first only mechanical, finally broaden into the deepest interest for all who were anxiously seeking to emancipate themselves from the effect of ignorant and mis-directed lives. O, how grand and elevating, to be thus engaged in aiding others in advancing to higher and happier conditions! I loved my work, was contented with the position assigned me, and realized that each day brought its own peace and happiness, and added something toward the complete emancipation of my own spirit.

My dear mother expressed much pleasure at the change through which I had passed, and I felt something akin to the tender love of childhood glow in my heart, as I listened to her words of commendation. While in this state of mind, I was agreeably surprised one morning to receive a call from Thalia. She called, to invite me to attend a Reception to be held at her home. I was delighted, and at once prepared to accompany her.

"I have come early," said Thalia, "that we may travel leisurely, enjoy the rich and varied scenery, and also that we may spend some time with two friends, upon whom I desire to call, and whose company I hope to obtain for the remainder of the journey."

Never was there a lovelier morning, never had the spirit home seemed so bright and attractive. We soon left the great city, and moved out into the open country; not into broad, uncultivated tracts, filled with rocks, dwarfed and stunted shrubs; but into a

magnificent park, adorned by the lavish hand and artistic design of nature. Tall, graceful trees, crowned with dark, glossy foliage, stood in groups upon the verdant hills, and in the lovely vales; some standing like lonely sentinels, over-topping all others, their cool shadows moving gently to and fro across the flower-enameled sod. Such a profusion of gorgeous flowers of every conceivable shape and tint, I had never seen. Silver cascades and crystal waterfalls cast their rainbow-tinted spray upon rocks, whiter and smoother than finest polished marble. There were birds whose plumage seemed dipped in sunsets vermilion dyes. Some had the appearance of purest sapphire, others had caught the golden glory of the topaz. They flitted among the emerald leaves, presenting a scene of beauty seldom witnessed. Their sweet voices, mingled with the beauty of singing streams and murmuring fountains, filled the air with melody. I would fain have lingered longer in this delightful place, but Thalia reminded me that we had but just started, that to lose sight of present surroundings, was only to pass to scenes that would far surpass them. Nearly half the day had been consumed before we entered the fairy barque, that was to take us from the sphere I had so long called home.

The purple twilight fell upon the sea, ere we disembarked, and followed the guide, who conducted us to Mrs. Arnold's. I found in Mrs. A. a lady who had been one of my intimate friends of earth life. She had been in spirit life a much shorter time than I, but had advanced more rapidly. Her earth marriage had been a happy one, and had not been broken by death. It was indeed a privilege to rest in their heavenly home, which no shadow had ever entered. Cut off as I had been, from communion with friends of earlier days, you can scarcely imagine the pleasure this unexpected meeting afforded me. The warm heart, genial disposition,

and well stored mind of Mrs. Arnold, filled the house with the rich aroma of her intellectual and social life. I was delighted to learn that they were to accompany us on our journey. The next day we traveled leisurly, calling at midday upon a friend. While Thalia was visiting with her friend, Mrs. Arnold suggested that we should view the city. Seated in an elegant carriage, we passed rapidly through broad avenues thronged with earnest, thoughtful men and women, whose peaceful, happy look presented a striking contrast to the care-worn faces of earth. I soon came to the conclusion that the drive was designed, not so much to give me an opportunity to see the city, as to afford Mrs. A. suitable time to ask certain questions. Her object I could not then understand, but I will give the conversation as near as I can recall it.

“You have never left the first sphere. Have you not wished for a change in your monotonous life?”

I have been quite happy, I replied, and until quite recently, have had no desire to change.

“I understand that your mother is to attend the Reception, would you like to see her in her own home?”

Yes, I think I shall soon enjoy that privilege.

“How did your mother’s marriage affect you?”

It was unexpected, I had not believed such a thing could occur, but I rejoice in her happiness.

“Pardon me, but has your mother spoken to you of Eunice?”

Never! I should like to hear from her. Poor child! I can now understand how much she suffered.

“Have you any unkind feelings toward her?”

No, on the contrary, I realize that I have wronged her. I was ignorant and self willed.

“One more question. Are you completely emancipated, is

there no lingering affection for the man for whom you sacrificed so much?"

"No, that love burned itself out long ago! Now I see how blind and foolish I was, to wish for, or attempt to hold the love that never could become mine. I have wept many bitter tears over my folly, and prayed fervently for his happiness with the sweet spirit he calls his own. As I ceased speaking, Mrs. Arnold threw her arms around me, and impulsively kissing me, said:

"Dear friend, you have triumphed at last, prepare to wear the crown of rejoicing."

On our return we found Thalia waiting, anxious to proceed, and we were soon moving rapidly toward our destination. Thalia's cheerfulness and exuberance of spirit increased as we approached her home. Mrs. Arnold was joyous as a bird, while I was awed into silence by the loveliness of the scenes through which we were passing, and the strange, yet vivid impression, that a startling revelation was soon to be made. As we approached the mansion pointed out by Thalia as her home, my excitement became intense, and did not abate until we entered the spacious building, where we were welcomed by Mr. Mazzola, Thalia's husband, cousin to Gonzalo, whose memory was a sacred presence in my soul. Thalia never appeared to better advantage, than when presiding over her own home; her sweet face was radiant, and her musical voice thrilling in its tender pathos. The ease and composure of Mr. Mazzola quieted my perturbed spirit, and put to flight the apprehension that had so annoyed me. Before retiring, Thalia gave me the full history of her life, and explained how she came to act as my guardian. This revelation is too long to repeat, I will only give her closing words.

"Emily dear! I am the happiest woman in this bright sphere,

and I trust the day is not far distant, when you will be as happy. Your mother will come early in the morning. I have two requests to make: first, that I may be permitted to select and arrange your wardrobe; second, that you ask for no explanation of what may seem to you inexplicable."

I willingly acquiesced, and we parted to seek rest. I soon sank into that dreamless condition which so closely resembles sleep, and thus remained until aroused by a gentle motion of the delicate hangings surrounding my couch. The next moment, my mother's large eyes were gazing tenderly upon me. How noble and grand she appeared. Her ever active spirit seemed to robe itself in the imperishable beauty of the lofty aspirations it cherished.

On sped the fairy-footed hours, until morning was lost in the splendor of noon, then mother, who had given me a description of her journey to a distant planet, once the home of her companion, said: "Now, my child, I must leave you for a time, we shall meet again this evening."

I was alone, and anxiously waited for the appearance of Thalia, but no one entered my room, and no sound of voice or step reached me, until evening. Then Mrs. Arnold came, and after apologizing for seeming neglect, conducted me to another apartment, where I found Thalia waiting to receive me. She said:

"Dear Emily, the house is filled with friends, and the ceremony I brought you here to witness, will soon commence. No one besides your mother knows of your arrival. I have prepared a pleasant surprise for more than one of my guests, so please permit these ladies to aid in arranging your toilet." To this I made no objection, only wondering why Thalia manifested so much interest in my personal appearance. After all was completed, Thalia led me to the mirror and asked:

“Is there anything in that queenly form, that calm, intelligent face, those large, brilliant eyes, to remind you of the wretched woman that once crouched in a corner of a little room where a marriage ceremony was being performed?”

Please, do not speak of my folly! There is not a greater contrast between this shining gossamer robe, and the sombre mantle that once enfolded me, than between my spirit in its prison of selfishness and pride, and my spirit emancipated and joyously winging its flight toward the mountains of intellectual and moral worth.

At that moment Mrs. Arnold entered and announced that Mr. Mazzola was waiting to conduct us to the drawing room. Passing to a private parlor, we were joined by a group of ladies and gentlemen, all strangers to me, and to whom I was not introduced. Moving on through the grand entrance, we stood in the spacious apartment. I was unprepared for the scene that suddenly burst upon me. The room was elegantly furnished, from the velvet carpet to the delicate lace hangings, and its rich works of art. Across one end of the room was a raised platform, covered with bright-tinted mosses, and so arranged as to present the appearance of mosaic work. Over this was a canopy of delicate vines and white blossoms. Under the canopy stood a rustic seat, cushioned with moss. Two fountains sent forth their jets of silver spray, sparkling like diamonds. There were exquisite vases, filled with choice flowers; in fact, the room seemed filled with these beautiful products of nature. Across the platform hung crimson silk curtains, festooned with hangings of delicate lace. We passed down the brilliantly lighted room, and joined my mother and her companion, a man of majestic presence, large brain and intellectual face. Before a word had been exchanged, sounds of joyous music filled the room, the crimson curtains swept aside, revealing

an arch formed with buds and flowers. Standing under the arch was a spirit of whose celestial beauty no language can convey an adequate conception. Imagine a woman with graceful form and perfect features; her white face illuminated, large azure eyes and a profusion of shiny hair, falling around her like a veil of gold. In one hand she held a crown of thorns, in the other an iron cross. In a moment the curtain fell and was again instantly raised, revealing Gonzalo standing by the side of the angelic spirit. Taking the crown and cross from her hand, he said :

“ Long have these cruel thorns rested upon your weary brow, and pierced with anguish the tender, loving heart. Long has the iron cross crushed the broken spirit. Cross and crown have inflicted wounds that have required many, many years to efface. To-night the last vestige of their power falls from you. Pass through the triumphal-arch and receive the diadem whose sparkling jewels tipify the purity and worth of your spirit.” The lady addressed bowed her beautiful head, upon which Gonzalo placed the jeweled crown, then turning to the company he said :

“ I am happy to introduce to you, one who has passed through many trials and has nobly won the crown of merit. Silver Star will be warmly received, and add light and brilliancy to the galaxy she now enters.”

Silver Star took a seat amid the flowers, and again the music pealed forth its enlivening strains.

“ Do you recognize her? ” whispered my mother.

Yes, it is the PHANTOM FORM. I was about to ask an explanation of the ceremony, when my attention was called to the curtain, which was slowly moving aside, revealing a woman more lovely than the first. Her features, eyes and hair, were an exact

counterpart of the first. She wore a blue robe artistically trimmed with fleecy lace, and delicate white flowers. It was Eunice! Oh, how my heart throbbed and thrilled at the sight of her, her whom I had loved and hated so intensely! She was not alone, by her side stood the man for whose love I was at one time, willing to barter my soul. Now, I looked calmly upon his bright, handsome face, and marveled at the infatuation that so long a time perverted my reason, reducing me to the abject position of a slave. I had but a moment for thought, for Gonzalo arose and addressed the assembly as follows:

“The goblet of life holds no elixir more potent than love; it transmutes the selfish propensities into noble aspirations and deeds; its Godlike power will eventually lift all souls above the baneful influence of crime, and emancipate all who dwell in the prison-house of sorrow and despair. Among love's protean forms, none is more beautiful than the conjugal. It gilds the sorrows and toils of earth life, and is the glory of all higher spheres. You see before you two spirits who have received instruction from the divine teacher. Five years since, death opened the door through which this lady passed from the physical form. So strong were the ties that bound her to her companion, that she declined to leave the earth, until he could accompany her. As soon as this change came, they were conducted to the Arbor of Repose, where they have remained until the present, and now gladly unite with you in celebrating their apotheosis and reiterating their vows of love and fidelity.”

At these words, Eunice and her companion advanced to the front, standing with clasped hands, while Gonzalo uttered the following invocation:

“Spirit of Light! Thy all-enfolding law of love, that giveth to

each its own, hath woven its garland of beauty for these two souls. One in spirit, may they walk the starry heights of purity and peace. Their vows enameled on the tablets of the spirit, require no outward expression. May they ever realize the presence of thy divine love and the guiding power of wisdom."

Eunice then said: "With deep and holy reverence we bow before the sacred law of marriage; that law written before the world was. To it the truly married yield implicit obedience, and find the auroral splendor of love, lightning each hour of existence. With a deeper knowledge than ever before of the spiritual significance, and the grand mission of love, we again stand before its altars, and in its holy name proclaim to the world of spirits, that we are one."

Eunice ceased speaking, and her companion gave a brief, but brilliant address. Then followed general congratulations, music, poems, and appropriate addresses.



## CHAPTER X.

*Strange Meeting—A Family Reunion In The Summer Land—Ceremony Related In Last Chapter Explained—Condition Of A Class Of Despised Women—Obstacles To Their Restoration To Virtuous Life—Silver Star, THE PHANTOM FORM, Opens The Book Of Her Life.*

“To recreate mankind, to re-unite  
Man with his fellow, and all men to God,  
To kindle up the dark material clod  
Of man’s external, to remove dull night,  
Is thine, O, Immortality ! Thy reign  
Is not alone in that supernal fane,  
The temple of the skies. To earth below  
Thou comest. Wheresoe’er thy angels go,  
Man’s body is renewed. To harmonize  
Man’s form material, with swift ministries  
Of Love and Wisdom, thy perpetual toil ;  
Man from his grief and bondage to assoil,  
They labor. It is theirs to purify  
Man’s inward shrine, to clear the minds blue sky  
From earth-born shadows, to remove the veil  
That hides the Spirit-world. Where they prevail  
Body and mind alike are born anew,  
As flowers that drink new life from morning dew.”

REAT was the surprise of the little party when they recognized familiar faces, and again heard loving voices, listened to on earth. I will not attempt to describe the meeting between Eunice and myself. It is enough to say, it restored to my heart the sweet, holy love of a sister, and removed from

the mind of Eunice, the fear that I was still the victim of misplaced affection. Gonzalo greeted me with a glad smile, and my former husband, taking my hand and looking into my eyes, said:

“Dear sister Emily, I thank God that you have escaped from the terrible effects of my ignorance and folly. Each year that has passed since our separation, has been shadowed by the thought that your life was still darkened by our unfortunate marriage. I rejoice to know that you are free, and am glad to meet you glowing with life and beauty, and crowned with the inestimable jewels of intellectual and spiritual culture. Let us forget the past and live in the happiness, the joy of the present.”

The presence of strangers prevented further special conversation upon subjects nearest our hearts, and it was agreed to have a family re-union at the cottage, which loving hands had prepared for the future home of Silver Star. Accordingly, on the following morning we met on the beautiful lawn surrounding the mansion. Seated beneath the emerald canopy, formed by interlacing branches and glossy leaves—Thalia, her husband, and Gonzalo being the only persons present, not members of the family; Gonzalo said:

“Friends, I have been so long and so intimately acquainted with most of you, there seems nothing unnatural or improper in my accepting the kind invitation to meet with your family, and listen to the revelation which so deeply concerns those to whom I am related by the ties of friendship. Before we listen to this recital, I have been requested to give a brief explanation of the ceremony of last evening. In this sphere every form is an embodiment of principles; every symbol a representative of truth. They are used as pictures, a representation of divine realities. Such was the ceremony you witnessed.

Silver Star represented a despised class, looked upon as the vilest of earth. Selfish, heartless society, closes every avenue through which they might return to virtuous, innocent life. With reputation blasted, love transformed into a blighting curse, deserted by friends and surrounded by cruel, vindictive foes; homeless, friendless,—the black gulf of despair before them, Oh, what is there left but death! Oh! how unjust is earthly society in this regard!

“Why condemn

One soul to hopeless ruin for a fault,  
 And open for the other all the homes  
 Where wealth stands bowing to receive the guest,  
 And beauty crown him with her festal flowers.  
 Two sinners fall into the same great sin;—  
 One lays her pale, white infant in the grave,  
 And, broken hearted, haunts the public streets;—  
 Perchance the other rises in the scale  
 Of wealth and office, till the peoples voice  
 Hail him as ruler in the commonwealth,  
 And bishops bless for him the plenteous board,  
 And when he dies, the public papers groan  
 With weight and lamentation; for ‘his worth,’  
 They say, ‘was great;’ the obelisk ascends,  
 The statue, poem, picture, eulogy,  
 All tell his virtues, and make wide his fame.”

She who can triumph over these soul crushing obstacles, she who dares to live, and through persistent effort and herculean strength, wring from a reluctant world an acknowledgment of her innate purity, and noble, self-sacrificing love, has won a crown far brighter than the jewels bestowed upon our sister last evening. To illustrate this principle, she whom man had cast from the pale of society and doomed to a life of infamy, or to suicide, has been joyously received by God’s pure angels and crowned with jewels,

typifying the recognition of her purity. Eunice, the poor little waif, deserted by her father, separated from her mother, and left to perish in the icy breath of winter; saved by the almost super-human efforts of a woman; her heritage was shame. Even her wondrous beauty, served but to suggest to him, who should have been her protector, the path which he hoped might lead to her ruin. His diabolical scheme was frustrated by the watchful care of angels. At last love touched her young heart! Bravely she struggled against its giant power, until at the door of death, the angels again interposed, restored her to health and convinced her of the purity of that divine love, which drew her with irresistible force to one, already bound by the outward form of marriage to a loved sister. Her decision drew upon her the hatred of the world. She had dared to accept the love that had been pledged to another. Mere human laws she disregarded, and in consequence, society prepared for her its most bitter cup. Year after year she bore the heavy burden, nobly performing her every duty, and looking forward to the time when her position would be understood, and the scornful looks and cruel anathemas of the world, be transformed to smiles of approval and words of encouragement.

Eunice lived much alone, ever true to the love that was the one star of her life, and when at last she passed from the physical body, no priest spoke words of commendation or gave to mourning friends hope for her future. Alas for such as she! 'Illegitimate,' therefore they have no rights to the blessings of life. Their love may have been as pure as the snow flake and true as the stars in their course, but misunderstood, therefore diabolical. Their lives may be glorified by deeds of charity and kindness, their whole natures aglow with human sympathy, yet an intolerant spirit ostracises them on earth, and consigns them to eternal torture after

death. But the eternal law of justice holds them, and they are borne into the presence of those who have a child-like faith in the controlling power of the universe.

*Here*, fidelity to principle receives its just reward, and the laws of God are recognized as supreme. They overarch the sphere of individual and social life and ray their happifying influence through all the higher planes of spiritual existence. Spirits rejoice in the moral courage which enables its possessor, to calmly and nobly live the life that seems to him the true one. Putting away all lower considerations, even saying to friendship; 'Your silver links shall not keep me from traversing the roughest seas and unexplored continents, if necessary for truth's sake. *I must possess myself!* Bowing reverently to the unseen forces surging around and through me; squaring my life by the law of natural justice, my spirit must emancipate itself from all that seemeth wrong. From this you will understand that intelligences in this sphere, appreciate and aid in every effort put forth for the emancipation of the spirit. While they recognize the use of many forms and conditions existing upon earth, they also realize that the soul is greater than all, and must eventually rise and assert its supremacy. To those upon earth who can accept and dedicate themselves to this truth, they send flashes of inspirational power, and extend a cordial greeting when they enter the higher life."

Gonzalo closed, and Silver Star said:

"It now becomes my duty to open the book of my life, that my child and the dear friends here, may understand many things that have seemed wrapped in mystery. I was an only child, of poor but respectable parents, and until my fourteenth birthday was as joyous and free from care as the birds that flitted around our cottage. My parents were strictly orthodox, kind and char-

itable to all *worthy* objects, but unforgiving and cruel to all who entertained opposite opinions. They were members of the Church of England, in their opinion, the only true church.

“To me they were indulgent and affectionate. I knew no law but their will. My pliant disposition had prevented the inharmony often existing between parents and children. I had the greatest respect for their judgment, and never thought of questioning their right to fully control my life. Such was my home and conditions, when we received a letter from my father’s sister, a widow lady, residing in a distant city, inviting me to pass the winter months with her. She spoke of the many advantages it would afford me. As my aunt was childless, possessed of a large fortune and a Christian, my parents cheerfully consented to the proposed visit. It was far from my thought as I bade adieu to my home and friends, that it was a last farewell; that friends, innocence and love would drift from me, as I was drifting from the protecting care of my parents.

“In my new home I was very lonely. Aunt Ellen was a cold, loveless woman. A constant constraint and formality, chilled my sensitive and affectionate nature. I was constantly reprovèd for my childish words, which to her seemed inappropriate among the fashionable people frequenting her elegant drawing rooms.

“One Sunday while in church, my attention was attracted by the steady gaze of a young man, who sat in a pew directly opposite to one we occupied. He sought and obtained an introduction to my aunt, and became a constant caller. His respectful attention, warm, sympathetic professions and social nature, won my attention. I learned to look forward to the evenings he spent with us, as the happiest of my life. He was a stranger in the city, and would have been more cautiously received, but for his pro-

fessed piety and letters of church recommendation, which completely blinded my aunt to his true character. He won my aunt's confidence, and my love. Yes, I loved him with all the purity and trust of a child; and when he told me of his father's determination to compel him by threat of disinheritance, to wed one whom he could never love; of the struggle between what he considered obligations to parents and self duty; of his final decision to separate himself from his luxurious home and the love of friends,—to live unloved and alone and carve out a fortune for himself; I felt that he was worthy of my confidence. He spoke of the tender love I had awakened in his heart, and asked me to bless his weary life by the light and warmth of my love; said he could live content for years, if he could cherish the hope of at last winning my affections, but for reasons he would soon explain, it would be necessary that our love should be concealed. I saw not the diabolical plot concealed beneath these honied words, and agreed to say nothing of our love.

“ He ended, and his words replete with guile  
Into my heart too easy entrance won.”

“ Two weeks after this conversation he called, greatly depressed in spirit, said he had just heard of the serious illness of his father, and that his mother had requested his immediate return; his father was anxious to see him before his death. Father, said he, will make a last request, which I fear I cannot refuse. It is this thought of separation from you, that drives me to despair. I see but one way to escape, but, I fear your love is not strong enough for that!

“ What is it? I asked, trembling with agitation.

“ That you will have sufficient confidence in me, to consent to a secret marriage. We can go out for a walk, call upon a cler-

gyman, after the ceremony you can return, and I will go at once to my father, with the consciousness that no power on earth can separate us.

“ I will not repeat what he said to obtain my consent. It is enough to say, that my childish reason yielded to his strong will. He left, promising to write every day, and return as soon as possible. Deprived of his society, the terrible secret eating out my heart, I lost all interest in life; I shed floods of tears over my mother's letters, and resolved to unburden my heart to her; but shame and fear stifled the tide of emotion, and prevented the confession that would have proved my salvation. The four weeks of my lover's absence were in seeming, as four long years. But when he returned, all sorrow was forgotten in the joy of seeing him again. His sad, care-worn face, told of his struggles and anxiety. He said his father had been near death's door, but contrary to all expectation, he had rallied and was now out of danger. He had not relinquished the hope that his son would consent to the union he had so long desired. He had not thought best to oppose his father. In a few months he would be stronger, then he should tell him all, and he thought his love would be stronger than his anger. I rejoiced that my lover and his father were reconciled, and suggested that while he was thus waiting for his father's recovery, I should go home, inform my parents of our marriage, and wait there until circumstances would permit him to acknowledge our union before the world. To this he replied:

‘ You do not love me as I thought, or you would not talk thus calmly of leaving me for many months. Had you suffered as I have, you would never consent to another separation.’

“ Finally, his manner was so earnest, I believed him worthy of

any sacrifice on my part, and when he proposed as the only feasible plan, that we should go among strangers and live devoted to each other, until he could take his bride to his boyhood home, after some hesitation, with no friend to advise, I consented to leave my aunt's house, and accompany my husband to a distant city. For six months he was kind and affectionate, did all in his power to make my life happy. My parents silence was the only cloud that shadowed my life.

“A few months of happiness, and then my husband informed me that he had been summoned to his father's death-bed. He would be compelled to leave me for a few days, after which there would be no necessity for further separation. He left, and I re-entered the now desolate rooms, to wait and count the hours until I should receive his promised letter. It is impossible for me to describe my wretchedness as day after day passed and no word received from him. I was penniless and friendless. My landlady soon comprehended the situation, took possession of my wardrobe, and closed her doors upon me. Never was there a more heartbroken, desolate woman. I decided to sell my little stock of jewelry and go to my mother; surely she would receive me and forgive my folly and sin!

“It was evening when I arrived in my native village, and with burning cheeks and tottering steps approached my home. Let me draw a veil over the scene that followed. The bitter, cruel words of my mother were like dagger thrusts. I was driven from the home of my childhood, and told that I could hope for no mercy here, or hereafter. This cruelty was too much for my already nearly exhausted strength to endure. I sank upon the icy pavement, where I remained until a charitable stranger caused my removal to a place of refuge. When the morning dawned,

a little form was nestling to my side, and a baby voice recalled me to a sense of the responsibility resting upon me. For my innocent child, I would live and labor! Alas! the sweet hope, born of a mother's love was doomed to an early death. Before evening, a fever was burning in my blood, and delirium had usurped the throne of reason. When I drifted back to consciousness, my faithful nurse informed me that I had revealed the story of my wrong; and, continued the good woman: 'You told the villain's name. I did not recognize it, but when you insisted that I should open that little locket, *I knew who it was* that had deceived you. It is a sad story, but you are not his first victim. I know where he is; will keep my eye upon him. But; you are faint, I have talked too much. Don't talk, I have the child and will take care of it.'

"I was too weak to talk, too sad, anxious and troubled to rest. The next day the nurse informed me that she had seen my husband, had told him that I was dead, that she would expose him to my parents, unless he adopted the child. He gave a reluctant consent. Lilian was left upon his door steps, and his good wife adopted her; the husband insisting, however, that the name be changed to Eunice. When satisfied that my darling was under the protection of a kind-hearted woman, I sank into a peaceful slumber from which I did not again awake on earth.

"Oh gentle death, Oh gentle dream,  
How sweet your mild control;  
Ye both unbar the body's gate  
For the departing soul."

"As a spirit, I watched and guarded my child, and now in the presence of angels, am proud to acknowledge her."

## CHAPTER XI.

*Gonzolo's Revelation—A Grand Tour To Another Sphere—Wonderful Experiences—A Realm Of Beauty—Marriage—The Great Work In Which I Am Engaged—Employments In The Spirit World.*

“It is a fearful thing  
To love as I love thee ; to feel the world—  
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—  
A blank without thee. Never more to me  
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now,  
I have no hope that does not dream for thee ;  
I have no joy that is not shared by thee ;  
I have no fear, that does not dread for thee :  
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,  
Is only sweet, when it repeats thy name ;  
My flowers, I only gather them for thee ;  
The book drops listless down, I cannot read,  
Unless it is to thee ; my lonely hours  
Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,  
After my own romantic fantasies.  
He is the star round which my thoughts revolve  
Like satellites.”

 EXPECTED to return, and continue my studies in the school where I had gained so many important truths, and was saddened by the thought of being again separated from Eunice and other friends. My dear mother read my unspoken thoughts, and taking me aside, said :

“Dear child, let not your heart be troubled, this is your home

if you desire to remain. You would have been brought here before, had it not been thought best to test your newly acquired power, by bringing you unexpectedly in the presence of Eunice and her husband. The result proves that we had not over-estimated your strength. Thalia desired to have you remain with her, but Silver Star claims you for a time. Remain, and gain wisdom from her. If you wish to devote yourself to any special study, you will find every facility you desire. I am glad you have dedicated yourself to the acquisition of knowledge. Soon, divine love will impel you to give to others the ennobling truths you have attained. I have long known you were adapted for the position of instructor. Your earth experience prepared you for the reception of certain principles which you will be instrumental in imparting to many a weary heart. Great will be my joy, when you realize the importance of the work.

“There is no higher mission, than to present to mortals and spirits a knowledge of the purity and justice of those great laws, which, if conformed to, will crown individuals with the choicest blessings of life. Ignorance of the natural, fear and worship of the supernatural, disregard of the laws of God, and blind obedience to priests, has kept humanity in ignorance, and filled the earth with injustice, sorrow and crime. To this cause may be traced many of the depressing influences that retard the progress of the soul, even after it has entered spirit life. You have seen something of this, but not until fully prepared by the hallowing influence of love, to administer to the necessities of these unfortunate classes, will you be able to look upon the night side of Spirit Life.

“Now my child, I must leave you, and join the bright band about to depart on a mission of mercy. It is charming to know

that you are drawing nearer to me in spirit, and to feel as I do, that the time is not far distant when you will form one of our circle, co-operating with us in our labor of love."

"Alone ! Alone ! How drear it is,  
Always to be alone !"

Alone ! It seemed that I had never before felt the full significance of the word, never before realized the necessity of companionship as at that moment. I was surrounded by beautiful forms, bright tints and sweet sounds. In the home of Silver Star I knew warm hearts waited to bid me welcome. Then why this utter loneliness ? Mine was a stormy life ! Was I never to enjoy the unalloyed felicity that blessed others ? I confess that I saw little hope or inspiration in the future, of which my mother had spoken so confidently. To always resign my higher aspirations for the benefit of others ; see them bask in the sunshine of happiness of which I was deprived ; forever to walk in the lonely valley of self-abnegation, was far from my ideal of happiness.

From these gloomy meditations I was aroused by hearing my name pronounced in the rich, melodious voice that ever caused a tide of emotions hard to control. Looking up, I saw Gonzalo ! Bowing gracefully, and taking a seat beside me, he said :

"If I am not intruding, I will remain. This beautiful grotto is a favorite resort. Here there are no distracting influences, nothing to interfere with repose, or disturb the mind. Surely, no other spot could be better adapted for the purpose for which I came, and for the revelation I have to make."

"I will first give you a sketch of my earth life. I never knew a mother's love, or a father's blessing, and not until after many years in spirit life did I know who my parents were. I will not dwell upon the loneliness of my childhood, the yearnings of my

heart for affection and sympathy, which was not found in the orphan asylum to which I was consigned in infancy, and where I passed the early years of my life. From the time I left it, until death closed the scene and liberated my weary spirit, life was dark and joyless, and one of constant toil. At the age of eighteen I was engaged in marriage to a lady, whom I deemed in every way worthy the affection which I lavished upon her. From this dream of love I was rudely awakened to learn that my idol was clay. It was long before I could realize that one so beautiful could be so false and fickle. To lose faith in her was to lose interest and faith in every one. I resolved thenceforth to steel my heart against friendship and love, go back to the isolated life for which fate seemed to have designed me.

“I will not sadden you, by relating my struggles with poverty and misfortunes. I died as I had lived, alone! It was many years, before I outgrew the effects of earth life. I was morbidly sensitive, and in this Summer Land sought only for rest, retirement and education. Gradually my icy reserve gave way before the power of kindness. Absorbed in study, my life glided smoothly on, until I became acquainted with your mother. It was the recital of her experience that awakened my interest in the great question of love, and the duties and obligations growing out of it. After years of careful investigation and earnest thought, I arrived at the conclusions expressed in the communication given to you and your sister, before your marriage. My intimate acquaintance with your mother increased my interest in you. I frequently visited you, and tried to lift the terrible cloud from your life. You will remember our meeting on your first entrance to spirit life. I had hoped you would remain, and gradually outgrow the magnetic condition that enslaved you, but it was not to be; you

returned to earth, and I, saddened by the withdrawal of the heart, that I felt could beat in unison with my own, gave myself more entirely to humanitarian duties. In the long years that followed I never lost sight of my ideal, nor faith in the laws that would *eventually* give to my heart its own. When your mission on earth was finished and you re-entered spirit life, I found your heart apparently dead to human sympathy; therefore I did not seek your presence. Now I am blessed with a knowledge of the fact, that the warmth and light of reciprocal affection is to crown my life with its glory."

Gonzalo paused as if for reply. Receiving none, he continued to speak of his affection, and closed by saying: "I read my answer in your tender eyes and glowing cheeks; this happiness compensates for years of wretchedness!"

"Oh, what a heavenly union,  
In bowers of delight,  
Where ministries of angels  
Inspire with holy light;  
Two souls, one life, two hearts, one love,  
As sweet and pure as heaven above."

At this moment Silver Star approached and expressed her pleasure in being the first to offer congratulations, and then invited us to her home, where Eunice and Thalia awaited our return.

A year had passed since that beautiful morning, when my whole life was transformed by the revelation of Gonzalo's love; a year since my mother's departure, and now a large circle of invited guests had resembled at the home of Silver Star to make their final arrangements for a grand tour, which was to end in a visit to my mother. I was happy in the prospects of beholding the lovely scenes Gonzalo had so often pictured. I shall not at-

tempt to describe our journey, nor the many new phases of existence I witnessed; each one presenting some thought, broadening my views of spirit life. As we approached our destination, the sphere seemed bathed in a soft, yellow light, not unlike that occasionally seen on earth, lingering in the evening sky.

A delegation came out to conduct us to the city, if city it could be called! There were no great temples, no pallatial residences built of the most costly material, no crystal domes reflecting the mellow light that seemed to emanate from every object; no broad paved avenues, no curiously designed vehicles, drawn by life-like, electric steeds, nor fairy barges, moving gracefully over electric waters. Beneath our feet was a soft, moss-like substance of the brightest and most beautiful green, unlike anything I had seen, extending as far as the eye could reach. Pavilions, formed of a translucent substance; some glowing with opaline splendor, others of rich vermilion, garnet and emerald, artistically and systematically arranged, and surrounded by trees and flowers of the most sublimated material, and delicate designs. All had an unsubstantial, ethereal appearance, and I almost expected to see them disappear as the gorgeous temples and towers of cloud land vanish from the sky.

We moved through the golden atmosphere with great rapidity and ease. Several times I was startled by the sudden appearance of friends whom I supposed to be at a distance. Of this I said nothing, until I beheld the apparition of my father and in his well known voice he said: "Emily, why have you forsaken me?"

I was so startled by this sudden appearance, that I immediately asked an explanation, and learned that the circumbiance was like a mirror, reflecting the form and features of those, whose thoughts dwelt intently upon any one in this sphere. Here also a spirit

can hear the slightest whisper of love or hate, joy or sorrow addressed to it. This would be a sad place for the oppressor, whose life had been a tissue of cruel wrongs. Such spirits never enter this sphere, "the punishment would be greater than they could bear," said our guide, and continued:

"Here come to benefactors, the prayers and blessings of those they have snatched from dens of vice and crime, from the crushing power of want, and the brutal hand of oppression. It is here, that tears shed in sympathy for the sorrows of others, are transformed to pearls; here, the bread cast upon the waters of charity, return. Every kind deed of love, reappears in a white blossom whose delicious aroma enfolds the pure spirit like a garment. This is the heaven where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. Your mother resides in that large, rose hued pavilion at our right."

At this moment we were greeted with melodious music, which seemed to come from the air above us, and immediately the long colonnade was filled with spirits, hastening to welcome us.

The cordial reception and genial atmosphere of my mother's home removed all constraint and added a new charm to social intercourse. When alone with mother, she expressed her gratification with my engagement to Gonzalo; said she had long known of his attachment to me, and believed that the crown of happiness he had won, would brighten as time increased our knowledge of the rich treasures we possessed. She had planned our journey with a desire that our marriage should take place in her beautiful home. We joyfully complied, and the simple but beautiful marriage ceremony was performed by ourselves, in the presence of a large number of invited guests.

After spending considerable time in viewing the realm we had

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been permitted to enter, we returned to the sphere we had left, and went at once to the elegant home of Gonzalo.

Earthly language can give no conception of the happiness that filled my soul! O sad, despairing soul! O heart filled with ashes of a dead hope, look up! for beyond the sorrows of earth, there is compensation for all your woes!

Soon after our marriage, I accompanied my companion on a mission of mercy, and learned to love the noble work to which he had dedicated his powers. For many years I have been laboring to better the condition of unfortunate spirits. At some future time, if desired, I may give some facts of which I have become possessed while acting as a missionary, and now in closing this history of my Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, I would say to all, seek spiritual culture: crown life with love and charity; then will you be prepared to appreciate the ever increasing beauty and glory of Spirit Life.