

NO. 2.

# Contrasts in Spirit Life;

AND

## RECENT EXPERIENCES

OF

# SAMUEL BOWLES,

Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican,

IN THE

### First Five Spheres.

ALSO

A Thrilling Account of the late President  
Garfield's Reception in the  
Spirit World.

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WRITTEN THROUGH THE HAND OF  
CARRIE E. S. TWING,  
WESTFIELD, N. Y.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
332 Main Street.

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See page 91 of this book.

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*Henry Bowles*

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The Buckman Collection  
Portland, Oregon  
Miss Willda Buckman - Sister

## PREFACE.

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WHEN the last line of that little book was written \* I felt uncertain as to what its mission would be. I little expected that it would find its way into hearts and homes as it has. To the public who in earth life appreciated my attempts in all ways to reform those who needed reform, and to strike without thought of consequences at the root of every wrong, I present my thanks. I ask you, not to read and forget, but to read and practice the principles here set forth, and you will soon wonder how any one can afford to do wrong. I hope, in my experiences of spirit life, to teach practical lessons for earth life. I am yet scarcely on the borders of the great unknown; but what I have learned most freely I give unto you. To the friends of my beloved city† I would say I have heard many of your criticisms (some of them just ones), and I know that, if in your heart of hearts you could feel you were reading the thoughts of my brain, you would welcome them, no matter from which side of life they came. But study these thoughts, pray for light, and if, with the light of the 19th century around you, you can condemn the principles I teach, then, indeed, have you need to sit at the feet of the Great Architect of Nature and learn silently the lessons taught. I send this work out, not only with my blessing but with that of many superior minds, who, from this side of the river, will earnestly watch its progress. I would say to one and all, you have a work to do and you will come to spirit life far from blameless if you neglect to sow seed for the great harvest. Be noble, be true, love truth for truth's sake, and in condemning others see if in your heart wickedness is not father to the condemning thought.

Go on thy mission, little book, seek out men of power as well as the lowly. Comfort the widow and the fatherless, and fail not to leave a purer atmosphere wherever thy leaves are perused. If only one soul comes to this life, better for thy lessons, it will be a fitting tribute to a man who loved his fellow men.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

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\*Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life. See 4th page of cover.

†Springfield, Mass.

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## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE MEDIUM.

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Mrs. CARRIE E. S. TWING is a native of Sherman, Chautauqua County, New York. When a very small child she could see spirits, and has always been conscious of their presence from her earliest recollections. She was controlled by them to write before she learned to write herself. In 1871 she was married to Herbert S. Twing, of Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York, where she now resides.

Mrs. Twing was educated in the public schools, and taught for several years in the lower grades of public schools of New York.

For the past fifteen years she has been before the public as a writing medium. Years before her public work she was in the habit of writing messages for friends at social parties and in the home circle, without compensation. People used to enjoy "Carrie's queer writing," as it was called, and often invited her to help make out an evening's entertainment at parties. Since becoming a public medium, she has spent a winter in Boston, Mass., and short periods at Painesville, Ohio; Wheeling, Virginia; Rochester, Buffalo and Hornellsville, New York; Titusville and Corry, Pennsylvania, and Springfield, Mass. She has, for the last five years, attended the Lake Pleasant Camp meeting, in Massachusetts, and been very much sought for on account of the great perfection of her mediumship.

In the Autumn of 1878, while at her home in Westfield, N. Y., she was compelled one day to write the following message :

"Madam, excuse my coming. I feel a great pressure upon me as though I must. Yes, I am far from my home, yet thought takes me there in a moment. 'Who was I?' rather say, who am I? Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, Mass. Yes, that is my name, but I am puzzled. They told me to come here and perhaps I might get a word home. Strange, strange. I can go there, I can see my wife, my boys. I can hear them, but they are blind to me, perfectly blind. They see me not; they have no smile for me. They will yet learn to wait my coming, and to hope for it as they did when I was away to the Westward. You have been kind, lady, to let me try. If I only could get hold of

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this or any other hand, I would so rejoice. I would live over the past—live it to a purpose; make them know I live. My father is Samuel Bowles. We have a long line. Yes, my son, too, but what does it all amount to; the name, the glitter, the sounding words, beside one woman's tears? And Henry, poor Henry (Henry Alexander, of Springfield, Mass.) There's room for his body in the dear old lot, until of late so empty it seems.

Strange do my thoughts go off your fingers. I have been looking, trying to catch the subtle something that makes it possible. I shall work. Madam, allow me to do my work through you. Yes, I have been to the *Banner* office (*Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.) I could n't make myself plain, though you will not be sorry. They say I have done well for the first time.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

Mrs. Twing placed this message among her home papers, and gave it no further thought. At that time she had never visited Springfield, and knew nothing of Samuel Bowles. She asserts that so little interest does she take in politics and newspapers that she had never heard of him, or if she had, she had no remembrance of him when this message came. After leaving Lake Pleasant Camp meeting, in 1880, she came to this city in September for the purpose of giving private sittings to people here. She had no thought of being used to write a book, and was proceeding with her usual work, when, on the 24th of September, while engaged, as she supposed, in writing a message for one of the members of the Star Publishing Co., the following was written, a complete surprise to the medium and to the publishers.

“May I, who have waited so patiently, come for a little time? I so want to reach my wife if I can, and not have her feel there is any collusion about it. Why my old home that was always open and bright seems like a prison. The men and women whom I knew never felt me to be one that tried to be full of ostentation. I pulled my old hat over my eyes and plodded along. Thank all who have been just to my memory, and yet when I look at what my brethren and friends have expended, sacred to my memory, I feel that amount of money might have reached many a home and made it happier. It might have brought light out of darkness in many ways. Yet it is blessed to be remembered—blest to make the heart feel glad.

"It is true that 'He who died at Azim sends this to comfort all his friends.' I have written before through this medium, and it was soon after Henry (Alexander) came over here. I know just how it is now. I lost time there. I might have been learning and gaining light instead of being in the darkness while there, or not letting the light out. My strong reasoning nature could not accept of this phenomena in all, or half its details, but it could have sought for stronger proof. The sea of masonic experiences, the association of printers, the maelstrom of politics, all combined to carry forward my old self until the facts, not fancies, of eternity rose up before me. In some respects it was a glad awakening. There were times when the eternal growth was a question with me. I longed for tangible facts, but I saw so many as I thought wrecked on theories—shadows without substance—seeds sown that gave no promise of a harvest, only the harvest of broken homes and far severed companions. This, in a measure, I laid to Spiritualism. This I felt was the outgrowth of its reign in some homes, and so with public opinion as my master, in one sense, I examined and obtained all knowledge I had of this thing in so clandestine a manner as never to have the fixed opinion I wish all might have, before entering an untried future. Thus in part, I have explained what seemed strange to many, that a man who would face the world for some opinions, was so reticent when the immortal soul was concerned. Indeed, I would send greeting, 'to comfort all my friends' for life is to me a reality. Yet I am a personality, not wrapped up in any God-head, but a man with a man's heart, robbed of its selfishness, mayhap. But still the living individuality can not become extinct. I cannot love all men as I love my brother. I still look forward to a home re-union with wife, and the life current flows as much through my veins, and my brain thinks as actively as ever. We are as tangible to each other as you are there on earth. (Homes are homes, families are the same if love binds them.) I think I could write a book on my experiences here, giving to masons, printers, yes, every one, ideas of the continuance of life, as well as of its existence from the first. We are only emanations from the great whole, therefore, unconsciously, soul has been always existent.

SAMUEL BOWLES."

After receiving this surprising and suggestive message, a week or more elapsed, during which Mrs. Twing was very busy with private patrons. But at length the suggestion was made, that perhaps Mr.

Bowles might be willing to write the proposed book during her stay in Springfield. Mr. Bowles replied in the following message :

“Yes, most certainly I would like to write a clear, concise, and decided statement of what has been my experience here. I can well understand the discussion and ridicule this would stir up, but *there* I seldom faltered in any act I thought was right, and with the perfect knowledge that earth life is not a farce, beginning and ending there, I feel like saying to the whole world that which, even if they did not believe, would leave its impress and help them a little to cast off the fetters of creeds, and show them that the Eternal Principle of life is really existent over here. I would also like to show the workers in the political field, that change of body cannot take away the deep interest in the old republic. I should like to demonstrate the fact, as far as I can, that the force of habit and education over there, clings to us. Imagine Senators and Congressmen, dropping out of that field suddenly, and turning on the instant, to psalm singing and hosannas! They would make the poorest kind of work at it, and not one of them taken over during this campaign but what would have the same interest in the November results, as though he had stood on the shores of time. While if Moody should come, he might enter right into the singing and the praise, and realize in a measure, his idea of heaven. Why cannot people see that it is not the flesh that thinks, and that the thought principle has only changed bodies, and is the same? What would be heaven for one, is the poorest kind of a heaven for another. Therefore those who praise and worship an unseen presence should feel more thankful to know that Eternal Wisdom has in spirit as in earth life, made all things with thoughtfulness of the variety that different souls would require to help fill the measure of their happiness.

The Divine shines out in this, and shows that not one of the most inferior of earth's children but will fill his niche here and have time and help to grow. And though there are great minds here, though there are those who have had great renown in the literary field, though there are those who have helped to conquer nations, the feeling never enters here but we are all brothers. Those who stand high as thinking men are not afraid to stoop and help others up to their own standard. The true idea and whole aim of this higher life is everlasting growth. And where there is no struggle for gold here, where all wants are most bountifully supplied, souls are not laden with earth cares, save as they see their loved ones struggle there. Therefore progression out of the

fogs that have depressed us in earth life can be, and is, with most people, rapid. So now, my brother, though as a literary work my little effort may not stand high, yet if I can through it be the means of making one man think of the absurdity of a belief which makes God inferior in love to an earthly parent, I shall feel repaid. The world may scoff, the church may say it is of evil this comes, still if I feel I have sowed one seed to make mankind on their rapid strides toward this mystery of death (that ends in life) stop and think and raise up their cry for purer fountains from which to drink, I shall be satisfied, and thus by this effort would I add a sequel to the old life there.

SAMUEL BOWLES."

OCTOBER 14, 1880.

On October 15, 1880, Mr. Bowles wrote the first paper of the wonderful little book, now known all over the Union as the "Experiences of Samuel Bowles, in Spirit life, or life as he now sees it, from a Spiritual stand-point."—mentioned on the cover of this work. It was completed and published, Dec, 1, 1880. The announcement of a work from Samuel Bowles, the great editor, from Spirit life, was received with joy by thousands throughout the country. In his old city home it has sold in large numbers, the news stores having it for sale. It was pronounced by all a good book, but some, especially, editors of a few papers, refused to entertain the idea that it emanated from the mind of the great journalist. His old paper, the *Springfield Republican*, passed it by in silence, as was predicted by the *Star Publishing Co.* Large sales of this book were effected in the Connecticut valley, where Mr. Bowles was well known, and especially through the West, along the line of his trip to California. The book still sells well, and a new edition will soon be a necessity.

The medium received many congratulatory letters from distant parts of the country, letters full of hearty endorsement of the noble work, and full of encouragement to continue so valuable a phase of mediumship.

Now our readers have the pleasure of studying spirit life again, through the gifted medium whose short biography we have given.

STAR PUBLISHING CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 4, 1881.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL BOWLES.

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COMPILED FROM THE SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) REPUBLICAN OF JANUARY, 1878.

THE death of Samuel Bowles, removes the best journalist in America, the most widely influential representative of New England life and opinion, and the most distinguished citizen of his native city.

Samuel Bowles was the third of the same name, in direct descent, and the second in journalism. His father, the founder of the Springfield *Republican*, was the son of a Hartford, Ct., store keeper, and of his ancestry on that side, it has been recorded with pride, that "no distinction other than of virtue gathered around it."

Mr. Bowles' mother was Huldah Deming, of Wethersfield, Ct., a descendant of Miles Standish, of the Old Colony, at Plymouth, Mass., and a woman of rare brightness of mind, and of fine intuitive perceptions.

Samuel Bowles, the subject of this sketch, was born 9th of February, 1826, at Springfield, Mass. He was educated in his native city, at the public school, and at a private school kept by Master Eaton. "He grew up a slender, weedy boy, with his mother's black and brilliant eyes." At the age of 18 he began to assist his father in the newspaper office. His letters from the South, whither he was sent for his health in 1845, attracted wide attention, and it began to be suspected that a smart boy had dropped into the family of the dry and plodding editor of a country weekly. Indeed he had already persuaded his father to start a daily (without the promise of a single subscriber) as an evening paper, in March, 1844, just after his 18th birthday, and he encouraged him to change it to a morning paper, in December, 1845. "Mr. Bowles slept on a sofa in the office, gathered and prepared the general and local news of the paper, marshaled the compositors at 4 o'clock every morning for the late copy, directed the make-up of the paper, took his turn at the wheel of the Adams press that worked it off, dispatched the town carriers, and prepared the mail and railroad packages and then went home to breakfast. From 1845 to 1865, was the period of most incessant devotion to his paper, on the part of Mr. Bowles, or sixteen hours a day for six days in the week he worked and

then plodded home in the dawn of the morning. By the close of the war of the rebellion, the *Republican* was well established as a journal of national reputation. Mr. Bowles was already warned that he had overdrawn his account with nature, and sought by a series of annual vacations to repair his exhausted energies. The famous trip "Across the Continent" of 1865, which introduced him to the world as the maker of a most charming book of travel, was undertaken from considerations of health.

In his travels for health he became familiar with the leading Americans, and made many friends in England and on the Continent.

London, Paris, Berlin, Boston, San Francisco, Colorado and Chicago, all came within the scope of his citizenship. It was a period of personal growth despite the drawbacks and the consciousness of physical decay.

The *Republican* was the best model of good editing in the country. It was Mr. Bowles' creation.

There is a deep moral for the distribution of popular regard in the spectacle of a man going in and out before the people for over 30 years, building up by his famous journal, the city of his birth, and making her the seat of journalistic empire for New England, advancing by the same great agency all the moral and material interests of the community of which this is the center, becoming himself the beloved and honored guest in half the capitals of the civilized world. The confident of both great parties in the nation and the counselor of presidents in the choice of cabinets, this man came home to his native city and devoted his rare talents, his world-wide resources and his expiring energies to the pressing social questions of neighborhood, toiling to elaborate a more perfect municipal charter, or to perfect an organization for the prevention of pauperism.

Mr. Bowles' family relations were exceptionally happy and contributed not a little to the success of his career. He married (September 6, 1848) Mary S. D. Schermerhorn, daughter of Henry V. R. Schermerhorn, Esq., of Geneva, N. Y., and granddaughter of James S. Dwight, the great Springfield merchant of the first quarter of this century.

Mr. Bowles attended the Unitarian church, but as his newspaper always interfered with his Sundays, more or less, he was not a very constant attendant. He was a man of deep religious feeling. He used to say "we must after all, recognize the great fact that this Christian law of love is the greatest regenerating force abroad in the world."—

*Editorial of January 15, 1878.*

"The event so long dreaded has at last occurred; Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Republican*, died last evening. He had been very weak ever since his second attack of apoplexy a week ago Saturday night, and especially bad the last two days, so that more than once he was not expected to live another hour. About 10 o'clock last evening he recognized that he was fast sinking, and a few minutes after 11 he was dead. He was conscious until within a few moments of the end, and contemplated death with the same composure as when he was first brought to its door, now nearly seven weeks ago."

His burial was private, but a Memorial Service was held at the Unitarian church on Wednesday, January 24. Prayer was offered by Rev. Washington Gladden, of Springfield. Addresses were made by Gen. Hawley of Connecticut, Murat Halstead of Cincinnati, Dr. J. G. Holland of New York, Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford, Conn., A. D. Briggs of Springfield, Mass., Rev. William Rice of Springfield, Mass.; and letters read from Anna C. Brackett of New York, Rev. Francis Tiffany of Newton, Mass., Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Mass., Hon. Henry L. Dawes, of Mass., Hon. Carl Schurz of New York, Gov. Hubbard of Conn., Horace White of New York. Also remarks were made by Hon. Frank W. Bird of Walpole, Mass., Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Mass., Hon. George M. Stearns of Springfield, Mass.

Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford, read the following beautiful poem.—"From the Arabic."

"He who died at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies I know  
Pale and white and cold as snow,  
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
I am not the thing you kiss!"  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! What the women lave,  
 For the last sleep of the grave,  
 Is a hut which I am quitting,—  
 Is a garment no more fitting,—  
 Is a cage from which, at last,  
 Like a bird my soul has past.  
 Love the inmate, not the room,—  
 The wearer, not the garb, the plume  
 Of the eagle, not the bars  
*That kept him from those splendid stars.*

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry  
 Straightway every weeping eye;  
 What ye lift upon the bier  
 Is not worth a single tear.  
 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one  
 Out of which the pearl has gone;  
 The shell is broken—it lies there;  
 The pearl, the all, the soul is here.  
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
 Allah sealed, the while it hid  
 That treasure of his treasury,  
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
 Let the shard be earth's once more  
 Since the gold is in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
 Now thy world is understood!  
 Now the long, long wonder ends!  
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
 While the man whom you call dead,  
 In unspoken bliss instead,  
 Lives and loves you; lost 'tis true  
 For the light that shines for you.  
 But, in the light you cannot see,  
 Of undisturbed felicity—  
 In a perfect paradise,  
 And a life that never dies.

Farewell friends ! But not farewell,  
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell.  
 I am gone before your face,  
 A moment's worth, a little space.  
 When ye come where I have slept,  
 Ye will wonder why ye wept !  
 Ye will know, by true love taught,  
 That here is all, and there is naught.  
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain  
 Sunshine still must follow rain ;  
 Only not at death—for death,  
 Now we know is that first breath  
 Which our souls draw when we enter  
 Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain, all seems love,  
 Viewed from Allah's throne above,  
 Be ye stout of heart, and come  
 Bravely onward to your home !  
 La il Allah ! Allah La !  
 O love Divine ! O love always !

He who died at Azim gave  
 This to those who made his grave.

*Extract from Springfield Republican, Dec. 3, 1877.*

"Samuel Bowles has been ill since the first part of October, and for some time thereafter was confined to his bed with an attack of congestion of the lungs, complicated with a disorder of the heart. On Friday night, Nov. 30, he sank so low that he felt his end was near ; he bid his family good-bye and said, 'I guess my work is done, I think I might have done a little more, but I am ready to go now.' Being asked if he was afraid to die he shook his head emphatically, and said with great firmness, 'no not at all.' His physician on examination said that he had suffered an attack of serous apoplexy, and Mr. Bowles knew it meant death. He remarked, 'I am going, but not quite yet.' His mind was clear to the last, and so great was his hold on life that he lived for seven weeks after this most fatal attack." Mr. Bowles was in his 52d year when he passed to the higher life.

## PAPER FIRST.

**WARNINGS SENT TO PREVENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION.—HIS DEATH A WARNING SACRIFICE FOR THE NATION.—THE CORRUPT HEART OF THE NATION.—GOLD IS GOD.—HE PLEADS FOR GUYTON'S LIFE.—GUYTON A VALUABLE WITNESS IN EXPOSING SCHEMES FOR THE OVERTHROW OF THE REPUBLIC.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND OTHERS HELP GARFIELD TO COME TO SPIRIT LIFE.—HOW GARFIELD RESTED DURING THE NATIONAL FUNERAL.—WHAT GARFIELD WOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO HAVE DONE HAD HE LIVED.—THE PROCESS OF DEATH AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE DEATH OF GARFIELD, SEEN ON THE SPIRIT SIDE.**

Once more from the unseen land I will try to pen thoughts for the multitude. I know with what hindrances my best efforts may be attended, but when my whole soul is in the work, nothing shall daunt me. Step by step as I go onward in this life, have I learned more perfectly the dependence of one world upon another, and feel that in the ages to come there will always be a link in the great chain that attaches us to earth life. For earth life is the beginning, therefore it is necessary always to be cognizant of what the foundation is, in order to make perfect the rest of the structure. I would not have you understand that we are bound to earth in any way to make us uncomfortable, but is it not well to keep up a knowledge of the land that is constantly sending us its fruits? But whether we would or not, it little matters. The great law of nature cannot be changed by the will of one or many individuals. I have often heard the question asked, if the spirit world knows so much, why did spirits not warn and prevent the shooting of Garfield? We did know it, and in several instances foretold it. But all we could have done would not have prevented the great sacrifice, for look upon it as you may, it is a sacrifice, and one with a meaning. Nation! take the warning and now cleanse your robes, for this is only the beginning unless you as men with souls, awake to your duty. The heart of the nation is rotten, and the bullet that pierced your fallen hero is only the outgrowth of what you as men have, with closed eyes, permitted. Are you as a nation educating your people to that which will be of greatest good to the greatest number? No! Gold is God, and in choosing, even for the humblest affairs, those are chosen who can in some way benefit hangers-on, and so there is ring within ring, until your nation's capital is reached, and you view constantly the sickening

intrigues that exist there. Had Garfield been a bad man, he would have had the seat of power just the same, for the great tide rolled that way, but he could not be bought or sold, and in spirit life he will shrink from what might have been his duty if he had lived on earth. I intend, in a special work, with the help of others, to ventilate most thoroughly politics as viewed from a spirit stand-point. But in this book of experiences I hardly deem it safe to venture into the bogs that send out the malaria of earth's politics. Much was done to save your loved President, not only on the earth side but with us, yet when all hope had ceased, a large number from our side were chosen to help him come to us. It was a picture for an artist, to see men like Abraham Lincoln earnestly striving to help his brother over, who like him was a sacrifice on the altar of the nation. Tears were in many eyes when the awakening came to him, but so tenderly was he cared for, so heartfelt was spirit help, that his only feeling was, now I can rest—and he is resting. The tears of his brave wife, the moans of his fatherless ones, disturb him not. A nation's wail is only as a sigh of the wind to him. He rests, without thought of malice or revenge; and when the awakening from the rest comes, I know his will be the first hand raised to prevent the sacrifice of another life. Oh! Nation, how low you stoop when you feel—you will have any satisfaction in the execution of Guiteau! If you, according to your law, take his life, you take what you cannot give, and in your hearts are murderers too. Keep him there, where he can do no harm. If his body was sick you would try to heal it, but you are ministers of an empty gospel, if you cannot see that his soul is sick. It takes a long time to cure a sick soul. Don't send it blood-stained to us, but give it a chance to be cured in earth life where the deed was done. Beside, in shutting out his earth life you are closing the mouth of a valuable witness, that, when the spirit of truth has done its work, will speak and show you how to avoid greater breakers on the turbulent sea that surrounds you. My interest in this life is so united to the interests of the past, that viewing all as clearly as I do now, I sometimes forget I am not a man among men, instead of the risen

SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—Who were appointed to help Garfield over?

*Answer.*—The immediate relatives of the family were of course there, although I did not learn their names. Abraham Lincoln, because of

his sympathy with this new martyr for the nation. Epes Sargent, not because he knew Garfield personally, but because of his superior knowledge of the laws of separating soul and body, and the magnetic currents necessary. Wm. H. Seward was there, because he loved all noble workers for the nation. Beside many who were with Garfield during the national conflict, and loved him as a brother. Also, Dr. Benjamin Rush, a noted worker here, and whose mission it was to throw off the terrible strain of the minds of the attendants upon the dying man, so that he might pass more quickly to spirit life, as he was undoubtedly kept hours longer in suffering than he need to have been, because of the determination of his physicians and attendants that he should not die.

*Question.*—What might have been Garfield's duty had he lived from which he now sees he would have shrunk?

*Answer.*—This is a broad question and one involving much time if fully answered. With his sense of right he would have felt obliged to change many things. Perhaps offending people, by making appointments with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number, instead of self-aggrandizement to the one appointed. Also looking into the Pension business which he thought was carried on most unfairly, and in short, casting out evils that have been tolerated too long. No one but Garfield himself could have carried out the policy of Garfield.

*Question.*—What testimony could Guiteau give that would be a help to the nation?

*Answer.*—At this crisis I prefer not to give what Guiteau might say as that will come under the head of "political corruptions," and would be anticipating. If I am allowed to write this book I must work sharp to avoid suits of libel on publishers, and name places where these organizations are and where they assemble, avoiding names as much as possible. That Guiteau was worked upon from his love of notoriety to so immortalize himself will be proved. I must see how much of the real truth will be right to give, by meeting in consultation the wiser ones, such as the founders of your nation, and thus enable me to be sure of my footing, lest I do more harm than good. I might answer briefly that were Guiteau's life spared he might, through confinement and spirit-teaching, learn to tell the truth, and divulge the names of those who prompted him to the deed. But it would lengthen your book out too much, and mix the sober teachings of earth life and its realities to the spiritual too much for me to enter at length into this topic. Those sen-

tences have been chosen. They will have their effect. If possible, as soon as the book is published, I will give you the names of some of the private communists, and ask you to send them a book, marking the passage, and it will do its work. I do not think it wise to say more here. Why sir, I have it in my heart to write dozens of books, and in writing them I shall go up, not down.

*Question.*—How do you help people over to Spirit Life? Please illustrate by a description of Garfield's passing out of his earth body.

*Answer.*—You have given me a question that taxes my powers of description. We were at the bedside of the sufferer before the last alarming symptoms had been noticed, and I well remember that his own relatives and personal friends in spirit life, gave place to our band, or those before-mentioned as appointed to surround Garfield. He appeared to be sleeping. If it were possible for you to see the nervous system and note where the nerves are most connected with the bodily tissues, and especially along the spinal column, connecting with the brain, you would have seen Dr. Rush, Epes Sargent, and others, going through a similar process as that by which operators at the switch board of a telephone office disconnect the wires. These spirits, as carefully as possible, by gentle manipulations, loosened the nervous system of the spirit body from the nervous system of the earthly body, link by link, until nothing bound him. Then came the sinking chill that alarmed his earth attendants. As soon as his physicians and others came near, the spirits, with a wonderful power, placed each one in the room in such a mesmeric condition as to realize that he was going, but still not be able to exercise their wills to say that he must not go. While yet breath remained in the body, from his head there passed an emanation that looked like a white cloud, growing larger and larger. Finally the upper portion of this cloud assumed the appearance of the head upon the pillow. When the breath was entirely gone, the whole form was apparent, and as the almost benumbed attendants said, "He has gone, it is over," he was gently raised in the arms of those who had assisted him through the process of death, and borne upward. I did not realize that he or any of us went through the ceiling and roof; neither do I know that we passed out by any opening made by man. It seemed, as we bore him upward, that we were the material, and the cottage and all its surroundings the spiritual, as the spirit bodies of each of us were tangible, while the house seemed shadowy. We passed quite a distance over your earth in

a westerly direction, for Garfield's home was to be as nearly as possible over his old home at Mentor, Ohio.

Garfield is at present in the first sphere, and chooses to be, until by his continued visits to his loved ones he can assuage the grief that now, though silent, seems almost overwhelming, and teach them that they must throw off the incubus of sorrow and rise to the work allotted to each in the great battle of life.

*Question.*—Ought not Garfield to be a resident of a higher sphere than the first?

*Answer.*—He is not in the first sphere by any weakness of his, but as a sojourner seeking to give better help to his family by his nearness to them. He calls the wise ones of other spheres to assist him. He will soon be active in the great work marked out for him. S. B.

## PAPER SECOND.

**THE SURPRISE ON ENTERING SPIRIT LIFE.—HOW A MOTHER CLINGS TO HER CHILDREN LEFT BEHIND.—BROTHERLY LOVE IN HEAVEN.—THEODORE PARKER DISCOURSING ON HOW TO GET LIGHT INTO THE CHURCHES OF EARTH.—THE MINISTER AND THE MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK WHOM HE SEDUCED.—SPIRITUALISTS SHOULD HAVE PATIENCE WITH THE CHURCH, AND NOT THROW STONE FOR STONE.**

Were it not so serious a thing it would be amusing to see the wonder-tricken faces of some who suddenly find themselves in Spirit life. Old conditions hold them so closely that in many instances it is impossible to make them know they have entered Spirit life. They are at sea in every thing when they behold another world so like your world. They expect to go again about the olden duties. I have seen mothers who have left infants behind them, so engrossed in the old love and care, that were there not a law of nature to compel Spirits to stay a portion of the time in the Spirit realm, they would spend every moment with their children. But the law and object of the spirit world is upward, not downward, and though some so naturally gravitate back to earth, each one is compelled to learn his lesson of progress. I cannot write of all the different spheres, on my short experience here; but I know they exist, because of the visitations at times of noble minds who have risen to great heights. They come to us with the same loving tenderness with which we come to you. They seek to purify us even as we seek to cleanse you. We give to you what is

given to us. Brotherly love is not sneered at as in your life, for it is broad and beautiful as Heaven, and is a part of God. I would that I could give you a pen picture of how soul is linked to soul, especially with those who have out-grown grossness and sin.

Arm in arm with one of earth's great workers, Judge Edmonds, I went to the pavilion, where public services are held, and heard Theodore Parker discourse on how to get light to the churches of earth, (there are no churches here. See close of chapter.) He said he believed already great inroads were being made even by the humblest mediums in earth life; but the work went on so slowly that he was convinced there was needed a strong concert of action in Spirit life, by which great things would be done toward developing ministers, perhaps unconsciously, to preach the real truth. But, said he, "this must be done by degrees; any decided demonstration would hinder instead of help." He also said "that when the brain was intent on any subject, there was a better chance to strike all those magnetic chords that must be brought into tune." He spoke feelingly of the clergy of the day, and expressed astonishment that in many instances people who understand this law should judge them so harshly, and think them to be intentionally preaching untruths.

The circumstances of their life and education have made the vicarious atonement a fact to them. Reason must be quenched; common sense must be considered the devil himself, and everything must turn on that one pivot, "Christ and him crucified." Little thought of the principles of the Christ, but blood, blood all of the time. Said he, "I have seen some of them turn pale and pray for deliverance when there came a thought to them, that possibly a man's life had something to do with it after all."

These and many other words were uttered which set me to thinking that the theory of the atonement through the blood of Christ was a disease, and that a great many had it. I began to compare the lives of some over here who in earth life risked their all on this doctrine (and soon found they had leaned upon a reed) with those who in earth life had professed nothing, but possessed much. Among the many I have met here, is one who was a clergyman there, and who being of a carnal nature chose a lamb of his flock to love (but not openly), one he had baptized, one trusted to his care by her parents.

Were not his robes white? Was not he one of the chosen? But from this unholy love came a babe.

Hard words followed. He was labored with by the Church, and experienced again the saving power of blood. He came over here mourned by those to whom he had broken the bread of life, after his second conversion, a just and good man fully forgiven? But the girl whose bright life he has ruined, what of her? She wanders on through earth life, taking a step downward every day, and will come over here an object to be pitied, raised up and cared for, on her eternal journey, by angel love. And the child conceived in wickedness, with all the taint of the intended sin clinging to it, will have to face life doubly orphaned.

And yet this man who broke the bread of life there, is learning his lesson, and finds that there is no atonement save that which is lived out, worked out, no forgiveness for sin. If you could hear what I hear daily you would say, man, woman, live for your higher selves. Make your lives as unspotted as possible. Cleanse and purify, and lead all you can out of sin. You cannot sin against God, save as you sin against yourselves, for you are a part of God. I ask you, who are readers in this great work, to be more patient with the church, teach them that yours is a religion that will not allow you to throw stone for stone. Remember, in this battle field of morality, there are the prejudices of hundreds of years to break up; carefully as you can, lead some one to drink from purer fountains. What are you better than others unless this religion of yours enters into every day of your life, shines out in the home, in the shop, in the school, on the farm, in all business transactions, and is in fact ever present to lead you right? Let love reign, for it is ever beautiful, whether in the highest heaven or in the heart of a little child.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.

*Question.*—What is the law that compels the mother to spend part of her time in the spirit realm?

*Answer.*—You should know that the two worlds are distinct, each occupying a position in space connected by those magnetic chords, that (as I have before expressed it) enable us, by the subtle telegraphy of love, in an instant to descend what seems to us an inclined plane; in other words a spiritual stairway, and the moment we are needed bring us in direct rapport with the loved of earth life. Therefore the mother's love being strong that binds her to her infant, she would most gladly

spend her time there instead of seeking to learn those higher lessons that a soul freed from the earthly must needs learn. The law that would make her willing to learn these lessons is not given out as are the laws of earth life. But kindly spirits tell her of the necessity of rising above the earth condition, of the beauties beyond, of the heights to be gained, and of the greater power for good that can be exerted over her child by purifying herself. When rid of the earthly body the spiritual can be acted upon with much greater power than before, and though words to this effect are not spoken, there are certain higher spirits chosen for all sections to throw this magnetic influence over those who would gravitate back, and as the skilled mesmerist in your world has a power over his subject, so are these souls brought up higher and power exerted over them, until a love of the beautiful is developed and they are quite willing to press onward, when they too become workers to silently raise men from the depths. Though our laws are not understood as are earthly laws, our intuitive brains readily understand the necessity of obedience in order that divine harmony may not be disturbed.

Though we have not the apparatus of earth life with which to form our batteries, we have the spirit, the acting part of all machinery that is needful for our work, and readily evolve from our atmosphere all that is necessary to perfect and bring about results adapted to the lives we are living. All that can be done to render the sensibilities more acute is done, and therefore the worst hell a spirit can have is when he fully sees the sins of life, and sits in judgment on himself. Other reproaches are not needed; but to view for a time what life might have been with all its grand possibilities, and what it has been, is humiliation indeed.

*Question.*—Are you correct in saying that you have no churches?

*Answer.*—I may have written unguardedly when I said there were no churches here, for in the first SPHERE there are not only places of gathering for different denominations, but efforts are made to draw others into their particular views. But this partakes so much of the earthly that it is the desire and the work of advanced spirits to divert attention from creeds and isms, and show such spirits how they are wasting their time. Thus all will after a while be intent on that which will promote the greatest good, and enable them to see that they have lived out their earth life, have suffered the hell they have prepared with their own hands, and now can find greatest happiness in the

aligion of universal love. So I would say that to the spirit of experience—the church idea looks very small—but it has to be outgrown as most of the experiences of the past.

*Question.*—Are there any church buildings and church organizations in spheres above the first?

*Answer.*—I have observed church buildings and organizations of Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and others, more particularly in the first sphere, but in the second sphere and third, though there are places for gathering together for worship, the people are more united; with few exceptions they drop the names of the old church and mingle together. Still there are monomaniacs on the church question even in the second sphere, who feel, though taught better, that their old religious ideas are right.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.

### PAPER THIRD.

LOW HONEST BUT MISTAKEN MINISTERS ARE RECEIVED IN SPIRIT LIFE.—THE DISHONEST MINISTER.—LAWYERS, GOOD AND BAD.—PHYSICIANS, GOOD AND BAD.—MR. BOWLES' PLAN FOR PUBLIC PHYSICIANS.—THE WELCOME AND THE UNWELCOME BABE.

During the years I have been in spirit life I have not been idle. I could not be idle there, and in this life that affords so many facilities for study, I surely cannot waste my time. Loving old associations, having a deep interest in my fellow-men, I have made a study of what different people experience on their entrance here. I have not confined this study to the good and great, but have sought those who were cast down on the scale, whose whole life had been a mockery, and whose entrance to spirit life would be the first step upward, for weary sars. I have watched and listened to the experiences of ministers of the gospel who were *honest* in their belief. I have watched for the coming of those who had made christianity a merchandise, but had not the spirit. I have watched the coming of eminent lawyers who had gained world-wide notoriety by their success, also the lawyer who would not hesitate at anything, if there was money in it. I have watched the coming of physicians who had made their work a part of their very life, also of those that, without consciences or thought, sent many on the weary road of opium-eating and intemperance.

I have watched the coming of some of these victims of a false system, whose first knowledge of the sin of any kind of intemperance began on

a sick bed, and I have prayed for wisdom to put before the world system of education, in which the nation shall make a provision for instructing a class of persons to whom every sick bed will not seem premium, but whose duty it shall be to care for a section of each city or town, watching its needs, and thus preventing disease, receiving compensation a stated sum from a public fund. (See further explanation at close of chapter.)

I have seen the reception here of the pure woman, and of one whose sale of herself had made her avoided by the pure. Even in children we have noticed the difference between those born in happy wedlock, welcomed to their homes, given pure thoughts when first they could think, and finally spared from earth life because disease had scorched the buds before the blooming time came. The contrast is great, to one born because it would not be killed before its birth, unwelcome every way, dwarfed in soul and body.

Truly this is a life of contrasts more outwardly felt than the other because of our power of thought, and also of our interest in every atom that shall go to make the great whole.

Only a short time ago, with others, I entered the room in which lay the minister of the gospel lay dying. Pure in his life, he had shed around him an atmosphere of purity. Charitable without ostentation, rebuking wrong with more than the tenderness of a father, he had for long years led his flock, but always under the shadow of the cross.

Death to him was going home—the tears, the sobs of those around him disturbed him not, and as he felt nature's last struggle his spirit's vision was opened, and he beheld some of us who were waiting. His smile lights up his face as he says, "I see my risen Saviour; Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and tenderly as a mother would bear her infant we bore him upward, until his father's home was reached, and he was cared for by his tender mother's hands. We will be his awaking I thought, and was kindly allowed to converse with him after he had rested. "Oh," said he, "and this is truth! Had it not been my desire to be good instead of bad, had I not lived religiously within myself and taught it to others, had I not striven to impress the Christ principle, and live it, I tremble to think what my experience might have been, for indeed I see there are no elect, save as we elect ourselves by a good life; and would that I could reach my old church and with a voice of irresistible tenderness, plead with them every day to be nearer God because there is more of good in them." I showed

so far as I was able, the contrast between the really good and those who thought to sin all their lives, and at last lay all on Jesus. And he too could see that such a doctrine was pernicious in its effects and retarded spirit growth.

But from this picture I would turn your attention to one who too was a minister of the gospel; whose brilliant sermons were copied far and near; whose strong magnetic voice made him powerful during revival times, but whose life was rotten at the core. He had lived a life in secret that many a day laborer would blush to read of.

He had enticed women from virtue's path and caused the lives of unborn children to be taken. Yet not by works was he to be saved, and so a little longer would this wickedness go on, until he should cast all his sins on Jesus, relying on the scripture which saith, "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow." Death overtook him. His past life faced him with paralyzing force, but he cried to Jesus and died with the name of Jesus on his lips. His awakening here was heart-rending. Instead of sins forgiven, his earth life was all before him. Everywhere he looked some evidence of the bitter past rebuked him. For spirit life is like a truthful mirror, and shows one just what he is. Said he, "I thought I could cast it all on Jesus, and be welcomed the same as though I had not really sought him at the eleventh hour." Poor deluded brother, dark is the way before you, and little by little must you be cleansed from the effects of a guilty earth life. Years, many years, must pass before the dark stains of a false life can be removed.

Children of earth life, this picture is not bright but it is true, and I would warn you to live daily a life that you would not blush to have exposed. Trust to no morrows for reformation. Begin within the precinct of your own life to cleanse from all sin. Then make the body a fitting temple for a pure spirit to dwell in. Be masters of yourselves. Cast out every cause whose after effects may be pernicious, and remember that to be a man—to be a woman in the truest sense of the word, is better than to be ruler of a kingdom.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

*Question.*—Mr. Bowles, please explain more fully your idea of a physician employed by the public to prevent sickness among the people.

*Answer.*—I will try to express myself more clearly. The present system should be changed. States should make laws and provide for colleges

wherein each student will be obliged to learn how to prevent disease, as well as how to cure it. Then by public tax, which would amount to but little per head, pay each physician for caring for his district, and attending the sick. Without other pay than his salary this physician should consider it his duty in his rounds to look after sanitary conditions.

He should establish a system that would be educational down even to the most miserable hovel, because it would be his duty to instruct those under his care how to keep well. This might largely be done by printed suggestions, teaching the lowly that filth means sickness, and cleanliness is akin to Godliness.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

**A KINDLY CRITICISM OF THE MISREPRESENTATIONS OF THE REV. W. T. EUSTIS, OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., ON THE SUBJECT OF SPIRITUALISM, GIVEN IN A SERMON SEPTEMBER 18, 1881.—MR. BOWLES HOLDS UP A GOSPEL MIRROR FOR THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN TO VIEW HIMSELF.**

Extract from Rev. Dr. Eustis' sermon, as reported in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Sept. 19, 1881.

“During his sermon at the Memorial church yesterday morning, Rev. Dr. Eustis discussed Spiritualism in this way: Nor again in modern necromancy, misnamed Spiritualism, with its mediums, trances, pretense of revelations, can I divest myself of the impression that there is something akin to the delusions of demons which Christ dispelled when restoring the man to a proper selfhood. This communing with the dead may be considered an idle sport, but I should tremble to have a child or friend of mine become the victim of this unholy dealing with spirits as a trance medium, since the unnatural nervous condition wrecks and jangles the spiritual harmony, and opens the door for the possession of Satan. Whoever carefully watches the countenances of the performers during these incantations will perceive that they bear the marks of being either gross impostors or deluded fanatics, or miserable victims, tools, if not agents of the great adversary of souls. Whoever permits the mind to be deluded by idle fancies, by foolish dreams, by wild fictions, or by lewd imaginations, endangers the proper poise and equilibrium of the spirit and is liable to that loss of balance which robs of self-control, even though we discern not the mastery of fiends, the possession of demons, which belonged to the day when Satan was allowed liberty for a season.”

**MR. BOWLES' REPLY.**

A few days ago, in company with others, I was reviewing instead of interviewing, the clergymen of our city (Springfield, Mass.), and I chanced to go into one study, where, wrestling with doubts as to the justness of his act, was a man of God, preparing a sermon for the Memorial church, the following day. (Love of place—love of home associations is ever strong in our hearts, and it would be a great height we would have to reach where we would forget our earth homes, and all associated with them.) I perceived, among other subjects, his mind intent on Spiritualism. But not until the Sabbath, did I realize,

in all its fullness, the stigma he would place upon a belief that is fast becoming knowledge to the people. Man of God, how blind you are, when you strive to give the lie to the only tangible proof you can have of immortality. In whatever school this worthy divine had learned his lessons on Spiritualism, what class of mediums he had visited, he evidently felt like telling his congregation, "I have been there, but it is wicked for you to go." "There's something in it, but it's the devil." He has in his surreptitious seekings for this light, been so unfortunate as to visit a class of media not yet developed for this work, and therefore not fitted to give those truths that such minds as his seek for. We of the spirit world, who think any means of reaching our loved ones valuable, can hardly understand how a true seeker for light, will call those mentioned in the Bible, as receivers of "spiritual gifts," "performers," and the manner in which thoughts are given, "incantations." These descriptive epithets ill accord with the charity of one who said, "And greater works than these shall others do," who come after me. Neither did he stop to think of the voice from heaven that said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Would the reverend brother throw discredit on the same God who ruled 1800 years ago, and in the history which is left, shows how nearly connected are heaven and earth? With the spirit of Christ for a guide, how dare he say, "They are either gross impostors or deluded fanatics, or miserable victims, tools, if not agents, of the great adversary of souls?" Did not the Christ say, "Judge not, that ye be not judged?" and how does he know they are the incarnation of all evil? The Christ spirit is far from you, I fear, when you seek to sway immortal souls by assertions that cannot be backed up. And if Christ did walk with his disciples, if a third person did appear on the Mount, if through the Medium of Endor Samuel was raised up or materialized, if a materialized hand appeared and wrote a lesson on the wall before Belshazzar's eyes, how are you to act, my brother? tell your people that the Bible is all true save that which treats of Spiritualism?" I fear you will have trouble. For were there not "discerners of spirits," "divers kinds of tongues," "interpretations of tongues," "gifts of healing," and many other gifts promised in this Bible?

Take Spiritualism out of your Bible and you have but a dull outline of facts that have only an historical value, together with moral precepts that are duplicated in much older books of other nations. But give to this book the Spirit, and fight not against its teachings, and you

have a book that will do a great work with human hearts. "I would tremble to have a child or friend of mine become a victim of this unholy dealing with spirits, as a trance medium," says the brother. We may tell his reason for shrinking from it if it be a truth, but were I to say to our brother that he did not reverence or love his mother, father, sister or brother, who is in spirit life, he would declare it an untruth. But surely he can have little confidence in them if he would not trust those he loved in their hands, since it is only natural that a guide from spirit life is chosen from those who loved you in earth life, and would no sooner work evil with you than a tender mother would work evil to her child. Brother, you are fighting against your best friend when you try to thrust the facts of spirit return and communion from your flock. You place a bridgeless gulf between you and your loved ones. You make God a terrible avenger instead of a loving father, and show that while you try to walk by faith you *will not walk by sight*. How lame is the philosophy that says, "*Souls are immortal, but no one knows it.*" Should you preach as I feel you believe, you could, in one sermon, sow seed for a rich harvest. You need not weaken faith in God, but show how much better He is than your people even think. And when they have only dreamed of the "green pastures and still waters," show them that eternal love has made the way so plain that the "gates are wide open," and that insignificant as humans are, they can add to the joys of heavenly friends by living pure lives and being true to God-like principles.

Come to the front brother, and be a man, stand by all your creed can give you that is beautiful; but remember that simple lessons which teach of effects following causes will be better understood and do more to protect your flock from the errors of the present era than striving (while you yourself do not even guess) to teach them *how three Gods can make one God!*

This is written in a kindly spirit—accept it in the same way.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1881.

## PAPER FOURTH.

**PEOPLE BEFORE DEATH OFTEN PROMISE WHAT THEY CANNOT PERFORM AFTER DEATH.—THE YOUNG LADY WHO PROMISED TO SIT ON A CHAIR.—LAWYERS, GOOD AND BAD, CONTRASTED.—WHY LAWYERS ARE SELDOM CHRISTIANS.**

The remarks of many people as to what they will do when they get into spirit life, is to one of experience highly amusing. Not long ago I heard a young lady who had for some time been in a decline, promising, if her parents would always set her chair at the table, she would herself occupy it in a way that they could see her, and enjoy her presence. Now there is not one in that family who at present has mediumistic power enough to bring out a tiny rap, and I thought, poor girl, disappointment awaits you; for though you will be able to sit in the chair and know what is going on at the home, under the present development, it will be impossible for your friends to have any tangible idea of your presence. As the child learns, day by day, its lessons, so spirits, ignorant of inevitable law, have to learn the way to reach their friends. For a long time it is like sending word, and sometimes third hand at that. But this may, in a measure, be remedied by a more perfect knowledge of the truth on both sides. The sooner each one of you recognize that there is an element in you that may, with your consent and help, be utilized by the spirit world, the nearer is the direct spirit control of your loved ones.

As I have before promised to enter into detail on the development of mediums, I will devote a chapter to that work at an early day, and in the meantime go on with the contrasts that have come under my observation.

Lawyers in earth life are seldom christians, from the effect of their deep study; the very essence of their work being facts, they cannot accept of faith, and though many of them for self-aggrandizement, unite with churches, yet their hearts are not in them. With some the uncertainty as to the future engenders a spirit of recklessness, and they strive to make themselves believe that the great summing up means nothing, nowhere.

I have studied with deep interest the facts connected with the entrance into spirit life of lawyers noted for their ability, also noted for working with greatest zeal on cases where they felt the right was on their side, and noticed that their earth experience made it much

easier for them to fall in with the ways of a matter of fact spirit existence. Yet the force of habit was so strong that it is not unusual to see them over here trying to "work up a case." Such spirits make valuable aids to lawyers in earth life, who are in any way sensitive, and who often astonish those in the court room, that notwithstanding the evidence seemed against them; yet so powerful was the argument that the jury fell under the magnetic spell, and turned the tide in another direction. What a power for good is embodied in every one of this profession, who comes to spirit life with fixed ideas of right and intent on good results for all the work they become interested in. And how opposite is the reception and the spirit work of keen men, who make law their stepping-stone to earthly gain, whether the out-growth of that work was good or evil. Uneasy in spirit, with a restless longing for the old excitement, they even in spirit life, until better taught, engender strife. The bread of earth life was gained by helping to carry on the antagonisms of their fellow-men. They had no sympathy with peaceful surroundings, but much with strife, and conscience, so long quieted by the powerful opiate of gain, awakes and reviews with them the past. It shows them wronged men and women who had been betrayed into the signing of some paper that would take their all. It shows them where feuds were encouraged, when a kind word would have brought about peace. It shows them fatherless children wandering in ignorance, while that which should have educated them by some quirk of the law has gone to swell their pockets. Friends, expect not spirit life to give you what you do not strive to cultivate in earth life, and if principle is not at the helm, and does not enter into all your undertakings, spirit life, the great revealer of the past, will bring up like a panorama before you, thoughts of

"Sins committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made but never kept,  
Hatred, battle and strife."

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 24.

## PAPER FIFTH.

SPIRIT LIFE AN OPEN FIELD OF STUDY.—THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH MONEY GETTING.—HE DESCRIBES THE ENTRANCE TO SPIRIT LIFE OF DR. DAVID P. SMITH, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND THE ENTRANCE OF ANOTHER PHYSICIAN OF BAD CHARACTER.—THE DREADFUL EFFECTS UPON THE SPIRIT ARISING FROM THE USE OF OPIATES AND STIMULANTS GIVEN BY PHYSICIANS.

The greatest minds are usually those who feel their inferiority most. Intense study on any subject shows the seeker he is only on the boundary of great possibilities. Spirit life is an open field for all honest students. The time has passed with us when money can be of any interest save as it serves to make happier our earth friends. Yet true to their old ambitions, some spirits study more for the moneyed interests of their earth friends than they do to know of the beauties of the beyond. And many in earth life of whom it is said "everything they touch turns to gold," have for spirit guides those who are trying to live out the old ambitions, and feel great satisfaction in coming so nearly in contact with that for which their whole lives were spent. That such guardianship is unsafe I need not say, for to every thinking man or woman there must come this conclusion; as so little of the life vouchsafed to men is on the material plane, compared with the eternity of the spiritual, would it not be best to spend most of study and thought on what would be of greatest benefit and for the longest time? I would not disparage any honest effort to gather around you what will give comfort to you and aid to the unfortunate. But I know from observation, that in the maddening whirl that surrounds most of the moneyed men of the day, there is but little time to cultivate those diviner qualities that *make the man* after he has bidden adieu to earth life. This grasping spirit is not only in those who make life a success as the world goes, but may be found in many who are always struggling for gold but never succeeding, and who lose no opportunity to gain something from a life just a step lower than their own. Would that all could see the necessity of a brotherhood so universal that just payment for honest toil is deemed right, and where one person's extremity may not be considered another's opportunity. But from these thoughts I will turn, and take up the tangled threads of contrasts where I laid them down, and give you a pen picture of the entrance of two physicians to spirit life. I have before me one loved and honored

in this city of yours,\* not only by me but by hundreds who felt his kindness when pain was master, and knowing his life there, knowing how he shrank from doing wrong or from giving medicine, even when his books stated that it was right; that when some hypochondriac must have medicine he often gave that which was medicine only in name, knowing that in earth life he had a keen sense of habits formed through remedies given by physicians; that often on visiting him, instead of medicine being given and a fee taken, kindly advice was dealt out freely; a man who in your city wielded a mighty power for good, and one whose memory to-day is treasured by thousands of people, knowing that my old friend's time had come and that he must loosen his grasp on earth life, I was at his bedside, filled with memories of how he had stood at my bedside, how he had cheered me, loved me, been my brother all the way. My loved friend had faced life, day by day, and been master of himself, and when the summing up of life's brief day came, he never flinched, but felt in his inmost soul that he had tried to do his best. It seems that nature herself, in taking her good men home, sometimes has power to put away every sad thought, every pain, and leave the spirit freer to experience the beauties of the much misunderstood term, Death. For it was with rejoicing my brother clasped my hand with his new hands, and said, "Life is a reality all the way through," and with not a sigh for the old body resting at last, he was eager to learn more and more of his new surroundings.

But an earnest crowd impeded his way, and kindly hands were held out to him in welcome. "What does this mean," he said, "these people, most of them, seem strangers to me?" "No, not strangers," said an earnest voice near by him. "These are friends, whom in your life as a physician, you have helped through sickness and trouble, and who now most gladly would render some tribute of their appreciation." "It was nothing, nothing," said my good brother; but a woman's hand was held out to him, and in a voice trembling with emotion she said, "*It is something*, oh so much. While in earth life my beloved son was very ill. Physicians were called in. For a time hope died within us, and at last, by use of opiates and stimulants there was a partial recovery. But my before joyous boy, was a slave to that which we thought had saved his life. Discouraged, and fearing I would never

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\*Springfield, Mass.

have my loved son back, I sent for you, and you, *gently* as a mother would guide her infant's footsteps, brought him out of that vile habit to which he was a victim, and by reducing each day the amount of stimulants and directing his mind to the importance of being master of himself, you led him out of that dark valley, and the result is an honored man, who cannot raise his hand high enough against that system which in giving artificial strength to the body degrades the soul." In this welcome to my brother there were many other touching tributes to the usefulness of his past life, and he, with tears in his eyes, grasped my hand and said, "It pays to be a man after all."

But turn with me from this delightful picture to the first days in spirit life, of a man who was a popular physician and a ladies' man.

Accustomed in earth life to the homage of those around him, well knowing that some of his prescriptions were given to shield a brother from the stigma of buying a glass or two, and to throw around his purchase a genteel air by calling for "medicine," our opposite character found himself very necessary to certain classes of people. I found that in being one to help ruin others he had not come out unspotted, and so in many instances this physician partook of the same remedies he had prescribed for others, and became himself a slave to habit. But he was wealthy (wealth had come to him from the sacrifices of others); and as all men who have gained distinction in the world are mourned when they depart, so was he mourned by heavy crape and outward signs of grief. With his first awakening here came disappointment, for he at the last, had thrown all on *Jesus*, and hoped, under the shadow of the cross, to have all deficiencies of the past overlooked. Not so, his hell began at first in memories and continued with upbraidings. Women with sad hearts and tearful eyes said, "Why did you for money make me a partner in crime and rob my unborn babe of its earth life? Its innocent eyes looking mournfully at me are a constant reproach, and I, the mother, am not deemed a safe one to instruct and guide it because murder marked its entrance here." Then there came to him men cut off in the vigor of their days, who through him had first tasted the intoxicating cup and wildly demanded of him retribution for a wasted life; women, with opium hunger so strong upon them that even spirit life was a terrible farce if they could not again enjoy the vile drug. And this tribute to the past they laid at his feet, reproachfully asking him if he were content with his work.

Theology, could you picture a greater hell than this? Yet it is no

fancy sketch, for all over your great land are physicians making by their daily practice these hells for others as well as for themselves. I hope that not one will draw back from the lesson of this sad life, but study well what it may mean to you, what it may mean to every one who, by daily forgetfulness of right, are preparing their own punishment; and to you physicians who have given the best of your lives to the study of how to cure sick bodies, beware that in doing your work you do not leave sick souls.\*

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1881.

### PAPER SIXTH.

MR. BOWLES' TOUCHING REMEMBRANCE OF HIS WIFE LEFT BEHIND.—

THE DISHONEST GROCER CONTRASTED WITH THE HONEST GROCER.

To spirits who have not long been residents of this upper country, there is a constant enjoyment in the fact, that though we are free to investigate all that would be our highest conception of beauty, yet at a heart call from any loved one we are permitted and helped to go back to them, shedding over their darkened minds all that is possible of light; and even if they should not be cognizant of the truth of spirit return they will wonder how it is the load is lifted from their hearts.

Such has been my blessed mission when the heart's great grief has prompted hands to train the ivy on my grave. I have reached down and whispered in heart whispers, love's own language, to one whom in earth life was my ideal of women, and who, now with heaven's light around me, calls out all the protective care of my nature. There always comes the thought, as her kindly hands adorned my earth home, so will I in gratitude for the past, so full of memories, beautify and make homelike *our home* that has its place among the many mansions.

But I must not neglect my pen pictures of the present in my anticipations of the future. The great number coming each hour to the spirit world, furnishes a vast field for study; and as I have shown you the effects of the lives of some professional men in spirit life, I will now turn to the more humble walks and show you the difference of feeling between men of business as they are ushered into their new homes.

I have in my mind a prominent grocer, one who in earth life had risen from the lowly work of a newsboy to a position where he com-

\*This paper can be furnished as a tract at 50 cents per hundred.

PUBLISHERS.

manded, and many obeyed. He had been successful, in the fullest sense of the word, pecuniarily, for no matter what calamity overtakes a people, they must be fed, and therefore when war sadly affects the retailers of dry or fancy goods, the grocer moves calmly on, making no change, save to increase the price of old stock, and be more exacting as to payments. This grocer, I would picture, had an eye to business every way; the most influential church of the place welcomed him, while his name often headed subscription lists that would have a wide circulation.

Few could so soon make good cider vinegar out of acids, or be so successful in re-adulterating all his wares, extra sand for extra sugar, although many would prefer to have their sand and sugar separate; fish so dampened as to present the appearance of having just come from the sea, and in fact, every thing to which sham could be attached helped to swell the pockets of our millionaire grocer. But death overtook him. He was eulogized and mourned there, then forgotten, save by the few whom the ties of relationship bound to him. Over here he is learning this lesson, for every cent that he willingly robbed the world of by his business, he must suffer unnumbered regrets. He would gladly reach back if he could only be believed, and make restitution for some acts, but it is a part of nature's plan that he must suffer on.

There came to him, not long ago, a young man who had passed to spirit life in a drunken brawl, and said to this grocer, "Do you remember me?" "No," was the answer. "Well, I can make you, for at the age of fourteen I was an errand boy, afterwards a clerk in your store, and would to God I had never gone there." "Why," said the grocer? "Well I had been brought up carefully by my mother, and above all, made to think that 'honesty was the best policy,' and that anything outside the strictest honor was a sin. My mother was not a church member, you were. She trusted me to you, and as the potter molds his clay, so you made me answer your purpose. I was taught every knack of the trade, and I could see, that with short weights and re-adulterations, at least one-fifth of all your gains were stolen.

"You gave me good advice Sundays, but my reverence for honesty had departed, and with a seared conscience I began to steal from you before I left you, and once having begun to go down hill it was easy; for one sin led to another, until every good impulse was gone, and my last recollections of earth life were a horrid mingling of drunkenness, vileness and profanity." "This then is my work," said the grocer,

“and now let us hand in hand, seek to purify ourselves, and when fitted, go back to earth life and lend our influence to purify business and teach men, nothing can be so trivial *there* that will not leave its impress on the soul after it has cast off the body.”

Scarce had I turned from this scene when I conversed with one of the same business, who in earth life had not been a success. “I tried to be honest,” he said, “but other firms were constantly underselling me, and though I could always vouch for the good quality of my wares, yet the multitudes would pass me and buy at cheaper rates, mixtures otherwheres. But one thing I have to comfort me, as nearly as any business person can keep up honor in all their dealings, I tried to, and I am confident I feel better for it here.” “And you will feel better when you really know some of the effects of your example,” said a young man near him, “for whoever you employed left you with a feeling that there was honor in your heart, that you carried your religion every where, and let it guide your actions. Though your harvest of money in earth life was small, your harvest of souls here will be great, or at least of those who have been made better men and better women by your life, shining out pure and true, where so many lives were clouded by their actions.” So friends, despise not “small things,” remember it is the littles that make the great whole. As men and women, use your reason, and see if when the days are passing so swiftly you have any time to do wrong, and see if it will not be better to cultivate your own conscience and not pin your belief on any uncertainty.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 27.

### PAPER SEVENTH.

THE GARFIELD FUNERAL ON EARTH.—E. V. WILSON RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE SINCE HIS ENTRANCE TO SPIRIT LIFE.—FANNY CONANT.—ACHSA W. SPRAGUE AND ROSA T. AMEDEY—TRIBUTE TO LUTHER COLBY.

A nation, aye almost a world were in mourning yesterday. Wherever the multitudes were gathered there was a quiet and mournful feeling, as though in the tribute they were paying to the dead president, there must always linger something of this sadness. But to-day the busy tide flows on. Emblems of mourning are removed, and the child skips onward intent on play, the woman on the duties of home,

the man, on his business. And it is well it is so, for hearts cannot always be sad; and, indeed, you have not lost your president. Nobody dead! nobody lost, save those who lose the light out of their souls and go wandering on in darkness. Blessed truth! It is the way out of all false creeds and dogmas. "You are giving room for the experience of many souls, my brother, now will you not give room in your book for the experiences of a medium who went up and down the broad land trying to do good?" And as I assented, E. V. Wilson grasped my hand and said, "Angels bless you." As nearly as I can in the words of this veteran will I tell his story.

"For some days I had felt an inward consciousness that the mortal was giving out. Sharp pains darted through my chest and heart, and there came on a general languor I had not before experienced in my many attacks. My blessed Mary tried to attract my attention in many directions; though she gave expression to little fear, still her watchful eyes were upon me, and I think the tie of love was never so strong between us as when we were waiting for the messenger. It came one evening as I was sitting in my chair, and my humble home\* was illuminated by the presence of numberless spirits. My old home friends pressed around me and carried memory back to childhood's days. Associates of later years with bright faces came to take me home.

"I was glad to go; my life journey had had much of happiness, but after all it was mostly up-hill work. I was not frightened, but rather looked with curiosity on myself rising up out of myself. There was the old body, and still I was clothed in a few moments in a body to me as tangible as the old one. Congratulations poured in upon me. Loved ones gave such welcome as never came in earth life, and arm in arm with dear ones we moved onward. 'Do you not want to rest now?' said an old friend. 'No sir, I want to see where I am, what I am, and what spirit life is. Coming over, as I supposed, ripe in the knowl-

\*Not knowing that this might be correct, we wrote to Mrs. E. V. Wilson to learn, and received the following answer: STAR PUBLISHING CO.

LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., October 13, 1881.

*Star Publishing Co.:*

GENTLEMEN.—Your card of enquiry has been received. You inquire if Mr. Wilson's "death attack came on while sitting in his chair."

Yes; he was sitting in his easy chair and breathed his last.

"Did he have pains in chest and heart?"

Yes; he woke from sleep and to all appearance was seized with a spasm of pain in his heart and all through his chest, and breathed his last very suddenly, only saying these words: This is death, or is this death? We could not tell which, and he was gone.

Respectfully,

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

EMERSON FARM.

edge of spiritualism, I confess I was surprised to find every thing so astonishingly real.'

"Then came to me evidences of my life work. I little thought when I was using the great 'sledge hammer' of truth that I should be able to meet the number I have, who readily own that through my mediumship they were started on the right track. Happy thoughts came to me of a past that had brought these results. My curiosity was so great that before I had been forty-eight hours in spirit life I had visited and controlled several mediums; and instead of feeling like laying down my life work, I began to look around me and see how I could do the greatest good. I soon found that mediums are just as necessary over here as in earth life; for instance, spirit life is full of undeveloped spirits, who get great strength from reaching back for those they loved.

"But lack of earth discipline has so weakened their judgment that near approach to their loved ones with a view to controlling some medium that they may reach them, so unbalances such spirits, that in many instances unreliable communications are received, causing the medium to suffer reproach and to be called a humbug, when he is merely the imperfect instrument of your spirit friends. Therefore to obviate this difficulty we endeavor to place around all earth mediums those who are medium spirits, so that thoughts may be more perfectly conveyed.

"You in earth life who think it so trivial a matter to visit a medium, and are sometimes so harsh in your judgments concerning them, little know the mighty power it takes to so arrange the spirit batteries that correct thought may be conveyed to earth. If every one, instead of disparaging an effort because it was not understood, could know how your loved ones watch and wait to send you tidings, you would at least throw out a more kindly feeling, and not work on the principle that the worse you can make a medium feel, the better messages you will get. I now stand at the beginning of this my eternal work, feeling thankful for every discipline earth life gave me, and I am more than willing to march onward, being a power in the spirit world as my mediumship was a power there for truth.

"And now I ask you, as brothers and sisters of earth life, to love and cherish my memory, by doing kind deeds to my family. I am thankful for all efforts in that direction, and I know that you will be glad to do that much for me, while I, from this side, labor to bring out facts more vividly than I did there.

"All the disappointments that spirit life has brought me have been happy disappointments, for eternal truth is represented to me as never before. I feel like bowing in reverence to the Powers that rule, and out of the discords of earth life bring up material for eternal harmony."

Before brother Wilson was through speaking, arm in arm came three of the pioneers in earth life, of the Spiritual cause, Fanny Conant, Achsa Sprague and Rosa T. Amedey. Said Mrs. Conant, "We realize the great work you are doing, and we as workers, who were among the first to lay rude hands on creeds and demonstrate the truths of spirit communion, would send a greeting back to the dear ones all over the nation, who have been willing to put their hands to the plow of progress, never to turn back. But more especially would we say to mediums, fear not if your work be ever so small, it counts, and every effort to fit yourselves for better work is seen and appreciated by earnest watchers on this side. For the comfort of those mediums whose spiritual work has lost them home and many friends, who constantly hear the sneers of those who surround you, we say, fear not, to be an instrument for the angels is no light thing, and though it may bring crosses and darkness there, it will place you many steps higher up in spirit life, and enable you to take up your work with a song of joy. Brother and sister mediums, try to feel the importance of your lives, and that you have received a baptism from the angels."

She then spoke feelingly of the dear old paper (*Banner of Light*) that sent out the messages given through her organism, and wished me to ask spiritualists all over the land to give aid in every way to Luther Colby (editor of *Banner of Light*), who had stood unflinchingly when his work was attacked, only caring if it was a truth, to demonstrate it to the world. "Angels bless him," said she, "and all noble men and women who have been willing to stand by a cause from its infancy, until it has assumed the gigantic proportions of the spiritualism of to-day." I find mediums in spirit life so eager for the dissemination of truth that no labor would be thought a sacrifice; and although I find believers in the Churches apparently earnest in their work, yet common sense and experience here teach them the motive power has gone out of their religion. No everlasting hell to avoid, no blood to help them out of past sins. So the summing up must be, the purer death finds you, the higher and more pleasing your spiritual work.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

## PAPER EIGHTH.

HOW OUR DAILY LIFE AFFECTS OUR SPIRITS.—THE TERRIBLE FATE OF THE MOTHER AND FATHER WHO CONSENT TO THE KILLING OF THEIR UNBORN BABES, AND THE WORSE FATE OF THE ABORTIONIST WHO KILLS THEM.—A SPRINGFIELD ABORTIONIST DESCRIBED.

I have touched upon the contrasts between good and bad people in professional and business life, and would willingly carry these contrasts into the humblest occupations of men, but I think you see my purpose, which is to show you that nature's laws have placed you as a resident of earth for a purpose. Those who have passed to spirit life see the great waste involved by a lack of proper education. Therefore it is our duty to help educate the earth people, and teach them the acts of life do live after death, that nothing is trivial, that every hour means something, either for your eternal happiness, or something to retard that happiness; and when a proper view of this fact is taken, it will show you that all time is worse than wasted that does not tend to purify, physically and spiritually. As weeds in your garden, in a short time, will far out-number its fruits, so you then, with the garden of the soul to care for, must see how much more rapid is the growth of evil than the growth of good.

I would have spiritualism enter into every thing, guiding the child at his play, the student in his work, and the statesman in his power, showing that all immortal souls are precious and capable of wondrous growth for good, or evil. While christians say of spiritualism, begone, they know not what a power they are attempting to cast aside. Neither do they know the help that would come to them by accepting the only real proof of immortality that life gives, save the records of sacred histories. But it is as idle for me to strive to open their hearts by little efforts of mine, as for a boy to expect to overthrow a mighty edifice by hurling pebbles at it. They must learn to let in the light as they have heretofore learned to discard the theory of infant damnation, or the doctrine of brimstone as an ingredient in orthodox hell fire.

After writing the other day of the experience of two physicians, on entrance to spirit life, my mind was most forcibly called back to it by witnessing a scene, where two motherly hearts were trying to direct the steps of one, who even in spirit life was a maniac. "If you take

me there and leave me alone, they will be running in and telling me over and over again that I murdered them," and screams rent the air after this poor unfortunate was persuaded to avail herself of one of the hospitals for sick souls. I listened to her story from one who was acquainted with her in earth life. She said, "No fairer girl ever lived than this poor sick soul at the age of sixteen. Surrounded by love, with all the advantages that wealth could give, she was the petted child of fashion. But the influences at her home were not ennobling. To look well, to dress well, to dance well, and to captivate the opposite sex, was the sum total of her existence. Yet even with these traits, there was much that was lovely in her nature, and had her mother seen the necessity of instilling pure thoughts and principles into her mind, she might have been saved.

American independence ought to place its children on too high an elevation, to have them fall down and worship foreign nobility. But such is not the case. To be honored by the notice of one of the class from whom our fathers fought to free themselves, appears to some people to be of great importance. The title of nobleman is thought to be of more value than the possession of a good character. Instead of shielding her daughter from such an acquaintance, this mother encouraged it, and at the age of eighteen, her daughter's virtue had been laid on the shrine of a false nobility. For this man was neither titled nor wealthy, and after borrowing all the money he could of the girl's father, while "waiting for funds," he disappeared. The downcast face of the daughter soon told its story, and the family physician was called in, and under strict promise of secrecy, a little life was sent on its mission to eternity. The daughter recovered; no one, save those interested, knew of this secret sin. Her heart soon healed of the old wound, and within a year she gave her hand in marriage to one in the same fashionable set as herself. She was young and gay, and could not give her time to motherhood, and so one after another, the mother sacrificed her unborn babes.

At last surfeited with fashionable life, she made up her mind it would be really nice to have a child to brighten up the house, and determined to allow nature to take its course. But nature always avenges her own wrongs. With all the care that could be used, she could not go beyond the month in which she had been accustomed to send her children to spirit life. This woman, in some degree, found out her mistake while in earth life, for when her lonely heart cried out

or companionship, the answer to herself was, "I do not deserve the blessing of children, I have given the best of my life to fashion. I have outraged my better nature, and now I am trying to give this poor remnant of a wasted life to bring forth that which all these years I have hindered." So intense was her thought on this subject in the weary days of sickness, that her brain became diseased, and she left earth and entered spirit life a maniac. The subtle chord ever existing between mother and child, tells her constantly which are her children, and their coldness and avoidance of her, is indeed hell to her. She laments for her lost girlhood, prays that the blight may not always be upon her children, but as yet no comforting interchange between mother and children has taken place. The children, so dwarfed to what they might have been, require the wisest care from the best of teachers. Sullen and suspicious in their natures, they are indeed a fitting tribute to lay on fashion's altar."

"How long before a better state of things will come," I ask? "So long," said she, "that children will be born in earth life, grow old, and come over here and find these poor waifs but little farther progressed than now. Though everything will be done for all parties that is possible, yet it takes a long time for the muddy fountain of an immortal soul to become pure."

I pondered long, whether this was a fitting subject to put before you here, or whether it would be rightly understood, but at last made up my mind that whether understood or not, I would do my duty; and if I can by this paper, stay the hand of one abortionist, (and I have in my mind one in your city whose hands are red with the blood from slaughtered innocents,) or cause one woman to stop in her career of wickedness, I would willingly face all possible objections, by saying I have only done my duty. Women who read this, search your past and see what will face you in eternity, and if you do not feel like taking all the responsibilities of married life, do not enter that relation; or as sure as continued existence is a fact, your sin shall find you out. Neither does the mother who allows these wrongs and becomes a partner to them, suffer alone. The husband, engrossed in business and society, may not stop to think *there*, but will be made to think *here*. The reproach to him is quite as great, for though his hand has not done the deed, he has paid the abortionist to do it, and therefore, becomes a party to the crime of murdering his own children. His manhood is debased, his self-respect gone. It is a severe punishment to go

for a long period through spirit life, with head bowed down, hard daring to lift it because he expects reproachful looks. We need gossiping women to tell tales here, for if we stop to read, each soul has more or less of a history stamped in indelible letters on his face, and spirit life shows us to each other as we are. But if the mother and father suffer in this way, words will fail to picture the sufferings of a person who has builded costly mansions, purchased fine horses, and every day been envied by his apparently less fortunate brethren. As before remarked, my mind turns to one in your city, who, though it may not be generally known, owes most of his monetary success to the taking of human life. He does not now consider it a sin, and as he thinks, will give wise ideas as to when there is life in the foetus, and smiles pityingly on ignorance that thinks abortion may be wrong any period. He is enjoying what wealth has come to him at the cost of life. He is respected, and now calls a class of patients from among the wealthy; therefore, is willing to drop the lower classes on whom he first tried his experiments. But if I could to-day draw a pen picture of him as he is, then another of what he will be in spirit life, it would make the stoutest heart quail. For in spirit life there can be no wealth, save that which comes from an honest life. When once a man is stripped of all adornings, he will stand out as he is, wicked, blot-stained; one more wicked than the traditional Herod, because the mothers wept. But in murders of this kind the mother is a party, and money, not power is wanted. Think of children fleeing as from a pestilence at his approach, for here children are not told untruths, and are turned off with careless answers. They are told the truth and know their friends will not lead them wrong. I can see nought but darkness for a long time for such a life. I would help many if I could, but the law is immutable, and must be obeyed. Men and women who have made this dangerous and unlawful practice a part of your life, I am writing to you, and I ask you to study carefully this chapter. Disbelieve it if you will, say all you can against it, but remember you will wake up in eternity to find it a dread reality.\*

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1881.

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\*This paper can be furnished as a tract at 50 cents per hundred PUBLISHERS

## PAPER NINTH.

EACH SPIRIT'S INDIVIDUAL INTEREST IN HIS OWN FAMILY RETAINED.

—THE VASTNESS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.—IT ENCLOSES THE EARTH LIKE AN EGG SHELL.—THE CHINESE HEAVEN.—THE NEGRO HEAVEN.—A NEGRO SPIRIT IS NOT WHITE.—THE SPIRITS OVER PALESTINE—THEIR IGNORANCE OF BIBLE SCENES ENACTED IN THEIR LAND.

The marked desire exhibited by all who have been long enough in spirit life to see the necessity of having a great work done for you, sometimes surprise me. Earth life gives the feeling, every one for himself, spirit life gives the feeling, we will work for reform everywhere. Still enough of individual interest is retained by most to make it easier to work for relatives, or to do good to some society in earth life to which they were attached, than to be too promiscuous in their efforts. Your world is vast, it would take a life time to visit its cities, towns, villages, and its broad expanse of mountain and plain. But think of it all and you will have a very inadequate idea of the vastness of the spirit world; for it envelops your earth as an egg shell does the egg. Extending out farther and farther from earth are the distinct spheres of which you have read. In the Bible the third sphere is spoken of where it is said of one, he was "caught up to the third heaven." As there are different nations on different sides of your earth, so I find that in the part which encircles China there is a Chinese heaven or realm in spirit life, also that which is over Africa is peopled by those enjoying an African heaven. And as it is natural for those of the same nationality to congregate together, I find that spirits from different races and colors, though they may visit other portions of the spirit realms, are much happier to have their spirit homes with those of their own kind. The idea entertained by some, that a negro is white in spirit life, is antagonistic to nature's laws, for as spirits retain their personality and characteristics, it would be out of place to see the color of an African changed while he still retained the thick lips and flat nose of his nation.

Here I will relate an experience I had while visiting a section of the negro heaven. In earth life, to have visited its corresponding country would have taken me months. Here to will is to do, and but very little time is taken up in changing places. "Would you like to see how the children of that wronged race live and enjoy themselves?" said

a brother who had spent the best of his days in the anti slavery cause, (Isaac Post, of Rochester, N. Y.) On my assenting, we were quickly shown the place where thousands of colored people were assembled together, many making gestures and talking in a language I could not understand, and showing signs of anger because certain little Gods which they had brought with them to worship (fac similes of their earth Gods) were not considered at all essential to the teachers there.

Heaven would not be heaven to a devout American negro, unless he could have real prayer-meetings. A more interesting scene I have never witnessed. Prayers, exhortations, singing, all carried on in that wild manner usual to the race, and "Bress de Lawd;" "His Kingdom's Coming" was sung with power by that vast assemblage. After a while quiet was restored, and men of culture, though belonging to that race, talked long and earnestly, showing them how to educate themselves and how they could help their earth friends. Their dark eyes were filled with tears at the thought of reaching down to loved ones yet in the bondage of ignorance, and helping them by arousing in them a strong desire for that truth which should bring them something better than life had yet given.

In all I could see of that vast number, there seemed to be a desire to learn, a desire to bring their spirit lives up to the same standard with that of others whom they had almost envied. Afterwards, in visiting their homes, I found each home corresponded with the taste and refinement of its occupant. Those children of sunny climes who come to spirit life from their own nation, hardly see how others can enjoy being shut up in four walls. Their rambling life had not instilled into their hearts this home feeling, and therefore education must do it.

Going farther on we found the children of the Chinese nation. Here I saw many sad sights. Their selfish earth life, their grasping after all they could reach without regard to ownership, has left many of them morally sick. It is hard, among the lower classes of this nation to establish order, so closely by their tastes and lives were some of them connected with earth life. In several instances I found such spirits in direct rapport with earth friends, enjoying the foul odor that rose from the opium smoking dens of China.

Sickened and disgusted with the sight, I hastened to visit better portions of their spirit realm, earnestly wishing for a time to come when a proper education shall be given to all the children of earth life. I that portion of the spirit world which overshadows Palestine, the lan

of sacred history, I found much that surprised me. In our land the Bible is by some supposed to be the source of light and refinement and the educator of the world. But adjacent to the places where the scenes of christian history were enacted, I found spirits who had come over in ignorance of the most common lessons of life. The highest I saw in that sphere, who had come from that famous country, could not compare in intellect or education with the average people of our own United States.

In spirit life, while watching the blue skies over Palestine, I felt like saying, "Heaven bless a country whose institutions have already given out so much light, and bless a people who consider education necessary to the masses," and turning from these scenes I gladly found my way again to my loved spirit home.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1881.

#### THE REASON WHY NO PAPER WAS WRITTEN TO-DAY, OCTOBER 1.

Madam, excuse me for not fulfilling my promise to write every day. I have been, in fact, to-day, taking notes not only of the hospital arrangements (alluding to the hospital for sick souls mentioned in the last chapter), but of the demonstrations made on the first public reception of Garfield since entering Spirit Life. It has been a day fraught with great interest to me, and one which will be of interest all over the land that loved him. You on earth will say impossible; in heaven he is one of the least, and they only honor Jesus there. Strange what ideas some have, thinking that when your whole land was draped in mourning, we of the spirit world had not enough enthusiasm to bring about any kind of a reception. But we did, and I will tell you about it. And you, Madam (the medium), will please keep yourself from feeling tired. We do not care for you to write any more to-day, but would like to have you rest as much as possible, that to-morrow, if your condition is good, I can give the two important chapters of which I have spoken.

S. B.

## PAPER TENTH.

**THE HOSPITALS FOR SICK SOULS IN SPIRIT LIFE.—MR. BOWLES VISITS ONE.—HOW SMOKING LEADS TO DRUNKENNESS.—HIS OPINIONS ON THE PROPER TREATMENT OF THE INSANE, AS DERIVED FROM HIS OBSERVATIONS OF SPIRIT HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE.—THE SPIRIT METHODS OF CURING SOULS SICK WITH OPIUM EATING, DRUNKENNESS AND SEXUAL INDISCRETIONS IN EARTH LIFE.**

A few hours were recently spent by me in going over the hospital for sick souls, spoken of in a former paper. Although spirits of this class are not actually confined there, when not attracted back to earth life, the scene of their former wickedness, they prefer to stay mostly retired in this and hundreds of other buildings of the kind, as the light of happy homes, the laughter of gay children, the smiles of the aged ones who have come up through great tribulation and come out conquerors, annoy them.

This vast structure had long halls passing through the main building and the two wings. Off from these halls, in each of the three stories, were large airy rooms, with numbers on the doors. On the first floor a part of the space was given to two large sitting-rooms and a library, filled with choice books. Musical instruments were in the different apartments, and the wide doors opened on lawns like velvet, while in sight were gardens bearing every variety of flowers that you prize in earth life. The building looked to me like solid masonry, and still with all its towers and pillars, it failed to give me an idea of heaviness, as do your buildings.

I found that part of the building occupied by drunkards very full, and in the department for the men, I questioned several, and found that the cause of their present lamentable condition arose from smoking the first cigar, or chewing the first tobacco. It was pitiful to hear them tell their stories about the downfall of their lives. One who had ended his career on the gallows, as punishment for a murder committed in a drunken brawl, gave me this as his history :

“I was born of respectable parents, and I am sorry to say, wealthy ones, and every childish desire was granted. I seldom see my mother now, for she is still in earth life, and the change I wrought in her is shocking to contemplate. She was so happy, so joyous, always making parties and giving me surprises, and never an unkind word from her lips. But now, oh God, what a change! gray-haired, sunken-eyed,

constantly mourning her son in hell, for she is an honest believer in the orthodox religion, and she never expects to see me again. But to go back to those old days. At sixteen I was sent away to school, not to one where order reigned, but to a school bearing the name of a place to fit 'young gentlemen for college.' None could afford to enter that school except those who were wealthy. As long as all bills were paid, the professors had but little to say about our conduct. There I learned to smoke. At first I was very sick, but I kept trying it until the boys did n't call me 'baby' any more, but thought I was quite a man. Finally new boys from the city entered our school, and we began to have surreptitious suppers, which we all helped to furnish, and different kinds of wines were introduced. From the time I drank the first glass I was lost. It was never on the sideboard at home, and I have since found out the reason. It was because my father dared not trust himself in sight of it, and dared not inhale the odor, as there was an hereditary taint in his nature that made him rave it. Well, our suppers and wild carousings went on, and one night, I remember, I most grossly insulted a lady on the street." "Can this be me now telling my own story?" said he, clasping his hands to his head. "Yes, it is all too true." "Well, I never went to college. I went home, promised our folks I would do better, and then, oh shame on me, I took a large amount of money from my father's safe, and fled. I visited California, sailed on many waters, and learned to gamble. Sometimes I would be without a cent, and the next day the possessor of thousands. My reverence for womanhood was gone. Sometimes I was troubled by dreams of mother, but I still kept on. You know, sir, a person seldom gets into the rapids of any Niagara without going over the falls. Well, years passed. My conscience became so seared I never whispered my right name, but went by different aliases, until the end came. Then I did confess it, and that's what broke mother's heart. I killed a comrade at the gaming table. I was arrested, and at twenty-eight years of age, ended my earth life on the gallows. At first I was full of revenge towards those who had compassed my death. I would flee from kind spirits who tried to persuade me to come up to this place. But their kindness has quite overcome me, and I find I have something to live for. Whenever I go to mother I find she, as I said before, has given up hope of ever seeing me, and I want to *surprise mother*. I want to get all these great blots that I can off my soul, so that when she comes over, one of the first faces she

will see welcoming her will be mine, and not a face to shudder at, but one to love; and when she knows that the great Ruler of the universe is so much better than she ever dreamed of, won't she be happy to clasp hands with her only child?"

"What about your father?" I asked. "Oh, well, he is n't like mother for instead of caring so much about my immortal soul, my name is a forbidden word, and he only cares because of the blight on the family name." "Do you have real physicians here?" "Yes, those *who read out and talk out sin from the soul*, the best kind of doctors, surely."

One after another had come from their rooms into the broad hall to hear this story of their companion, and manly tears were shed, because they too had similar stories of a wasted earth life and would gladly have told them. But I moved on to other departments and found women, who, as I have before said, were maniacs yet. But kind hands led them, the hands of those who had come in like conditions from earth life, and having received the benefits of this hospital, now make the most efficient teachers.

Looking at a class of those whose minds were yet deranged, I asked what soothed them most, and the reply was, music.

I went into the large library where musical instruments of many kinds were played by skilled performers, and it seemed that a glimpse of heaven came to their darkened intellects, and gave some thought of a beautiful future even for them. These maniacs were not violent as a rule. They were only so despondent that they seldom spoke, or were seen to smile. Some of them had come there maniacs from hereditary tendency. But I was told that it was easier to help that kind than those who were suffering keen remorse, either from committing murder, abortion, or any sin that weighed heavily on their consciences. I have not space to describe the great variety within that hospital, but I should think there were three hundred who needed special attendants and such kind attendants!

It seems to me that if in earth's hospitals for the sick and insane there was just a little of this kind of helpfulness displayed, the recoveries would be much more rapid and frequent. Never an impatient word, never a blameful look, but every one of these watchers have a strong magnetic power over these poor souls, so that when at their worst, even when so bad as to come back to earth life and commit some wrong upon a sensitive there, they can follow them, throw this power over them and lead them up to their quiet home.

As order is Heaven's first law, each watcher has his time for work and for recreation and study, and so that no soul is overworked. I think I hear you ask about the books in the library. "Are they real books?" Why not? Why cannot the beautiful spirit of your literature come to us, each work purified to make it fitting to teach souls? And why cannot there be many new books that have their origin here, and may yet by some scribe be given to you of earth? The books are real books, as you will find when you come over here. Our world is full of pictures. Do you think the great masters have been asleep all these years, and have not left way marks all along as they passed to the higher heavens?

So do not raise your hand against the materiality of the world I picture, for would you call any place beautiful, robbed of all adornments? And surely the bright land hoped for, and sung of by many a poet of the past, must contain all that can perfect it, and all that can answer to the highest conception of the beautiful in every soul that enters here.

I may have in a measure failed in my description of this hospital for sick souls, because I hardly know where to begin, and where to end, such a variety was presented to me. But, at least, I have given you the idea that whenever our power is strong enough to attract from earth surroundings, there is care for every sick soul.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 2, 1881.

*Question.*—Is not the method of congregating many insane people in one large hospital a faulty one in your world, as it seems to many to be so here.

*Answer.*—I do not advise it as a rule in your world, because I know the bad results as your hospitals are at present managed, (there being far too few healthy attendants.) But I do know that here the attendants are so numerous; the facilities for recovery so great, the magnetic control so powerful, that instead of this concentration of diseased people making them worse there seems to be a strife for recovery, and a joy as they see others getting better, for it gives them new hope. The first lesson impressed upon them is that they are not right, that they must grow out of it, and therefore they strive all the more for recovery.

Of course there are isolated cases where one maniac has to be kept from others, and surrounded by healthy intellects, but they soon pre-

fer to enter what to them is a school of progress, and make their own way up. As I think I have truthfully described as far as I have gone, I will after a time show you how gladly each one is welcomed to his spirit home, and naturally falls into the routine of home life.

You may ask if they are in that condition, is it not better for them to remain in their own spirit homes with their own friends? I say no, it is not, for the love of home, and the feelings they must indulge, render the home life dangerous.

Persons who have not the affections of relationship to contend with, can administer discipline and order with far better effect. S. B.

*Question.*—How would you have the insane treated in earth life?

Are large hospitals better than any other method? If not, what would you substitute?

How do you prevent the passing of diseased magnetism from one sick soul to another in your spirit hospitals?

Would it not be better in both worlds to isolate the insane from each other, and surround them with healthy magnetic people?

What are your methods for curing souls sick from opium eating, liquor drinking, or use of tobacco, or sexual debauchery?

*Answer.*—I hardly feel competent to give any decided directions about the care for the insane there, but I think the theory of always keeping them surrounded by their own relatives at home is wrong, for human love is apt to be too lenient to its object, so much so that insane persons in your world, after they find they have the power, will go beyond a sane man in cunning. Besides, except in places especially prepared, there are not enough persons to guard against attacks of violence. Therefore my idea of the care for the insane there would be, that those who were hopelessly insane and violent, should be kept as far as possible, (at least in different buildings,) from those who are suffering from a mild type of insanity. But the attendants there should be those who have made magnetism a study, and who know the power of will. Instead of the brutal force often used, and the dreadful "jacket" often worn, they should conquer by looking straight into the eye, and from superior will force, compel obedience. In the earth hospitals for the insane, there is not enough to appeal to the heart; beautiful pictures, a charming scenery on which the patients can gaze, lovely flowers given them—though they pull them to pieces. There will come to their darkened minds from beauty of color, and the odor, some memory of a

past that was brighter. In earth life many cases of apparent insanity are cases of obsession by some degraded spirits, whom we have not been able to bring into our places of cure. Therefore, if your land ever becomes liberal enough to receive good from any direction, much can be accomplished by allowing people in your life who have this mediumistic gift in a great degree, to go to them, and will away the obsessing spirits, even as in olden times, devils (bad spirits) were cast out by one mightier than they.

Each institution ought to have many attendants, so many that the maniacs will have their minds attracted to the doings of those who are mentally sound, rather than to the ravings of the demented.

Not only the attendants, but people of the surrounding country should study into the cause and cure of these sad cases, and as they go on labors of love to those sick in body, so should they become interested in the restoration of these diseased minds, and in an orderly way perform a christian duty. The feeling that the attendants are paid for it, let them do the work, is a feeling that never ought to enter into a human heart. Those diseased in mind ought not only to be a nation's care, but individual labors of love ought to be given freely to them all over your land.

You ask if it would not be better for those sick souls to be kept separate for fear of magnetic contact, or the passing from one to another of the diseased aura. I think that there have been wise heads and loving hearts at work many years to construct these blessed retreats for sick souls, and that they have acted about as wisely as it is possible for them to act.

Spirit life is too beautiful to have any home marred by a diseased intellect. Remember, in our world there is a power to control. So that a spirit cannot grow worse unless he is constantly in the earth sphere, and in contact with the earthly. But in these blessed hospital homes, as I have said, the first lesson taught those of diseased intellect, is that they are in need of help, and instead of their attention being attracted too much to one another, a healthy intellect has a charm for them, and the magnetic control of attendants over them is so great that there is a strife to get well. The home awaiting them is pictured out to them daily, and they are ever working to get well enough to go to it.

Hereditary insanity is not so difficult to cure as that which comes from remorse, arising from a bad life. In many cases where insanity

is produced in your world by some physical ailment, people are entirely cured on becoming spirits. They leave the insanity that came from the body, with the body physical.

But the sick souls we have to deal with in our hospitals are chiefly those who knew the right but chose it not. The methods of cure for drunkenness, opium eating, or any other evil, are usually the same. Such spirits are invariably found refusing to go with their friends to spirit homes, but prefer to stay in close connection with earth life, and seek to indulge again in the bad habits of former days. A sensitive who has given way to inordinate drinking, usually has several spirits around him, urging him on to drink more, as the spirit of the liquor is sufficient for a time to satisfy these poor souls. The breath of the opium eater is constantly inhaled by those spirits who were subject to that vice, and thus the finest part of the drug is utilized by them. In reference to your question of sexual indiscretions, I would say that every house of prostitution in your land has unknown numbers seeking sexual enjoyment through those of earth life,—and these houses are tolerated, nay in some instances licensed by a mighty nation!

These spirits must by kindness and pleading, be rescued from their earth-haunts, and taught step by step to hate their past lives. Not at first by showing them all their grossness, but by showing them what goodness there is in them, fanning that little spark into life, and then, when the temptation comes upon them so strongly that they escape from all our kindness, we patiently work right along and win them back. They are taught as much as possible to let the past sins die with the old body, and every thing that would make hearts happy by appealing to their love of the beautiful is shown them. They are also made to see the great wrong they are doing those in earth life, by causing them to do more than they would otherwise do if uninfluenced by these spirits. Thus gradually are they led up to the beautiful, and made to feel an eager desire to come out unspotted, and enter the homes of their loved ones, without the sense of utter unworthiness they feel when they first see their sin in all its vivid coloring. Blest spirit land, deep would be the wounds that sin could make, which the loving ones of spirit life could not cure.

*Question.*—What are the names of the instruments of music you saw in the hospital library?

*Ans.*—A fine piano, a harp, zithern and an instrument with which I am not familiar, which has some of the properties of the old dulci-

mer, a violin, guitar and many quaint arrangements for music around the room, presenting to me the appearance of straight wires, but when touched ever so lightly produced beautiful sounds. There was a large organ in an adjoining hall that helped to give depth to the music. All these were touched by skilled fingers who knew there was healing for sick souls in such exquisite music.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 2.

### PAPER ELEVENTH.

PUBLIC RECEPTION TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD IN SPIRIT LIFE.—THE DECORATIONS.—MUSIC.—GARFIELD'S FAVORITE SONG.—SPEECHES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENERAL BURNSIDE, HENRY CLAY, LORD BEACONSFIELD.—GARFIELD'S REPLY.

The great world of yours has shown an appreciation for your fallen President, never equaled in the annals of your history. From the highest classes of society to the lowest, his name will be a household word. Taking his seat in the presidential chair, and living a few months until the assassin's bullet struck him, full of anxiety for the greatest good to his people, he has made for himself a name that will ever live in history, and affords another instance where a good man became deservedly popular. But unto you as a nation, the spirit world look on this catastrophe as a discipline that must be felt, and hope that from among you there may yet arise another with a saving power, and that from the depths of politics there may, through this experience, be evolved something noble, and that this sympathy from others will continue, and that the government which will not be disturbed by the passing to spirit life of one man, will shake from itself the intrigues that false-hearted men have sought to make a part of it, and stand out still more clearly before the nations of the earth. But from the world's loss we would turn to the family circle, who mourn not to-day for a President, but the mother for the son she bore, the wife for the husband of her heart, while the children's anguished cry is "father, father." All other grief sinks to naught beside this great grief, and were it to-day in his power to whisper one word to them, he would turn their minds from the shock when the assassin's bullet did its work, from the long days of suffering, from the agonized prayers for recovery, from the alternate hopes and fears, from the death scene,

which was to him the real birth, out of the anguish, out of the shadow, into eternal life. It is of the risen Garfield I would write, and would that I could wield the pen with such mighty power as to make you feel what I and others felt, when over our beautiful spirit life there were joy bells ringing, and preparations made to give him who had taken blessed days of rest, a reception in spirit life. As in your world, in mourning for him, we had different points where gatherings were held. It was my lot to attend the largest concourse I have ever seen in spirit life. In your land there was great bustle in your arrangements; in ours the greatest harmony of action prevailed, each seemed to know his duty and performed it. Arches of evergreens entwined with flowers were frequent in the path he must go to reach the grand pavilion. Children with happy hearts strewed flowers all along the way.

The great stand was one mass of flowers entwined with mosses and ferns, and each seat of honor upon it was made beautiful by floral decorations, while silently, almost reverently, representatives of other nations placed the flags of their countries in a circle around our glorious stars and stripes. What a gathering! For hours the crowds approached, and quietly waited to welcome your late President. At last, he came with George Washington on one side, and Abraham Lincoln on the other, followed by those who had also occupied the presidential chair, next by the statesmen who have been long mourned, then by the generals and other officers of the army, both North and South, then by the soldiers, who felt that it was heaven indeed to see one whose very name they loved, then by the motley crowd, made up, not as your processions are, by curiosity seekers, but by men and women who have, in learning the lessons of spirit life, become purified and enabled to throw aside all thought of position and honor. There was on the face of Garfield a look of surprise that honor should come to him, but as they passed along and the song rose on the air, "Lo the conquering hero comes." he showed much emotion and almost awe, that he had clasped hands with George Washington. When all was quiet, a select choir sang, with some changes, as given below, his favorite hymn, sung at his earthly funeral.

**GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN.**

**AS SUNG AT CLEVELAND, SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.**

Ho, reapers of life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusted blade,  
Until the night draws round thee  
And day begins to fade ?

Why stand ye idle, waiting,  
For reapers more to come ?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why stand ye idle, dumb ?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle  
And gather in the grain,  
The night is fast approaching  
And soon will come again.

The Master calls for reapers  
And shall he call in vain ?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered  
And waste upon the plain ?

Mount up the heights of wisdom  
And crush each error low ;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,  
In service of thy Lord,  
And then a golden chariot  
Shall be thy rich reward.

**GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN**

**AS SUNG AT THE SPIRIT RECEPTION, OCTOBER 1, 1881.**

Ho, reaper of life's harvest,  
Yours was no rusted blade,  
And when the night was round you  
Glad victories have you made.

You stood not idle, waiting,  
For reapers more to come,  
When golden morns were passing,  
You stood not idle, dumb.

Yours was a sharpened sickle,  
That gathered in the grain  
From Life's great gleaming harvest,  
So mixed with joy and pain.

Your country called for reapers,  
It called you not in vain.  
Your sheaves lie here all gathered  
Upon this heavenly plain.

You mounted heights of wisdom,  
You crushed some errors low,  
Kept back no word of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.

This is thy higher mission,  
And in thy soul's glad birth  
Reach down and help the struggling ones  
That still are bound to earth.

You may think you have an idea of music, but it is very faint when compared to the music of our life, so full is the air of harmony, that it makes it far easier for those to whom music is life, to produce it.

Before the hymn was finished, the face of Garfield was hidden in his hands, and tears trickled through his fingers, and those who were nearest him said he whispered of his dear ones at home. Then, in a stillness that could almost be felt, George Washington, the father of your country, arose, and turning toward Garfield, said :

“Not only in my own name, but in the name of these my brothers (turning to a large number of his old comrades seated on the stand), who stood with me in the great fight for liberty, I welcome you to spirit life, and as the past, with its wild vicissitudes, its cruel experience of hunger, cold and pain, pass before me, I feel that we as founders of a great nation, are indebted to you, for not only on the battle-field, but by your example everywhere, you strove to cement more closely together a Union begun in feebleness and obscurity, but now second to none in the world. As this life is but a continuance of the one you have left, we ask you to join our ranks and be one to help guard our loved nation against all calamities. As I to-day clasp hands with Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and numbers of others whom I fought against as servants of the English government, I now ask you, brother, if any trace of animosity toward any party should remain, to let it this day be washed out by the tears a nation has shed for you. Let your heart be strengthened by the feeling that the spirit world opens its arms to add you to their number, and only asks that you join hands with us to form in more regular order a Protective Society that may in future shield the nation's chief from the assassin's hand.

“As you have found your way up to the presidential chair, I bespeak from you help to so order affairs that we may not again hear the mournful cry, ‘Our President is dead,’ and that in your own case, you may prove to a waiting nation that you are not the dead president, the dead son and father, but the risen, working Garfield. I ask you, sir, to continue to look with pity on the poor instrument of your transition, for you will yet clasp hands with him and say, even as one did of old, “I forgive you, for you knew not what you did.” During this speech there were often loud responses, but the mild chieftain of the past talked on, seeming to have eyes and ears for Garfield alone.

After music, which brought to hearts a still more tranquil feeling, Abraham Lincoln locked arms with J. Wilkes Booth, and stepped for-

ward. Joy unspeakable was pictured on his face, and turning to Garfield, he said: "My more than brother, I welcome you to this life with a glad heart. Although you might have done much in earth life to right the wrongs of a great people, yet you come not here to lay your sickle down. Your rest, my brother, will be work, work of such a character as will make the nation you loved feel you yet. Every year is strengthening our power for good, and every good worker whom the world mourns will be added to our list until our power shall be felt and our wishes known in the Senate, Congressional halls, everywhere that power is needed to give purity to law.

"To-day, my brother, as your heart turns to the old life, and a longing to clasp your family in your arms comes over you, remember you will not be separated from them, but by frequent visits to her who bore you, and to the brave wife who stood by you through the darkness, you will get your strength revived to work on for a cause so dear to your heart. Hand in hand, let us all work so efficiently that those in earth life who now mourn us as dead will soon bless us as living yet, and laboring for the greatest good. As to-day I clasp hands with him who shortened my earth life, claiming him as my brother, feeling that the stain of his sin has been wiped out, seeing in him noble qualities and a willingness to atone to the uttermost, I ask you to join in the work of trying to *humanize* Christianity in earth life. For, to their shame be it said, I have seen more of enmity and more of a revengeful feeling expressed among them toward Guiteau, the assassin, than I have among those who profess not Christ. If the Churches of earth still cling to the feeling of 'crucify him,' is not there great need for us to work with a will to throw over them a gentler spirit, and show them that earth life is too short to spend in avenging wrongs.

"Now with the glorious prospect before you, and with all these companions from a terrible war, to be helpers to you in this land of peace, let us resolve to leave nothing undone that will be instrumental in saving a great nation from the low, creeping spirit of evil, that has formed its secret organizations in the darkness of midnight, and will until crushed out be ever ready to strike the blow which will tell at the heart of the Republic. Brother behold yourself, not the emaciated Garfield, but a man perfect in form, and ready to reap new harvests in the upper country."

To report even in part, one tenth of the speeches made, would be impossible, for those who had known Garfield in his boyhood, in his

school-days, in his first struggles in his profession, and later his companions, officers in the army, were glad to give some little tribute to the man they honored. It was a touching sight to see General Burnside gazing with wonder at the newness of every thing around him, clasping hands with Garfield, and with much emotion, saying, "We have left our weapons where the old battles were fought, and now let us be ever ready to answer to the higher roll call."

Henry Clay then responded to the call for him by saying, "There is not much left unsaid, but I can say again, the words that are coming up from the great throbbing heart of this multitude. I welcome you and thank you for a life work that will shine on the pages of history, and inspire many to work on through troubles and vexations. Knowing as was written long ago, 'there is always room if you go high enough up,' I have the feeling that this sad lesson to our loved Republic will be the beginning of a new era, and that you, my brother, Samson like, will slay more of wrong in what was called your death, than you could, had you continued there, for it must set the people at work to root out the causes of such foul wrongs, and thus give an impetus to right, before unknown. I welcome you now to this higher work which cannot fail to produce effect in earth life, and make still more glorious the old Republic."

Lord Beaconsfield was then introduced. He said, "That in earth life this great sorrow had in a measure dissolved party feelings, and that now there was no North, no South, yet still more has it done. It has made a bond of sympathy between the old world and the new world never felt before. It has impressed the English government in a way never to be forgotten. Let us of the higher life, take advantage of this feeling, and still more strongly cement together these nations, so England may learn the lesson that crowned heads are not a necessity, and that the voice of the people must sometimes be heeded. And, my brother, I thank you that in the long days and nights of severe suffering, you did not let your soul down low enough to wish for vengeance on the assassin. I know this spirit of forgiveness will place you in a position to do much more good than had you come over tainted with feelings of revenge. I ask your aid in the future, and will most cheerfully render you all the assistance I can in this your new home." I will not tax the readers' patience with longer descriptions, but close with a brief statement of the little which Garfield said in reply.

"I find myself in a very strange position to-day, and I thank you

for your kindly welcome. But I want to forget having been the president, and strive most earnestly to be the man. I want to help my blessed mother, who is fast hastening to me. I want to guard my wife and children, I ask your aid in this; then as brothers and sisters we will go forth seeking for a greater harvest. I confess mine looks small to me, but I am glad, very glad to have it proven to me that every man must stand or fall for himself, that here we sum up the past and go on doing good. God is better than I ever dreamed. I see the great moving power of the universe has made all things right." And stooping he picked up some of the many beautiful flowers laying around him, and went off with his friends towards his quiet home. As the multitude departed, I could see that nobler resolves and more kindly feelings had come to many for having listened to the cordial reception given to a man who had done life's work well.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 2, 1881.

#### PAPER TWELFTH.

HOW SOULS SICK FROM OPIUM EATING, RUM DRINKING AND SEXUAL PROSTITUTION ARE RECEIVED INTO THEIR SPIRIT HOMES AFTER HAVING BEEN CURED AT THE HOSPITALS FOR SICK SOULS.

It has been my pleasure to witness the entrance into her real spirit home, of one of these unfortunates. I again find myself at the hospital for sick souls, described before. It was a gala day there; flowers and evergreens abounded in profusion, and the poor inmates looked, with pleasure upon the demonstrations, hope whispering to each of them, "My day of release will surely come."

The woman to go out of the hospital was one who in earth life lived gaily, assumed the responsibilities of marriage without a thought of its duties, and through the murders of her unborn children, became a victim to a disease, which to the wise doctors of earth seemed to demand opiates. Misfortunes followed and the habit became a necessity by degrees. This habit brought on that of drink, and she passed to spirit life a pitiable wreck of lost womanhood. She had been, as she said it seemed to her, ages in the darkness before she could see the beauties of this spirit hospital. Her friends who one by one had come over, often visited her, but until lately had found no remnant of their lost one. Gradually the dimmed intellect had been brightened. Music and all

that was beautiful had been used as a cure, when at last consciousness of her wasted past came upon her. She had, in company with guides, visited earth and striven to throw a better influence over unfortunates there. But the work of reform was slow, and the worst of all she said, "Is to remember that my downfall leaves a scar upon me in spirit life."

But she was turned from these sad thoughts, by the arrival of two sisters and several other relatives, and friends who were to conduct her to her future-spirit home. Through all the gladness, tears were shed at parting with those who had been her helpers out of the darkness. Many of those who had conquered, in a measure, the sickness of their souls, prepared to escort her to her new home. She spoke kindly farewells to those who could not go and almost sadly left the hospital.

"Why did n't father and mother come," she asked her sisters?

"They staid at home to make ready for you—and remember when you leave these doors, you leave as much as possible, the memory of your soul sickness behind.

"Strive, by being true to your work, to atone for the sins which have caused you these years of sorrow."

So they in pairs passed to the upper home, singing happily and feeling triumphant, as they rose from the first to the second sphere, visited a few of the objects of beauty near the entrance, and then joyfully ascended to the third sphere. Here was the home of her parents. Upon the broad veranda of a beautiful house, stood the father and mother, amid a company of guests and musicians. The soft light upon the festoons of flowers that adorned the veranda, gave it the charm of fairy land. As the company approached, the band struck up "Welcome, welcome home," the daughter again felt the dear arms of a mother around her, and the father said, "She who was lost is found, thanks to ministering spirits." A short address was made by one appointed.

Glad thanksgivings mingled with his words as one after another realized that the family was now unbroken. The woman who had lost so many years was asked to be most diligent in her work to gain time, and save others from falling into the same snare, and all of the company were warned that they had a work to do, not to allow bitter memories to come to this new inmate, but to do all they could to dispel debasing thoughts, and to remember that through great suffering this sister's robes were to-day nearly as white as theirs; that her experience had been her hell, and that they had no right to revive sad thoughts by asking her what her life had been.

If she chose to tell, listen; if not, consider her silence sacred, and remember that they could do much good by showing her how to do the most efficient work hereafter.

“Will she never re-visit the old hospital?” I asked. “Oh, yes, at certain times her presence will be needed as a teacher there, and one who has suffered so intensely will be a great help. We wish to separate her work in the hospital from her work in the third sphere, and show her that she must take the bitter with the sweet, for it seems sometimes hard to go back to the first sphere, after having been freed from its lessons.” Instead of the company all entering the house we were kindly told by the speaker that to this reunited family the hour was too sacred for intrusion. Half disappointed that I could not gaze into the very holy of holies of this glad reunion, I with others turned away and found employments waiting for active minds and busy fingers.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 22.

### PAPER THIRTEENTH.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES THE HELL OF THE RUMSELLER?—A WHOLE-SALE LIQUOR DEALER'S HELL.

There are different classes of rum-sellers, and therefore different degrees of guilt. While asking about the rum-seller, why not go back and ask about the rum-maker, who converts the bread of life into that which drags the soul down to hell. You of earth little understand this power of rum, which has in all ages been destroying the finer elements of man. As the rum-seller can scarce expect to handle without tasting, he is very often a victim, in proportion as he makes victims of others; not only a victim to these degrading tastes but a victim to the curses of wives made widows, children made fatherless and motherless by this terrible scourge. How does the man see himself in spirit life? Riches have come to him, and in his sickness, often the result of his habits, he is nursed in every way to alleviate suffering. But does this satisfy? No. I have just had a conversation with one who blackened his life by this foul trade, one who has before this expressed his feelings to the public by spirit messages. Said I to him, “For the interest of humanity, for the sake of your family left behind, will you give your candid opinion and your experience since your departure from earth life?”

He said, "I must begin before my coming over. I had gained wealth by the vile traffic. I had felt myself a respectable man, I had not dealt out liquor by the glass but had sold in quantities this liquor which has wrecked so many homes. So, during my illness, though every attention that wealth could command was mine, I began to have what I now know were visions. I followed in my mind one barrel of the vile stuff and saw its effects. My mind was so active that nothing could quiet my brain, it was so inflamed by "friendly glasses" that I was not cognizant of the effect of powerful opiates. My body might be quiet, but that everlasting thinking power would go on and on. I could see this barrel of liquor, from our respectable house, sold to a man who dealt it out in glasses and in the same place. I could see workmen who were returning from their work, with a week's wages in their pockets, money with which they were intending to pay for groceries and get shoes for their children's cold feet, beguiled into this den by demons *both in and out of the body*. I could see the liquor from our *respectable* house deaden the conscience, arouse the base passions, and finally in drinking and treating others, I could see the hard earned money dwindle to nothing. I could see the man return to his home, who, instead of the loving father, watched for and admired, was now a besotted wretch. The poor wife sent the weeping children into a far off corner, examined his pockets and found nothing. I think I felt the curse of that woman while lying in my comfortable room, and was almost tempted to have a fire set to the liquor still left in our firm's warehouse, and put a stop to business which then seemed to me *hellish*. But, sir, if my feelings were such at that time, I can not give you a true picture of what they were when my soul was freed from the old body, and my past life was unveiled. Kind hearts were around me, pitying ones tried to give me aid, but the blackness of moral darkness shrouded me. Sometimes I thought I would never try to rise, but attach my spirit self to one in some of the drinking dens of earth, and through his drinking, sink into temporary forgetfulness. But the lessons my pure mother had taught me, the thought that my beloved children were being daily told of their papa, who had gone to heaven, the hope that sometime (Oh, God, how far away it seemed), I might be cleansed, as helpful ones told me I would, buoyed me up, and I asked those wiser and better than I for light. They gave me hope, but showed me it was impossible to get out of this hell of my own making, until I had earned my heaven. So the weary days of hell went on. I tried to rise, but

felt dragged down to the level of my earth work. The costly monument to my memory was another pang. I felt that the money for that and also for the elaborate mourning for me had much better have been expended for the good of some of my victims. I would for hours gaze on the misery caused by the liquor sent out from our firm, and still be powerless to lift a finger to help them.

Oh, how my heart has ached, sir, to have the privilege you do to control a hand, that I might send a message back home, which would carry conviction, and cause my friends to see the necessity of stopping the wicked traffic, and of scattering some of the gains of sin broadcast among those who have been victims of this scourge; not to be given to the drunkards but spent in helping those who have been made desolate by it. But it would be useless. People are too well regulated in their ideas to accept of anything so unpopular as spirit communications; and so I went my weary way for months, reaching out to a light that seemed so far off. Oh! talk of hell! of actual burning! that is nothing compared with this conscience, which makes you close your eyes when anything beautiful is presented and say, "*Unworthy, unworthy.*"

As I turned away from this man, who had been a respectable wholesale rum-seller in earth life, I felt a greater desire for his bitter experience to find its way to every place in our nation, where this ungodly stuff is manufactured or sold.\*

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 22.

## PAPER FOURTEENTH.

### FORM MATERIALIZATION EXPLAINED.

*Question.*—In the process of Form Materialization, will you describe what you see on the spirit side?

*Answer.*—I have visited many circles for materialization to give this subject particular attention. I will take, for instance, a medium like Mary Andrews, of Moravia, N. Y. The earth friends form a half-circle, the medium being in the cabinet. The band of spirits who manage the circle are always in close contact with the medium.

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\*This paper can be furnished as a tract, at half cent each, or 40 cents per hundred. (Publishers.)

Spirits are attracted to this place by seeing in the minds of their earth friends an intention to be present. Such spirits, before the time set for the circle, often apply to the band for help about this process.

If these spirits appear to have strong resolves, and are not subject to paroxysms of joy or grief, and are willing to fulfill all imposed conditions, they are admitted for trial. They are taken to the medium and shown how to connect the spirit battery with the physical force of the medium. In this trial the real process is shown them, and they are warned against all intense emotions, as these will immediately dissipate the necessary power.

The people, by singing, have been generating and harmonizing magnetic force during the preliminary dark circle. The spirit is shown how to connect the batteries around the medium with the circle of people, so that the magnetism of the circle shall be filtered through the medium. Then that portion of the spirit body from the waist up is slowly materialized by a consolidation upon it of these minute particles, thrown off from the circle to the medium, and from the medium to the spirit. The clothing of the materialized spirit is also made from the minute particles that come from the clothing of the circle and medium, by the same process. Seldom, in Mrs. Andrews' circles, at the first time of materializing, are the lower limbs materialized, but the presence is upheld by spirit power, so the face can come to the aperture, and the lungs for a moment have power to speak. Any undue anxiety on the part of the sitters will often undo the patient work of hours of preparation. The second time a spirit tries to materialize, he learns to collect for himself these particles of matter emanating from the circle and medium, and thus builds up his form as of old. Where the strongest materializations and most spiritual ones are, I think if the mediums or frequent sitters should take notice, they would find their clothing wearing out much more rapidly than by ordinary use, as the spirit of the texture is being constantly used to make robes for spirit forms. There are many vexed questions about this subject. One goes to a medium, sees spirit friends, knows them, and urges another friend, equally anxious, to go, but they do not see their friends. Why not? Because both medium and sitter lack the elements necessary to form a spirit body, and therefore they must seek a new medium. We are learning this subject so thoroughly that we are dividing mediums into classes. We say such a medium could supply elements to help materialize spirits of such a character, disposition, etc., and the time will come

when the same spirit will not expect to materialize with one medium because he could with another, and you will also learn to study temperaments. So you would go to one medium, expecting to see your friends, and to another, knowing it would be just as impossible for you to, as for a man because he is a good blacksmith, to make a watch.

*Question.*—Are the spirits really in the materialized form, or are they outside of it, operating on it, like a puppet player on a puppet?

*Answer.*—The spirits are in the form for the time, and when the mouth speaks, it is because the spirit speaks, not because the form is acted upon by an outside spirit.

*Question.*—Of what advantage is a cabinet or dim light in the materializing process?

*Answer.*—The cabinet keeps the direct rays of light from the medium, and forms a covering for our spirit battery, without which materialization could not occur.

When we can substitute for this spirit battery a visible battery, with material wires of connection, making it easy for spirits and humans to act in unison, we will be able to throw aside the cabinet entirely, also to substitute a good light for the dim lights now used.

A bright light on the materialized body of one unused to the process would at once scatter the particles accumulated on the spirit body, and leave nothing that the natural eye could see.

In some instances spirits materialize and become so strong in the work that they can resist this effect of light, as in the case of Mrs. Eaton, of the Eddys, and others.

*Question.*—Why does the light scatter the forms?

*Answer.*—I do not know that I can describe why it does from anything observed by myself. I have observed the fact, and have been told that the chemical action of light on spirit materialization would prove as disastrous as it would upon the plate of the photographer before it is perfected. Light, instead of harmonizing and consolidating the particles, sets them in motion, and therefore, the particles collected by our battery are attracted back to the places from whence they came.

*Question.*—Why must the sitters be kept a certain distance from the door?

*Answer.*—Near contact with other human bodies than that of the medium would send the force of your physical bodies so strongly upon the medium that the spirit battery could not have the chance to harmonize the most refined particles. The spirit would have such a mass of gross

ements to contend with that no covering could be put on the spirit  
dy.

By sitting very near the cabinet the intensity of thought and deter-  
mination to see some one of these friends would be more sensibly felt.

Distance must be allowed; for these particles from the sitters which  
e helps to materialize are very gross. The emanations from the  
ont row of sitters must be sifted as well as those from the others,  
fore they are taken up by the spirit battery, since at last only the  
est parts are used, while the residue is attracted back to the sitters.

Some persons in a circle can contribute very few elements towards the  
aking up of the spirit covering, and often the finest and most useful  
rticles come from one or two of the audience. If interviewed they  
ould own to being very tired the next day.

*Question.*—What is it that enables a spirit to come out and walk to  
re person and not to another in the circle?

*Answer.*—The law is the law of attraction. It is because there is that  
the sitter's person which will help build up the approaching spirit  
rm, instead of destroying it. Spirits learn this law and can often  
ake hands with a person in the circle because of this harmonizing ele-  
ent, when it is their ardent desire to clasp the hand of another whom  
ey love. But in the latter case so strong may be the sympathy that  
give a hand to a loved one would so arouse the emotions of both that  
e materialization would fall off and dissolve. This has occurred in  
any instances, but with great risk to the medium.

It also lessens the chance of that spirit for further attempts to material-  
e, so great is the shock.

*Question.*—Why was Mrs. Twing invited last August by the spirits to  
ster the cabinet of William Eddy, twelve times at Lake Pleasant, while  
hers were not?

*Answer.*—It was because there has been for the last five years a  
rocess going on in her body, superintended by her guides, that renders  
er presence in most cabinets a help. Not so much from her sympathy  
rom the fact that if she could be spared from more important work  
r us, materializations of the finest kind could occur in her presence.  
e have seen the necessity of a cloud of witnesses, and are striving by  
aily applications of our batteries to fit others for entering cabinets  
uring materializations. I have been told by some who materialized in  
er presence in the cabinet, that it was like having something to get  
old of to be able to touch her hand, and be led out by her when the

cabinet medium was so entranced as to render it impossible for the to lead him out or to be led out by him. It is not the belief or disbelief of a person, it does not depend on their intrinsic worth so much as it does on the ability of the guides of both to utilize elements, which without this spirit battery, would go to waste.

*Question.*—What effect does it have on the spirit and the medium when they grab the spirit while materialized.

*Answer.*—The effect on the spirit is to so disturb the particles that they are set in motion directly, and therefore the covering of the spirit disappears in the air, and the medium, who is unconsciously the responsible agent for that form, feels as though all strength was taken from his system.

These grabbings of spirit forms have, as in the case of Mrs. Markes of New York, broken her mediumship and health, so that now her fear for personal safety is so great, that she is unwilling to sit for her most intimate friends.

Although there are fraudulent materializing mediums, who palm off their made-up shapes on many, yet it is better to let the wrong party claim itself by some act of the so-called spirit, than to be the means of breaking up the conditions of the circle, and ruining the health of the honest medium. I have often wondered at that zeal for grabbing spirits and detecting humbugs, exercised by those who every Sunday sit under the teachings of a man so gross out of his Sunday life, that the most elevated of his admirers would blush to have this life uncovered before them. They never grab him. S. B.

*Question.*—What causes the particles of matter to pass and adhere to the spirit body?

*Answer.*—The power of attraction. That is, the spirit body stands there like a magnet; you place particles of iron close to a metallic magnet and they will be attracted to the magnet. The spirit body is a refined magnet. The particles emanating from the sitters in the room after having been more refined, by being strained through the organism of the medium, seek the still more refined magnet, that of the spirit body.

A metallic magnet does not think, and hence the particles of iron adhere to it in spots, in proportion to its power over the particles, while the spirit magnet can think, and with the help of other minds dispose these particles so as to give a natural covering to the form instead of attracting the particles in irregular masses.

These particles really exist in your bodies, but they are not those which make the grossest part of your flesh. They are the finer and more spiritualized portions of your bodies. Undue excitement, after the careful preparation of these particles, is as disastrous to materialization as it is to disarrange with one sweep all your telegraphic wires and have nothing with which to transmit thought.

*Question.*—We noticed in the materializing seance of Ralph J. Shear at Dalton, Mass., last evening, that Mrs. Eaton walked out very slowly and carefully, that before she reached a point eight feet from the cabinet, she made a number of backward movements toward the cabinet, then pushed forward again. Will you explain this vacillation?

*Answer.*—It was because a mind struck her and had the same effect on her spiritual body as a real blow would have on an earthly body, save roused no feeling of anger, but only of pity.

*Question.*—What do you mean by saying a mind struck her?

*Answer.*—I mean that a person with a forcible will power in the circle, eventually said with a feeling of doubt, "I would like to get hold of her and see if the medium is now in the cabinet." Although there was no intention of acting with such rudeness, the thought struck her and made her feel like retiring before weakening her medium by allowing herself dematerialize.

S. B.

OCTOBER 21.

*Question.*—Will you explain the materialization of the lace we saw at evening at the seance of Ralph J. Shear, of Dalton, Mass.

*Answer.*—In writing of the materialization of cloth at this or any other seance, I must first impress upon your mind that there is present a kind of cloth or lace which is tangible to the spirit, but invisible to man. Therefore, in order to make it tangible to you, it must have something over it. The spirit lace was there all the time and acted as a magnet. When the spirit hands had loosened particles from the carpet, these particles were attracted to the lace, and distributed evenly over it, making a covering which rendered the lace visible to you for a few moments. However, in less time than it takes me to write this, the outside was taken off, and the particles attracted back mostly to the place of starting. I think you will find your carpet wearing out faster at the place where the lace was materialized than in other places, if this happens frequently.

*Question.*—Do spirits materialize clothing and leave it in the cabinet sometimes to be used at the next seance?

How do you materialize lace or cloth so it will last?

Have you seen personations at materializing seances? Why do spirits take that method?

*Answer.*—Yes, I have seen personations when the medium intentionally personated, knowing that for that evening there was not power enough to produce genuine manifestations, and being tempted by evil attendants to secrete clothing upon his or her person, by which to dress up and personate spirits who have at other times materialized, and come out of the cabinet. Mediums who are guilty of this, insult both the spirit and the earth friends, weaken their powers and find themselves gradually deserted by good spirits, who if the mediums were honorable would have helped them through all difficulties. When once a medium stoops to deception in any phase, he soon goes down hill.

However, it is different with the materializing medium who is entranced during his seances. Some spirits, selfish for the medium pecuniary good, and perhaps anxious to bring about good results for the sitters, see that conditions are unfavorable, partly on account of the members of the circle, and that the spirits cannot prepare a covering for the one who wishes to be seen. It is comparatively easy to materialize the clothing to cover up the medium and conceal his usual dress. These personations at times amount to an actual change of face and are very wonderful. Were the circle notified of the fact that it was the medium, changed to look like a spirit friend, the result would often be as wonderful as real materialization.

But this deception, claiming to be a materialized spirit when it is not, weakens the spirit for real work, and renders the medium more open to the influence of imposing spirits. We can never raise our voices high enough against any deception, either in spirits or human. We know that those spirit guides are not the best who permit personations without explaining them. In nine cases out of ten, these personations occur when a circle is held, and it is impossible for the real guides to control it; then those who are experimenters step in and spoil conditions for pure work, by the deception to which the medium is not a party.

I am not aware that spirits make their wardrobe and conceal it in the cabinet. Real spirit clothing is always ready, and may be with the medium all the time, but it is only the spirit of such clothing:

ou see. When wanted the battery must be used, and the covering at on this spirit texture, which makes it tangible to you. Spirit cloth made lasting when we so extract the particles from surroundings, at the attraction to the spirit web will be strong enough to hold them, and not allow them when subjected to the light to seek the aces from which they were drawn. This effect will weaken the texture of the earth cloth from which the particles were obtained.

When at last the spirit cloth dematerializes (as it will after a few years), you will see nothing but the dust from the fabric.

When cloth lasts several years, it is largely owing to a glutinous substance which we extract from the atmosphere, and apply to it, holding the particles more firmly to the web. Mediums for materialization, as well as all others, cannot be too careful in their habits, society, and in placing themselves amid pure and beautiful surroundings, so that all that is best in their natures may predominate.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 27.

*Question.*—Does a materializing medium derive any advantage from smoking?

*Answer.*—I see no advantage in smoking, chewing, or indulging in any bad habit. If mediums begin, they think they must keep on, and the cause to leave off would be to prostrate and unfit themselves temporarily for their work. But far better the rest, and loss of time, and suffering involved, than to call around for constant spirit companions whose who are eager to indulge these habits, and make their mediums believe it is necessary. The purer the bodily temple, the purer the spirit, and as a pure spirit always calls its like, therefore by your lives and falling a prey to these habits, you of earth choose your own spirit company.

*Question.*—What do you think of Mrs. Eaton's advice to some mediums to smoke?

*Answer.*—I have never consulted her upon the matter, but if she advises mediums to smoke, ten to one she used to smoke herself, and she enjoys it.

S. B.

OCTOBER 28.

*Question.*—Would it injure the process of form materialization to have a double-door cabinet, and a partition of wire cloth between the

two doors separating the cabinet into two rooms, so that the medium could be shut into one room, and the spirit come out of the other, thus rendering it impossible for spirits to dress up the medium, and bring him out as a personation?

*Answer.*—It would be a very good plan, and would not disturb genuine manifestations. I should advise a mesh made of copper and steel wire for the partition, as that would help to give force.

## PAPER FIFTEENTH.

### INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING EXPLAINED.

*Question.*—Will you explain the process of independent slate writing as given in the presence of A. H. Phillips?

*Answer.*—The dark space between the two slates makes a cabinet for spirits, in which they collect the forces and substances required. From the air they gather particles which pass in between the slates, and are consolidated into the form of a pencil. This pencil, by the will-power of the presiding spirit and the force of the spirit battery is made to assist in forming words, sent from the friend who wishes to communicate to the guide, who reproduces them on the slate. Even in the most independent of the writing, the brain force of the medium is used as from his brain, the spirits get power to help produce the visible word. They must have this force from the medium to assist in making the words visible to you, though they can produce spirit words on a slate without this help, but the words would be visible only to spirits.

*Question.*—What is the cause of the ticking noise heard between the slates? What is done at each tick?

*Answer.*—The tick is the telegraphing part, and each tick produces a word. Sometimes the words come so fast that it is like a shower of tiny raps; but each word is marshaled to its place in due order.

Sometimes the operator gives place for a moment to other spirits, who think they can do this telegraphing, but they find they cannot. Experienced operators teach others to produce the writing, but it takes about as long to learn as it does to learn telegraphy in your world. Many spirits show no adaptation to the work, and such ones must be satisfied with sending their messages by others. Still it is necessary to keep a great number of skilled operators, for few of you realize the

numbers of people in earth life who could, under good conditions, be used as slate-writing mediums.

*Question.*—Do you obtain any particles of matter for this pencil from the slates?

*Answer.*—We do a part, but other parts of the pencil must be gathered from the atmosphere and from the person of the medium. The pencil so made, does not of itself trace the letters, but each magnetic shock that produces a spirit word takes from the pencil a covering for that word, so it may be visible to you.

*Question.*—Does the pencil move along over the track of the letters?

*Answer.*—The pencil keeps near enough to the track of the spirit letters to enable the operator to detach some of its substance to make the white covering of the letters. The shock produces a spirit word, and that spirit word on the slate acts as a magnet, and draws upon its surface some particles of the pencil.

*Question.*—Does the pencil actually touch the word?

*Answer.*—It does not.

*Question.*—How can you put a battery between the slates? The space is very small.

*Answer.*—You must remember that earth matter is not impenetrable to us. It is porous. Therefore we are able, through the pores of the slate and wood to form our battery inside, and to draw from the medium and atmosphere all that is necessary for this writing. Our batteries need but little room, and when our power is condensed, there is but a small portion of the space between the slates needed by us. Put aside the idea of bulk and room necessary for bulk, and turn your attention to the finest part of matter. It takes quite a bulk of vegetation to produce one drop of oil, but there is strength in that one drop.

*Question.*—What caused the dots at the end of each word in many of the slate messages of medium Phillips?

*Ans.*—As the operator of the spirit battery produces words he wishes to leave spaces between them, and in holding the magnetic point of his battery an instant at the end of the last letter, while preparing to form the next word, the force of his instrument plays upon one spot and makes the white dot.

*Question.*—Does the penmanship or orthography of the message depend upon the education of the medium?

*Answer.*—The force drawn from the medium constitutes about one-fourth of the power used, and might in a small degree modify the

writing and spelling, but the acting spirit obtains from other sources three-fourths of the power, and largely determines the result.

*Question.*—Will you explain what Prof. Faraday meant by the “atmosphere that impregnates it,” in the following message, which was obtained between sealed slates, at Lake Pleasant, last August, in the presence of medium, A. H. Phillips :

“MY DEAR FRIEND :

The science of independent slate writing is but little understood. This writing is of no more scientific value than a few words written on the mediums’ slates. It is not the test condition, but the atmosphere that impregnates it.

M. FARADAY.”

*Answer.*—It was that the sealing of the slates expressed a doubt of the ability of spirits to produce writing under such conditions. I think he refers to the victory over the atmosphere of doubt which surrounded the slates. You remember it took four sittings before they could, from this atmosphere and the surroundings, produce force enough to cause the writing. There was a magnetism to overcome in both slates and sitters. Some of the sitters did not expect any writing.

*Question.*—How is slate writing produced when a pencil is placed inside as in the seances of Dr. Henry Slade ?

*Answer.*—The pencil is pushed along and governed by the magnet used.

*Question.*—I have heard some people say they thought the end of the spirit finger was materialized, and that the finger pushed the pencil along. What do you say ?

*Answer.*—I reply there would not be room for the end of your finger, and a materialized finger would take just as much room as yours. Therefore, it is an impossibility for aught save the mind battery of the spirit to cause the pencil to move.

*Question.*—Could not a spirit materialize his spirit finger at the end, and with the balance of his finger push the end against the pencil ?

*Answer.*—He could not. It has been tried, and though a portion of the finger might be materialized between the slates, it clogs the space, and does not dispense with the necessity for the spirit battery.

*Question.*—What is the matter with the brain development of a man who can see no evidence of spirits in independent slate writing ?

*Answer.*—Unless he can give good reasons for the production of the writing from other sources, he only shows a lack of development, a lack of the appreciation of facts. His mental status must be of a low order, if in taking away all spiritual handiwork he gives us nothing to lean on. But words do not always mirror forth conviction. They are the foam, not the substance. I think there are very few people so stolid as to believe when it is positively proven not to be the work of man, that it is a mystery, and must not be looked into. I honor the rigid churchman who expresses an opinion, even though he says it is the work of Satan, for it lifts him above his non-committal brethren, who, admitting an effect, refuse to study into the cause.

OCTOBER 26.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

### PAPER SIXTEENTH.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—MOODY AND PENTECOST REVIVALS.—MURPHY TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—FREE LOVE DENOUNCED.—TRUE MARRIAGE APPROVED.—MR. BOWLES' METHOD OF CONTROLLING THIS MEDIUM.—GOSPEL TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.—THE MISER IN HEAVEN.—JOURNALISTS WHO LIE ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.—THE BAD EFFECT OF WEARING CRAPE FOR MOURNING.—HOW COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL AND HENRY WARD BEECHER WOULD BE RECEIVED WERE THEY TO PASS TO SPIRIT LIFE NOW.—THE MUSICAL MEDIUMSHIP OF C. P. LONGLEY OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., EXPLAINED.—NO CHILDREN BORN IN SPIRIT LIFE.—THE SPIRITUAL CONGRESS FOR THE UNITED STATES.—WHAT HAPPENS DURING SLEEP.—HOW SPIRITS COPY OUR BOOKS.—SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS IN HEAVEN.—HOW SPIRIT PRINTING IS DONE.—SPIRIT TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.—FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMS.—HOW HOUSES ARE BUILT IN HEAVEN.

*Question.*—How does a Moody and Pentecost revival scene look to you?

*Answer.*—It looks to us like a play with many actors, and Moody as the Star actor. It differs from common plays in this, that Moody is thoroughly in earnest. Possessing strong mesmeric powers he has, without studying deeply into the laws that govern these powers, become

convinced that there is something in him, or in his religion, that calls sinners to Christ. He, therefore, is so enveloped in his own power that he makes mesmerism as much a part of himself as possible. Were cultivated, thinking people to hear a person without this power use exactly the words that Moody uses, they would think them crude and insipid, but under his strong psychological influence, and the influence of old spirit revivalists acting through him, trying to live over their old days, they bend the people like reeds in the wind. The people see the crucified Savior, and feel that for them these wounds were made.

People possessing in a measure this mesmeric power usually remain longest faithful, for it gives them a sort of leadership among the weaker ones of the flock. I remember hearing a friend, who had been to the Northfield meetings, remark that he saw the old revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, influencing Moody and adding to his power so much that the greatest height of religious ecstasy was gained. With Pentecost I am less familiar, but must say his oratory, in our judgment, is none of the best. While Moody has the strong magnetic influence that would move a multitude, Pentecost has that winning, gentle influence that will make some women and children willing to own they are sinners, if they can receive consolation from this chosen one.

I would not disparage aught that tends to make the world better, but certainly think that the fruits from the revival system are not sufficient to pay for the great outlay of means, neither will it atone to the parents who trust their daughters to attend because it is a good place. For they come under the influence of one man's magnetism sufficiently to make it easier for another man, with similar power, to subject them to his will for base purposes. This will account in a measure for many fallen women.

*Question.*—How does a Murphy temperance reform meeting look to you, and why is it that reformed drunkards so generally return to their cups?

*Answer.*—A Murphy, or any other Temperance meeting, must be backed up by a power that is unseen, or it will amount to nothing. You have observed that often when the tears, the persuasions of loved ones fail to accomplish this work, sometimes in one evening, under the exciting influence of a temperance lecturer, new resolves are formed. Such men as are in earnest in this work have about them an especial band of spirits to help throw out power. When they see a man feeling the force of an awakened conscience and of the spirit workers behind

the lecturer, they throw a double power over him, and immediately appoint from among waiting spirits those who will for a time, sufficient in most instances to cure the longing for stimulants, watch and use reforming power over their charge. But one spirit cannot always remain in the same position. By giving place to another for a certain term, they often find, on trial, that the change of guardians has not proved beneficial. This may give such a shock to the man's system as to incline him to return to his cups for relief. It is the province of these spirit workers to guide until they see their charge is strong enough to keep out of temptation, but often a spirit, undeveloped, takes advantage of the gap made by the change, and steps in, and with redoubled power leads the man back to his former vices.

This is the minor cause, the cause you cannot see, but I would not take one jot of the responsibility of any soul from him.

There are not many men and women in your world, who, if actuated by right principles and guided by kind friends, are not able to form resolutions for right that neither spirits nor humans can shake. I write of these hidden influences because they are facts, not to take away one thought of your own responsibility to yourselves.

*Question.*—How does free love, or frequent change of sexual partners, appear to you?

*Answer.*—To a good spirit it appears vile, because true love is lasting, and would spurn such changes. The fact that passion will be satisfied with one person to-day, and another a year hence, is an admission that it is only the most animal part which is called love.

I sit in judgment on some who, through force of circumstances, have had to live in intimate relations with those in whom they can see nothing lovely, and who have somewhere in the tangled web of life found those who call out all that is best in them. I know at such times the head is scarcely responsible for the action of the heart, and hidden friendships are the result.

But even this is dangerous. Be slow to enter the marriage relation. Study the object of your love in all possible ways. See if your adaptation for each other would take you as smoothly through the darkness as it would through the light. Work not so much for a law that will let you out of marriage easily, but for a law that shall prohibit some of these beastly marriages that are sowing seeds for misery.

You should get all the knowledge you can on this subject. In the first place, a similarity of age is necessary. Second, a study of disposi-

tions. Third, people of the same colored eyes, hair and complexion are seldom suited for each other. Fourth, a perfect knowledge should be obtained of yourselves. Are you fitted to become fathers and mothers? Is there any mental defect or bodily malformation that might be reproduced in your children? Look not to yourselves alone for hereditary tendencies, but far back, and remember that the marriage which results in reproducing yourselves is no light thing.

*Question.*—Will you explain your method of controlling this medium?

*Answer.*—This medium has certain guides, one of them a father, who passed to this life in her childhood. In controlling her I first asked permission of these guides, and watched them as they set what they called the spirit batteries at work. Could you see it as we do, you would see around her right arm numbers of spirit wires, each wire connected with the nerves of her arm, and also with the nerves in the spinal column, running into the brain. I wish a thought to go on the paper, I touch the wires and the words I wish to produce pass to the nerves connected with the brain, yet without leaving an impression there, and are then thrown back to the wires connected with the nerves of the arm with redoubled power. This force is obtained from the whole nervous system and, united with our power, produces intelligible writing. When it is possible to keep the medium's mind free from the knowledge that other languages are desired, and undisturbed by the extra force used, one language can be produced just as well as another, and the characters formed by the hand give no knowledge to the medium's brain, as she cannot read the writing.

*Question.*—Please explain further concerning your touching the wires around her arms, etc.

*Answer.*—The nerves first touched are those connected with the thumb and fore-finger about half way between the hand and elbow. This is a preparatory thrill, which is sent back up the arm and to the brain to arouse the brain force and bring it down to help. This thrill, reinforced by the power from her brain, then passes off the hand in the form of a word. We think in words and produce them in this way, but each letter does not have to go through this process.

*Question.*—Does the first thrill go off into words.

*Answer.*—The original electrical thrill is intensified by coming in contact with her brain, and then passes in a word from her hand.

*Question.*—Does the brain force of the medium modify the thought in that case.

*Answer.*—Not at all. It only gives strength to produce the thought without entering into her individuality at all.

*Question.*—Why then do you not reproduce more closely your old style of language, as you say the style of the medium does not modify it?

*Answer.*—Because of the helpers I have outside of the medium, those who are really on the inside track, and make me at the best only second hand.

*Question.*—Why cannot you control the thrills yourself first hand?

*Answer.*—Because those who have guarded her from childhood look upon her as their's, and consider it essential for her physical strength that they should keep up the old routine.

*Question.*—Do you operate the second from the medium?

*Answer.*—I do.

*Question.*—Who is first?

*Answer.*—The father of this woman, Solomon Skinner, who has studied into these laws that he may make his child an instrument for great good.

*Question.*—How do you change a spirit thought into our language?

*Answer.*—On the principle of the type writer. Such a key means such a word.

*Question.*—Do you touch certain keys of your battery to produce certain words?

*Answer.*—I do.

*Question.*—Why do pet phrases of the medium appear in the manuscript?

*Answer.*—Probably because the father's characteristics have descended to the daughter, and that he, in acting for me, sometimes renders my meaning in his own words.

*Question.*—Can you tell after you have placed a sentence on paper if it takes the rhetorical form you desire?

*Answer.*—I cannot, only when it is read aloud, or closely enough studied by your or her brain to give me an insight.

*Question.*—How do you ascertain when it is read aloud?

*Answer.*—I then hear, I think, much the same as you hear, and would sometimes use my editorial scissors could I have the chance.

*Question.*—How near to the medium do you stand when writing?

*Answer.*—I am a little back of her right side, seldom more than four feet. I have not made myself familiar with communicating at a distance as many others are able to do.

OCTOBER 22.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—When a question is asked verbally, or on paper sealed, how do you learn what is wanted?

*Answer.*—I sense it through the organism of the medium when asked verbally. When in a sealed or closed paper, I answer after the question has been telegraphed through the medium's organism to my understanding. The latter exhausts the medium much more than the former method. The written question is sent, unconsciously to her, through her brain and I catch it. In handling the folded paper with the question written inside, the medium renders the thoughts capable of being photographed on her brain, and still she could not tell what the thought was. The method is the same as with Mansfield, the New York medium. He does not sense what is in a sealed letter, but contact with his hand telegraphs it to his brain sufficiently for spirits working there to behold what is wanted.

*Question.*—What is the secret of the temporary success of those Gospel Temperance reformers, who ask all the reformed drunkards to put their trust in Jesus?

*Answer.*—The Christ principle is ever beautiful, and in calling on Jesus to help them they attract purer spirits, who often form a band, and throw an influence over those working for reform, that makes it easier for them to improve.

Also, the religious element connected with the temperance movement furnishes food for excitement, that in a measure takes the place of the old taste for drink.

*Question.*—Does Jesus really help them in person?

*Answer.*—No, he does not. The help comes from good spirits of those who were once mortals.

*Question.*—How is a miser received by you there?

*Answer.*—It has been my privilege to have conversation with some who were misers on earth; especially with one whom your world knew and lauded for his great powers of accumulating wealth. He was not a complete miser, for he gave when it would count most to his credit. He tells me that, for a long time, he felt as though he was ragged and dirty. He was troubled by memories. If in earth life he had put his hand in his pockets to relieve suffering, or help others to help themselves, it would now be absolute happiness. "But," said he, "My lack of good deeds for righteousness' sake is a constant reproach. I try to rest. I wake with the fear that robbers are around trying to steal my treasure. But I am stripped, I have no treasure. I feel alone. The joyous laugh

of happy childhood grates upon my ear. I wander around, contriving speculations for gain, and at last find that it has all past; no more money getting."

"Well, how do you amuse yourself?" I asked. "I have very little amusement yet. I feel like a tramp in earth life. I have cultivated no motive power outside of money, so here I am nothing. Gold and greenbacks are not legal tender here, so I wander on. Does n't it say somewhere in the good book my mother used to read, 'And a little child shall lead them.' I believe that I have felt more joy in the presence of one little child, with a great loving heart, than I have felt since I came to spirit life. Money is a good thing, but if I had made my money count in good deeds to the hungry multitudes, I might have had some treasure here. They tell me I shall grow to take real pleasure in something else. Well, I am willing to do all they instruct me to do. I will try to reach back, and do more practical good than I ever did in earth life. That is my only hope."

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 27.

*Question.*—How will the editor of an able and influential newspaper find himself received in spirit life, if he knows spirit return is true, and has secretly convinced himself of the facts, yet never admits them into his columns, and allows sneers and misrepresentations to appear against Spiritualism, because he thinks it pays?

*Answer.*—By experience I can say, "he feels very small." For to enter spirit life with its facts all around you, and the great majority wondering why you did so, and to have to read in their very souls, that though you secretly knew there was something in it, you never, for fear of lack of bread and butter, was willing to proclaim this truth, is a most humiliating experience for a journalist.

It shuts one up to be asked, "Did you have any idea of the truth of spirit return when in earth life?" and both soul and voice has to answer, "Yes." And then to see that they know what gross injustice our earth papers have done to this truth, makes me feel like devoting my whole spirit life to sending back a power that shall compel journalists to do justice to a cause that should be first through eternity.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—What effect on the health of body and spirit does the wearing of black for mourning have?

*Answer.*—The emanations, especially from black crape, clog the pores and render the whole body more inactive, as the coloring matter that enters into black crape is a blood poison, and would be deadly were it to come more in contact with the body. As it is, the particles badly affect the wearer; and other black goods, though not as dangerous, add to the clogging influences, and render people who dress that way languid. This dress, being a constant reminder of one's troubles, cripples the soul, for it points no higher than the grave. The time will come when colors as adapted to personalities, not complexions, will be made a study, and people will learn that clothing of some colors is life giving, while that of other colors is poisonous. Few people are safe in wearing black.

*Question.*—How would Col. Robert G. Ingersoll be received with you should he pass on next week with his present supposed belief in annihilation at death?

*Answer.*—He would be received as a worker for truth so far as he knew truth, and his iconoclastic labors would be appreciated, because in tearing down old creeds and dogmas he has left a space for other and more liberal thought. His earnestness in his work would give us an earnest of his future work. Therefore, though far behind what he might be with a different knowledge, he would be received here by many welcoming ones, with a hearty expectation of giving him a glad surprise. But often when the sun is down, and twilight gathers around him, the soul of earth's noted infidel links with that of his loved spirit brother and lately risen sister, and "one world is not enough" at that time. He reaches out into the great unknown, and reason finds a foothold in the beyond. When he comes we will welcome him with pleasure for there is something to build on in the man who loved his fellow-man far more to build on than in a great professor of religion, who carries upward his filthy heart, expecting it to be cleansed by the blood of Jesus.

*Question.*—How would Henry Ward Beecher be received were he to go to spirit life now, with the knowledge of spirit return, but lacking the courage to proclaim it?

*Answer.*—He would be received as one who preached the truth but not the whole truth, as one who worked for humanity, did his duty as far as possible without calling upon him public contumely.

Henry Ward Beecher *to-day* is doing a great work. He is carefully breaking up the old ideas, and giving new ones. He is daily showing that it is acts not blood that save men. He has clothed his thought on this subject in non-committal words, and were he to come to spirit

life now, he would be received lovingly, by many, whom he had benefited, but reproachfully by that class of spirits who, knowing his powerful intellect, his strong magnetic qualities, knowing that from his own experiences, and from those of a sister, he must have been convinced of spirit return, yet know that he has not made it publicly a spoke in the mighty wheel of progress.

This failure in duty would come to him as a reminder of what might have been, and the thought of the powerful lever he might have worked for the good of a sinning people would be a reproach to him, when he viewed it as we view it. Should this meet his eye, I would remind him of the force back of him which gives him his finest thoughts, of the power he possesses to sow seed for a great harvest. If he chose, he might unite spirit return and communion with his glowing thoughts, and teach people they are never alone; that the friend whose cold form was yesterday deposited in its resting place is to-day a living, working being, with love intensified. May angels and all that is good, spare Henry Ward Beecher until, with every beautiful sermon he preaches, the nearness of the two worlds is made manifest, and until he sees the necessity of urging his numerous flock to study into lessons that show them if a man die he does live again.

*Question.*—How do spirits give inspiration to C. P. Longley, of Springfield, Mass., the popular inspirational composer of music?\*

*Answer.*—In much the same way as other mediums are inspired. The band of spirits find that in his brain which they can use and therefore a magnetic current is established between his brain and that of his spirit band. Thus he is enabled at times, when his whole system is toned up in unison, to throw off from his fingers the notes and off from his tongue the words that find their echo in many hearts. But I find from his peculiar organism, that it would be impossible to as constantly control him as we do this medium; for music calls out and uses up the finest sensibilities of spirits or humans, so that after a song is completed it is no wonder that he feels this power is so far away that he can get no response. Four-fifths of the time must be used for recuperation. But were his mind easy, his heart light, less time would be required to set his physical, right for spirit work. Could more harmonious conditions surround him, music and words that would thrill multitudes, and that would give, while sung, to the hearers, glimpses

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\*See cover.

of the after life, with its "green pastures and still waters," would flow from him. This vision would give hope to toil-worn humans, whose feet are bruised by the rough road which leads to our heaven.

*Question.*—Do any particular spirits control Mr. Longley, or does he merely come into the magnetic aura of a general spirit band?

*Answer.*—It is a particular spirit band, three from the fifth and four from the sixth spheres, who unite to throw this force over him. He cannot call them to him for aid at any time. They use him when they have developed force enough to do so, and he is as helpless as a child, in reference to composing at other times. I could give the names of his band, but I am forbidden by them, as they wish to yet produce through his organism, music whose quality will be an endorsement of his claim to such guides.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 26, 1881.

*Question.*—Are children born in spirit life?

*Answer.*—No. We take up earth-born children as they are sent to us and perfect them. This is one of the duties of Heaven. Therefore, we have no children except those sent to us from your world—either in the stages of gestation or after their earth-birth.

And here let me repeat. All children are immortal from the moment of conception, and all intended abortions are murders.

*Question.*—Can you give an analysis of soul properties so as to show us what is immortal?

*Answer.*—I can give no better analysis than many scientific men already know, but cannot impress it upon those who have not minds to search deeply into the causes of life. To me soul is the finest of matter, and moves out of the body when the body cannot longer retain it by superior force. Soul, being substance, on leaving the body attracts to itself substance to increase its tangibility. I am now convinced that every man carries in earth life two bodies. When the spiritual body moves out it takes with it the life principle, and leaves the other body an inert mass of matter.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 30.

*Question.*—In your paper on the Spiritual Congress,\* in your first book, did you refer only to the Congress in the North American Heaven over the United States, or did you refer to other Congresses?

\* See Experiences of Samuel Bowles, etc., on cover.

*Answer.*—I referred to the Spiritual Congress for the United States, and not to the general gathering of the representatives of all nations, who sometimes meet, hoping by their combined power to help each other, and concentrate their force sometimes upon Russia, sometimes upon England, etc., and thus try to bring help to all the nations of the earth.

*Question.*—What change takes place in our bodies in sleep?

*Answer.*—While the body is at rest it is sending out feelers, as it were, or in other words, magnetic chords, which attract to itself new force, each element in the body attracting similar elements from the surroundings. The thinking part, ever active, withdraws from the body, and, save the magnetic chord of connection, is free from the old temple. It is well known that the spirit is separated from the body soonest and most harmoniously when the body is asleep. In this way you can account for so many entering into a state of coma from which they pass to spirit life.

*Question.*—How do you get at the contents of a closed book on our library tables so as to copy any particular page?

*Answer.*—We are able to do this by use of the strongest magnetic force. Rather than to take the trouble of examining your books we look in our public libraries to see if they exist here. If they do it is easy for us to consult them. If not in our libraries, and the author is in spirit life, we try to interview him. If the author is still on earth, we work around him, striving to connect from him to one of his books, some power which will make it easier for us to overcome the difficulties surrounding his earth books, so we can examine them as though they were pulsating with the thoughts between the lids.

*Question.*—Have you copies of our Shakespeare's works in your spirit libraries and how did you get a copy?

*Answer.*—We have copies of what Shakespeare wrote, while in earth life, and we have his later works which we would, if possible, like to transmit to earth. His former writings are dull outlines compared with what he has since produced. His plays here make up in spiritual beauty, for all that in his earth plays, was lax in morals. His great intellect is still leaving its traces in every sphere, through which he has passed. I do not know at what date his earth plays were re-produced in spirit life, but I do know that when a critic desires an earth book to be placed upon his table, a company of men who were experts in the printing art on earth are sent to the publishing house, and as the forms are made up, by your compositors, they, by a magnetic power you do

not yet understand, obtain spiritual electrotypes of the pages from which we can print copies by our refined printing mechanism. We utilize the force wasted in your printing offices, and obtain copies with ease. Our electrotypes are the spirit of your electrotype plates.

Even my humble work \* and this book I am now writing are finding their places in this upper world of humans, and the conclusion of this work is watched for with an interest beyond your appreciation.

As to the manner of printing our books it is by the use of the soul of your types and printing presses. That is (a finer one, suggested perhaps by earth offices, but containing only the essence of the science of printing, is used by us.) We not only have your books but can originate our own books and papers with ease. S. B.

*Question.*—How do you electrotype Shakespeare's works from ours?

*Answer.*—We have our spirit plates, which are the magnets. Our desire to produce a copy of the work helps to photograph from your earthly plates to our spirit plates.

*Question.*—Can you explain your method of printing newspapers?

*Answer.*—This in fact is only a repetition of our book-making here. Imagine a room in which something of the same machinery exists as in your printing offices. But instead of weary type-setting we have machinery with a great number of keys. Each key controls a spirit type word. These are arranged in alphabetical order. This machinery is so arranged that a person may sit with the manuscript on a rest, and touch the key that controls the word desired, and upon the form behind the machine the word drops in its place, and in a few minutes what would take you hours is well done. When the form is complete, we put hundreds of sheets of paper upon it at once, one top of another, and by throwing a strong shock from our electric battery the colors forming the words are represented upon each sheet.

I have a hope of putting this word process for type-setting before some mind in your world, who could make machinery for its use. You do now sometimes get our inventions. I wish I could, through this hand, produce a draft of this machine, but I fear I cannot.

B																			
A																			

Section of Key Board.

\* Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life, etc. See cover.

Each space means a word.

The alphabetical arrangement is like a pair of stairs with just width enough for the finger to touch the key.

*Question.*—Does the bottom sheet of paper touch the form ?

*Answer.*—It does, for each type word is made of a highly electric substance. Over the pile of sheets we place a still more powerful magnet that attracts and brings the coloring clear through.

*Question.*—Do you put the colors on the word types ? Where do you get the colors ?

*Answer.*—We do not put any colors on the word types, and use no ink. Our colors are made by chemicals. These chemical substances are attracted and condensed in the paper by the power of our magnets from the atmosphere, and the shock thrown upon the paper by the electrical battery reproduces the words on all our sheets. But you must remember our paper is not like yours. It is made from that which passes off in the making of your paper, and is, therefore, highly susceptible to the magnetic power we throw upon it. The word type machine could be made available in your world, but our manner of printing could not, as you have not yet elements refined enough to work with.

*Question.*—Are your word types made of substance ?

*Answer.*—Yes. They are substance to us, and we have boxes containing numbers of each word, so that when one is used another drops down ready when touched to be thrown on to the form.

*Question.*—As there are thousands of words in the English language, could your system be practical for us ? Would it not require a very large room to hold keys enough ?

*Answer.* We simplify our language, so do not require so many different words meaning the same thing. When a word is out of a box, a person quickly inserts it by the old method. In earth life I am confident these word machines would do away with much that is superfluous, and by study could be so arranged as to enable one person to do the work of ten. If the words most in use were thrown off by this machine, one person could supply the extra words. These keys should be so arranged as to make it easy for the eye, and by having raised letters, the fingers might be made sensitive enough to read without looking at every key word. It would require much labor before we could make the machinery in earth life fine enough to produce what we wish without occupying too much space. But it could be done, and by having men's wits there combined with ours it could be made a success.

OCTOBER 30.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—How do you extract the coloring matter for printing, as you say there is no coloring matter on the type form?

*Answer.*—Each sheet of paper contains a coloring element, which by the great electric shock is marshaled into words, and as the greatest shock comes where the words are, there is the greatest concentration of color, rendering the words plain for reading. The upper magnet is so strong that it draws the impression from the type words in the lower form with such force that the upper sheet is just as well printed as the one next the type, indeed more so, as the first three or four sheets at the bottom of the pile are spoiled because the shock takes the word impression out. They usually place paper of no value next the type.

The paper itself is charged with coloring matter from the atmosphere before it is used for printing, and the force of the battery, as I have said before, concentrates the color directly on each spirit word, as it is a magnet and attracts the coloring substance so as to render it visible. The upper magnet has no type in it.

*Question.*—Please explain how artists paint pictures in the second sphere?

*Answer.*—I have been into two studios here, and perceive that artists paint much the same as in earth life, only they paint more rapidly. They have this advantage by magnetizing their canvas and concentrating their thoughts upon it. They informed me that the outlines of their ideal pictures are produced on the canvas in lines of light, and the coloring can then be easily applied. To me this outline was not visible, to the artist it was. I feel more and more convinced that spirit life realizes and intensifies all that has been but a dream of beauty in earth life.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—How do you collect news by telegraph?

*Answer.*—We have reporters and journalists here who work, not for money, but to disseminate truth, and to report truthfully the incidents of spirit life. Our telegraphy is on the word principle, not by letters as with you. The susceptibility of agents along our different routes makes it far easier to get at the truth, and the whole truth.

Our words are reproduced by a battery the same as with you, yet our battery is the spirit part of machinery.

## SPIRIT TELEGRAPHY.

We have two kinds of telegraphy here, one for conveying news at different points where we have operators stationed, and which works much on the principle of yours. This form is used chiefly in the first and second spheres. But the more subtle telegraphy of the third, fourth and fifth spheres is brought about as follows: Spirits who need much help from each other, sit together in a circle, and become in close rapport with each other by these meetings. When one has an intense thought of another member of the circle who is absent, and desires his presence, the wish acts as a telegram to summons him.

The more you become acquainted with the action of one mind over another, the better you will understand mental telegraphy.

Telegraphy in all its forms, and other inventions, exist in our life long before they are thought of in yours, and are handed down from one mind to another.

## THE TELEPHONE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

The telephone existed here long ago, and our wires are so fine, the air through which they pass so clear, that in the third sphere they are used from one part of the sphere to another; for instance, telephones have been extended from the American to the English heavens, and conversation can be carried on at this distance with ease. But in the fifth sphere the sound of the voice, and even laughing in rooms where the telephones terminate may be heard without applying anything to the ear.

The reader will find an instance of this kind described in my visit to Professor Faraday, in paper twenty-fourth.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—Will you explain house-building in the spheres?

*Answer.*—They are constructed by will power. The materials consisting of the spirit substance of earth woods, granite, marble, etc., liberated as these articles decay, or are burned, rise, and are naturally inclined to assume the form they had on earth unless it is the will of the coming occupant, or of his friends who assist, to change the form. When this is the case our spirit dwellings gradually grow into the shape which is our ideal. This is not frequently done, as it takes great will power to produce the change. But among the many mansions,

there are houses which will suit the most critical taste. The architectural plans of this life seldom clash. When, by increasing goodness and growth in soul, the occupants leave for a higher sphere, there is always some one ready and pleased to enter and dwell in the vacated house. But the method of building new houses, is to you a mystery which I will try to explain. I passed a place where a new street had been laid out and saw the foundations of a house. Without the touch of hands the walls grew higher and higher, but so slowly that it was hardly perceptible to me. In forty-eight hours I visited that place again, and it was still higher, and the lower part of the windows were there. I looked at the floor and the wall and found that so far as it had risen there was nothing incomplete. No rough boards, each partition was perfect, and the parts of doors (the lower parts being finished while the upper parts were not yet constructed) looked very strange. Yet silently that house was rising. I asked what it meant, why it should so grow up above the ground? I learned that the earth house had been burned, and that directly under this spirit house, on the sphere below, the coarser spirit parts of the earth building had formed a corresponding house in the second sphere, while the still finer spirit substance of the original earth house had risen to the third sphere and was forming the house I was watching. I saw some of the still more refined particles rising from this third sphere house, and asked if these particles would help form a house in the fourth sphere, and was told that it doubtless would; but in the fourth sphere the substance was so refined that a spirit from the third sphere going to look at it could hardly see it; that we should have to become more refined ourselves to see it well and that time would give it more solidity. We should not think of occupying one of these new-made spirit dwellings, even in our own sphere until it had been constructed for some time; because the touch of our spirit feet would make an impress as upon sand with you. But time and spirit air and light will gradually harden this substance and make it habitable. I have not seen spirit houses in a state of decay. They grow old, but this appearance of age is allowed if the dweller wishes otherwise by will power he could make it look new again.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 9.

## DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMS.

## FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS IN ADDITION TO THE PAPER ON MEDIUMSHIP IN EXPERIENCES OF SAMUEL BOWLES IN SPIRIT LIFE.\*

In the first place, seven persons should make up their minds to sit for development. It is very probable that two out of the seven can be made instruments for our use. There should be four women and three men. Two of the women should have dark eyes and dark hair, two light complexioned; two of the men positive or dark, one light. Batteries made of copper and zinc should be worn on the feet constantly.†

The table around which the seven are to sit should be free from paint and varnish. Alternate wires of copper and steel should run under the table, the whole length, and each wire fastened around a screw which holds a piece of zinc an inch square. The legs of the table should stand on glass insulators, as should the chairs of the sitters. The feet should rest on panes of glass. Let there be a dim light and frequent singing. Let a prayerful spirit prevail, and an earnest desire for the best and purest influences. The little fingers should touch each other all around the table, and three-quarters of an hour spent at the table. Leave off when the time is up, as it would weaken the power for another seance, by sitting longer.

Two evenings a week should be given to this work. A box containing paper and pencil should be suspended from the under side of the table. When any one of the circle shows signs of being developed great care should be used not to push him ahead too rapidly. A person developing as a medium should be much alone, and never sleep in the same bed with another person, and indeed it is better not to sleep in the same room. No others should be added to the circle to witness the manifestations for a long time, as any new element disturbs. Great care should be taken by those developing that they do not remain with persons who make them tired, and that they eat the food which

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\*See cover.

†Mr. Bowles has given instructions for the manufacture of these batteries, and we have had a quantity made and can furnish all who wish, for twenty-five cents a pair, post-paid.

These batteries are very useful in promoting a better circulation of the blood. They keep the feet warm and improve the tone of the system, as well as increase one's power of mediumship. See cover.

gives most help. Vegetables, fruits and fish are better than meats and pastry, as the former food assists spirit forces.

In developing for mediumship one should not constantly think of the money coming from its exercise, as such thoughts repel the purer controls and attract only grasping, greedy spirits.

Finally, whoever becomes a medium must adapt his life as much as possible to this work. When this power is once his, he does not belong to himself. Because of the beauty of the work, and the amount of good which can be done, he must be willing to make self-sacrifice a part of his life.

But look up, realize that gifts of gold are not to be compared with the blessed gift that makes you a reservoir for the spirit world's thoughts, and enables you to give these thoughts out to hungry souls. Blessed mission, though not understood by the masses, the time is fast coming when to be a good medium will be to claim the love and respect of an awakened world.

S. B.

NOVEMBER 9.

### PAPER SEVENTEENTH.

#### THE RECEPTION OF TWO SUICIDES IN HEAVEN, WHO WENT OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

I have in mind the death of a couple, the man, a Mr. Howie, and the woman, a Mrs. Stuart, I think. This couple had been attracted to each other, although the woman had a husband, and the man a wife, so far as I can learn, devoted to him. But unseen power caused the couple to clandestinely seek each other's society, until in the home of this man their sin was discovered, by his wronged wife. Not much was said at the time, but an appointment was made, and this couple went to Niagara Falls, and after protestations of love, threw themselves into the rapids, and were carried over. Earth people had one version of the wickedness of this act, and we another. You called it infamous, as usual blaming the woman. We looked upon it as a sad fact, and went to work to rectify the evil as far as possible. The chilling waves changed them from earth to spirit life, at about the same time, and that guilty couple awoke, shivering with a deadly fear.

The realization of their baseness came to them in an instant, and the loving, tender words and looks before death were now changed to recrim-

nations. Pitying spirits were near, but not allowed to give hope until the time had come for such lessons. Relatives on either side extended friendly hands, showed sorrowing faces, but knew they could do nothing to avert the punishment, brought upon them by their own sinful passions. The woman blamed the man for entering her home under the garb of a physician, and in healing the body, polluted her soul. She wept and prayed for the days of innocence, now so far away. He sat stolid, but when told a home for reformation awaited him, spoke rudely to her, demanding her to come with him. But a gentle voice interposed, and said "she cannot go with you. You have forfeited the respect of those who knew you in life. You have made a mockery of marriage. You have lived unholy lives before men and the angels, and when discovered you sought spirit life to carry on this stolen happiness. This cannot be. Examine your own hearts, both of you, and see how mistaken you have been. A life together would cause constant recriminations, and the sight of what your earth friends are suffering from your infidelity would be but torture. No, the madness that caused you to take that fatal leap will be the cause of your separation here, until you have learned the hardest lesson of your lives, and that is to know yourselves.

"Mistaken mortals, did you think spirit life would give you peace in indulging in a wickedness that earthly friends abhorred? No, together you have sinned against all that was noblest, purest in your being; sinned at first in calling passion, love, and then again in letting the voice of an unseen tempter cause you to take your own lives. You have escaped nothing. Now, separately, you must take up your load of earth wrongs, and by helping those you have injured, help yourselves. After the worst of your guilt has worn off, after you have learned that there can be no atonement for your sin, save as it is lived out, worked out, you, the father of children, may be pure enough to receive them on yourself when their time shall come. Misguided pair, seek not in vain excuses to make this great sin appear small. Lay it not to insanity. No such insanity would have come had it not been welcomed by your sinful past. Live and learn, but remember in your separation that you must look back to your deserted companions of earth, and see if you are not surprised at the real beauty of character existing there. You have sown, you must reap, and willing hands will help you up the hill."

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—What additional punishment comes to a person for the act of suicide ?

*Answer.*—The person who commits suicide is shown the grossness and wickedness of the act, made to realize the possibilities that might have entered into his earthly existence, had he not cut it short. Often insanity is pleaded as the cause and justly so, but spirit life stops not here. What was the cause of insanity? Was there not some indiscretion. Some act or chain of causes in earth life, which produced that temporary aberration? All these matters must be considered from the beginning. If hereditary taint has caused it, then the question is asked, did you do all you could by living a pure life, and studying into the laws of nature and of your physical being, to eliminate this taint? Did your life tend toward that which was elevating or debasing?

These causes are reviewed and the man finds that instead of escaping from his trouble, he has multiplied it ten fold. And were it not for the help received from this side, these victims of themselves and their own impure lives must go on and on in misery. But spirit life is beautiful in its charity. This charity enters into most of the acts of the truly good. Therefore, for the suicide, who by this wicked ending to his life prepares his extra hell, there is yet peace.

S. B.

## PAPER EIGHTEENTH.

### THE FIRST AND SECOND SPHERES.

HOW PEOPLE MUST RID THEMSELVES OF FAULTS BEFORE THEY CAN ENTER THE SECOND SPHERE.—SOME GOOD SPIRITS STAY IN THE FIRST SPHERE FOR A TIME TO BE NEAR THEIR FRIENDS, AND TO STUDY ITS LESSONS.—JOURNALISTS AND PAPERS.—ART GALLERIES, READING ROOMS.—WHAT SPIRIT ATMOSPHERE IS COMPOSED OF.—THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SPHERES.—HOUSE-KEEPING, FOOD, SLEEPING, CLOTHING, ETC.

I fully realize that in my former papers I have dealt much with the Material, and its influence upon the Spiritual. From necessity my pen pictures have been somewhat sad, but, if I can turn your attention to the other side of the picture, and give you some glimpses of purity and peace, I know you will see there is much that is beautiful and restful

in the heaven about which I have learned lessons since my sojourn here. I remember that for a long time my mind was so taken up in trying to assuage the grief of my family, and in giving aid to my old enterprise (*The Republican*), that I did not note very much what was transpiring around me. I staid but little of the time in my spirit home, described to you in a former work.\* But the past few months have been replete in experiences to me, and I daily am led to wonder to what height of enjoyment of the beautiful it will be possible to bring the immortal soul. Though more beautiful than earth, yet I find in the first sphere the tastes and habits of earth life revived, and much that is gross clinging to the spirit. In my visits to the first sphere, and in passing through it, I have observed these forlorn objects, who gave birth to my papers on contrasts. Sorry am I to repeat what must, by sensible minds, be admitted, that the first sphere takes just as they are those whom the earth sends to it. A liar has still the propensity to lie, a thief to steal, a murderer to murder, a drunkard to drink. A corrupt man or woman is found in spirit life corrupt still; and their influence will be felt in earth life until they are taught, in schools for the purpose, that which will raise them higher. Nature with all her charms in earth life did not raise them higher, neither will it in the first sphere until what is corrupt is in a measure eliminated.

As earth life sends its inhabitants to the first sphere, so does the first sphere change its occupants to the second. Many quite good spirits prefer to stay for a time in the first sphere, not only that they may be nearer their earth friends, but because they desire to learn its lessons, and investigate carefully all that spirit life may bring to them.

The second sphere is still upward from the earth, and everything of beauty is intensified. Its quiet streets are fit places for men of thought to walk, and learn lessons of nature in her heightened spiritual forms. There is more of spirituality and less of that likeness to earth's pursuits. In the second sphere the careful housewife, in arranging comforts for the home, has more of an eye to that which is in its tendency upward than to that which will gravitate back to earth. I notice the books in the homes of the second sphere have more of the philosophy of spirit life, and of what is most necessary to be learned as one moves up higher.

There is actual life, but all of mechanism is on a more spiritual plane. Chemists are busy analyzing all that is new to them. The astronomer

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\*Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life, [see fourth page of cover.]

has in this sphere ample means for taking observations. Every student of nature, on reaching the second sphere, has a new volume before him. Groups of happy children play around their spirit homes, and I notice in their amusements no recurrence of the antagonisms of the earth or of the first sphere.

Journalists here can give news to the waiting multitudes. Events transpiring in the higher spheres as well as those in the first and on the earth are published. Our papers are as tangible to us as yours to you; and our subtle power of telegraphy gives us advantages far greater than you can imagine. The hard work, the ponderous machinery of an earthly office give place to that which is light, easily manipulated, and of which the moving power is the will of the operator.

There are times when it seems best for those interested to visit gatherings that instruct us; but teaching is not nearly as laborious as with you. Through the great telegraphy of this sphere workers are made cognizant of facts and events transpiring at a vast distance from them. The artist can bring out on his canvas pictures which will immortalize him in the sphere in which he is working, with much greater ease than he could paint the most common picture in the old life with the old materials. I notice in the second sphere many art galleries, many reading-rooms, in fact whole buildings for public use, in which the highest works of art, literature, or of mechanical skill, are placed on exhibition and for the use of the multitude, not that the owners expect sales to follow as in earth life. No, money is not the motive power now. Yet I can see that much of ambition enters into these works, and that the appreciation shown them by wise minds, stimulates the artists to still greater exertions. As I have walked through these lovely palaces of art and seen the beauty everywhere, I have wondered how long it would take for some of the marred souls I had pitied to reach this sphere.

I notice in the second sphere the growing love of harmony. Through all their pursuits they seldom feel like raising their voices in anger. I have seen beautiful women here who tell me they were once as much to be pitied as some I have told you of. But now it's over, they say, "we are happy." "Have you no regrets, no remorse now?" I asked. "The scar is left yet, but thank heaven, my children are reconciled to me."

"How long did you remain in the first sphere?" "It must have been very many years before we were for any length of time out of the hospital, and when released we taught there some time; then we remained in the first sphere waiting for our children to come up to the

proper standard before they could come with us to this home." I asked a lady why she and her children always had the same Indian guide. She replied that the Indian maiden was in spirit life while she was in earth life. "The Indian finding I was a sensitive attached herself to me, and tried to turn me from the course I was taking. She has staid with me and my children ever since, seeming most happy to serve us, and her pure natural spirit has been a great help to me." I was curious to know if the Indian girl would not be better pleased with people of her own nation. She said she could go to see them when she wished, but she loved best to be with her white friends. There are convenient places where every few hours the people may assemble and listen to beautiful truths, taught by those who come from still higher spheres.

OCTOBER 10.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—How far above the surface of our earth does our atmosphere, composed of oxygen and nitrogen gases, extend?

*Answer.*—The how far I must beg not to answer yet, but until it merges into the spirit of air which finds its way through all passages, and is so subtle and penetrating as to pass through the first belt (sphere), and thus furnish the atmosphere for the first sphere. This atmosphere grows still more fine in its properties, and rises to the next sphere. It would be difficult for the most skilled judgment to find the line where your atmosphere ceases and spirit atmosphere begins. In ascending in balloons this is often felt to some degree, rendering the balloonists scarcely able to breathe.

This purification is going on for miles of space before this earthly atmosphere gives place to the purely spiritual air.

*Question.*—What kind of matter lies between the first and second spheres?

*Answer.*—The solid part of the spirit of matter is that on which our homes are built, and which answers to your earth. That which is above is our atmosphere, and it extends up to the belt of the next sphere. This atmosphere consists of the spirit of your atmosphere much refined.

*Question.*—Of what is the substance of the first and second spheres composed?

*Answer.*—It is composed of the spirit of earthly matter, the same as our atmosphere is composed of the spirit of the elements entering into your earth atmosphere.

*Question.*—Of what elements is your atmosphere composed?

*Answer.*—This is a question to which, as yet, I have given little attention. Those who have made it a study declare that the elements are the spirit of the oxygen, nitrogen, etc., of which your air is composed. It is this finer part which fulfills its duty in spirit life.

*Question.*—Can you explain how housekeeping is done? You allude to the careful housewife.

*Answer.*—I mean that a woman, who has all her life been one of the troubled Marthas, would feel she was suffering torments with nothing to do. While the drudgery is left out, while our clothes require no washing, there are certain duties that must be attended to. If I tell you of our spirit food you will hardly believe it. But from the frequent apertures that give passages from one sphere to another, there are what to you would seem to be pipes, running under ground, but near the surface. By a law, that is as natural as for wheat to grow with you, some of your grosser food, such as meats of different kinds and other things, while being cooked in your earth, throw off a substance to us. This substance, condensed at different places, which correspond to your shops, is dealt out to the people here. The first sphere gets that next to the actual meat, but the finer parts of that which rises to the first sphere goes still higher to the second sphere, feeding the dwellers there, and the still finer essence of this rises to the third sphere, affording sustenance to its inhabitants, and so on. We are thus fed by what rises from your earth in addition to the natural products of our own spheres. These viands require spirit dishes of many kinds, which must be taken care of by somebody.

In every household there is one who feels happier to busy herself in the light labor of housework than she would be to teach or pursue studies that tax her mentality. These housekeeping spirits are not of a low order necessarily, for the doing of any work well produces a feeling of refinement here. I have examined these housekeeping arrangements in every sphere I have visited, and find that such housework is necessary as tends to the comfort of the spiritual body. In the first sphere I have found the cares and perplexities of the housewife nearly as great as in earth life. But the higher the sphere the more refined is everything which enters it. I know that in the third sphere we have our times for rest, our beds to rest in, which are just as essential to our spiritual bodies as beds are to your earth bodies.

Our chambers are large and airy, each person preferring one by him-

self. They are tastefully furnished with the spirit of what appears in your chambers. It is just as necessary for us to air our rooms, our beds, and be cleanly, as it is for you. But much labor is saved in our style of dress. A few manipulations will do what the labor of washing and ironing will do with you. We have meals regularly as you do. Each sphere furnishes in fruit, grain, etc., what its inhabitants need, but all that comes to us of the finest part of animal food comes from your earth if I understand it rightly. I have heard spirits speak of fish in our streams, which some utilize as food, but cannot say from my experience that this is so. No life is taken here to satisfy hunger. These things may occur in the first sphere, but I have not been cognizant of it. The labor of cooking is not much. Heat is used for preparing some of the viands which supply our tables. It is very seldom you hear the word tired. I have no desire for any other drink here than pure water so abundant everywhere. But in the third sphere there are some who utilize the vapors rising from your tea and coffee. Vegetables suited to spirit growth are abundant and require but little cultivation. The peach, pear, apple, plum, cherry and other trees which have withered and died after doing good service in your world, send out spirit trees which take root in these sheltered grounds and make fruit abundant. To us the peach is real, to you it would be nothing.

Women attend to the housework much as they did in earth life, but the desire to do good is a strong element of the soul in spirit life. Therefore, no one can be entirely engrossed in private work. We arise, we have our breakfast, consisting of the finer parts of meat, vegetables, fruits and whatever is required for the different tastes. Light work is made of the dishes upon which our food was eaten, as the fact that spirit life is to purify enters into everything, and the air is impregnated with that which cleanses. We will not enter further into detail concerning the eating, the drinking and the sleeping, but we will say that there will come a time, if you study the laws of nature, when you will not look so wise, and call people lunatics for believing that which (if you will use common sense), will seem much more reasonable than the theory of sitting on a hard seat with feet on a pavement of gold, singing hallelujahs, and waving a palm to a Man-God upon a throne, who has nothing else to do but be praised to all eternity.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—Please explain how a few manipulations will clean your dress as well as washing and ironing do ours. Please explain your style of dress?

*Answer.*—Our clothing resembles your clothing, although with the ladies there is more of a variety than with the men; when I remove my clothing to rest, it is placed in a small room, with apertures for strong draughts of air, and by the time my rest is over every particle of impurity collected upon my clothing from my spirit form is thoroughly expelled, and we have only to don our suits, feeling that cleanliness exists and that we are in arrears to no washerwoman.

*Question.*—What do you do to the clothing, by the few manipulations you mention?

*Answer.*—The women's clothing requires the manipulations, for the which delights them in the form of adornments, is displaced by these strong draughts of air. But so full of the subtle power of electricity is everything we wear, that to gently pass the hands the length of the clothing restores it to smoothness and order, as much as ironing does with you. In the third sphere the men in the American heavens, generally wear coat, pants and vest like those of earth life, but in higher spheres they more often wear a sort of Turkish gown.

*Question.*—How do you generate the heat you use in cooking?

*Answer.*—It is produced by the consumption of gases, obtained from the air. When these gases are condensed, they are ready at all times to light. We do not use matches, but as we turn the thumb screw that lets on the gas, we strike a little wire quickly, which produces an electric shock, setting the gas on fire.

*Question.*—Where is your spirit home?

*Answer.*—At present it is in the third sphere, and by choice, as I wish to finish my earth work, and have my dear ones with me before I revel in the beauties of the higher spheres.

*Question.*—Over what part of the United States is your home located?

*Answer.*—Well as near as I can judge, right over old Massachusetts and over that part of it that contains my treasures.

S. B.

OCTOBER 30.

## PAPER NINETEENTH.

## THE THIRD SPHERE.

HOW SPIRITS ARE GLAD TO GO FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND AND THIRD SPHERES.—SOME PEOPLE SO GOOD ON EARTH THAT AT DEATH THEY GO DIRECTLY TO THE THIRD SPHERE.—HOME TEACHING FOR CHILDREN.—OLD SCARS OF PAST SINS FADING OUT HERE.—PUBLIC MEETINGS FOR DISCUSSION.—THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR AND HIS ELECTRICAL MACHINE TO ENABLE MEDIUMS TO GIVE MATERIALIZATIONS IN THE LIGHT WITHOUT A CABINET.—HOW PICTURES OF SPIRITS WILL YET APPEAR ON CANVAS BEFORE THE SITTER'S EYES.—“LOVE THE LADDER TO THE HIGHEST HEAVENS.”—THE EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON THE SPHERES.—THE WARMTH OF THE SPHERES EXPLAINED.—HOW THE MAGNETIC FORCES OF OTHER PLANETS AFFECT THE SPIRIT SPHERES OF EARTH.—PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE THIRD SPHERE.

I well know how hard it is for humans to comprehend soul, and realize that souls are personalities, and if so, must have some place in which to dwell. In your life, as success attends a man, he usually casts away his humble surroundings and gathers about him all he can betokening his success. What satisfied him at first, as time passes, seems insignificant, and he wishes to revel in still greater luxuries.

So it is with the soul as it approaches nearer purity. One who felt the beauty of the first sphere and for a time was satisfied with the home there provided, at last finds himself outgrowing the situation, and he would be very unhappy were it ordained that he should always stay here. But instead of that, out of the first sphere he goes joyfully to the home prepared for him in the second or third, while the busy hands of risen ones make ready the home just vacated for some dear one expected from earth life.

In writing this work I am not giving you the lives of the exceptions; but spirit life as it is with the masses. There are some with souls so ripe that they enter the second and third spheres at once, without passing through the experiences of the first. But with most persons, steps are taken upward slowly. My observations of the third sphere are those that fill my heart with joy. In looking at the multitude of bright robed ones I can scarcely believe they were ever contaminated with the experiences of earth. I notice here the exquisite beauty of the homes, and also that they are further apart than in the first sphere,

giving each household the chance for retirement and study. I find the children who are in this sphere receive more home education, and there are fewer public schools than in the lower sphere. Whoever enters this sphere has, of necessity, received a disciplinary education. The young are inspired with desire to learn that they may, a part of the time, teach in the schools of the lower spheres. Happy indeed, is the soul who feels he has been the instrument of lifting higher, one clouded with sin and caused him to throw off the dominion of evil and be free. I have failed to find in the third sphere much, save the old scars of past sins. The inhabitants are just as active in trying to obliterate these scars as though they were still a growing instead of a subdued evil.

The feeling of welcome thrown out to every one who visits this sphere makes it an inducement for a constant work of purification. In my researches for the truth and endeavors to throw light into darkened places, I have, perhaps, neglected some things that others would be the first to discern. But my mission is to present these pictures in such a way as will give to the weak and soul-sick ones a resolve to do better and to those who are doing all they can for the good of themselves and others, a stimulus to new exertion. In this sphere I notice more particularly the social feeling extended from one to another. Although families, or those choosing to live together here, have their homes sacred to themselves, there are frequent gatherings of the people while men and women are eager to enter into discussions for their own benefit, or to study means by which they may benefit their earthly friends. I have been surprised at some of the ideas presented. One who was an inventor in earth life, and who still continues to originate earthly machinery through the brains of others, has interested many in this sphere in what he calls a machine by which the spirit world can develop mediums, and give greater power to those who have long been workers.

He claims that a circle room can be so constructed that with the aid of wires rightly placed, and some appliance for generating electricity, the earth and spirit world, acting in concert, can throw over the sensitive a power that will not wear off; and that in this way mediums for materialization, by holding these wires will be able to have materialized forms appear near the medium and in the light without a cabinet.

This brother believes that spiritualism will yet be the moving power of the world, and he says the sooner these scientific appliances can be understood and used, the sooner we shall be able to perfect forms of mediumship yet in their infancy. This person seems to be sanguine

that he will yet find a medium through whom he can give minute directions to a person in your world, and this piece of scientific mechanism be produced by him and tested by contact with a sensitive who has the right powers for materialization. I encouraged the brother in this, for I felt if the two worlds could be united more closely and materialization no longer be doubted, it would be a step in the right direction. The more I look into his views the more reasonable they seem, and I have, perhaps, overstepped my bounds, by promising, if possible, to assist him in controlling this medium to give his ideas to a scientist, and set the ball rolling.

"Why," said another, "mediumship is in its infancy. It can yet be so presented to the people as to compel them to admit its truth." Speaking of the production of pictures by the side of the person photographed, he said, "We expect to show the earth people a kind of picture taking that will place this evidence beyond a doubt."

He spoke of people in your world, having elements yet undeveloped within them, who, with the aid of the battery before mentioned, if sitting before an easel, in presence of the earth friend who wants to get the spirit picture, and in a partially darkened room, will see the picture come gradually out on the canvas. On that canvas will first come color, then a perfect outline of the features of the spirit desired. Said he, "there is in the atmosphere everything needful for this. All we lack is power to condense it and bring it to the canvas." Thus these enthusiasts give word pictures of what is possible in the near future; and I felt they must love their earthly brothers and sisters, if here, under this canopy of beauty, surrounded by the very spirit of the beautiful in nature, with facilities for every enjoyment they were willing to give up their time to study into these subtle questions, and willing to descend to the earth plane and strive to realize them in a practical way. In this sphere I found that earnestness to do, and willingness to sacrifice personal pleasure that gives me more faith in brotherly love than I used to have. I asked one who is ever active here, "why do you study so on questions and possibilities that can do you no real good?" Said he, "Because the love of my nature demands justice of me. I receive help and enjoyment, I must give help and add to the enjoyment of others;" and I turned away more than ever convinced that love is the ladder to the highest heavens.

OCTOBER 11, 1881.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—How does the light from our sun affect your spirit spheres?

*Answer.*—The light of your sun is one of the aids to light here, but not the most essential aid, as our atmosphere is of such a nature, so ethereal that it is light of itself, and precludes the possibility of darkness. The light of your sun merely intensifies our atmosphere.

*Question.*—Do the spirit spheres revolve with our earth?

*Answer.*—They do.

*Question.*—How much more light do you have when the American portion of the spheres is turned toward the sun than when the same part is opposite the sun?

*Answer.*—The light is more intense when this portion of the sphere is toward the sun, and all animal life is more active. I can compare the two conditions, to what you see on earth when the sun brilliantly illumines all nature; then a haze comes over the sky obscuring the sun, and produces a subdued light. But there is this difference. In your subdued light you gaze upon a cloudy sky. With us, clouds seldom dim the blueness of our skies, and when they do, instead of awakening gloomy feelings, there is an action of the atmosphere that turns them into objects of beauty like your sunset clouds.

*Question.*—What causes the warmth of your spheres, since with us distance from the earth lowers the temperature?

*Answer.*—Magnetic and electric currents are so blended as to produce results in spirit vegetation analogous to the heat of the sun on your vegetation. If you were here you would feel cold (that is if in your present body). But as we deal with the spirit of everything (vegetation and all animal life), we find the currents before mentioned sufficient to evolve all the growth of the spiritual kingdom.

'This is the conclusion I have reached in my short stay here.

*Question.*—Do all the magnetic and electric forces you speak of come from the sun?

*Answer.*—Only a portion of them come from the sun. Some of these currents come from other planets, which are distributing to these upper spheres the forces necessary for them. I have heard it said the higher the sphere we reach the less help we get from your sun.

*Question.*—Describe a public school in the third sphere.

*Answer.*—The only schools I have particularly noticed are those taught in large pavilions, and unlike the hard drill of your life, the children delight to learn. Books are used some, but lessons from

nature are taught as you see teachers and pupils in the forests, by the river, analyzing flowers on the mountain-side. They are taught how to find God in everything. There are no hired teachers, no unwilling pupils.

S. B.

OCTOBER 30.

### PAPER TWENTIETH.

THE OPERA.—PAREPA.—LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON AND OTHERS AT ONE OF THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS.—MRS. NEILSON'S PRAISE OF MUSIC.—THE CHILD AND THE PICTURE OF THE SINGING BROOK.—BROTHERLY LOVE UNIVERSAL.—CHARLES SUMNER.—W. H. SEWARD.—THEY FEAR FOR THE NATION.—MRS. NEILSON EXPLAINS HOW SHE IS SINGING IN HEAVEN.—HOW THICK IS THE THIRD SPHERE?—THE APERTURES THROUGH THE SPHERES EXPLAINED.—SPIRITS LIVE ON THE UPPER SIDE OF THE SPHERES.—RAIN IN THE SPHERES.—IMMORTALITY OF VERTEBRATE ANIMALS.—MR. BOWLES VISITS THE LAPLAND HEAVEN.

I have not given as much time to the scientific points relating to spirit life and the spheres as I have to the effect of earth life on spiritual existence. It would be useless to suppose that men and women who have been surrounded by all the bustle of earth life, eager in business and in the pursuit of pleasure, would be happy to enter upon a life of monotony. On the contrary, even in the third sphere, I find the inhabitants just as eager for enjoyment, entering into its amusements with a zest unknown in earth life, for here amusements are open to those who desire them, and one can enjoy without money and without price. My attention has lately been called to a large building where daily is heard beautiful music. On entering, I found the scene like an opera in earth life, only building, people, adornments, everything had that spiritual beauty which can be enjoyed, but can not be described. There were artists of great renown, who enchanted in the olden days, while Parepa, Adelaide Neilson, and others of more modern time, helped to fill that vast amphitheatre with the very soul of music, the livinest gift of our heaven. After the exercises had closed, I asked Mrs. Neilson what her object was in singing for that crowd, as now here was no compensation. "Oh sir, you mistake, we have our com-

pensation. As in earth life I acted for money, in this life I sing for the good I can do others, and the good I bring to myself by so doing. To sing is our mission, and many are the hearts healed and lessons taught by music. In our concerts in the first sphere we sometimes have scenes almost like an earthly revival meeting, so deep does song sink into the soul. I have known a simple ballad sung by Parepa to awaken memories of peaceful innocent days, and exorcise demons from diseased brains, and make a spirit maniac free again. In our mission we visit all classes, and all grades, or invite them to hear us. We enter the asylums for sick souls, fill them with our harmonies, and receive our blessing (oh what a blessing), in seeing tears of joy come to eyes before hard and cold, and in making our hearers once more feel the tenderness of happy childhood. Music is divine. It heals more hearts, it casts out more evil spirits, it incites to more good in my opinion than all the preaching in the different worlds." As I looked at this enthusiastic singer, I wondered if those who follow the profession of music in your life know how to carry music so deep in their souls as to make it an inspiration here. I found that pursuits of an intellectual nature begun on earth, are continued here with much zeal; that there you are groping in the darkness of untoward circumstances, while here we have the path cleared for eternal progress. I find also the idea is prevalent here that these musical gatherings help upward more than all the preaching that can be given. You cannot imagine the dearth of words to describe what I see daily. I thought the English language would answer if one had good descriptive powers. But I find there is much lacking in my brain when I try to describe what comes under my observation. I was quite amazed, recently, while passing through one of the art galleries, at the expression of a child about a picture, and thought, could the artist have heard it, no greater compliment would be needed. The mother and child stood before a picture which represented a forest on a mountain-side, and in the center was a ravine through which a brook was flowing, leaping over the rocks, then settling quietly down for a time, the sunshine making the water and stones glisten like silver.

The mother called the child's attention to other pictures, when the little one said, "Oh, mamma, do hark! I want to hear that brook sing." That is the kind of art we have here, that which reproaches nature and seems to make brooks sing and clouds to echo peals of thunder answering to the lightning portrayed by the artist's touch.

The longer I stay here the more I realize that there is nothing done in vain. Whatever appeals to the heart is thought useful, and that which would only call up the grossest passions finds no place. There is a widespread feeling of brotherly love. In meeting strangers, though courteous, we are not considered impolite if we speak without an introduction. Some very happy hours have been spent by me in company with Charles Sumner and William H. Seward, and I have, with them, reviewed the political out-look of your nation. Earnest still, and zealously working for your good, they have felt since the late tragedy that great work must be done on this side to keep the ship of state sailing on. "Why," says Seward, "see the feeling of those belonging to the cabinet. There is no longer that consciousness of strength, but men whom we thought had brave hearts go tremblingly on to duty; and I fear the time will come when it will be difficult to find a worthy candidate for President, as few men are brave enough to be willing to be 'Strangled for the Republic.'" But though great hearts here are fearful for you, they are not despondent. They realize, more and more, their strength, and by working on the good minds of your land, will help cast out the evil. And so, almost daily, meetings are held here, under strict parliamentary rules, to devise some way to bring help to you if the clouds lower, and other victims are laid on the altar of your nation.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 12.

*Question.*—Mrs. Neilson was not known as a singer here, how happens it that she is so enthusiastic about music now?

*Answer.*—I know she was not much of a singer on earth. She was more successful as an actress. But her life called out the artistic part of her nature, and made her ambitious to sing. When she entered spirit life that longing was gratified. Though hardly to be mentioned in comparison with Parepa, she has educated herself here to sing simple ballads, which touch hearts, and make her feel that she is doing much good. The greatest good for the greatest number is a part of her spirit life motto. What has been done by the sweet singers of earth life, she wishes to reproduce here and add to her artistic nature all that the soul of song can bring. I inferred from conversation with her, that she thinks her life on earth was wasted, and that the sale of her clothing was almost an insult to her memory. She with all who have real artistic

taste, wish the greatest success to Christine Nilsson, and hopes that every actress whose eyes may fall on these pages will cultivate a soul harmony which shall be a joy to their lives, a precaution against evil, and an introduction into the heavens that will meet them in what you call the "Sweet By and By."

S. B.

NOVEMBER 3.

*Question.*—How thick is the third sphere?

*Answer.*—I cannot tell by actual measurement and can have but little idea by my passage through it. Should you pass at the same speed we do through the Hoosac Tunnel (Massachusetts) you would have no idea of miles. I have some of time. I was only five minutes by our dials, in passing into the third sphere after I had found the entrance. I find also that the higher we go into other spheres, it takes much less time, therefore the belts must be thinner as we go higher. This is my conclusion. I know the earth people will say spirits are only thought, and can go without impediment. We can on earth because of the extreme porousness of all you call solid, while here, as a part of spiritual matter, we must either have a way prepared—an entrance through which to go, or we must displace the spirit of matter. I could, in your world, go from Springfield to Liverpool in less time than I could go from the second to the third spheres.

*Question.*—Can't you give the exact distance through in our miles?

*Answer.*—I have no mathematical instruments, and your miles are a story of the past to us. I find from those who explain it to the spirit inhabitants that it will take a long time to give you any idea of our measurements of space. I have not yet made a study of measuring distances. I did not when on earth. I trusted all to the surveyors, as I must trust this also to the heavenly surveyors, and hope they may explain to me so I can explain to you intelligently.

*Question.*—How can you pass through the third sphere, or any sphere, since you say it is tangible and solid to you?

*Answer.*—In the creation of the spheres there have been made passages for the going up or down of spirits; even as in your world a small stream is a gateway for humans to gain access to a country almost impenetrable, so has the great Designer made apertures through which, by will, we rise, or by will we descend, with as much ease as though on an elevator. We cannot rise into another sphere from any

place. We have to go where means are provided for it by the difference in the air, and by these openings into what seems to us like solid earth devoid of earthly blackness.

*Question.*—How do you think the openings through the belts were made?

*Answer.*—I cannot say I have settled the question of any creation.

Your earth was made by something, and the same power, be it the God-power, or what, that evolved the earthly out of chaotic matter, has spiritualized that portion of matter which constantly rises from the earth, and forms these belts, on which we live. The very spirit of thought seems to have entered into the construction of these spheres, as though the matter that was used in the construction of your earth evolved a thought principle that goes on forever, inventing and perfecting. You give me a question that would take almost an eternity to answer, as I shall be an eternity learning what can be evolved out of matter.

*Question.*—Do spirits live on the side toward the earth, or on the upper side of the sphere?

*Answer.*—On the upper side of the sphere.

*Question.*—Do you have evaporation and rain like that on earth? If so do you at any portion of the year have snow?

*Answer.*—The rain that comes from our clouds is the spirit of your rain, just a silvery mist that is beneficial to spirit vegetation and to our atmosphere, but I have no knowledge, as yet, of anything resembling snow or ice, as they are symbols of discomfort. The clouds do their duty by us in a much more pleasant way.

I have not yet visited the Lapland Heaven. They may revel in snow. I speak from my knowledge of facts.

*Question.*—If a horse, a cow or dog dies here, does the personality of each continue in bodily form? If so, in how many spirit spheres can these animals exist? Do animals below vertebrates have this personal existence after death?

*Answer.*—I have seen many instances where spirits have been overjoyed to find they had again the possession of a favorite animal, but cannot speak from experience. In all the spheres, as far as the fifth, I have found animals that have been useful and petted on the earth. I find an absence of insect life which in your world is unwelcome. I have not yet studied into the minutiae of spirit life enough to understand the soul properties, but shall give them further study. I have

seen no animals below vertebrates. I have been dealing with human souls and principles so far, but I shall be glad to study into the least of these creatures.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 25.

*Question.*—Have you seen the spirit body of an animal depart from the physical body at death as do the spirits of humans?

*Answer.*—Yes, I have. Your far famed instinct is only another name for soul.

*Question.*—Please visit the Lapland heaven.

*Answer.*—I have visited the Lapland heaven, and I must say I would rather be excused from a long sojourn with them. I used to hear the remark in earth life that missionaries had given up trying to frighten Laplanders with a “hot hell,” and therefore told them it would be ten times colder than Lapland. At present I should not like to visit their heaven higher than the first sphere, for it was all I could do to stand the change of atmosphere. But they seemed happy, and wanted to show me some of their ways. I did not find snow there, but found the atmosphere so electrically cold that in your earth it would have produced constant snow.

The houses they enjoyed most were huts covered with sods. They seemed to feel that at least they had come to a place quite comfortable, and enjoyed their lack of civilization. I noticed that some of them were busy in teaching what they had learned of others, and think with their sluggish natures, nothing but harmony prevails. They are too indolent to visit other portions of the sphere in which they dwell, and I am convinced that educated teachers must go to them, as they will not go to such teachers.

Excuse me from rising higher in the Lapland heavens. This visit has made me feel as though, if I were in my old body, I should have had a regular ague chill.

S. B.

OCTOBER 30.

*Question.*—Please explain what you mean by the words, “so electrically cold,” used in your description of the Lapland heaven.

*Answer.*—I judged of the cold by the effect the atmosphere had upon my breath, it being the same as the effect of the coldest weather

in your life on your breath. Except this effect on my powers of respiration, owing to the seeming lightness of the spiritual air, I could not say that we experience the sensation of cold or heat.

*Question.*—What is the sensation on your lungs?

*Answer.*—The sensation is such as to cause me to close my mouth, as the Lapland air makes me feel as though sharp electrical currents were passing through my lungs.

## PAPER TWENTY-ONE.

### THE THIRD SPHERE CONTINUED.

**THE HEAVENS OF THE CHINESE, AFRICANS AND THOSE OVER THE HOLY LAND.—MR. BOWLES IS PROVIDED WITH A GUIDE TO ENTER THE FOURTH SPHERE.—HEAVEN'S "TOLL GATES."—WHAT MOST INTELLIGENT SPIRITS WORSHIP IN THE THIRD SPHERE.—JESUS OF NAZARETH.—THE NATURE OF GOD.**

Universal beauty met me in the third sphere. With others I visited the different sections and found separate heavens for different classes of spirits. Those conditions no longer exist which repelled me in the Chinese, African and Holy Land Heavens of the first and second spheres.

The African race, now intent on progression, are willing to learn how to help others. Their old time enthusiasm has been quieted by education, and all their methods of life systematized. Although their homes will not compare favorably with the homes of cultured people in other sections of the third sphere, yet a divine harmony prevails which teaches its silent lessons. Many of the African homes are adorned artistically, but for the most part the people are content with plain surroundings and have crude notions of order. I have seen some of their homes with such a mixture of coloring as to give a dazzling effect. But this suited them, and made it a heaven to them. The little Gods of the first sphere are not brought up to this sphere for worship. The people are dimly seeking to understand the Great God principle which has puzzled so many wiser minds. Among the Africans in this sphere are heard melodies such as humans never imagined. Rich in the gift of song they seek to do their work through the magnetic power of music. Many a tear-stained face is seen, as these sweet sounds strike the ear, to brighten and lose the mournful longing look for a past whose harvest was ignorance, and through ignorance, sin.

I also visited the Chinese department, and found many now living in

comparative contentment, who had largely outgrown the evil effects of their earth miseducation, and now looked upon the old habit of smoking or enjoying opium in any form with intense disgust. I found them happy in visiting lower spheres to bring others up to them. Each one had some object on which to lavish love and bestow labor. I noticed many curtains and pieces of tapestry wrought with Chinese designs. Numbers of men and women take great pleasure in working out these fabrics. Another improvement which pleased me greatly was the freedom given to the women, as the Chinese had carried their ideas of secluding females into the second sphere. In the third sphere the Chinese take great pride in giving the females the best opportunities for education.

In that portion of the third sphere, over the land of the Messiah, I find also a marked difference. The fashion of bowing down as pilgrims at every place of historical note has been abandoned. They now look on the old education as a superstition. They are fitting up homes for their stay here with exquisite taste, and are toning up their minds so they may teach others. Their buildings for worship are simple in adornment; their meetings are for conference rather than to listen to a set discourse. I was pleased with this marked improvement over what I had seen in the first sphere. I thanked the Great Power that these steps upward were for all classes in the Universal Kingdom. In my haste to ascend to the fourth sphere I forgot that a guide would be necessary; but was soon warned of that fact at one of the "toll gates" on the way. A guide was provided for me at one of these stations, as I was trying to rise from the upper portion of the third sphere.

In passing upward my spirit body had a feeling, like the earthly one on first breathing the air of a very lofty mountain. There was something about it that made me catch my breath. As we entered the fourth sphere a watcher at the entrance said to the guide, "Who have you brought us now, one ready to be a sojourner in this sphere?" The guide said, "No, it is one who would visit you, learn of your lessons, and carry the lessons learned down to the children of earth."

Then I was welcomed warmly, but explained to my new friend that I chose yet to remain in the lower spheres, as my work could be brought out better, and my lessons would be more readily received on the earth plane. But I will leave the description of my visit to the fourth sphere for another paper.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 13.

*Question.*—What were the “Toll gates” you found on entering the fourth sphere ?

*Answer.*—They are simply persons stationed at the apertures to give directions and appoint guides for those who visit this sphere. They have homes near these entrances, and we call them heaven’s toll gates. But they give help instead of taking money.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 31.

*Question.*—What do the most intelligent people worship in the third sphere ?

*Answer.*—We do not call it worship. We only aspire to the real spirit of good, and sometimes invocations are given for that effect. We pray to the God principle in the higher spheres, and by magnetic concentration of forces are better able to make the wisdom of this sphere understood. We bow down and worship no one, nothing. But by our love of truth are helped to cast out evil. We are as well known to each other as we know ourselves. There is no chance for deceit here. The lips cannot give utterance to that to which the life gives the lie. Therefore our assembling for worship is only to help in attracting good and in dispelling evil.

*Question.*—What do you mean by the God principle of higher spheres ?

*Answer.*—The concentration of good which higher spirits bring down to us, the lessons they teach, and most of all the subtle magnetic force that is attracted to us from those in higher spheres by our earnest and combined desire for it.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 3.

*Question.*—Have any of the spirits with whom you have conversed on the subject admitted that they have been in the presence of Jesus of Nazareth ?

*Answer.*—No sir, I have met with none who say they have seen Jesus of Nazareth. There are fanatics in the first sphere who think they feel his presence, and earth mediums imagine they have this person for a control. Those spirits who claim to be Jesus while controlling mediums might improve their characters for honesty, by ceasing from such assumptions.

*Question.*—From what sphere was the most advanced spirit with whom you have conversed on this subject ?

*Answer.*—From the sixth.

*Question.*—With how far advanced spirits have you conversed?

*Answer.*—I have conversed with one from the eighth sphere, but only for a moment. The subject of Jesus was not touched upon.

*Question.*—What do the most advanced spirits with whom you have conversed say of the nature of God?

*Answer.*—I have conversed with many advanced spirits as to the nature of God, and find the purest thoughts most purely expressed by those, who on earth, lived the nearest to nature. The God or good essence is here understood as that which is the finest, purest, and most essential element in everything. In fact God is the spirit of growth. All that leads out of impurity comes from the God essence. This power of God or good increases as we rise higher in the spheres, and becomes more manifest to every one.

*Question.*—Is the God or Good essence a substance?

*Answer.*—Yes, it is as much a substance as the spirit body, and is a part of it. I cannot give you its component parts any more than I can give you the component parts of the spirit body when released from the earth body; but it is a substance entering largely into all other substances, and lifting them to a higher plane from its inherent power to rise. The God or Good essence is composed of the most refined of all matter; and inseparably connected with this God essence is an ever active force.

*Question.*—Is the Good essence a conscious personality?

*Answer.*—No, it is an unconscious substance entering into all personalities.

*Question.*—Do the Chinese and colored people have church buildings and religious sects in the third sphere as they do in the first sphere?

*Answer.*—They have buildings used both for worship and amusement. As to sects I have not heard them mentioned in the third sphere. Among the colored people here there is enthusiasm, but they cannot compel people to repent for fear of going to hell. So they are learning how to do right for the sake of right, and because it will lead them up higher, and open new beauties to them.

I have observed these public buildings as high as the fifth sphere, but all feeling of calling them houses of God is past.

I think the Buddhists hold to their ideals of earth life longer than most other classes.

The Brahmins here reject some of their old fancies, but it takes a

long time to rid them of the idea of the Great Brahma. Even in the fifth sphere they retain something of the old superstition of Brahma-Nirvvana, though reason, and their present knowledge, make them hesitate to teach such ideas to other spirits.

## PAPER TWENTY-TWO.

### THE FOURTH SPHERE.

**THE SCENERY.—ANIMAL LIFE.—EARTH MARRIAGES SOMETIMES CONTINUED IN THE SPHERES.—AN INTERVIEW WITH MICHAEL FARADAY.—HE INVITES MR. BOWLES TO HIS HOME.—HE RE-STATES HIS EARTHLY OPINIONS ON SPIRITUALISM, AND INFORMS MR. BOWLES HOW HE PROPOSES TO PRODUCE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT RETURN.—MR. BOWLES IS TELEGRAPHED TO GO TO HIS RISEN BROTHER, DR. J. G. HOLLAND.**

As I began to look around me, I was almost dazzled by the light and beauty. Nature here seems to have outdone herself in producing harmony of color, and in giving to all the feeling of rest that pervaded the atmosphere. Conducted by my guide, I went as far as I could without trespassing on the privacy of homes. I found those who had come up out of sorrow from the first sphere, working with a will to bring good to loved ones, even as they had received good. I passed through the shady streets, watched the windings of the beautiful rivers, glanced at the mountains clothed in perennial green, and furnishing exquisite scenes of beauty for artist spirits.

I saw animals quietly living out their lives, not the grosser and most quarrelsome animals, but those who had passed their earth lives, serving mankind so patiently, that before leaving earth they were purer than many of their masters. I noticed more particularly in this sphere the great variety of everything in nature or in art.

There were homes innumerable, but no two alike, the stately mansion and the lowly cottage. I noticed that usually happier voices came from the cottage than from the mansion. Yet each family was realizing its highest conceptions of happiness.

I imagine I hear you ask, will the people who were husband and wife on earth always be residents of the same home? I can tell you most decidedly, no; for many people whom circumstances and pecuniary

motives have thrown together are strangers to each other's souls. Though it is necessary to have a law to regulate these sacred relations, yet often in your life men and women who are surrounded by a family are strangers to each other. There is no harmony of soul, and every child born to them will perpetuate the evil of false relations. So I see that the spheres complete what in earth life is left undone. People find themselves rightly mated here.

I am told that in this sphere many are still living in the marriage relations, begun in earth life, having refined and grown beautiful in their upward progress, and feel that eternity will hardly bring out all the good they will find in each other. Hearts bound by such lasting ties as these are ever beautiful, for they have conquered the evil in themselves, and helped to conquer it in others. And so with each step upward they have gained strength, which becoming more universal will cause all to help crush out the sin and hate it, though loving the sinner. I have in this sphere shaken hands and become much interested in

#### MICHAEL FARADAY,

and find him eager in his work trying to effect in a scientific manner greater results for the world. He laughed about the strange notions that some claim to get from his pamphlets (see Faraday pamphlets noticed on cover), lately published, and said he was only getting his batteries ready to give to your world, a work that he did not expect would be understood except by scientific minds. I said to him, "Very well, brother, I glory in your work, but I will go on in my simple way trying to teach the masses."

I felt stronger and more determined to give out the light that would eventually help a hungry world to rise to the standard of such a man as Michael Faraday. As I looked at his genial face lighted up with thoughts that will yet be known to others, I said with a growing interest, "Where is your home?" "My home is in the fifth sphere. I am only looking around a little down here." Then he said, as though the thought had just struck him, "Come up home with me, brother. I shall be at liberty in a few moments." After conversing with a person engaged in electrical experiments, he asked me if I was ready.

With the will to go upon both our minds, we clasped hands and ascended with ease to the fifth sphere, passing in a few moments over a vast space. With our feet once more pressing, what to us, is solid ground, we quickly repaired to the home of this scientist. Would that

I had words to describe it. It stands on an eminence, with the grounds arranged in beautiful terraces down to the street. The walls are like shining marble, and the windows stained to admit a mellow, restful light. Amid much that is modern within are scattered fac similes of articles of strange workmanship and trophies collected from many nations, because he was attached to these things in earth life.

After partaking with him of fruits and other refreshments, he took me into his laboratory, and began earnestly to discuss the question of scientific help in developing mediums by batteries, as mentioned in a former paper. I asked him if he had known aught of the truths of spiritualism while in earth life. "I knew the phenomena to be real, but claimed that all might be explained by the action of the brain of the medium, who unconsciously absorbed the memories of the sitter, which might have lain dormant a long time, and returned these memories back to the sitter in language. With regard to the phenomena of hand materializations, as shown by the Davenport's in my day, I tried to put the whole on the natural power of the supposed medium, and head off the spiritualists by saying, 'We do not know one-tenth part of the possibilities of our own brains or bodies.' I used to say, we do not know how many hands of the semblance of real hands it would be possible for the body, by will power, to project out of itself. And so I went about in the darkness purposely, having an exalted idea of science, but no knowledge of the existence of worlds in which to live in spirit life. I never contradicted the astronomer when he told us of different planets, but would often scout at the simplest way of solving the varied phenomena of spiritualism, which is that men and women, who are yet alive, though having passed through death, are the authors of this phenomena. And so I went blindly on, doing all the good I could in the material world, but caring little about the spiritual, or at least not enough to make me uncomfortable about the creeds and dogmas that in a measure I acknowledged to be true. I believed there was something for which to prepare, and acted on the principle that it was best to be on the safe side. I was not just in my criticisms on the spirit phenomena and I published ideas on the subject for which I am now sorry." "Have they hindered your progress here?" I asked him, but looking at his beautiful surroundings I could hardly imagine such a thing possible. "Oh yes, very much for the first years of my spirit life. I was some of the time very unhappy, because I could not, when I knew the truth of spirit return would add to the church and to the safety of kingdoms,

demonstrate it to them. I was held back until I felt I never should accomplish aught even in spirit life.

“Well, I have worked up to the greatest good I could in this length of time, but I have my plans for the future. I hope to bring about good results soon. I have not ceased to labor in my scientific work, and I shall go on until my present ideas shall be known to people of earth. All that has been in my heart to do will, I trust, be accomplished.” “There will be much of opposition to encounter in earth life,” said I, “for if the merit of your work be ever so high, if it does not accord with the every day occurrences of human life, it will be thrown into the gutter by that spirit of intolerance still existing in the so-called Church of Christ.” He replied, “That does not discourage me, neither should it you. We will give them facts that will put their theories in the background; and, my brother, no one can afford to be idle or cease to labor to break the chains of error that are binding our earth brothers.” As I left this enthusiastic worker and passed through the lovely streets of this village of immortals, I felt that if in going up higher the earnestness to help you of earth grew still stronger, that it must have some influence on you and give to the inhabitants of all the lower spheres, through which these thoughts must pass, a purer realization of what love unmixed with selfishness can do.

While I was proceeding with my investigations it was telegraphed me that my much loved friend, J. G. Holland, had expressed a desire to see me. With a glad heart I retraced my way and entered his room. He was not bowed down, not stricken with grief at leaving his earth home, but bright and happy in finding that death, as he expressed it, “Was only a myth, only a dream of pain.” “You hardly seemed to know me,” said I, “when I was at your bedside at the time you passed out of the body.” “Yes, yes, old friend, I knew you, but I had such a dreamy, restful feeling, and was so interested in every phase of the great change that I fear I did not give much of a recognition to my waiting friends.” “It was our glad mission to welcome you,” I said, and then I asked if there was any drawback to his happiness now.

“Yes,” he said, “The grief in my home makes me sad. It has come upon the children like a thunderbolt. I hardly know how, but I know what is passing. I, a soul immortal ‘beyond the stars,’ as the poet has it, still know the acts of my loved ones. How strange it seems! Is this then true that I, myself, am here, and my old self there? I cannot realize it, but go with me to my beloved family.” I gave my brother

all the ideas I could about this change, but so strong a hold had the old life on him that he started out of a reverie saying, "I must give them another idea about that article for the Century."

I will write more about this brother.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 15.

*Question.*—What further have you to write of Dr. Holland?

*Answer.*—I have this to say, that in the coming to spirit life of such men as Dr. Holland, there is more of rejoicing than as though he had been a great warrior, and helped to save a nation's name. For while others have conquered in battle he has done a great soul work. His pure teachings find their counterpart in spirit life, and it is not unusual to see "Bitter Sweet" and most of his works on the tables of our spirit homes. No greater compliment could be paid a writer. The fact that every line of his writing was intended, not so much to give notoriety to the man as to give soul lessons to the people, has endeared this man, whose creed was to do good. It has given him a lasting fame as he goes upward through the spheres. Seeing him for a few moments, several hours ago, in what would be called your yesterday, he grasped my hand and said, "Bowles, I never lived before; how that shell did cripple me. Thank God for power to think! I shall yet from this side, send soul songs to earth that will be to my old teachings as daylight contrasted with darkness."

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 21.

### PAPER TWENTY-THREE.

MR. BOWLES INTERVIEWS A NUMBER OF NOTED CLERGYMEN, ETC.

REV. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY (UNITARIAN),

*Late of Springfield, Mass., Mr. Bowles' former Pastor.*

I find that my old pastor is willing to acknowledge lost time, and that he means to use his influence in uniting the forces of spiritualism with that of his former belief, and thus secure a power that will crush out materialism. He says he is satisfied with the growth of this belief of communion with the spirit world, even in his old city and church. He

believes the Unitarians will be among the first to unite their views with these forces of truth against immorality. He now sees the necessity of removing the belief in a sure salvation, except by duty.

“Do you now consider Jesus' death an atonement for the sins of the world, and that the only punishment which comes will come while in earth life?” “Most assuredly not,” said he. “I have lost much time in not preaching still more earnestly of the importance of the little acts of life which go to help the summing up here. But we must go on living out the consequences of the past. Brother, I envy you the power you have so quickly gained of communicating with earth. I pray the same privilege may come to me, so I may yet send greetings to my people.”

His home in the fourth sphere is very beautiful, his life is pure, and he calls to himself those who are pure. But in his cup, as in most of those who have risen, lie the bitter dregs which remind us of what might have been.

## HOSEA BALLOU.

### *An Eminent Universalist.*

I have had a long conversation with Hosea Ballou, and find him very progressive in his views. He still thinks if churches must exist, the Universalist church has the most of good in it, because of its belief in universal salvation. He would now like to teach his old friends that salvation cannot come to men until they have outlived the bitterness of results coming from sin. He says he wishes to write one more sermon for the children of earth, in which he would remove the superstition of salvation through blood, and impress upon all, the living fact of working out their own salvation. He would teach them that discipline is saving so far as it leads to correct aims, and that life's best results are gained through the deepest experiences. Said the brother, “I have learned so much over here. In the first place, heaven was a mirror which showed me myself, showed me the uselessness of trying to escape from any just punishment, showed me that indulgence is the mother of retribution. I can look back now to the good that might have been accomplished by a full knowledge of these progressive principles. I only differed from the Orthodox churches, in believing that I could live out all my sins in earth life. The same idea of salvation by blood, and not wholly by a pure life, was ingrained into my mind. I must say to those in earth life, reason yourselves out of the old rut.

I am ashamed that so late in the nineteenth century, the church I loved should deem it necessary to discuss the propriety of a woman's preaching. Why every good woman's life is a perpetual sermon. A woman with strong magnetic influence, and with love as the overruling power, will save more men from the gutter, and more women from prostitution than hundreds of the clergy, who doctor their doctrines to death, and make their church creeds a wall over which the elect must climb. I have been trying to do all I could to show the earth friends the mistakes of my life, and help others to correct what has kept our church so nearly on the level of other churches.

"Do you often communicate with earth friends?"

"No, not often, my mission is to educate those who can communicate. I wish them to teach earth people that life in the body is of a bulbous nature, that humans are in the ground, in the dark, and that much depends upon themselves how they reach out for the moisture and the sunshine sufficiently to bloom here in beauty." The old man's face was lighted up while speaking, and I thought the world would yet hear from him.

S. B.

*Question.*—You call his face old. How can that be?

*Answer.*—I only said so from force of habit. People who have lived long in the body are called old, not from having wrinkles, but from having wisdom.

In what sphere is Mr. Ballou?

In the fifth, or at least he seemed at home there when I interviewed him.

### DR. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

*The Founder of the Unitarian Church in America.*

I had some difficulty in obtaining an interview with this brother, but was finally admitted to his study. I was reminded that his time was very precious. "I come to ask you, sir, how you feel now with your present light, about the church that owns you for a founder?" He smiled and said, "I am still willing to own my child, but I wish I had the power to cast out of it all that I now see is a hindrance to the best enlightenment of the people. I would like to put into the articles more of self responsibility, and have the Christ **EXAMPLE** the lever by which people rise, rather than the manner of Jesus' death, or his ex-

ceeding goodness. I hope that the churches will merge into a universal one, with progress and purity of living for a motto. But all these things will take time, said he musingly. Just think, fifty years ago on earth it was hardly safe to own you were a Methodist.

“Every new venture has been attacked. I used to think sometimes all my fighting for the growth of any new idea from an old gospel, amounted to but very little, and almost had doubts of this life. I am satisfied that in earth life, if each one should tell his honest conviction, spirit communion would be acknowledged as a fact by the majority. But pride and popularity are hard masters, and find resting places in many noble hearts. I used to weary in my work on earth, and feel with the poet,

“ We toil through pain and wrong,  
 We fight and fly,  
 We love and lose, and then e’re long  
 Stone dead we lie.  
 Oh life! Is all thy song  
 Endure and die?”

I am now out of the mists. It is *endure*, and *live*, and work all the time. Good morning, sir.”

S. B.

DR. GEORGE B. IDE.

*Late Baptist Clergyman of Springfield, Mass.*

It was some time before I could get this reverend gentleman's attention, as he resides in the fourth sphere, but labors in the third, with a persistency worthy of a nobler cause, to show that people are really better who have been immersed. Though he now admits it is not a saving ordinance, yet those who think enough of Christ's commands to follow him *down into the water, and who come up out of the water* are in his opinion, as a rule, more earnest in their work for the good of souls. I have found nowhere in the third sphere, nor in fact in any sphere a more devoted lover of sect. This surprises me, and shows that in my other statements I had not thoroughly interviewed one of the Baptist persuasion. Still this tenacity belongs rather to the make-up of the man than to the denomination. When conversing with him in earnest; as to the merits of his peculiar belief above all other beliefs, I found he had much of this feeling. “The Bible says it is so. I have

always believed it is so," and I continued, "You are bound to make others believe it is so."

He answered me as fairly as he could under the great pressure of his will power, and said, "When both of us were in earth life, you were very unsectarian in your views, therefore I cannot expect you to sympathize in what I have made my life work, and so far my heavenly work, and I believe, brother Bowles, the time will come when you will *repent* and be willing to follow the truth. I want to meet my Savior. I want to be one who was willing to suffer all things and endure unto the end." I may have been rude, but these remarks seemed to be a resurrection of the cant of earth life. I put the question plainly to him. "Is it not a part of your faith once in grace always in grace, and that there can be no backsliding for those chosen of the Lord?" "These were my earthly views, but ahem—ahem—we have somewhat modified them, and I am willing to own a corrupt or pure life will leave its impress. Therefore, some may believe they have experienced redeeming love, and yet are deceived. They may go so far as to be *baptized* and still not be children of God." I could hardly refrain from giving him my idea of a true child of God, or of good. I asked him, "As you believe in following the *example* as well as the command of your Lord Jesus, what do you think of the idea of substituting for the river, a convenient place in the church where people can be baptized without exposure to the weather, and the bath made comfortable? I considered your ordinance of baptism beautiful under blue skies, and in pure flowing water, but I do think it is robbed of all its beauty by substituting the bathroom system in your churches." Said he, "That is an innovation I cannot myself now admit as right, and I hope, sir, though I consider the most of your work sent back, pernicious in the extreme, that *this part of it will be read with interest by my people*. In the light of heaven, seeking for my blessed Savior, I do not approve of baptism made easy, and I am sorry I did not in my earth life see this to be an evil."

I turned away from this brother with mingled feelings of disgust and respect,—disgust, that there should ever be set before men a system whose forms and ceremonies stand in the way of goodness, and that a man whose purity of heart had lifted him to the fourth sphere, was dragged by a belief down to lower spheres to labor, not so much for truth in its highest sense, but for an ism which he wishes to establish as the truth. Yet a feeling of respect was mingled with this thought, because this man, whose life had been consistent with his belief on earth,

was yet fighting against fate to establish his views among the inhabitants of the spheres. Could these thoughts find lodgment in the minds of all lovers of creeds, would it not be well to begin in earth life to drop the creeds, yet retaining all that is elevating and refining in them? I have given a faithful picture of this man's spirit life, and by it tried to show how much harder to break than iron chains, it is to break up wrong habits of all kinds strongly formed in earth life.

NOVEMBER 5.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—How happens it that a man so bigoted as Dr. Ide is allowed in the fourth sphere?

*Answer.*—He rises to this sphere from his real goodness of heart. But he cannot labor in this way in that sphere, but stays here a part of the time to help him outgrow these false ideas, but sinks back to the lower spheres much of the time to live over his earth sentiments.

JOSEPH SMITH,

*The Founder of Mormonism.*

I have interviewed Joseph Smith. I found him in the second sphere consulting with Brigham Young as to the best method of cementing together the Mormons. Both of these spirits are as furious against any inroads upon their belief as they were in earth life, and are working as earnestly as ever to promulgate their pernicious doctrines. They are following their elders and stimulating them to make this belief a power in the earth. I ask earth people to put down this sin. It is a worse blot on the nation's honor than slavery was, and the sooner the nation crushes out this wrong the better, for it is a growing, not a lessening evil. Neither Joseph Smith nor Brigham Young care for the beauties of spirit life, they only care to carry their point.

NOVEMBER 4.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

JONATHAN EDWARDS,

*The Great Orthodox Theologian of New England.*

Jonathan Edwards is now a resident of the fourth sphere. When I saw him he was attending a convention for discussion on the duties of the spiritual to the material world. As I shook his hand after a somewhat heated debate I said, "Well, brother, you look happy." "Yes," said he, "I am happy, but *this is not what I expected*, sir. I meant no

wrong in preaching of God as I understood Him from His *Word*, but I did a great wrong in not understanding the whole Bible. I meant to scare people into heaven, and I lied down deep in my heart when I said or pretended to believe that 'hell was paved with infants' skulls not a span long.' I knew better, and I am sorry for it. But the little infants do inherit hell after all, when if the fathers' and mothers' sins had not been visited upon them they might have lived on earth and done much good. Now they often come to us dwarfed, and are held back a long time. Many here say I am a hundred years behind the times, because I stick to some of my old ideas. Once in a while I have to give a new thought a chance, but my heart tells me I am walking on dangerous ground, and I must keep near my old ideas. I hear nothing now but *progress, progress*, and I am tired of it. I think it is pernicious, and, sir, I cannot yet accept of all the heresies that these hot-headed people would make me believe, although I was disappointed, after my long and faithful preaching on earth, in not being taken into Abraham's bosom, and where I could view, in all his beauty, my Savior. I still believe I shall advance high enough to see him. These brothers intimate that I will not care for them when I get there. Yes, sir, one man has dared to ridicule me about Abraham's expansive bosom, and to tell me, *even me*, that my old fogy notions retard my progress in this sphere. I own I have been grievously disappointed, sir, for I expected to find it either all one thing or the other, and was not prepared to find heaven and hell so mixed, and so many different departments." "Have you communicated your changed views to the people of earth?" "Not directly, sir, I may have sent thoughts back, but, sir, I have a great aversion to witchcraft, in all its forms, and the Bible warns us against it, sir. Why, these men would have us open to humans what the Bible declares to be the mysteries of God. Let them alone, sir, and stop encouraging people on earth to look into matters which God has hidden from them. You will break down the church if you don't look out. Christ and Him crucified. Good morning, sir."

I turned from this man with mingled feelings. He knows his mistakes, but owns them reluctantly. The force of old habits is so great that he is unwilling to have those who do know better, drop the seed into the churches and among the people, where it might take root and save others from falling over the same stumbling-block. This I said to myself is obstinacy, not a feeling arising from love of anything beautiful or true.

NOVEMBER 4.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

**JOHN WESLEY,**  
*The Founder of Methodism.*

At last I came in close enough contact with the above named person to ask him about his present views, and he said, "I am glad I took the step I did in being one to throw off the ceremonies of the mother church and introduce new methods. I am pleased that Methodism is now a mighty power in the earth, but could I again use my influence I would throw among this great people that which would be a bomb-shell to them. I would tell them that they can no longer afford to cast out as false that which their whole soul nature convinces them is true, that by making a study of the communion of saints they will find if a saint can communicate, a sinner can, and that the time spent in trying to prove immortality might be better occupied in demonstrating these facts to the people through mediums in their midst." "You still cling to your church, I see, and consider it an essential for earth life." "Yes, but I wish to open its doors wider and wider, and let in the waiting multitude." As I left the reverend gentleman, again was I surprised at the tenacity of some in sticking to old views.

All these lessons impress me more and more with the necessity of a good start in the right direction on earth, as education, either true or false, seems to become a part of the spiritual existence.

NOVEMBER 3.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

*Question.*—In what sphere does John Wesley reside?

*Answer.*—In the sixth, from choice, as he could well be in a much higher one, but he thinks he can accomplish more good by staying in the sixth.

**REV. WILLIAM MILLER,**  
*The Founder of Second Adventism.*

I found this brother a resident of the fifth sphere, and an earnest worker in every good cause. "What is now your opinion," I asked him, "of your old belief?" "My opinion," said he, "would make no difference with the truth. I can look back into the past and say, I am heartily ashamed of some of the results of my earth teaching. I am now disgusted at the thought of a sensible people allowing themselves to believe that at any day appointed by man the end of the world would come, and that I should have, by undue excitement and enthusiasm in the cause, countenanced the preparing of white robes for ascen-

sion. I am sorry to have these old thoughts revived, sir, they make me feel that I have acted cruelly by playing on the credulity of people in the way I did." "Did you, or any of them, actually believe the end was near." "I can only answer for myself. I studied on certain passages of scripture until my brain was turned, and I almost made myself believe it was so. I acted on the principle that it would be a good thing to be ready any way. As for the people, I could point you to several instances where, in the fall of 1843 or 1844, I think, farmers did not cut wood for the coming winter, but burned their fences, and were crest-fallen the next spring when they were obliged to build anew." "Did you appoint the times for the termination of human life and the burning of the world?" "Oh no, sir. I soon found followers who far out-ran me in that respect, and it hurt me to have the blame of so many failures of prophecies rest upon my shoulders. Adventism, as it is now called, is, in my opinion, rather better than most of the religions of the day, because its teachings are more humble, and for lack of popularity it has less to make a show with. The main idea is to prepare to meet thy God. Would that with a voice of thunder I might cry to the children of earth life, *prepare to meet yourselves*. For to see one's self with all one's frailties is sufficient, and to labor for a better life should be the desire of every one." "Well," said I, "I have nearly forgotten one of the main objects of my visit. Did your people expect to ascend without passing through death." "Oh, yes," said he, laughing, "all of us good ones, notwithstanding that 'flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of heaven,' were to ascend, and we expected to be so nearly Godlike that we could enjoy ourselves in heaven in spite of the smoke proclaiming the burning of the world, and the burning ordeal through which our neighbors were passing. We expected to pity them a little, but I am afraid some of our people, if the event had occurred, would have felt like screaming back, 'Did n't I tell you so?'"

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 6.

REV. MICHAEL O'CONNOR,

*A Catholic Priest.*

I have been trying to find some one of this persuasion whom I could interview, one widely known, and who might be generally remembered by

earth people. But those who were widely known with you and remembered by you are not advanced, and as I wished to meet with an advanced Catholic priest, I had some difficulty in finding the man I wanted. I have at last become acquainted with a man who was one of the early leaders of Catholicism in your country, and who was known by the name of Michael O'Connor. I told him I was collecting something from all denominations to send back as lessons to earth life, and asked him if he was willing to state his present views. "I shall have to correct you, sir, in one thing. You may be getting denominational views, but when you come to interview me as to the church of Rome, you are done with denominations."

This priest was very nicely situated in the fourth sphere, and retained much of the old idea, that superior comforts should be furnished for the clergy. Said I, "With the light of heaven around you, with the knowledge you have gained in order to reside here, what are your views now as to the church for which you labored?" "My opinion, sir, is that if churches must exist, our church is the best, in fact, the only true church. But I feel humiliated to know all that goes on within its walls, and within the walls of convents and monasteries under the guise of religion. Though I am called a heretic, a worse than protestant by my fellow priests, who have been over here much longer than I, and who still manage their churches after the earthly way in the second and third spheres; if I could remove the evils that come from the confessional, if I could abolish the confessional itself, I should be glad. If I could restore the purity to many a bright girl, which was hers before she began this secret revealing of the heart's deepest thoughts, if I could remove from her mind ideas that never would have occurred to her otherwise, if I could undo the work done by priests all over your world, if I could sweep away this false system of celibacy that makes wives and daughters unsafe, and give a freer atmosphere to the whole church, if I could take away the mysteries of the church, have all its acts open to all eyes, I think there would be enough then in our form of religion to make pure many lives. But as an honest man, facing the realities of this life, I know that until our church has undergone such a change, more evil than good will result from it. I am working against opposers on both sides, sir. In earth life they wish no innovations, and have the most bigoted of spirits to help them. The Roman church is seeking for power, and unless the United States stands firm, many will creep into office who will give the church the inside track.

“Tell the people to beware, sir. I see the evils in all their heinousness.” “From what place did you pass to this life?” “From Boston, Mass., many years ago.”

S. B.

NOVEMBER 6.

DR. JOHN TODD,

*Late Minister of the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Mass.*

I did not receive the warmest welcome from this reverend gentleman, for it fell out that he knew the work I was engaged in. But with a persistency that is considered commendable in a reporter for earthly journals, I pushed my way into his sanctum and said, “I have called upon you to get an expression of your present views of the church in which you labored while on earth.” “You have called to get my views, sir. Do you suppose any one’s views can alter the true church?” “No,” I said, somewhat abashed by his air of wisdom, “but I would like to know if you still hold the opinions for which you were willing to devote your life?” “In the main I do, sir, although there are some doctrines concerning which we could not have rightly understood the word of God; for instance, sleeping in the grave until the great resurrection. This is, of course, now known to be erroneous, as we are temporarily furnished with bodies that will answer all purposes until the general resurrection, when our own old earthly bodies will again be inhabited by these spiritual bodies. Ah, sir, I thought my work was done when my hands were folded in their last rest, until the general resurrection; but now I find that even as I had then to preach to prepare for death, here I have to prepare souls to enter their purified earth bodies, when we shall again inhabit a purified earth!” “But,” said I, showing my great surprise, “with the realities of heaven around you, and with the daily lessons you receive from others coming from higher spheres, how can you go back to that outrageous doctrine of earth life! Would you, if you could, enter again the old earth body?” “Would I?” said he, “how can I help it when Gabriel sounds his trump, and my Savior meets me at the resurrection. I shall, with joy, inhabit my old body, made clean by the blood of the Lamb. We shall hold a meeting in our chapel in the first sphere situated over my old charge at Pittsfield, Mass., at seven o’clock, and I should be glad to have you come there and learn the truth.” Angels deliver me, I thought, from enter-

ing any place where reason is shrouded, and common-sense abandoned, for the sake of making spirits in the first and second spheres believe in the old dogmas which are daily proven to be lies.

S. B.

NOVEMBER 7.

BISHOP WILLIAM HEATHCOTE DE LANCEY AND REV. E. W. HAGER,

*Late of the Diocese of Western New York, Episcopalians.*

I have tried very hard to come in direct rapport with one who was prominent in this church. At last I found one Bishop De Lancey,\* who passed to spirit life from the Diocese of Western New York, and who was called a strong light in the Low Church party.

Not being able to gain admittance to him, I interviewed one of his clergymen, a Rev. E. W. Hager, who was sent to converse with me.

I asked Mr. Hager what were now the Bishop's views of his church; and was mildly corrected by being told to say *the* church. I was also informed that this church held rigidly to all its dogmas and views, that a zealous churchman would not usually rid himself of Episcopalian doctrines till he had ascended to the fifth sphere, and be willing to admit all truths, whether coming from *the* Church or not, equally noble and important. I asked Mr. Hager, "Do you, as Churchmen, still hold to the infallibility of this branch of Zion's Vineyard?"

"We do not call it infallible, but we believe there is more truth embodied in *the* Church than in all the denominations combined. Still I have found, since coming to spirit life, that there is much to correct.

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\*A letter of inquiry to the present Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, New York, as to whether such men had lived, and were so connected with the Episcopalian Church, brought the following reply:

HOUSE OF BISHOPS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.  
November, 11, 1881.

With Bishop Coxe's compliments, he encloses the desired information.

E. W. HAGER, D. D., of the Diocese of Central New York. Chaplain U. S. Navy. At one time was rector of All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass., and subsequently of St. George's Church, Utica, N. Y. Died in Chicago, July 7, 1880.

34.† The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM HEATHCOTE DE LANCEY, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Oxon., of Western New York, was consecrated in St. Peter's Church, Auburn, on Thursday, May 9, 1839.—Died April 5, 1865, in the 68th year of his age.

† That is, he was the 34th bishop of the Anglo-American line of Consecrations.

In talking with my Bishop, he says the wrong arises from a misunderstanding of *the Church*, its creeds and articles of belief, and he yet hopes to see *the Church* triumphant over all other religious doctrines. It is true that religion is sometimes made easy in *the Church*, yet I hope there will arise from what is best in *the Church*, a purer nucleus around which higher good shall center, and render us less obligated to the Church of Rome for our creed and ceremonies."

"I see you and your Bishop yet cling to the germ of truth in your particular belief." "Oh yes, we know it and we will bring out grand results for those left behind." "Well, sir, in the face of the fact that what is good will be sustained, and what is evil will be crushed out, how can you still adhere with such tenacity to creed and ceremony, which are as nothing beside the importance of universal union of all that is good in religion. Why not recognize the brotherhood of man, the all-pervading power of the God principle, and be satisfied to work with all those who have fought and died for the real truth?" said I.

"I often ask that question myself," he said in a musing manner. "Though my reason teaches me these grand humanitarian lessons, yet the force of habit takes me back to Gothic structures and the Te Deum of the past. But I shall grow, our Bishop will grow, and the chains that now hold us must be broken by something still higher, still more truthful and beautiful."

Oh Christianity! the sins committed in thy name are legion. When will the time come when, for a man to know himself immortal, is to know that he is alone responsible for his salvation; when will blind creeds and dogmas be numbered with things of the past? And Hope answered, when the dwellers in the spheres, who know this truth, are willing to demonstrate it to the people of earth.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 8.

## PAPER TWENTY-FOURTH.

## THE FIFTH SPHERE.

THE BUDDHIST HEAVEN.—PICTURES OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.—  
 THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EXTENDING AMONG THE SPHERES.—  
 THE BANGKOK SORCERER.—SPIRITS FROM CAMBODIA.—HOW THEY  
 ARE HELD BACK BY DEVOTION TO THEIR IDEAL GODS.—COLOSSAL  
 STATUES WITH HIEROGLYPHICS.—MR. BOWLES VISITS ACHSA W.  
 SPRAGUE'S HOME IN THE FIFTH SPHERE, AND PAYS ANOTHER  
 VISIT TO PROFESSOR FARADAY.

On returning from my visit to M. Faraday I retired to my quiet home pondering upon what I had heard from him, and wondering whether in my progress upward I should be enabled to converse with historians of other days, and find the pure enjoyment I had already received from my researches. After hours of rest, I signified my willingness to visit the fifth sphere again, and learn of its glories. With my faithful guide I rose to the desired plane, and found such gorgeous tints, such harmony of color, such melody of sound, that I stood transfixed, and thought, as I looked upon the purity of the people, can it be possible that these refined beings are an outgrowth from the earth I loved? Reason, always true to her mission, said, Yes; and my guide said, "You are just beginning to realize the spiritual in its beauty." I found homes still more beautiful than in the lower spheres; palaces of art, rich in the trophies of artists and sculptors, who in learning their lessons of the spheres were glad to contribute to each sphere as they went upward. If you in earth life would be more careful to leave "way-marks" for good, there would be more rapid growth in those who come after you. "What part of this sphere shall I most enjoy?" I asked my guide, for as my time was limited, I felt like making the most of it. "Well," he said, "there is much that is interesting in the Buddhist Quarter." We went there. The change from the freedom and purity of the section inhabited by our kind of people was great. I found much that I could not understand. The shape of the dwellings, the mixture of colors, the strange pictures on the walls, and the quiet studiousness of all the inhabitants of this village.

As I looked upon them they gave me the impression that I was looking on a picture or pantomime, for all was done with a solemnity that was awe-inspiring, and caused many to feel that there yet lingered in the race remnants of their old idolatrous faith. I found that while

devout Buddhists are willing in this sphere to acknowledge the wrongs of earth life, willing to own that the doctrine of polygamy, called sacred by them, was another name for the grossest sensuality, yet here they have pictures of the white elephant. I found that in purifying their inner lives in a great measure they have yet a tender feeling toward some of the fancies of their earth life.

I also find that in all the spheres I have yet visited, a growing knowledge of the English language, and it appears to be the chosen tongue. I was much attracted to one spirit in this realm, who seemed by his appearance to have been doing penance for many years. I asked him his history, and from what he and my-guide could tell me, I understood that near Bangkok in Siam, many years ago, this person was consulted as a sorcerer, and knowing he had great powers given him from Buddha, he used them in a way which brought sorrow to the people. He said that in those wicked days with this gift he had given out evil instead of good. He had dealt in poisonous mixtures, pretending they had power over the affections of kings, and thus had made himself feared and hated. He also said that during his residence in spirit life he had felt his guilt so keenly, that when others talked of beautiful sights he had closed his eyes and shouted, "Unworthy, unworthy." His humility seemed so great that I made further inquiry, and learned that he was in earth life a medium, but that he had allowed intriguing spirits to lift him to public honors, and that he had been corrupted by them.

Those from the ancient kingdom of Cambodia find a home here, and counting the years by your reckoning, I wondered at the lack of progression, since many others, who have not been in spirit life nearly as long, have attained to a much higher sphere; but I was told it was their adhesion to their old ideas, their devotion to their ideal God, which has kept them back; that what other minds could grasp quickly they are long in understanding, and therefore their growth is slow. In this portion of the fifth sphere are colossal statues, covered with hieroglyphics, that have a meaning to all, not as a necessity but as a memory of the past. These teach them from what they have risen. Much appears that is the perfection of art, and would seem like some petrified dream of the great artists of the past.

I would like to spend days in wandering in these labyrinths, the work of ages, and in watching the silent fittings of these dark browed races. I feel the same awe that you would feel in studying into the mysteries of Rome, or listening to the vesper bells of famed St. Peter's.

This may seem to you to dim the reality of our progressive heaven, and cause you to say, "Can there be remnants of a barbarous past in the fifth sphere?" I answer, that the heaven we Americans would revel in would not be a heaven to these people, who have all their lives been overshadowed by a kind of heathenism, and that the purest of what was necessary to their earth life is reproduced in sphere after sphere with increased purity, and they are thus able to hold their identity.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 20.

I visited ACHSA SPRAGUE'S HOME while in the fifth sphere and found her description of it fell far behind the reality. The home and surroundings are a picture of perfect beauty and comfort, and the lady, known and loved by many on earth and in the spheres, bade me welcome. I asked her something of her manner of controlling the medium through whom her late book \* was written, and she informed me that it was merely a beginning, that though true, she hoped soon, through the same medium, to continue her work for further publications, and to surround this medium by such strong forces as to enable her for a little time each day to teach a school, at which spirits might learn how to control mediums. As she conversed, a dreamy look came into her eyes, and the exact change that often overspreads the faces of earth mediums came to her face, and for a few moments she was not the risen spirit, the happy sojourner in the fifth sphere, but the weary, working medium of earth life. "Oh, the long, rough road I passed over," she said, "and yet I came to spirit life young, as the world calls it, but I was old, so old in suffering, old in experiences. My memory goes unbidden to those friends who proved so false when they really knew my mission, and gladly my memory reverts to the dear ones who upheld me. Would that in my little book I had sent word after word to those tender and true to me, that they might know I love them still."

"What is your idea of the future of spiritualism for the world as a separate religion, calling for its own organizations?" I asked.

"Oh, said she," I see you have the same hope that buoyed me up so long, which was that our knowledge would be understood by many,

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\* "Achsa W. Sprague's and Mary Clarke's Experiences in the First Ten Spheres of Spirit Life," a most charming little book, full of comforting thoughts and pretty descriptions of the peaceful life in the spheres above the first. [See cover, third page.]

and I saw in fancy, buildings in every city and town where our people could convene. Now I see that this would not be the most blessed mission of spiritualism. It will be, I think, the design of the spirit world to permeate the masses, to give light to the believer in Christ and to the infidel; not to tear down the churches, but gradually to show the clergy that the people will no longer feed on husks, and do away with the one man, priest power, and show the congregations that there may be many in their numbers who might instruct under the beautiful inspirations of the angels; and thus gradually make these millions of un-axed property in church edifices more useful to the people. I believe it will yet be generally understood that there is seldom a family of six persons in which one or more is not a medium, and this fact be universally admitted, that what comes after death will not be guessed at, but known."

"Are you now content in this home," I asked? She smiled and said "Yes. Contentment means heaven. I am in heaven." As I left this sister, whose past had been so prolific of good to the world, and at a time when it required great courage to admit that she was a spiritualist, could but contrast her past with my own, and feel that people on earth had a right to wonder how it was that I had so soon become interested in topics on which while in the body I never expressed an opinion. I feel like warning all journalists to hide nothing under a bushel for fear of "Public opinion," for if right, after a little darkness, that great bugbear can be conquered.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

OCTOBER 27.

Before leaving this sphere I again called upon my friend FARADAY, and was most cordially welcomed by him. This time he took me into that he styles his "Den," and surprised me by some of the mechanism everywhere visible. I heard voices that seemed to come from the sides of the room. And yet no other persons were visible. He enjoyed my puzzled face for a while, and then as a strong voice said with a German accent, "Say dash ish wrong, too much power mit the five wires so close togeder;" he laughed outright at my astonishment and said, that is a German professor who is trying experiments with me. He lives in this sphere, but in the German part, and we have made connection with each other and four other scientists in different locations in this sphere. In each one's laboratory are these means for conversing.

"It is rather amusing," he said, "when all five get to questioning me at the same time. Then I have to put the little cap over which you see hanging by a slight chain at each of the small apertures."

Now that he had drawn my attention to it, I found there were very small apertures, so arranged in the wall as to make them appear like a part of the adornments of the room.

"Well," said he, "may I ask your errand? my time is limited. We meet two hours hence to try our experiments, and I must make some preparation." Understanding his not very hospitable hint, I asked him concerning the three pamphlets that he had lately written through a medium, and which were having a wide circulation in earth life.

"Oh," he said, "that was my beginning. I was just tuning up my instrument to do real work."\*

"How do you control this medium, I asked? Do you do it in the same way as I do the medium through whom I write?" "No; you make the medium you use a medium so far as her brain force without her knowledge is concerned, and one hand, while the instrument I use must be mine for the time, soul and body. So strong is this electric force I throw over him, with the help of others, that, during his writing he has not an independent thought. He is mine. Wave after wave of this electric force passes over him until in working our batteries not only his hand is used, but his whole being to produce a word. That is why I have to give him such long periods of rest, because, if I did not, his physical health would give out." "Do you purpose writing more soon?" "Yes, as soon as I can shake off some earth conditions that are consuming his force." I felt that, to ask him more questions would be intruding on his time, and thanking him bade him good day.

OCTOBER 28.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Have you yet conversed with any historians of other days?

*Answer.*—Yes, with many, but have from these sources obtained enough for a separate volume on the histories of the past. I hope to give the results of my researches at another time. S. B.

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\*Professor Faraday alludes to three pamphlets mentioned on the cover of this book which contain the most reasonable theory of the origin of man and the life he is to lead hereafter yet given to earth, and couched in language, though scientific, yet plain to the understanding of thoughtful people. If Professor Faraday calls these pamphlets "tuning the instrument," we may look for scientific music that shall set the age forward a century at a single leap.

## PAPER TWENTY-FIFTH.

## FIFTH SPHERE CONTINUED.

## AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

In earth life bare realities in a great measure took the place of sentiment. I read of disinterested sentiment, beautiful truths, sacrifices made for love's sake, but so far as my experiences went a hundred cents made a dollar, and S. Bowles was invited most earnestly to pay. I had many friends whom I loved as much as a business man can put love into his every day life, but the world put its outside cement of cynicism in a measure upon me. Yet sometimes a warm hand grasped me, impelled by some motive, and showed me a dim picture of the future, when my paper was most earnestly desired to set forth the virtues of an office seeker, whom my blinded intellect had never before selected from the maelstrom of political life. Such experiences are a part of the journalist's life, and I was not an exception. Thus I played my little play on the stage of life without ever becoming a star actor. But I have, despite all that may have been felt to the contrary, retained something of the love nature which my mother's eyes and voice taught my soul; and later years, spent with one of the most beautiful of souls, has taught me that though I seemed hard, cold and un congenial, this influence of woman's love and goodness has not been cast upon stony ground, but has found fertile soil in my heart, and leads me to appreciate over here, what I, with the eye of a true artist, never carefully studied in earth life.

I had about concluded a visit in the fifth sphere and was intending to return to my quiet home when a friend said, "There is a new picture in the art gallery over the way. Please go with me and see it." With little enthusiasm I went with him.

We found a space as large as one side of your sixteen feet rooms, taken up with a new painting, and many eager ones were seeking to view this work of soul art. The chief attraction of the picture was the form of a young mother holding a laughing babe. The mother's love shone from her face. On the grass around were flowers which had been torn by the baby fingers, yet beautiful still. A large tree shaded them from the sun's rays, and a brook glistened at their feet. The child's eyes, blue as the skies of June, were fixed upon the mother's face, and her fair hair lay in clustering curls upon the baby's brow.

In the mother's hand was held the portrait of a man, noble looking, as some would say, yet having the impress of vices, which the fond wife's heart could not realize, while from the portrait she was teaching baby lessons of the father far away. In the background were pictured a host of lost souls, which neither the mother and child saw; the murderer, with weapon in hand, gazing over the mother's shoulders; the thief, with look of greed in the face, the hypocrite, carrying still his hypocritical countenance, the drunkard, holding an empty bottle, the suicide, with the fatal rope, the woman lost to virtue, and the daring libertine, and many others I have not space to describe, drawn with startling fidelity to life by the faithful artist. As I gazed upon the picture I could almost hear the happy laugh of the child, the lullaby of the mother, and better still, see the softening change come over the faces of that sinful group, as they gazed on happy, innocent childhood and seemed to repeat over and over the title of the picture, "And a little child shall lead them."

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 1.

## PAPER TWENTY-SIXTH.

FIFTH SPHERE CONTINUED.

ROBERT DALE OWEN

*Graduates a Class of Twelve Spirits to go as Teachers to the First Sphere.*

After leaving the scene where the picture "And a little child shall lead them" had been on exhibition, I was called to witness the graduation of a class of twelve spirits in the fifth sphere, who were considered competent to descend to the first sphere and teach spirits how to successfully control earth mediums. Robert Dale Owen was the prime mover in this, and propounded the questions. In the class were six males and six females. They were thoroughly drilled in the use of all batteries, and taught how to explain to their pupils the action of different elements on different organisms. An analysis was made, showing that elements in the spirit of matter which we had thought simple, were really compound, and that the nerve force of the medium must be acted upon with a full knowledge of all hindrances, showing how to overcome the different influences of spirits, who, though knowing the truth and the necessity of a change of their ideas, are yet more anx-

ous that their old ways of thinking may remain; how to overcome those of the first sphere who, with corrupted tastes, still try to gratify these tastes by obsession of earth people.

Thus Robert Dale Owen and many others, (among whom are the Anthonys and Burtises, late of Rochester, N. Y.), are laboring to protect people in earth life from low spirits, and organize in the first sphere that which will most forcibly act on the earth plane.

Their plan is to educate spirits in soul principles so that the controls of mediums may, in the near future, be experienced and learned in this important duty. There is great need of this, for many mediums have mediums, and often little girls, for controls, from different Indian tribes, whose lack of experience in business or morals render them unsafe advisers. Though their hearts may be honest and the medium pure-minded, yet many bad results come from such controls; for they give advice without a proper knowledge of what is best for soul as well as body. These noble spirits know that the chief obloquy which has fallen upon spiritualism comes from the advice of uneducated spirits. You should reject the idea that, because one is a spirit, he is for that reason, able to advise you. People are sometimes set at the most ridiculous work in this way. Captain Kidd's treasure is an example of the lack of proper education in some parties, who are filling the ears of people with ideas of wonderful results if they will be faithful to spirit direction. Please take note of this. A person may, in earth life, secrete something, and be able, in spirit life, to return, after a long time, and seeing that good can be done by producing the secreted treasure, may inform of the place and have it recovered. But the few instances when this has occurred have been made an excuse for mischievous spirits to work ill to you. Therefore good spirits are organizing reasonable parties of educators, spirits from the higher spheres, who shall teach the spirits of lower spheres what is the true object of spirit return, i. e. in the truest sense, spirit control is to make souls better, make lives better, and that, if these guardians can see it to be of ultimate good, they will often direct in business so as to bring success. This help is mainly given those who will be instrumental in doing great good to this cause, they are allowed to prosper; as is often done in the oil or mining business, and sometimes in giving advice in stock speculations. But good to the pocket must not be considered first. There must be in the mind of the one who receives this help, definite plans for the distribution of true knowledge. Still there are exceptions to this rule;

since miserly spirits gain control of miserly people, and use them to make money, without thought of the good the money will do. These dangerous guides leave those whom they have controlled, helpless beggars at death.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 3.

## PAPER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

### FIFTH SPHERE CONCLUDED.

I never before realized in so great a degree the meagerness of words to express ideas. The vast panorama of beauty spread out before our view, the perfect harmony existing among the inhabitants of this sphere, the very spirit of the spiritual pervading everything, make me wonder how with old theologians, this perfect representation of beauty and peace will compare with the streets of gold and gates of pearls so long proclaimed by them. Truly as I gaze at the far off clouds sailing in space, it takes but little imagination to see in them shapes of beauty, images of angels, and colorings that make artists here wish to dip their brushes in these glowing tints, and transfer them to canvas.

Visiting one of the lofty mountain peaks that are in the heavens above our loved New England, I have stood spell bound at the scene below, tiny streams like threads of silver, seeking their way through the beautiful fields to the great rivers, silently gliding to the sea; birds of every variety making the air melodious with songs, groups of people whose raiment glitters in the light, enjoying the beauties of the scene, humble homes and towering mansions, nestled among a thousand hills. With all this beauty around me my thoughts flew back to loved ones in your world, with a prayer, that though snowy December is fast hastening upon them, it may not always be December in their hearts. Yes, I have prayed as never before that the cold desolateness of an empty faith may give place to perfect knowledge, so that when the release from earth's bondage comes, those I love best will be fitted to meet me in the higher spheres, for which I am fitting myself, and not have to pass through intermediate spheres. Our thoughts here are so much a part of ourselves that it is not necessary to utter them to those spirits who have learned these lessons of soul reading. I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by voices near me. I have had my ideas of seraphs and of angels, which terms mean the same, but I must say I never

had such a realization of a perfect man or perfect woman as at this time. "I did not see you coming up the mountain," said I, glancing at the mountain path.

"No, we did not come up the mountain, but down from the seventh sphere. Did you know that while thinking so intently your thoughts acted like a telegraphic message, and we have hastened to you, wishing to give you words of cheer, and a Godspeed to your blessed work. What you are writing will be read by thousands of people, and the truths of this book will find a lodgment in their hearts. Though the grossness of earth surroundings will have much to do in dimming your pure meaning, yet surely you will be the means of causing men to prepare with all their might for spirit life, and also to make such advancement on earth as to enter an advanced sphere at death. For it is possible for humans to have a good understanding of these laws to fit themselves to enter at once upon the higher spheres, even as high as the fourth. This can be accomplished only by sending back just such lessons as you have taught." With many kindly words this pair descended to a place of gathering, that they might take part in a discussion going on daily.

My heart thrilled with gladness to know that there was so much in store for me and for all. I had scarce tasted the joys of heaven yet, but was slowly working up to it. I cannot say that I have any ambition to enter the upper and still more beautiful spheres, in order to meet Moses or Solomon, or any of the mythical prophets of the past, but I am so rejoiced that in this ever progressive life I shall yet meet with those whose intellects have left their impress on earth life, and reveal to you a dim realization that you cannot afford to deal with cold, soulless materiality, but that you must rise above its grossness.

I have given to the reader of this book as faithful a picture as it is possible for me to produce of the first stages of heaven, and of the bitterness of hell. If in your feeling of vengeance it does not seem hot enough, you who are walking in bad paths will only have to sink a little lower to get at the desired orthodox heat.

But brother, sister, drop hell and choose heaven. Cast from you that hypocrisy which makes you appear to your fellow-men what you are not, and stand face to face with yourselves. It is no perfect man who writes you this, but one who is working hard to remove old stains, and be a true worker for you of earth life.

Read, and aspire upward. Go not with trembling to investigate

these things, for fear your wealthy neighbor will hear of it, but go a an honest man seeking truth.

My work for you has but just begun. If I was wrong while with you, and am willing to right that wrong, surely you should honor that motive. I ask you all, as you stand near the brink of what may mean to your nation political ruin, to remember that the only way to save yourselves, save your country, is to enter heart and soul into a reforms. Be willing to stand alone, if need be, and proclaim the truth that if any religion is worth anything, it should enter into the minutiae of every day life, and be the stronghold against temptation.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NOVEMBER 4, 1881.

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