

Echoes from the Spirit World

Alice L. Kane.



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Over Onward.
H. L. Rogers

Dedicatory



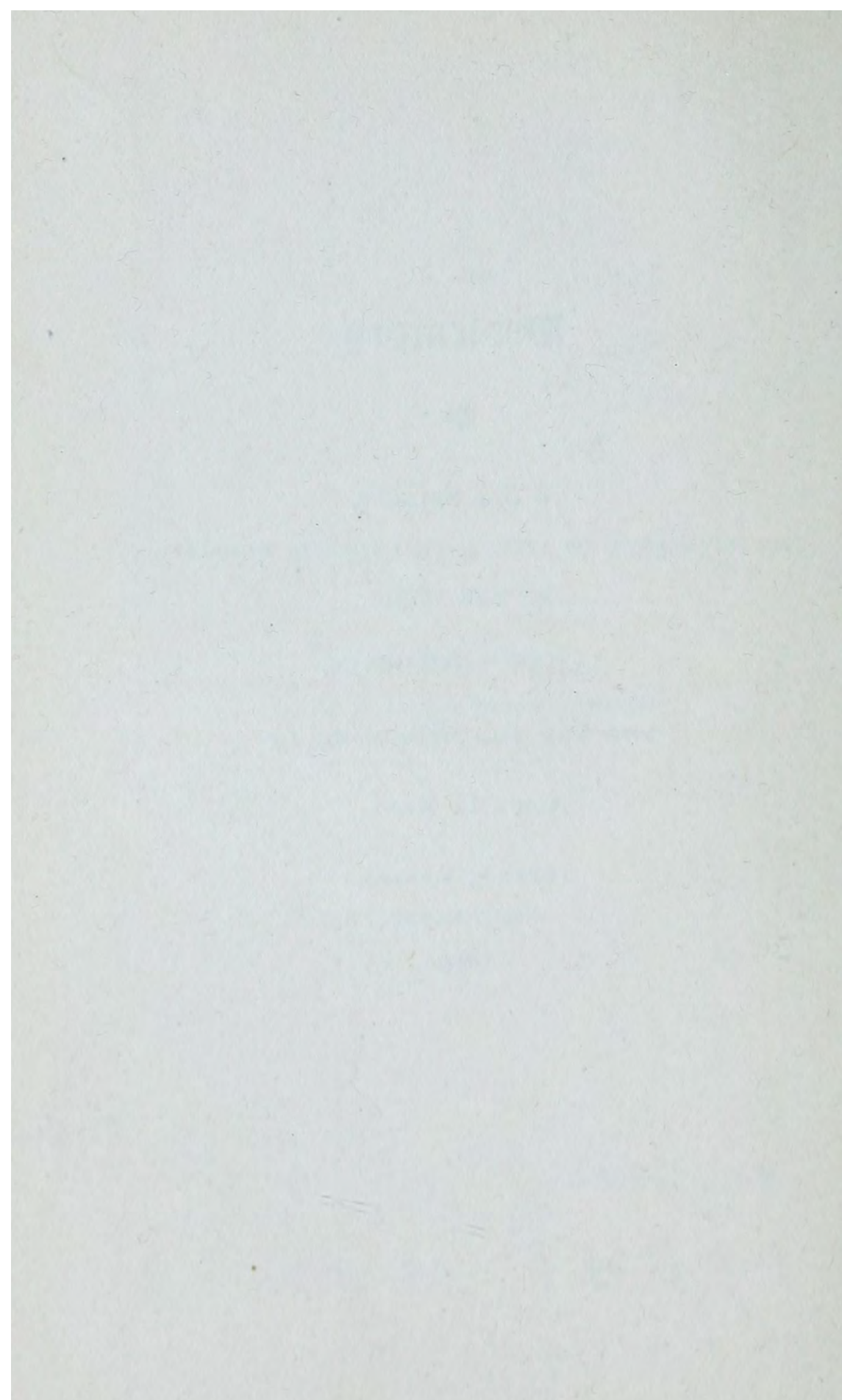
TO OUR FRIENDS,
ON BOTH SIDES OF LIFE, IS THIS VOLUME DEDICATED,
BY THE SPIRIT

JAMES THOMPSON,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

ALICE L. KANE.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,
SEPTEMBER,
1899.

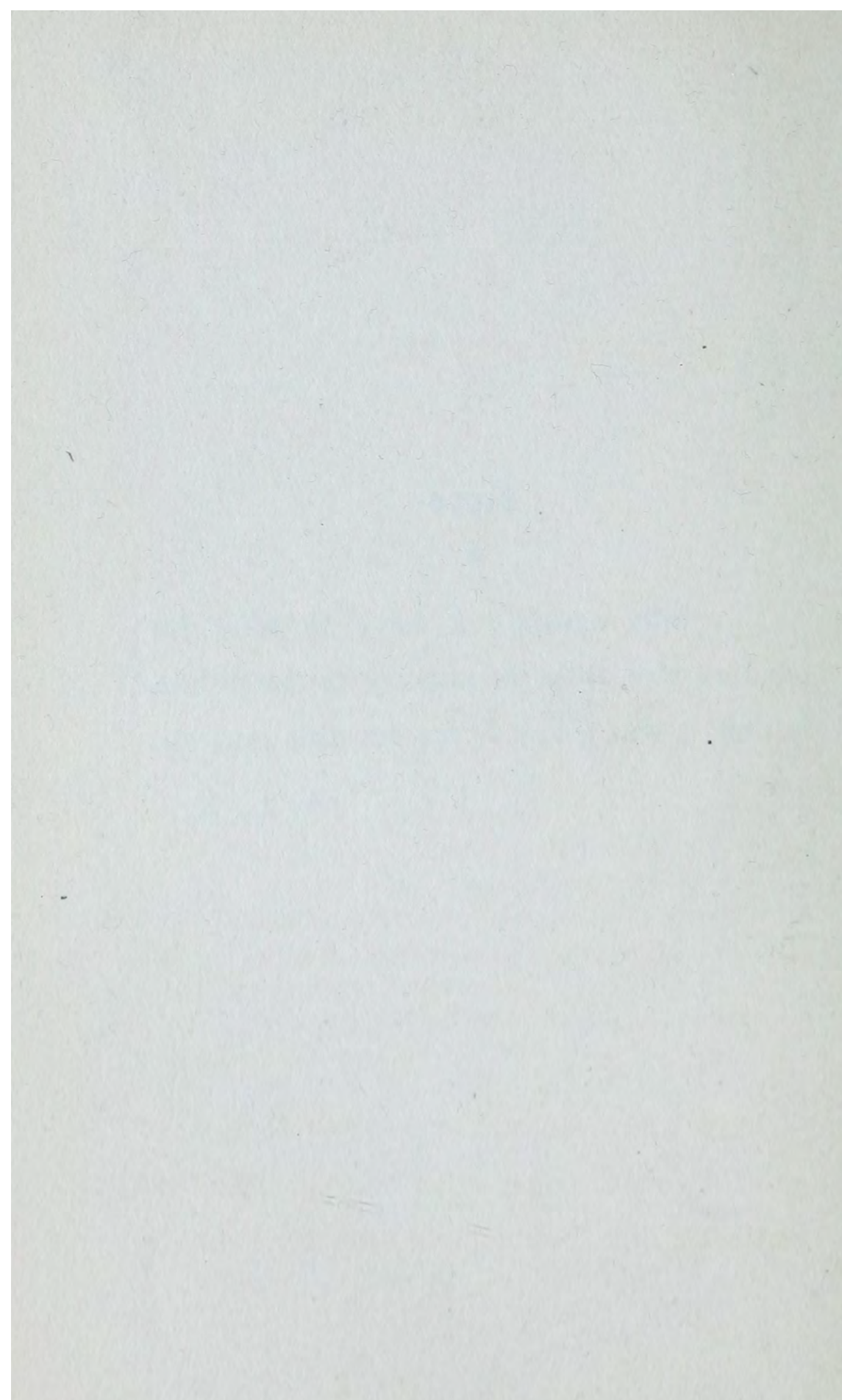


Note



The only apology I have to offer for sending this little missionary to the public, is that it was given to me for this purpose.

A. L. K.



Echoes from the Spirit World

CHAPTER I.

“Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back ; but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream :
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity ;
And that the shapes you deem
Imagination's, just as clearly fall,
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about us lie,
Gross and material, on the external sight.”

—*Alice Cary.*

How often would we be glad to give to
mortals, on their plane of existence, our ex-
periences, for their benefit as well as ours.

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To us it is an opportunity to do to those still left in the flesh, a good they cannot well now appreciate.

We say for the benefit of all, on both sides of life, that the passing is an experience fraught with much joy, and also, of course, as you may readily realize, some sorrow. Sorrow at parting with the loved friends, and especially if they are not cognizant of the laws which govern our transition to the Spirit-life, or Spiritual Sphere; for then we know the door of communication is shut, and we must reach them as best we can.

We are fortunate if we have a friend, who is so far developed in the Spiritual life as to be able to extend to us a helping hand, and thus enable us to speak to those we love most and best, who are still in earth-life.

It is my purpose to give, through this

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friend, a series of experiences, which cannot fail to convince the most skeptical that we do exist outside of the material, and after the great change called death, which is only birth into the Spiritual kingdom of Nature, where our possibilities for growth and development are limitless.

Surely, many have found the truth, and many more are seeking, they know not what, but a satisfaction for their souls. To such I will now address myself.

Immediately upon my transition out of the body (which I will now state was painless), I found myself surrounded by bright and shining ones, some of whom I knew; others seemed to have come out of sympathy for the new-born soul. They wafted to me fragrance from spices so sweet, and fanned me with the delightful breezes peculiar to the upper stratum of air just beyond the

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currents of earth's magnetism. In this delightful condition I had a sense of reflection, and felt not a little sad at the loss, which just now seemed to be permanent, of my nearest and dearest.

A trifle homesick, I said to my guide, "Have I left them for always?" "Far from it," was his reply; "but for the present, I wish you to be perfectly passive and submissive, that more good may come to you."

Feeling intensely the happiness with which I was blessed, it soon took form in my trying my powers in the new life by which I was surrounded, for up to this point I was as one cared for; but now I felt new desires for motion, my body feeling light, and young again; for I will say I had reached my fifty-fifth year on earth, and as is quite common to people of that age, my mortal body had

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sometimes seemed a burden to me; but now all that was past, and I felt well and young, with renewed energy and vigor of mind. I longed to try what I could do in my new surroundings, so I expressed to my guide (all have guides).

He kindly acquiesced, and agreed it was now time for me to try my flight.

He gently grasped my waist, and we commenced an upward motion which was remarkable indeed.

I feared I would grow dizzy, and said as much to my friend who had me in charge; but nothing of the kind occurred to mar my otherwise delightful experience. It seemed we were borne on the wings of the wind, but my friend said magnetic currents.

On, on, we went, past cities and villages as real as ever greeted my mortal sight. I began to wonder when this would cease,

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when I was told that was enough for this lesson, and now we would return. I confess to having some doubt as to my ability to maintain an equilibrium on the return, but when I *thought fear* my guide simply let go his hold, and I found it superb sailing on magnetic currents, perfectly natural, with no attendant danger.

CHAPTER II.

“Alas ! for him who cannot see
The stars shine through his cypress tree,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor waits to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.”

—Whittier.

Surrounded as I was at this time by scenes of my release from bondage to the flesh, I looked about to see if I recognized any familiar faces. Ah ! yes, there was my ever-loving and faithful wife, bowed in tears ; and my son, on whom his father had hoped to lean as a prop and stay in his old age. They were, however, looking philosophically upon the occurrence, and my wife remarked, “It is the way all must go, yet it is hard — *very hard*.”

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I sought in vain to inform them of my presence, as no matter what my gestures were, they paid no attention to me.

I would fain have comforted their sad hearts with the assurance that I still lived and loved, but no thought or movement of mine seemed to attract any attention.

At last, worn with this thought, I passed on into the familiar room where the lump of clay that had once encased my entity lay as one asleep.

I looked lovingly at the temple I had inhabited so many years, and with a good-by thought, left the room to seek more congenial air outside. I wondered what time it was, as the lamps were not yet lighted. I could not even guess the time of day.

After looking upon familiar scenes in and around my home, I decided to try the street. Here I found all was clear to my mind, and

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many familiar forms greeted my sight, but paid no attention to me,—in fact, walked right on in their course turning not to the right or left, consequently passing right through me. It did not disconcert me in the least, and only gave me a feeling of loneliness, not to be recognized; but I began to fully realize the novelty of my new situation, and thought *this* is to be endless. This only added to my burden of sorrow, for now I must seek new associates in accordance with my new environment.

Finally, my mind was drawn to business, which had engrossed a greater part of my life; and *here* it will be different. *Here*, I thought, I shall at least be recognized, and some deference paid to the senior partner of the firm; but alas! no one paid any attention to me. This was the crowning point of sorrow, and I resolved never to make a

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second attempt, as it evidently was useless. So, turning my back upon that room, which in the past held so many busy hours for me, I resolved to learn what the great *future* had in store, as evidently the haunts which had known me so long, now would know me no more forever.

Thus I glided out unnoticed, and when again in the air felt freer, as while in the old environments I felt the same sense of anxiety for the welfare of the business, which to me was becoming oppressive; but once free, I decided it was best for me not to return.

At this point I began to experience a sense of great loneliness. There they were — my friends, but I could not make them know or feel my presence. At this, a friend in spirit came and spoke to me. Divining my situation, he sought to lead my mind to

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the new surroundings, enough of which I had seen to throw some light upon my way.

Gladly I accepted his advice, and we withdrew from the old haunts, where now there was nothing but disappointment, to an upper current, which was very invigorating. "Come with me to my home," said he; "see what a veritable paradise we possess." Surely enough! we were borne along a short distance,—then there appeared what to me seemed an enchanted isle, with trees of spice perfume, and these words recurred to my mind:

"Just over there is an isle so fair,
With spice and sweet perfume."

"Now," said my friend, "just beyond the tallest tree you can discern is where my house and my dear Mary are."

It was a long distance, but I took sight at

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what seemed the tallest tree, and we steered straight for it.

All this was accomplished in a few seconds. Arriving at the place, I inquired, "Where did you obtain material to construct so beautiful a dwelling?"

You see, I spoke after the manner of the flesh, as I had not yet learned to adjust myself to this new situation. He answered at once:

"That is the beauty of this life. We do not have to work here for years before we may have our hearts' desire accomplished. We have only to desire with intense earnestness, and we receive at *once*,—not next year, or at the end of a series of years of toil and waiting, but soon. One must settle in his mind the plan of the house, and the thought forms a tangible dwelling, at least to us."

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As this conversation was going on, we had drawn close to the dwelling, and my friend said, "We will now enter, for here we dwell in *love* and *perfect peace*."

I wondered to myself if this were entirely true, as so many times in the old life I had been made heart-sick and weary over the attempts at *perfect peace*; and I thought, "Really, *can* this be true?" I remembered what Jesus had said: "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth," but now. I thought, "*This* is not *that* world, and I wonder if *this* is the peace spoken of?" However, we entered the dwelling, there to greet the loved one of his choice, who had been in spirit-life many years, and whose angelic ways were sure to win all in her presence. The pair made me feel perfectly at home, and I was invited to tarry with them at my will.

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Urged to recline upon one of the many luxurious sofas, and rest, I did so, for I was by this time greatly fatigued, and accepted the kind hospitality of my friend and his noble mate ; and I felt I was indeed blessed.

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CHAPTER III.

“If our dead return not, ‘then is Christ not risen’; your preaching is vain, and your faith is also vain.”

Finding myself wholly given up to musings of the past, present, and future, my mind wandered back to the loved, and, to me for the time being, wholly lost, or oblivious to me in my present whereabouts; yet my companionship was so delightful that I could not long dwell upon unpleasant things.

They strove to entertain and bear my mind aloft to many scenes which were yet to come into my present life.

Knowing myself now to be a living entity, I began musing with myself as to my future possibilities. However much I had already learned, there was vastly more to be learned.

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Appearing at my side soon after these soliloquies, was a friend whom in earth-life I had called father. "Well, father," I said, "you have come, and I am very, very glad to see you. It is many, many years since we parted, and I have often wondered how it was with you, where you might be, and if I would be so fortunate as to ever behold you again: sit down and tell me all about it."

"My dear son, it gives me great pleasure to embrace you, and I freely confess, this is a very pleasurable meeting to me. Have you been long on the spirit side?"

"Not long, I think, but just how long I cannot tell, as I have not yet learned to *measure* eternity."

"It makes no difference. I learned in passing, you were being kindly cared for by our good friend.

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“Now, my son, there is much for you to learn, and very much you must understand, before you can develop those faculties of the soul which will be your inherent right. You must let go your hold upon earth for a time, neither directing your thought nor affections nadirward; and I will help you to master some of the difficult lessons, and with your permission will now take you out for a little flight.”

Acceding joyously to his request, we progressed finely, for his grasp was so firm, there was no sense of dizziness nor fear that I experienced in my first lesson. Then the thought of confidence—that what my father thought best for me was best, made me very happy.

Up to this time I had formed no idea of the magnitude of space, but now we seemed drowned in azure blue, and were struggling

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with space. We met and passed many people on some mission bent—some going earthward, others overtaking and passing us, bound for the Celestial realm.

“Father,” said I, “whither are we going?”

“To God, my son.”

“But to-day! right now?”

“Oh, no; it will take an indefinite space to be able to reach Him.”

“Well, what in the meantime?”

“I wish to show you some of the glories of this life, the habitations not made with hands, *eternal in the heavens*.

“You have already seen a sample of the glory of God’s love, in the home you just left, and I wish to show you other homes, just as real, just as tangible, as this one.”

“But father, how is it?—it seems so far. Why did you not stay nearer earth, and thus save all this travel?”

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“Are you growing weary? If so, we will rest at the next inn, where all are well received.”

“I do feel fagged out, and believe it is best to rest.”

Accordingly in a very short space (I do not mean time, as over here there is no time, but everything is measured by space traveled over, or to be traveled) we came within sight of one of these resting-places, which we greeted gladly upon our arrival, and were refreshed by our rest, and by partaking of the aroma and essence of food, which is all the spirit requires for its sustenance, and which it must have occasionally, for complete health and enjoyment. We have the counterparts in essence of all foods in earth-life, and therefore have a choice, according to our various tastes and requirements, as our natures are not changed, and we retain our own individuality.

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It was indeed a delightful experience, as this was my first in imbibing these delicious aromas. In earth-life there are those sensitives who experience within their spiritual senses these aromas,—either of herbs, perfumes, or food ; but I had not been blessed with this inner sense, and only now, for the first time in my existence, was strengthened by spirit power.

I found that here, as before, we met people of all shades of belief. The future was still in advance, and at every step it seemed as far away as ever. I could not realize that I was *now* in the future, or what it seemed to me, when I trod the mundane sphere. Now, it all seemed endless, boundless space, with habitations and resting-places.

“Come,” said my father, “let us be going. I wish to reach home by nightfall.”

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“Nightfall!” said I; “I thought there was no night in Heaven. Are we not in Heaven?”

“Not yet. There is, I am told, a place where it does not grow dark, but we have not reached that realm.

“We must be patient, and not seek to understand all God’s ways at once. We have enough to make us supremely happy on the way, and we ought to be content therewith, and not strive to advance beyond our comprehension. As we progress we shall understand all. Your dear mother will be awaiting us, and it is Heaven to her to have you with us, and I wish you to stay some little space, as we have a very commodious dwelling, and will be so pleased to have you with us again.”

On, on we went, past a small star.

“Father, is not this a world?”

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“Yes, my son. I have visited some of them. They have inhabitants, and each its use ; but to spirits is given the world of space outside. We are almost there. You discern, like a speck, the tallest spire in our little village. That is the place.”

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CHAPTER IV.

“How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

“Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—
The wisdom which is love,—’til I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?”

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

“Nearing home!” I thought, just as when,
so many years before, I would be absent for
a time, and my dear mother would come to
greet me; and my thought in rapturous
thrills was borne ahead to this meeting,
which now seemed imminent.

Sure enough! she caught sight of us, and
came with wide-open arms to receive the
wanderer; and to me it was like the old life.

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“Oh, mother! you are not changed, but are the same loving, kind and faithful mother. How do you enjoy this life? How have you been, and where are all the rest of us, that you had so long in your keeping? Are they not with you?”

“My dear son, I will answer your questions directly; but now let me say, I am so pleased to see you and have you at home once more. Here you know you are welcome not only to come, but to stay. I have plenty and to spare. There is no privation here, and no worry as to how we are to get along, as is the case with humanity. There, it is one constant struggle to provide the necessities, but not so here. All we do is to see the necessity and the thought forms the element. It is grand. So many times I would have loved to send you word of all this life, but I could not reach you. I tried

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many times, but finally gave it up; and as you were the last to come of all my children, I felt you would find the way as all the rest had done. There are none of them here just now, but some will return after a little space,—as this, as you have already learned, is our method of defining the interval of absence.

“Well, on the whole I like this life better than the old life. I find the faculties of *mind* have renewed vigor; and, then, we always feel well. No pain, you understand. We grow weary, of course, but the rest is so sweet that it is only a cheerful change.

“But tell me of yourself; how have you left the dear ones at home? Are they reconciled?”

“Hardly, I think. Do you know, mother, I have not had the heart to return since my leave-taking after my first flight? I was

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not noticed or any attention paid to me, and it was useless for me to remain there. I have no desire to return again ; would rather go on, and find what the future has in store for me."

"I felt just so too, but then at last I found a way to reach the mortal world, though not my nearest and dearest. Prejudice in the minds of the people deters many from trying to communicate with their friends and, as one of old exclaimed, 'they would not believe though one should rise from the dead.' This, I think, is the cause of many in Spirit-life becoming discouraged, feeling they will not be recognized or believed.

"I tried many times, my son, to reach you with mother-love, but failed, in that I got no response, as of course you were not educated along these lines, and were not looking for anything from me.

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“But come, I have many things to show you, now that you have come to this life. We will first survey our premises, then those of our adjoining neighbors ; some of them you know. You see, we are content with our traveling for a space, and located in this beautiful valley, that we may enjoy all the beauties vouchsafed to the children of God. I cannot give up my faith in that same loving Heavenly Father who was my staff and stay through so many years of my pilgrimage in earth-life. But come ; let us look around.”

At this my mother arose ; I followed. We passed out upon a broad portico, which was decorated with exquisite taste in Grecian architecture, the carvings and engravings alone forming a display of decorative art that was inclined to dazzle the eye and mind.

“Beautiful ! beautiful !” I exclaimed.

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“This is enchanting. These broad porticos, filled as they are with rare and tropical plants, are nearly all the room you need.”

My mother smiled as was her wont when greatly amused.

“This is the outside,” she remarked ; “come, let us pass around to the side entrance.”

Suiting the action to the word, we entered, through a maze of bewildering sweetness, and when once inside, this vision of loveliness was still continued, more in the matter of beautiful plants than in any other particular, though the furnishings were most luxurious. Many elegant mirrors reflected my image back to my astonished vision. As this was my first look at myself in spirit-form it gave me great happiness to know I looked younger by twenty years than in the body I had laid aside. I knew that I felt so, but

had not thought about how I looked until this moment when I beheld myself.

“Mother,” I said, “this is entrancing,—a veritable paradise! Do you not find it fatiguing to care for so much bric-à-brac, tapestries, etc.?”

“No, my son; that is the grand part of it,—there are no moth and rust here, no dust and decay, and our belongings may be changed at will. But come, I wish to show you our imbibing-room.”

We moved as it were among a sea of crystal, silver, and gold.

“But,” I said, “certainly these dishes never contain food, as none is needed.”

“They may,” my mother replied instantly. “Have you not already been refreshed?”

“Certainly; but the viands were dispensed from urns on the air to guests at an inn, to which we repaired for rest.”

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“Yes, I know there are various ways; but occasionally the old life returns with such force that we sit at table with a display of what you see here, and gratify our tastes for whatever is uppermost in our minds: strawberries and other delicious fruits, and vegetables after our own thinking. Thus you see we are not wholly detached from everything of earth, but likely the next time we locate for a space we will be farther up the valley, or wholly removed from it.”

“Indeed! this is all very wonderful to me. But where are my companions of other years,—my sisters, and my brother?”

My mother’s face grew thoughtful as she said: “John comes often, very often. The girls are here occasionally, and I think will be here in a short space, but they never stay long. Their mission is to the darkened minds of earth, as *they* can reach earth’s

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children with messages of love, to prepare them for a transit to this beautiful world. They are much interested in their work, and except for their long flights, would be gone a shorter space; but they are sent long distances, many times, to reach all the members of one family.

“John, as you already know, was of a scientific turn of mind, and here he has opportunity to investigate to his heart’s content. He has been a student since coming here, and is nearly always away from me, either experimenting with the elements, or attending classes for the prosecution of his studies, or at the centers of learning where profound knowledge upon these subjects is to be obtained, or attending convocations of the wisdom of earth, which is now the wisdom of the spheres. Thus you see he has little space to spend in idleness. But here he comes. I thought he would be here soon.”

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“My dear, dear brother!” and my hands were both grasped in his warm clasp. “It is so good to see you, that we may have an interchange of thought and flow of soul. How often would I have let you know what to expect, but ‘ye would not’; but when we meet here we are kin, for all the world beside is as naught to us, when we have found our own. When did you arrive? and who was your guide? Were you sick long? and how are the dear ones at home?”

All of which I answered as best I could; after which, conversation turned to the future of each.

I had not thought much about what *I* would do, when asked the question.

I had spent my earth-life in a struggle with the world for a living, and now whither was I drifting, while my brother

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was only continuing what he began on earth? There was no cessation to his climbing; he was steadily progressing,—I could readily see that. Had chosen what to him would be congenial throughout all eternity, and, I thought, he has chosen the better part. Many mysteries he will explore, many truths will bring to light, and all the while brought in contact with brilliant minds, and the learned of all ages. How fortunate to have chosen so wisely!

While these reflections were present, my brother seemed absorbed in some deep problem. At length he said, “Do you know, Archie, I believe it will yet be possible to build a line of communication with our dear ones on earth, that they may know, *themselves*, that we do still live?

“The girls in their experience often find people they may communicate their thoughts

to, though *I* have not been so fortunate. All my visits to earth have been failures, so far as convincing any of my return; but there is a theory now being discussed by our chemists, that there will be many who will receive this knowledge, through their operations. They have not the elements fully under subjection, but when they do any may appear to his friends who will."

"This you are telling me is all quite wonderful, and I think I would like to begin the study of chemistry even at this late day."

Finding my brother thoroughly satisfied with his vocation, and as it seemed to afford a great many advantages to the inquiring mind, I decided to start, and learn what I could of the wonderful chemistry of Nature. Here, of course, we are not dealing with solids, but with their counterparts.

It took me some space to adjust myself to

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the new situation, so different from anything I had ever experienced, but I was compelled to begin at the foundation.

My brother took me with him, in his researches after scientific truth, which was indeed an aid to me; but I was associated mostly with persons who, like myself, had not given any thought to this study before. Our teachers were the sages and learned, who were fully competent to instruct us.

We made good progress, and found it very interesting. This line of action was far different from any that I should have thought of, yet I feel it was right, for I had all through my being a love of knowledge, whatever the department, and here might be the opportunity to do some good to others. This thought is uppermost here: "Whom, of all the struggling ones, can we aid or benefit?" With this in view it was

easy to direct all my energies in the one channel.

Finally, after a certain point in progress was reached, we were told we would now go on an exploring tour. This was hailed with glad delight by me, as it would break the monotony of constant study. However, we were to take a short vacation for rest, and each to pursue the even tenor of his ways; but when coming together again we were to immediately set out on our mission. As may be readily supposed, my space was enjoyed in the home of my dear mother, as here I was always certain of a hearty welcome; this time becoming acquainted with the villagers, and renewing the acquaintance of a number of persons. This was indeed a happy space, spent with my sisters and friends. They told me of their work and progress, and all seemed very wonderful to me.

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In the alchemy of science we have what is called the known law. This is the central point, and from this the unknown is deduced. As in the material world, the laws of growth are the known law, and are capable of explanation, yet the real *element of life* in that growth is the unknown law, and cannot receive a satisfactory solution. We have learned that *this* element has its being at the center of the universe, and is induced by thought, as that is the only tangible thing in this whole universe of being. There must be an Entity to direct that thought, but as yet I have not beheld it. I with others have seen a display of power, but it is not the thing itself.

Fully alive to my privileges, I joined the class on their tour of investigation, finding many strange and wonderful experiences as the result of research. We were aided by

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chemists of earth (unconsciously to them, of course), and many subjects treated scientifically in the upper stratum, now were capable of full demonstration. The compounds of air, on the surface of the earth, afforded different elements from those we had been dealing with.

Our professors were well pleased with our showing ; and, encouraged by their encomiums, which were not withheld, we were induced to employ every visible means to further our profession, as this had now really come to be to me.

CHAPTER V.

“And can I see this light? It may be so ;
‘But see it thus and thus,’ our fathers said.
The living do not rule the world. Ah, no!
It is the dead, the dead.”
—*Jean Ingelow.*

Pursuing these lines of thought, we were often given to deep, intricate study, such as rarely comes to mortal life, all of which I enjoyed with a zest only known to the hungry, famishing soul. I often met my brother in our journeyings, but as yet had not reached his high plane of development.

Now I feel is the time for me to relate an incident fraught with more than ordinary interest :

We were just returning from one of our exploring tours, when we were amazed to

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find an obstruction in our way, which hindered our further progress. To surmount the barrier seemed impossible, and the only way out for us seemed to be to solve the problem. We set to work with wills not to be daunted, and in a brief space had brought to perfect order what at first seemed chaos and impending danger. However, we resolved not to magnify our discovery, but limit it to the rules governing such irregularities; consequently our lesson was more thoroughly demonstrated, and henceforth we profited by what to us was a valuable lesson.

Many, very many times we were brought in contact with persons of inquiring minds, which was an aid to us, for here, as on earth, minds of the same degree are associated. There are ignoble souls struggling within the limits and confines of earth's

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sphere, but they are content with these surroundings of their kind, and only as the mind wishes to progress out of these conditions is it enabled to do so.

Hardly had we found our bearings upon the time in question, when our minds were drawn to a former circumstance of such magnitude as to almost confound the wisdom of our teachers. So we knew we were reaching the end of what might be learned in this sphere for us; and as we were told we must go on, we marveled within ourselves what we would do for instructors. But this did not last long, for there appeared others, whose missions were to look after us. And so we went on and on in the pursuit of knowledge, hoping, believing we would reach the end, but as yet none in sight. We rest often and have relief from the constant strain that the mind must en-

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dure when brought in constant contact with deep subjects, such as the astronomical and philosophical life of worlds, for there are myriads of them in the universe of being, which demand consideration at the hands of a scientist. Many scientists believe all life will be developed, in every portion of the universe, and where now only arid and barren wastes exist, finally conditions will be favorable for propagation.

I would like to relate many circumstances which gave me great pleasure, but must confine myself to a few sketches of this period of my progress. Many times I met old friends who were climbing to a higher plane, and we passed happy spaces together, recalling old scenes and reviewing the life already spent, and giving to earnest thought our problems for the future. The present we knew to be one of actuality, and we

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would often speculate as to what the future might bring, as we are realizing the fact that we are endowed with life that seems to be endless.

From force of habit, more than from any real necessity, I longed to keep in touch with the old life. The dear ones that I had left helped to recall me to my once earth conditions, and I often longed to communicate to them the good news of my actual existence, and how it was with me, but so far had utterly failed.

About this time I concluded to try once more, and thought that with the chemical knowledge I now possessed, I might be able to reach some of them. Hearing of a midwife in the same town with them, I resolved to pay a visit to this person and ascertain if I might not send to my dear ones a message. Should I fail in this, I

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would then try to impress or control them. According to my thought, I found myself in the apartment of a refined and intelligent lady, whose guide promised me that he would give through her hand anything I might wish to communicate to my loved ones. Accordingly, I formulated my message, and had the great pleasure of knowing it was written down, with my own name signed to the document; and it gave me great satisfaction, for *now*, I thought, they will surely know *I* have been here. The guide promised to see that it was delivered to my wife. So now I must await the result. Therefore I took my departure from this place, and entered my own home. Everything was the same as when on that eve I went out from my home, as I thought, forever; for I did not then know the law of return, or communication with those in earth-life, or

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in fact one single spiritual law; but in my studies of the chemical laws of matter and spirit, had learned that spirit may become cognizant to spirit, through spirit in matter.

How natural all seems! Here is my wife, just the same; looks the same, only with here and there a line of care I had not noticed before, and a few more silver threads mingled with the once golden hair; and now I see her walk, her step is not as firm as was her wont. "Oh, Emma! Emma!" I thought, "have they been good to you since I have been away, or what has caused you to sigh so often?" Can it be that she thinks me dead, and as not caring for her? This thought for the first time pierced my soul, and I exclaimed, "*I am not dead! I am here by your side!*" At this it seemed to me she saw me, for she raised her head and looked straight at me, but I could see she directed her gaze to something beyond.

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Turning, I saw the object of her gaze. My son had entered, and she joined in conversation with him, and I realized he was the man of a family and had reached middle life; whereas when I left him he was but a lad of twelve summers. And I said, "How long I must have been gone! No wonder the light has faded out of Emma's eyes, and her steps are slow. She has had much to contend with."

While I yet wait, a ring at the door sends my wife out of the room. When she returned she bore in her hand the paper upon which my message was written. Let me here say this medium is noted for delivering all messages given to her, not only to those who have actually demonstrated this truth to their own satisfaction, but to those who know nothing, as yet, of these spiritual laws as well.

Unfolding and reading, what to her was wonderful, she reads to the son. Poor hungry heart ! *she* is ready to accept, as coming from one so long gone, a message of love and greeting ; but the son said, “Mother, do not be deceived. Is it not likely father would come directly to us if he had anything to reveal to us, instead of this person, to whom he was a stranger, and who could possibly know nothing of him ?”

“No, my son, this to me is *proof positive* that it is your father. This is a lady, I am told, of gifted powers,—an honest, upright woman, a person of fine endowments, kind and loving, possessed of this gift of communion with the other world ; and she could not possibly have known some of the things contained in this message. I have long wished for something from this source, and now my heart-longing is gratified. I will not turn away from it.”

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“ Well, mother, I had no idea you entertained these views upon this subject, or for a minute believed the gone were here.”

“ But I do, my son. Once I would not have admitted as much to you, but I feel that the time has come when each one must believe for herself and himself, and, if she gets evidence which to her is convincing, she ought to accept it and be thankful for it. If our loved ones are really living, they must be loving and thinking of us still, and this message is an evidence that it is a truth.”

“ Well ! *I thought* you had changed your views upon this subject since I last heard you talk. We will look forward to many such scenes, if this is your belief.”

The son, always wise, said no more upon the subject, and remarked “ he had run in of a little errand, which done, he must return,

as they would be waiting dinner.” Said the children were well, and all was going smoothly,— which was the first intimation, that I was grandpa. How proud I felt, and with what vanity did I walk with my son to see those grand-babies !

Well, it was a delight to my soul, yet no one noticed my arrival or departure, and in this home I did not feel the same exultant joy that possessed me in the home of my wife. As may be readily seen, here was a germ that would grow, and in this growing I was yet to find much satisfaction. Hearing the message read gave me great hope that my wife, who seemed deeply interested, would make an effort to come in contact with this person, through whom I could reach her. At last, after due deliberation, I saw the resolve forming in her mind, that she would investigate this subject, and be

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convinced, for herself, whether this message was of earth or Heaven — as she called it. The one test in the message helped to form this resolve, and accordingly she repaired to the home of this medium.

Her experience was much the same as that known to all persons who for a time give themselves up to the study of the occult — now hope, now disappointment ; but finally triumph was hers. She came to the firm conclusion that the messages were authentic, and that her husband was their author.

How happy this made me, only those who have had a like experience can know. I sent long and loving messages, and received the same in return. When I told her I was constantly with her, she could not realize this; so I did not puzzle her brain with the thought, but would wait for this knowl-

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edge to come in its own good time. I did not have to wait long, however, for within a very short space my utmost wish was to be gratified. My wife had now formed many acquaintances among those who were students of the laws of the occult, and this helped to lead her mind on in the direction in which it at this time was inclined and anxious to go.

Hearing of the arrival in the city of a renowned medium, my wife very properly repaired to the home of this party. As to myself, I was usually found at the place where there was any hope of manifesting to her, who as yet was the only one of my friends in earth-life that I had succeeded in reaching.

Thinking to add another testimony of my presence, I strove to make her know by stroking her hair. This was not successful. Then I stood before her in my brightest cos-

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tume, but all to no purpose, evidently, as she paid no attention to me. So I must content myself with a message to my best beloved, and bide the space when I might come nearer to her consciousness.

My mind was for the present absorbed in this one sole object of making my individual presence known to her, the soul of my being, whom I loved and longed, oh, so eagerly to impress with my veritable presence !

At this point, my mind was drawn to the position that I occupied in the soul of universe, and it occurred to me that I had already been absent from my studies and teachers as long, perhaps, as my vacation would permit ; that I must return to pursue that boundless line of progress that is never ending during the infinitude of space.

Mingled thoughts of gladness and sorrow, as upon that first eve when I took my de-

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parture, possessed me. To leave Emma, caused me a thrill of sadness. Would I could take her with me ; but this cannot be, now. "I will come often," I thought, "and give her a message, regardless of the long flights that are tiresome and cause exhaustion." And with this I bade my dear one good-by for a space.

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CHAPTER VI.

“She is not dead,— the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

“In that great cloister’s stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin’s pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.”

—*Longfellow.*

In the boundaries of life, we are often led to understand the intricate problems which to us were simply appalling at first, and out of the usual routine; but with due familiarity with any subject, the impossible is borne away on the wings of the probable. Thus it was with my wife: as she became accustomed to receiving my messages, her mind was convinced of the truth of my being in her at-

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mosphere, and all went well with her. Yet my son was not at all *certain* that this could be. The old teachings still held his mind in abeyance, and whether he would or not, he *could* see nothing in the idea of personal contact with spirit existence. He and his mother held long conversations upon the theme, which to her was fast becoming a joy; but he could not look beyond the veil of flesh and behold the operations of spirit. Though *willing* to be *convinced*, he said, he *could* not be.

Meanwhile, I was busy between the two, in my intervals of respite from study and exploration. Finally, the time came when I could give him a prophecy. Ere two weeks, his darling Edith, the lamb of his flock, would be with me. Thus I wrote, and my wife delivered the message. What could it mean? Heretofore, he had feared

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for his mother's mind, and now he was certain she was becoming unbalanced. What should he do! This was certainly an evidence of its unsoundness, as Edith was in perfect health. So he reasoned, but he did not have long to wait, to see the message verified. The little life went out to the great sea of infinite life, and her grandpa met and comforted her in her loss, for only as each one comes can he realize the hungry longing to communicate with those he leaves behind. If all mortals understood this law by which we can come, what a benediction it would be to both the arisen and the remaining spirits!

It was not easy to make the little girl of three years comfortable, as she would grieve long at not being recognized by mamma and papa; but I told her that sometime I thought they would know she was there. It

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was indeed a trial to me, as she could not comprehend the meaning of the changed life, and it was very hard to reconcile her. She would mourn for the love and care which was part of her life. I was an utter stranger to her, yet, by the ties of nature, very near. But she could not understand this; so I thought, "I will bear her away and place her with other children — then her little heart will be satisfied;" and it was, in a measure. She joined in their merry sports, and for a time forgot her loss.

I was much relieved at what seemed to be a reconciliation to her present environments. I carefully looked after her instruction, and selected her teacher with the utmost care,—one who was in every way fitted to discharge the duty assigned; for here there are souls whose sole love is to guide and guard the little children who pass

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in infancy. These children are Angels of Light, and "may behold His face." They are taken long flights, and their purity establishes their right to come into the presence of Infinite Spirit, conveyed thither by angels who like themselves have passed in the stage of purity, before the blighting diseases of the soul have entered into their organisms. Thus Edith is being trained for her mission, and I am watching with a pride which I am sure will be pardoned by those who have had the life of a little sinless child, touch their being.

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CHAPTER VII.

“ Thank God for dreams ! When nothing else is left,
When the sick soul, all tortured with its pain,
Knowing itself forevermore bereft,
Finds waiting hopeless, and all watching vain,
When empty arms grow rigid with their ache,
When eyes are blinded with sad tide of tears,
When stricken hearts do suffer yet not break,
For loss of those who come not with the years,—
Thank God, thank God for dreams ! ”

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The events of the last chapter produced a profound impression upon my son's mind, and he thought it strange, very strange. How was this thing ? Could his father really talk to him and give him direction, or was it merely a coincidence ? But, thought he, they do not often happen as accurately as this event was portrayed and fulfilled. What was he to do ? He formed in his

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own mind a resolution to investigate for himself, and in this he was upheld by his noble wife, who was inclined from the first to credit the messages; and now that her darling was borne from her sight, she grasped at what might be an opportunity to hear from her.

The time was well spent, for it was my privilege to give him hope and encouragement, with now and then substantial tests, which more firmly bound his life to that of the real being, and many, very many times Edith accompanied me on these missions of love to the dear ones of earth, and her little life was made glad that papa and mamma knew now that she could come. Dear, patient little Edith! I cannot now recall all those scenes without a throb of joy and a moist eye, as I beheld her rapture at being permitted to caress her loved ones; but she

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was becoming more reconciled to her situation, and had come to look upon me as her guardian. All went well, and we were both very happy,—glad to be able to give the light regarding the place we were in, and to relieve the minds so filled with anxiety. Many times we lingered near our homes on earth, finding sweet solace, and again returning to our work, which was fast becoming very important to us.

Making an effort one day, we were noting the action of the planetary system, and finding the unknown supersedes the known. Our solution of the solvent problems greatly astonished us, as they were so out of proportion to all relative essence. Here etherial essence predominates, and our calculations are based upon this instead of solids.

Feeling a longing to further demonstrate, it was proposed by some member of the

class that we make a tour, and that in connection with the reflex action thus produced, we would eliminate the discrepancy. Good! No sooner thought of than done. Off we go. Mars is passed, Mercury in sight. Ah! we see thy light is the refracting power that caused the dense glow to our obstruction. Now we note the space, now the refracting power; now we know the whole law. It is much greater to discover and master a law than to travel in the old beaten lines. Theories are good, but actual demonstration is better.

Hearing by my sister that my mother was anxious to see me, I had for the space no rest until I repaired with little Edith to her home. How joyfully I related to her the events of my experience! She received with glad delight the beautiful child, whom to know was a joy unspeakable. Always a

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lover of little children, with their innocent, pretty ways, my mother was inclined to idolize this pet of our household, who had so early been transplanted to the Garden of Paradise, as it was to my mother. Here she could indulge her esthetic taste to the fullest extent without in the least infringing upon the rights of another. My father, too, greeted us with the affectionate kindness of one becoming his relationship, and bade us to be perfectly at home. Edith soon learned to love her great-grandparents, and her little heart clung in fondness to my mother, who used her utmost endeavors to interest and entertain the little girl. She was greatly interested in the beautiful things she saw in my mother's home, and declared she "never had seen anything so grand before." The rare and beautiful plants claimed most of her attention, as there was a fine variety of rare

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exotics of all climes. My mother had in earth-life cultivated and cared for numberless plants, as she was a great lover of plant-life,—in fact, of the beautiful in every form.

We were most happily entertained, and upon the eve of our departure many of the villagers gathered to bring us cheer in our future work.

Mingled joy and sorrow is the sum of human existence, no less out of the physical body than in it. What seems progress to-day may in a few short spaces be a low condition; so it is necessary to keep striving, to keep journeying on in pursuit of knowledge, lest we arrive not at what most would gratify our insatiate love of learning. Who aims at the stars will surely attain to greater heights than he who casts his thought upon earth. In the sublimial sphere, mind finds greatest power, attains to its most perfect

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possessions, is master of all supplemental analogies, and creates its own aphorisms.

Students of science deal in correct forms, thoroughly imbued with correlating substance.

Etherial ethics is the base from which all deductions are made.

Striving to undo the wrongs perpetrated when the mind was in a puissant state, is one of the sorrows of the upper spheres. Be it known that it is very hard. We have passed from that stage of existence, and no more are correlated to it ; hence it is out of our microcosm for us to be obliged to induce our minds to correspondence in the altruistic sense, hence it is better, grander, to so do in the first step of our existence, that we shall not be obliged to retrace our acts and correct our lives.

We should do as our best judgment dic-

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tates ; then there will be no inharmony in our being, but all vibrations will be on the same plane, and this equalization of our being will produce perfect power. "All power is given unto men," and when rightly understood is the direct result of our own actions. How important, then, that we act wisely, as we are subject to this inexorable law, whether we will or no.

In being compelled to act out of harmony, or in other words, upon two planes of being, we are retarded in our progress, as it is not always easy to find a mediator to act through, as you understand we must now act through the mind of another, and if we can reach our friend, and undo the wrong, we are fortunate, and find we can then progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Whatever scene
Nature revealed to me, she never caught
My spirit humbled by surprise. My thought
Built higher mountains than I ever found ;
Poured wilder cataracts than I ever saw ;
Drove grander storms than ever swept the sky ;
Pushed into loftier heavens and lower hells
Than the abysmal reach of light and dark ;
And entertained me with diviner feasts
Than ever met the appetite of sense.”

—*J. G. Holland.*

Clearly, I see now my space has been occupied with prosperous results.

Pondering the past, I longed to revisit the home of my childhood, where so many happy hours were spent with loved ones now scattered, filling the missions designed by the Creator and Preserver of the vast sea of life ; for all is boundless life,—there is no death. Simply desiring a thing is equal to

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that thing. So I found myself walking the, to me, *then* familiar streets, but now very unfamiliar. There are some places I recognize as not having undergone much change; they seem quite natural, very much as they used to be; but in the main, the hand of progress stamps the onward march of my native town.

Fine straw-colored bricks take the place of the wooden structures that once inclosed the public square. An air of prosperity pervades the place, and now they can boast the possession of the electric cars to convey them about the streets, which present the appearance of business prosperity. I passed in and out of the various places of business (unobserved, of course) in search of a familiar face, but failed for some space to recognize any of the inhabitants, but finally, passing a familiar corner, came fully face to face with one who in my young man-

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hood I remembered as the Widow Brown's youngest child, Charles. There was no resemblance between the gray-haired, bent old man that I beheld, and the laughing little child that I remembered; yet we know by intuition. Here is where this faculty has the largest play. The years have dealt hardly with you, my friend, as evidenced by your measured step, but you have not many years. The kind angel will call ere long, and usher you into immortal life, for many times this change is kinder than life in a suffering body.

But I will pass on, will turn down the street that once held for me all my dear ones in the home nest.

The scenes are changed, and I am not certain as to the very location, but think that fine brick there in the middle of the block has taken the place of the small

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wooden structure, where my kind father and mother were wont to hover their brood. We were not a large family, yet it kept my father busy to supply the wants of four growing girls and boys. I felt a little sad in contemplating the scene, but thought, why should I? We are so much greater than our environments, and we have all of us outgrown our old conditions.

I did not care to linger here, as all seemed strangers, and unrecognizable.

I thought, I will repair to the edge of town, where we boys used to have such fine fun coasting. Ah! yes, the hill is there, that is unchanged, and the fence and the meadow hard by. This is the same, and I gave a sigh of relief that I had at last found one spot unchanged. Here was where we capsized with sleds into the snowdrifts, and had such fun digging our way out. Ah!

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those were happy days we spent in this old town. But hark ! I hear the shrill whistle of a locomotive, and I look across the meadow and there in the distance I discern the smoke of the monster of iron and flame, and I thought, this playing-ground too is changed ; and with a sad heart I left my reveries of childhood days, to return to Edith, whom I was sure longed to see me by this time.

Standing on the brink between two worlds, one feels an utter longing to fathom the heights and depths of the one in which his environments are cast. The one he has left still holds a hallowed place in his memory. The scenes of former years come more vividly before his mind, and all is treasured with tender affection. The mind receives the events as they are unrolled as from a scroll.

Many, very many happy scenes are borne in upon my life, and I treasure them as pre-

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cious mementoes of friends long since passed to upper spheres, where I hope some day to arrive. Remember, progress in spirit-life is in one respect the same as earth-life — slow. Nature is never in haste in unfoldment. All life develops its forms to maturity with great caution and deliberation, hence the assured fact of perfection. Since physical finds perfect development in physical life, mind will arrive at a perfect state in spiritual life.

My wife next claimed a thought from me, and I repaired to her home.

“My dear, dear Emma! How have you been? It seems to me you look careworn and weary. Would I could fold you in my arms and bear you away with me, no more to be parted; but this may not be yet, and I must be patient.” She receives my messages, and her eyes brighten at the sound of my name, and her cheeks wear the roses as

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in the long ago when she was young. Ah, love! thou greatest element to beings given, thou leveler of all ranks! At thy magic touch we become new creatures. What do we not owe to thy entrancing power! If we have not love, we are most miserable indeed. So my heart's longing was gratified when in the presence of her I loved. We are not changed in these respects; if one is so fortunate as to have a soul-mate, he clings with the same affectionate fondness to that one. Love is an emanation of the soul, and only such ties should be formed as will be enduring. So it will be seen that I had loved wisely, for there was the same union of soul that there had been through the many years of wedded life; and now that I could reach her with my thought, it was greater pleasure to me than to converse with her in the old way. My son, too, now

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took more interest in these messages, and received much comfort from believing that we could come in touch with them. He was quite a mediator, and got some good proofs himself. His wife possessed the gift of clairvoyance, and often told him she could see little Edith. Thus affairs went on, until their development was marvelous.

My son had succeeded me in the store, and stood now where I had stood a few short years ago. This troubled me much, as I had hoped he would choose a literary work, as that would better have fitted the mind for its future fulfillment, for I learned to my sorrow after my transition, that whatever effort put forth in the right direction is not and cannot be lost, but all efforts looking solely to mercenary gain are as time wasted to the soul.

I sent long messages to my son, explaining

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these things, and begged him to change his occupation to one that would be a stimulant to the mind, and in which the mind would develop its faculties, and bring it to its fullest fruition. This is one of the important elements in development of soul. It must all be evolved from the inner. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," but it requires that we disseminate and bring to the surface, before it becomes visible. "It comes not with observation."

Oh, how easily I now understand the sayings of the Great Teacher, who labored so assiduously to enlighten the people with regard to the spiritual truths.

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CHAPTER IX.

“Like the swift moon that slides from cloud to cloud,
With only hurried space to smile between,
I pierce the phantoms that around me crowd,
And glide from scene to scene.

“I clasp warm hands that long have lain in dust,
I hear sweet voices that have long been still,
And earth and sea give up their hallowed trust
In answer to my will.

“And now, high-gazing toward the starry dome,
I see three airy forms come floating down —
The long-lost angels of my early home —
My night of joy to crown.”

—*J. G. Holland.*

With what pleasure does the absent mariner arrive in sight of home, and just in the same proportion do we journey upward, only with greater alacrity, as all our faculties are intensified. We yearn for glimpses of the, to us, still beyond, and hope fills the breast, that we may reach the Celestial Realm.

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Yet I cannot say *that*, to me would be satisfactory while I have dear ones on earth, as this, I am told, is a bar to completeness, for the mind is divided, and we are supposed at this point to be only capable of going forward, not wishing to turn back. It is only when we have reached the ultimate that we ever become satisfied.

Duty well done to others in earth-life is an aid to our progress here, and it is very necessary to our well-being that we cultivate the graces of heart and mind, which are the direct adjuncts of purity.

One cannot so fully realize these things as when he has crossed the boundary, and beholds the mass of spiritual life struggling with former error. Perverted teaching is largely to blame for much of the misery they are compelled to endure. Wrong-doing brings its own punishment, is a law

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truthful, and must be endured with what grace we can muster. Wrong to others, persisted in, is the cause of much heart-rending misery on this side ; and I wish here to utter a note of warning, to those who will hear, that the soul cannot rid itself of these stains, or of the sins against the universal laws of life. To wantonly disrupt and sever the spirit from the body, is a disastrous occurrence to the individual, as in the case of suicide. It is mournful to behold the remorse depicted on these spirits. Chained by a law as forcible as the law of gravitation, they must remain in this condition until some kind earth-friend will permit them, through them, to undo the wrongs they have committed, and work in *right* directions, until this condition is gotten out of, and sometimes it takes æons of space.

Again I say to children of earth, be con-

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tent in your environment, until the good time comes when Nature, the kind mother, will release you, with your work all accomplished ; then there will be nothing in the way of sure development. It is better to bear the ills you have for a season, as time is short.

With these reveries, I will leave you, reader, to your own reflection, hoping you will accept as truth, what one who has passed beyond has found true, and gives to you through this agency for your benefit, that you may avoid the misery so many are obliged to endure.

CHAPTER X.

“All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

“We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

“There are more guests at table than the host
Invited : the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.”

—*Longfellow.*

Judging from outward circumstances, is certainly a very erroneous judgment. Many times the mind conveys to its recipient thoughts clothed with elegant language, yet the instrument is not in proper condi-

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tion to convey this message to the world ; hence the *mind* is charged with blame, when really the cause lies beyond, and in the hidden labyrinth.

Mind can never attain to its fullest fruition while hindered by its environment, and thus it becomes absolutely necessary to provide a way for its release from the bondage to the flesh, to give freedom to its powers.

To the freed spirit all the operations of nature become wonderfully perfect.

The wisdom of all the manifold arrangements is appreciated more fully than can possibly be while limited environments surround us.

The absolutely freed spirit, *i. e.*, after all earth-conditions have been laid aside, (as none are free until this point is reached,) finds its possibilities boundless. Positively

no limitations exist to such an one. Not *how much* of life you have lived, previously, but *how well*, is the only passport required here. Have you been thoughtful, loving and kind, willing to lay down your life, if need be, for those given into your keeping? —“for greater love hath no man than this.” We know the teachings of this spiritual guide are true, and the only rules by which our lives can be ordered, this much, for some say they do not know what is right. This is only an error of mind, the *soul* knows. No one can go wrong if he looks within for a few seconds. The inner soul-sense, or conscience, is the true guide. It cannot be perverted. The mind may be drawn away, and judgment impaired, but the soul is the same, to be relied upon always. There are doubts in the minds of some, others know for a surety; but it is to

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those who do not know that I am talking, and would fully impress with the duties of each hour in passing.

Do not neglect opportunities. Experience in the first stage is wrought and then mistakes are magnified to your vision. This is the cause of remorse that will fill the soul, and retard your future progress, as all mistakes must be corrected before one step in advance can be gained. This is why it is so important that the events of each moment in time be looked to carefully. I could fill your hearts with anguish, should I relate to you the despair of many souls I have met in spirit, who seem utterly hopeless and their lives wholly given over to the revelries and debaucheries of their favorite haunts on earth. No ray nor spark of soul seems to illuminate their darkened minds, and thus they grovel on. *You have them on your*

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plane, and they remain the same. It is not true that at transition the soul leaves these elements behind. It only leaves the diseased body ; the mind is the same, and purposes and inclinations are the same. *We* can do nothing for them here. The work must be done on earth. Now I appeal to all readers to do whatever they can to alleviate the sufferings of these souls, by pointing them to the better way, the way of peace and purity ; and especially do I appeal to the mediators who do so well know this truth, to pity them, and permit them to come and through their aid undo the wrongs of the past. Many are aroused to this necessity, and are groping around in their poor weak way, trying to reach those on earth, whom it is necessary for them to do.

I feel my utter inability to make these *truths forcible enough*. They should be

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proclaimed from every housetop and in all
the byways and hedges, until —

The echo of every mountain,
The murmur of every rill,
Proclaim the tender message,
Our loved are with us still.

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CHAPTER XI.

“The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more etherial air.”

—*Longfellow.*

Moving in circles, we find our paramount existence. We tend to straight lines only, when reflex action is greatest; thus our movements are circumscribed, and only that we persevere in these laws, we would become discouraged. We must ever strive to master, as in earth-life. You know that there, only as we learn the laws of perfect physical being, and adhere to them, are we said to be in perfect health. So it is here. There are laws of our spiritual being which are as inexorable, and must be mastered. It is not

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possible that the spirit-man can understand these things while wrapped in the body of flesh, nor was it intended that he should.

Mind travels in advance of its limitations always; this is why it is said to grow. It expands and develops. How important that it be in the right direction, for its own good!

Millions have chosen the wrong road, and find too late that they have mistaken the tenacity with which they are bound to their load. They cannot shake off this burden, neither can they flee from it. It must be borne with what grace they can muster, until the way is found to redeem themselves from these wrong acts.

Now do not say in your mind as you read this, it *may be so*. I say positively, *it is so*. And now that we can come in communication with you on the mortal plane, it becomes *our duty* to warn you, lest you fall

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into these pitfalls. If I shall have caused one soul to realize this, and "look well unto his ways lest when he thinks he stands he should fall," the mission of this little book will be accomplished. Our business here is to do good, and of course the greatest good to the greatest number; the better for us, the more contentment is ours.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and I felt something was going to happen.

I visited my wife, and found her ill. She did not seem to be conscious of things going on around her, and I said, "Now, I must not leave you, but be present to usher you into your new experience"—for such would be the case before many days. Kind friends and neighbors did what they could to supply temporal needs, and make comfortable the body. My son was constantly

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at his mother's side, with only now and then a little respite for rest and nourishment. Clearly, he knew his mother was passing from his sight, and he with his faithful wife granted her every wish, as though it would be the last.

Finally, I was pleased to see the golden chord severed, that bound her to her body, and she floated out with me into broad space.

I took her at once from the scene of her release, as this is much the best. She realized at once the full capacity of her freedom, and her pleasure at finding me was ecstatic. It is all so new to her, she can scarcely believe her senses, yet does not fear for the old conditions. She has builded her house well, much better than I had done, and will have less regret. But we must find Edith and mother, with all the dear

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ones on this side, and tell them the good news.

There are times in our existence when we feel the rapid flow of vitalizing force. We may not know what to name it, but it is the life designed by Infinite Mind. Many times, however, this force is brought to us by a power designated messenger, *sent* by Infinite Mind. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" I would answer, "No, not all, as some are not qualified for this office; but many times mortals receive help through this source, to them unknown."

It is accepted as a matter of course, and no thought is given to the source, which may be some of the "near and dear departed," as is their wont to say, though not *departed* in any sense, but living and near you still. This of course cannot be realized unless you have investigated these

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laws. Let me tell you, it is very easy to become cognizant of these facts yourselves. Sit down passively in the silence, and let the inner or spiritual nature be revealed; then, when your mind is passive, those around you make themselves known. If not the first time, then persevere a second, and so on, until you know what you get is not your own thought. "Enter into your closet," and there receive instruction from Infinite Mind.

I wonder now, that I did not learn these things when in earth-life. Had I done so, it would have aided me in reaching my loved ones. But now that I have my wife with me, my thought is often given to my son.

Upon reaching her home (as one was fashioned for her by my thought), my wife agreed that all was very wonderful. She had never dreamed of the delights in store

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for her, and at once became content, not seeming to care for further progress. Of course this was in a measure due to her having found me, and as she said, that was all she wanted. But after becoming accustomed to the change, she looked around for employment. This is one of the redeeming elements of being; action, continual action. This adds zest to life on any plane. The soul is not happy without means of development, and to this end must be constantly employed.

She went to see Edith, and kept in her company for some time, but decided that the child was happier with those of her own age, so did not disturb the plan I had adopted in regard to her. She went with me on my explorations, but did not enjoy traversing the long distances, and did not seem inclined to adopt this as her work. I

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did not press the matter, as here each one follows his or her own inclinations.

Finally, after my return one day, she said: "I have it! I will accept the call as messenger to earth. Your sisters have been instructing me in their lines of work, and I think I should like it."

"Very well," said I; "you are capable of much good in that direction, and I feel you have chosen very wisely. When will you commence your work?"

"Shortly. I shall want to go to our son first, and then to other of my dear friends."

"Shall you need company or assistance on your first journey?" But she thought not; so I subsided, and mused with my own thoughts, until she broke the silence with—

"I do not see how your mother can possibly content herself to do as she does,—just stay with the surroundings of home."

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“Well, Emma, you know mother was of a very domestic turn of mind always, and now she has enjoyment to its fullest extent in that home.”

“But how does her mind develop with this mode of doing?”

“You do not realize that my mother does much good in that home. Many a weary spirit seeks her broad verandas for rest and encouragement. She refreshes them with aromas of her best viands, and recuperates their fagged-out condition.

“You know she is well on to the Celestial Realm, and many, very many pass that way. Yes, mother does a work none of us could do. With her love of the beautiful, and surrounding herself with these elements, her home is permeated with the very essence of repose. How long will I remember my first visit there! You know here it

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is not, how much we do, but how well, the same as before ; this law is not changed."

"Yes, I see it now," my wife replied; "and I see I must leave off judging, for 'with what judgment I judge, I shall be judged,' and after choosing my work, if some one should be unkind enough to judge me, how badly I should feel ! Now I see this is the place to fulfill these laws of life, I shall be careful to make a practical application of them to myself. But come, let us be going."

"Oh ! I thought you wanted to try alone your first effort."

"No ; I believe, upon further consideration, I prefer that you accompany me, as the lines cross so many times I may become entangled."

She referred to the magnetic line, that, as she said, seemed to be crossed ; yet there is

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no danger whatever. A mother's line to her child would be exact, and she could not miss it. However, I will accompany her on this, her first errand of mercy.

CHAPTER XII.

“Be silent in that solitude
Which is not loneliness — for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee, and their will
Shall overshadow thee : be still.”

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

Rejoicing ever in the thought that we are wholly cognizant of the forms manifest in space, we grow toward our ideals; we merge our thought into being, triumphant in energy. Thinking is merely living on the higher planes. Acting is carrying our thought out in visible form.

Momentarily we expand an idea, evolved from the inner or soul sense, and broaden the idea into waves of infinity. Much of

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this logic you cannot understand while in your present sphere, but I have endeavored to give you only that which you may appropriate and practice now. All time is *now*. There is a future time, only as it is correlated to the past; but when it arrives, it is the present. So it is in this sphere: all space is the present and now. Each interval lived is correlated to that behind and before, so that, strictly speaking, there is only the present. The possibilities of future space are ours, but farther than that, we know not.

The soul retains all its possessions. This is why it is so needful to make those acquisitions carefully; to sift its privileges and select the choicest, that there be no need for weeding here. Mark well your course. Listen to the "still small voice," which will ever guide aright.

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Monumental sacrifice is well rewarded. The soul who has borne patiently, is sweet with loving thought for others here, and such have a radiance of spirit much to be desired. Their light follows them, and kindness ever awaits their coming. Who would not endure a few short years of privation, to be enabled to reap such a reward? Remember, it is their own doing. "What ye sow, that shall ye reap." If you sow to the spirit, you shall be benefited in spiritual things. This may not have been directly the object,—the reaping, but it is the direct outcome, of well-doing. Who does not know this?—and yet, every day we are pained with the iniquity that abounds. Life is a flower garden, which if rightly cultivated not only gives the mortals much pleasure, but the aroma extends to us beyond your ken. Let me admonish you to good

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deeds, before it is too late, for then it will be a great deal harder for you.

I think right here I will relate a little circumstance that has come under my observation.

One bitter cold day a son became enraged at his parents, and left the parental roof to wander he knew not whither, only led by blind passion. With nowhere to go and no protection, he soon succumbed to cold and hunger. This was many years ago, but that soul is yet seeking a way to reach that father and mother, to ask forgiveness for the wrong he did them, and not one step in advance of that can he get until this is accomplished.

You say this is an extreme case. My good friends, it is a very mild case,—only one of an almost infinite number, who are struggling and striving to undo the wrongs they have done, upon the first plane of existence.

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It is not enough that some one has done us a wrong,— we may not return a wrong. We should accept favors in the kindly spirit intended, lest we do harm to that soul. The way is very narrow. “Walk ye in it.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“O thou, by winds of grief o’erblown
Beside some golden summer’s bier—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year.”

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

Nearing the time for our perennial entrance into the labyrinths of Nature’s secrets, we journey from our chosen work to realms beyond, in search of these truths that will reveal to us the key to many acts of ours. This is the place for finding the reason why.

Many times in mortal life we were taken through seasons of mysterious leading, from whence we knew not; but supposing all came from God, we did not seek to unravel

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the many-threaded mazes of earth-life. Here, we explain every step as we advance, and many times learn the causes of things which happened many spaces ago. We retrieve our lost acts with more than double energy, and they count many times our former strength.

Hearing we were to remove our headquarters, I journeyed thither to learn more concerning it. Finding the Professors in consultation with regard to it, I waited to learn the result. Now we move to the right, and upward. Good! Some progress made, which is truly encouraging. Though we have put forth great effort, but remember it is slow.

Little Edith is growing to be a fine spirit in her work, and does not so often wish to return to her home on earth; is becoming more and more attached to the new sur-

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roundings. She and her grandma make long journeys together, and she says she does not feel a bit tired. She is of a very sympathetic nature, and is much distressed at many things she sees.

I have an idea that as she matures, she will be forced into work in the direction of relieving suffering; yet it remains to be seen what she will choose. We establish ourselves in the realm of being by our deeds. The universe of mind recognizes every effort put forth, while we merge into being every thought or will. The will is often taken for the deed, so in what measure we grow is left with us. Meaningless are the lives whose barren fruits follow. Better "that a millstone were hanged about their necks." We cannot prosper without good deeds.

Strictly speaking, there is but one life,

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and what seems to be the end is only a continuation in another state of existence. We many times feel this within our own being, the intense desire for life, that it is inherent, and self-preservation, the first law. The untutored savage knows this law. When we have arrived at the second stage, we of course see this law so fulfilled that it is no more a terror to us. We are alive. We will no more feel death. My experience is one of great satisfaction, and of gratitude to Infinite Mind, the preserver of all the multiplicity of universes, for the wonderful goodness displayed. My field of observation has been increased, and now I find millions of beings striving to reach the Mecca for which they sigh. There is great opportunity for you of earth to help these struggling souls. It must be accomplished that way. Some have been here for ages, and have only just begun to

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seek,—for seeking, they will find. We can point them to the way, but that is all ; we are powerless to cross the boundary of soul. We are firmly bound by laws as invincible as can be framed. This is so important for earth-souls to know ere they cross the line, I would emphasize this truth, and write it in glowing letters across the tablets of your memory, that you may have your earth-work done and well done. Happy is the one who recognizes this fact. Many regrets are saved and his future is assured success. This is the only reward, and it is not in the power of anyone to *give*,—it must be earned. This is right, otherwise we would become a universe of sloths and evil-doers. Whereas, now, such as these have no part in the glory, and are left far in the rear, while the seeking soul goes marching on.

I cannot leave this point without an admo-

nition to good works while it is yet your privilege. This will redound to your honor, will be so engrafted into your being by this law of compensation, that *good* will come to you. It is mainly for your good that I tell you these things, knowing so well how they will be appreciated by you when you have had more experience, for it is this that goes to make up existence. "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens, but *ye* would not."

How plain and forcible seem all the sayings of our Great Teacher, now that we see clearly. Only for the unbelief of the people, He could have convinced them all of the spiritual light within; but because their minds and hearts were so given to worldly things, they *could not* see what He tried so hard to have them know. Thus much of His effort was lost, and not until He came

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forth in His spiritual body (which is like unto the natural body.—COR.), did they appreciate or realize what a Divine messenger He was. But then, only a *few* of the populace could see it; and so it is to-day on mortal plane: the teachers are here, yet for the unbelief of the people only the few receive.

More than anything else would we impress upon the minds of those who read, the importance of keeping in touch with the upper strata of thought. Do not allow impure or shallow thoughts to permeate your being, for in so far as this is heeded will lie much advancement. It is not possible to reach the acme of success at one bound, but round and round the circle runs; so it is by slow degrees we reach the heights. Knowing full well the discouragements in your pathway, I would lay stress upon this fact: with *slow progress* take heart. Only that

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you are not retrograding, you are surely going forward. There is no standing still. The perfect life can and will be reached, and is well worth the striving.

My wife says she had no idea that she would be so blessed, and is delighted with the prospects for future good. Her mission to the sorrowing and suffering ones of earth pleases her much. She thinks that soon she may reach some in a more tangible way, though she is sure some have felt her presence. She says it is glorious work, and one she has every hope of continuing. She is becoming accustomed to the long distances, and often has congenial companionship on the way. All seems very wonderful to her yet, but she is learning to accept as good what has come to her. You ask if we are always "on the go," and never rest? Far from it. On the contrary, we spend much

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space in one another's society, and in rest, to recuperate for further action.

Having now grown unto my work, I hold the place assigned me with assiduity, never once doubting the reasons given to be superior essence, that has been evolved in all the countless ages of previous history. Much to our gratification, we mastered these problems with slight difficulty, for as a schoolboy on earth, I had been disciplined in perseverance, and now I found former lessons of much value. My father had been a man of great wisdom along these lines, and though very careful not to require more than his child could accomplish, yet it was the law of his being to expect the fulfillment to the very letter. This had aided me all through life to surmount difficulties, so that in my make-up I have a vast amount of tenacity, which just now is valuable.

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Light travels faster than sound; so does mind travel in advance of being. Mind is the quintessence of all the universes,—the ruling power, creative wisdom. My mind was drawn to upper space. I went thither. There I find laws fulfilled: no defect, but perfect in their fulfillment. Then I return, and wish to instruct mortals: Behold, how great a thing is life! All nature is filled with it,—nothing else. Life and love, the two important elements. How necessary that we cultivate both. They last endlessly, and redound to our happiness. Many times we feel a longing to know the beyond. It shall be revealed. There is no mystery, but beautiful, true fulfillment. All the pure elements of the mind shall be. You do not prize the angel by your side. He can give perfect knowledge, perfect love, and peace. Only trust, and be guided. You

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will then in nowise go wrong. It is only when you trust your own poor human judgment that you fail; but now you have the comforter, which is no more nor less than the loved friend who left your sight. He will direct your steps aright, and care for and protect you in all seasons. Do not grieve the spirit. There are times when you might be tempted to doubt this truth, but do not for one minute believe that the dear one will be any the less diligent. Here *good works* are our passport to higher conditions, and the *only* passport. There is no element or commodity but love and duty. No silver nor gold can in the least benefit us; it must be right deeds and loving thought for others. Self is secondary here. They who learn this early are nearer the Victor's realm. Many times we withhold our love until too late. Let me admonish you to good works.

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Mingling joy and sorrow, doubt and fear, we hope ever for the best. This element in our natures is largely due to merest circumstance.

We fail to glean from life's great lessons the fullest meaning, and many times despair overtakes. This too often is the cause of much grief,—after the mortal life has been passed, and the soul cries out, “Oh, why could I not have seen what was so kindly meant for my best good!” The hand that smites can heal, and I would impress upon your minds the importance of believing; that whatever the intricate paths, there is good to follow. Who that does not know the dross must be burned away? In nearly every instance it is a perfect work. It is those who *will not* heed who must suffer much here,—regrets, and remorse.

My mother had sent for me, as she in-

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tended having a family reunion. Such occasions are very pleasant, when we renew the old companionships and plan for the future. My father had hitherto been very reticent when interrogated as to his work, always evading the direct question, and putting one so at his ease that he made no further inquiry, but knew he was not any more enlightened upon the subject.

Upon this occasion, he made known to us his plans. Finding he had gifts in several lines, it was necessary to choose. He liked most the line followed in earth—that of caring for the sick, as that was a joy to him. Now he found it doubly pleasant, for there was need of counsel on both sides of life, and this made him very happy.

My father had possessed much wisdom, and when in earth-life he had been so many times confronted with problems in his work

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that would be solved in sleep or when sitting in a passive state in his office, he always gave credit to a higher power, but did not understand this power; but now he knows it was some kind spirit, who like himself had given heed to the solution of the mystery of life, and loved to aid mortals in their efforts to preserve this life, upon the first plane. So to this noble calling my father still adheres, and finds plenty of opportunity for the exercise of his gifts.

He related to us many incidents of his experience, which gave zest to his profession. Many times he finds spaces to view earth's treasures, and withal is quite a traveler. My mother often accompanies him upon his errands, and *always* upon his tours of investigation.

Withal, we are happy, as we are kept busy, and have no space for selfish idleness.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen,—
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

“Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God’s sweet will.”

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

There are times when you feel a lacking of the vital force. This may be owing to various causes, but it is necessary to recuperate. This may be done by calling to your aid the spirit forces, who are ever about you. They will come, if asked, into your immediate presence, and with a gentle flow of magnetism from their being will replace this

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element of your being, which has become depleted, with new and vital power, which will give you comfort and ease. Pain they can relieve best through the hands of a healer, who can transmit a portion of earth-force, which is ever necessary to sustain you while in earth-life. Many times you feel pain when it is only the condition of the atmosphere. This they can readily relieve. The mind's energy is many times deflected from its direct course, and drawn to realms beyond its present being, in which stage it may prosper, but is out of established harmony with its being. Fulfilling the laws laid down is the only safe plan in any stage of existence. We must first seek to understand those laws.

The intricate web of life is two-fold in its import: kindly seek and rightly act. This is all there is to it, yet enough to require the

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thoughtful diligence of us all. There are no two paths; it is only the *one* path, but differently outlined. To some it is fraught with much care and toil, while to others it seems a high-road of pleasure. However we view it, whatever we make of it, it is the one Royal Road of Life. One receives the success deserved, and this is the pleasant thing connected with being. No striving in vain. It may appear so for a season, but many appearances are delusive, as you have already learned.

“Edith, oh, Edith!” I thought, “you have escaped many hard lessons, and yet the benefit derived from those lessons is denied you, which detracts from thus early leaving the first state.” They are pure and innocent, but ignorant as well,—have missed the first chapter, and cannot so well understand the second. This is truth. It is to be deplored

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that some are deprived of this first experience. It fits the mind for future usefulness.

Thoroughly imbued with strictest honesty, I watched the growth and development of mortal mind with greatest satisfaction.

We have yet to know the *good* we may accomplish. The *seeming* good is not always the result; as many times the influence may extend over many spaces of existence, so the sum of our acts may not at once be determined. Unwisely, some reason from analogy; but this method on the whole will not bear the test.

We must strive to live to the highest light we have, and keep striving to attain to more resplendent rays, until we reach the central sun. It is the privilege of all,—only give your thought. The requirements along this line are very meager,—only a little of your time and a passive will. This last is

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quite hard to attain, but when once discovered you will wonder why you never knew this before.

This point reached, the guides can come closer, can manifest to you, and through you to others. This is the sum total. Put yourself *en rapport* with spirit-forces; then you have discovered one of the great laws of the universe; then mind can act on mind, and give to you knowledge from the life beyond, so that when you come to lay down the mortal all will not be so new to you, but you will have known and felt this life in advance, thereby making you feel more at ease when you cross the boundary. There is no such thing as going out into nonentity, as some suppose; no sleeping in the grave until the resurrection. No, no! It is life, beautiful life prolonged. Beautiful if we make it so. Why toil for the meat that

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perishes when only to open unto the spiritual world your wants may be supplied ?
“Are ye not more than food and raiment ?”

The earthly things are well enough, but the spending a whole lifetime in pursuit of them, to the detriment of the soul, is what I object to. Spare a little time to learn the laws of being around you, and thereby benefit yourselves throughout the endless æons of space. Greatly to be deplored are the lives whose only aim and object is mercenary gain,—who do not give attention to the deeper meanings of life. They arrive at this stage of existence shorn of their idols, and powerless to direct the further investments. They are miserable, because the commodity here is out of their line. The disappointment with which they view the situation is not easy to describe, and only as they may influence those left behind

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and in possession of their wealth, are they enabled to maintain any degree of forbearance. You will observe this, that Infinite Mind has taken into account and provided a way whereby such souls may be pacified, until they grow unto their state. It takes countless periods of space to grow out of these conditions, as all erroneous ideas must be eradicated before one step in advance can be gained. Following ever onward are the measures with which we measure, and "it shall be measured to us again." This is a truthful law of being, one which cannot be ignored. Happy is he who heeds. Winnowing our hearts' best happiness, we are oblivious to evil temptations. Undeveloped good is ever within our reach, but we must learn to decry the presence of any element which could possibly persuade us from the right path. This

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we *must* do, if we would be blessed. And who does not strive for happiness? All are bent on the one object, and determined to reach, sometime, through their ideals, the enchanted state. Yet with what vastly different minds do they strive! Choose wisely, friends.

Thoroughly imbued with life's great mission, and alive to its responsibilities, pain and toil, I find my mind wandering to you of earth, wishing to impart somewhat to you that may help to alleviate that part of your journey.

The first steps are the most important, therefore it is the more necessary that great care should be taken. What will you think of me, when I say all other experience is dependent upon this one? This is true. Not that you will not exist, but as to *how* you will exist in the sum total. You have it

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largely within your own power to say what shall be. Environment has much to do, and yet you are supposed to surmount environment. All life is an integral part of the great universe of life, much the same as each member is a part of the body. The hand cannot say, "Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body," neither can it say, "I am of no use." Each part is needed to make a complete whole. So in the Life of Being, no part can be lost, no particle dissolved.

Finding my work is growing easier for me, I feel gratified that I may spend more space in converse with mortals. As you by this time understand, I can in nowise neglect the pursuit of knowledge along the lines I have chosen, which is a delight to me. When you are guided to this plane, I shall be pleased to convey to you the

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meaning of the work I have in hand, but your business now is to bide your time, caring, to the best of your ability, for the temples of the bodies in which you dwell, that your time may be prolonged and your work well done. I would above all things emphasize this admonition : Do not seek in any way to destroy life (mortal existence), but build up and prolong your probationary period. It is of great importance that you do so, and thereby increase your likelihood for good, for right deeds.

CHAPTER XV.

“There is no death. An angel form
Walks o’er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them ‘dead.’

“But ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life — there are no dead.”

—*J. L. McCreery.*

Myriads of whirling systems of worlds comprise the countless number of universes, and it is not commensurate with human knowledge to form a basis from which to solve the stupendous problem as to their existence. It must be taken as fact, and the reasonableness of the idea that Creative Mind had a wise purpose in thus planning for future habitations. We can but gaze and wonder at the wisdom displayed. Per-

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haps this is the time for me to relate what may seem an improbability.

Thinking to reach my dear ones of earth, I set out in good season. Full many spaces had passed, and I was anxious to know if anything had happened to my son, or to his family. You will discover we are not possessed of all knowledge, and must journey to our friends if we would know about them. Consequently, I went in quest of evidence to quiet my mind. Arriving at the home of my son, I found all well, and everything seemed to be about as usual. He was not at home; so I directed my steps to his place of business, knowing well the way. Here I found him bent over his books, much as I had been in years gone by, puzzling over the long lines of figures. "Well," I thought, "you must be successful." The place wore an air of prosperity, and I could

not help feeling a degree of pride in the thought, "Well, after all, there is satisfaction in doing well whatever we do at all." My attention was drawn to the improvements and late inventions for conducting the business with greater ease, and I was pleased to note the prosperity that seemed to be displayed; and my only son was at the head of this vast establishment. My heart burned within me for pride at his success; but yet I knew it would be much harder for him to change his vocation when the time came, as there would be no profit in lingering here. I had once thought *I* would never return, but now it was different: the old care did not affect me, and I was simply as one entertained; consequently I could view the progress unobserved, and at my leisure.

I found the appliances for abbreviating

labor were numerous, much to my astonishment. I had not even dreamed of the rapid strides in wealth and intellectual attainments. I was as one who had been oblivious to this form of advancement. Having never had my mind drawn to this branch of knowledge, as on my last entering this place I had resolved never to return, I had dismissed the care and labor connected with it, and had retreated from the place. Now I felt an interest for my son's sake, and though feeling it would not be exactly best for him, yet could not advise at this point a change, as he was very content.

After looking until thoroughly satisfied, I took my departure, intending to return often to see my son, who was now the dearest of all my friends left on earth; though I could not at this time reach him with my thought, as his mind was too much absorbed

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to pay any attention to me. I will now say, if the mortal does not look within, but is absorbed in outward thought, we cannot speak to his mind.

All-absorbing as this topic is, I must leave it for now, to relate a strange experience. After leaving my son's store, I passed down the familiar street, which was very little changed. Stopping in front of one of the establishments that I had been very much drawn to in times past, I gazed intently upon what was going on around me. Many strange faces were passing, and I felt like one in a foreign land. Presently I noticed the people stopping in their course, and directing their gaze toward me. "Well," I thought, "for once I have an audience! What can it mean?" I stood on the sunny side of the street, and I could not understand why the people crowded around me. I stood

perfectly still, wondering not a little as the numbers increased, and there was no mistake,—*I* was the object of attraction. Finally one approached me with the cry of “O! father! father!” I beheld my son and he his father, and I left them with the knowledge that the chemical laws of spirit are perfect, and under proper conditions one may manifest to mortal eye.

You ask, what was the agency? I answer, the media around me reflected from humans passing.

This was great happiness to me. Owing to various reasons I made my exit from the scene just described with feelings of gratitude and pleasure,—glad to have proven another law complete, and also gratified to have reached my son and others in a tangible way. He was inclined to accept as proof this manifestation of being, and hastened

home to inform his wife of the wonderful thing that had happened. The throng of people who witnessed the "apparition," as they called it, had various opinions. The superstitious thought the city was doomed ; while others believed it to be a genuine spiritual manifestation. Withal, it stirred public sentiment and gave subject for discussion for many a day. *Seeming* only to know is no real knowledge, so after the occurrence was past, many questioned whether it had been, but those who had witnessed were just as tenacious in their declarations. Thus time passed, and I leave them to their own conclusions. It was enough for me that my son had taken heed.

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CHAPTER XVI.

“Let the old life be covered by the new:

The old past life, so full of sad mistakes,
Let it be wholly hidden from the view

By deeds as white and silent as snow-flakes.
Ere this life melts in the eternal Spring,
Let the white mantle of repentance fling
Soft drapery about it, fold on fold,
Even as the new snow covers up the old.”

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Looking within, finding the forces perfect, you are led to contemplate with satisfaction the field of work laid down. Often the mind is filled with longing to reach the highest point from which to survey its attainments. This is perfectly commensurate with its realistic condition, and hope gives birth to flights of fancy which may be realized.

We pursue our ideals no less in this life,

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and, if we reach ever outward, are sure sooner or later to become merged into their substance,—for such they become when once we have appropriated and absorbed their essence. How important that we entertain exalted ideals, as while this is taking place we are becoming engrafted into the life of all life. Furthermore, our business is not only to exist, but to fulfill the highest state of existence; then we shall have accomplished much whereby we may be blessed. We *may* not, and *can* not, receive a blessing unless we have *fulfilled* the law by which this state may be vouchsafed to us. Let me repeat, for it can *not be too often* reiterated, there is *no reward* without right-doing, and it is best to start right on the first plane. Do not put off what you are convinced is right for you to do now. Each day will bring its labors and anxieties, so do not

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neglect a single opportunity to develop the soul. This is what you are to depend upon throughout eternity, and is of vastly more importance than houses and lands, or any element of physical life. Ultimately the physical man will appropriate these spiritual truths, when the world shall have become more enlightened. Just now the need of teachers is great. All who hear the word do not appropriate it. "Ye should be doers also," and in this way the light is spread, the truth disseminated. The field is now ripe, but the laborers are few, comparatively. We on the spirit side stand ever ready to give of our knowledge for your benefit.

Believe true, the words I have brought to you, for they are truth. I have no wish to deceive, but simply enlighten upon this subject with which every soul is connected.

The time for this light is *now*; the world

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is *now* ready. There has never been a time when there has been more deep thinking. The people are awake to scientific investigation. The masses are inquiring. This is the encouraging feature to us, and as we can, will do our work. It is pleasant to contemplate, and happiness abounds. Like the little bird in its native forest on a bright May morning, trilling its sweetest lay, so we sing in grateful thankfulness when we see the mortal finding the right way.

Not many spaces ere we will find many more thinking seriously along these lines, and little by little the power of mind will be acknowledged, until this knowledge shall fill the whole earth.

FINIS.

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