

“EXTENDED VISION!”

—OR,—

**“LOOKING BEYOND THIS
WORLD”**

course
BY
REV. G. TABOR THOMPSON, D. D.

“

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*Yours & the Angels
G. Labor Thompson*

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*This volume is most lovingly dedicated
to my arisen*

MOTHER AND FATHER,

**BY
THE AUTHOR**

INTRODUCTION.

The author does not claim this volume to be a miracle of erudition.

Able men have written metaphysically on these subjects, and delighted the learned readers who sat at their feet.

The object in this work is to take great truth and clothe it in such simple language that those who are not scholastic may understand its every page. In an inter-denominational way we have endeavored to lovingly disclose to those who sit in the shadow of a great loss, and cannot penetrate the veil which divides the seen from the unseen, the latest truths about physical death and the life beyond our ken.

If we have been inspired to dry the tears of the mourner, bind up the broken hearted, and enable the disconsolate to rejoice in the knowledge of reunion beyond the cross-roads of time, our efforts have not been in vain.

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THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

Within the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

FOREWORD

HAVING been most kindly invited by the author of the following deeply interesting and instructive pages to preface his words with a few of mine, I feel it only needful or desirable to call attention to the extremely widespreading interest now being manifested throughout the world in the intensely fascinating subjects which are most lucidly and convincingly handled in this book.

As I have been a lecturer and traveller from childhood, and my protracted journeyings, together with my literary work, have brought me in contact with all sorts of people in various countries of the world, it has come within the range of my actual experience to know that in a multitude of significant instances there is a loud and strong demand for just such practical, heart-to-heart and head-to-head instruction as the reader will find in

the several brilliant essays which constitute this volume. Though scepticism may be rampant in some directions, and orthodox conservatism unshaken in others, the great mass of the people to-day cannot satisfy themselves either with the negations of materialism or the dogmatic assertions of old-fashioned varieties of theology. The cry everywhere is for sound, fearless reasoning, and whenever possible for some palpable demonstration of the verity of the doctrine of our conscious individual survival beyond physical dissolution. The perennial interest attaching to this problem can never be seriously diminished so long as bereavement continues and affection outlives the disintegration of the external frame. As our race becomes increasingly sensitive to super-physical impressions, and as intuition becomes a more generally recognized available human faculty, the need for external phases of psychical phenomena may be gradually outgrown, seeing that these are only premonitory signals pointing the way to a fuller comprehension of the spiritual universe in which all of us are dwelling now, whether we are aware of it or not. But until a much deeper and far more

nearly universal extension of psychic faculty is manifested than appears at present, there will certainly continue both call and place, for those many phases of spiritual ministration which, ranging all the way from the rudimentary to the highly advanced, serve to constitute a mental stairway up which multitudes of intellects can climb, while as yet clear spiritual vision remains the developed possession of only the gifted few.

The flippant popular criticism of average psychic messages, based on the plea that they are extremely trivial, has been superbly dealt with by Prof. Hyslop and other learned members of well-known Societies for Psychical Research, who are bringing to the work of crucial investigation trained minds by no means predisposed to accept anything without searching scrutiny.

The chief reasons for the often unsatisfactory nature of communications with unseen planes of Nature may be classified under two distinctive heads: First, the lack of thoroughness with which we attempt to prepare ourselves for profound investigation; Second, the admitted superficiality of our

thoughts and desires when we seek communion with unseen entities.

For my own part, I do not attempt to harshly criticise, much less would I presume to condemn this state of affairs. I merely mention it as an existing phenomenon with which we have at present to deal, though we are not justified in supposing that it will always continue, and it is even now becoming considerably modified. Occultism is, taken as a whole, a vast system of revelation, and when intelligently regarded as such, the many seeming discordancies and discrepancies which mar the Psychic Movement will be seen to possess considerable educational, and even ethical importance. Is it not a matter of great moment, as well as interest, for all of us to know something definitely of the inner life we are now living, which our discarnate friends are also living, and which we must continue to live when we are dismantled of the fleshly robes which now encircle us? We are spiritual entities here and now, no matter how we may disport ourselves, and it is indeed desirable that all should become cognizant of the fact that transition does not alter character nor

change the bent of inclination. We are evidently not, as a rule, in communion with other than definitely human entities when we extend our experience of telepathy or clairvoyance into the supra-mundane state, and as we accustom ourselves to employ just such phraseology as the foregoing sentence, in place of an older or less lucid terminology, we shall quickly outgrow the ancient superstition which still lingers in many places, that there is something radically different in spirit-communion from telepathy or thought-transference.

Recent discoveries and demonstrations in the ever-enlarging field of psychology are convincing thinkers and reasoners more and more that Sir Oliver Lodge could not have found a better title for his widely-discussed tribute to the genuineness and scientific value of psychic evidences than the one he chose, "The Survival of Man," for that word "survival" exactly describes the shade of meaning the learned author wishes to convey. This term suggests no "other" life or world, simply a continued life beyond the dissolution of the flesh.

The very simplicity of a rational religion leads many people to reject it for some system far more complicated and much more difficult to prove, but the fundamentals of a sane and sober spiritual philosophy are now being so widely advocated and disseminated that it may be truly said that we are accepting the fundamental propositions of modernism under several different names. Paradoxical though this may sound, we are abundantly justified in saying that the apparent contradictions in alleged spiritual communications are, in many instances, concordances, because they serve to illustrate what it is one of the chief missions of the revelation to confirm. One communicator says one thing about spirit-life, and another tells a widely different tale. Far from this fact presenting an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of spirit-messages, as many have hastily imagined, it demonstrates an actual condition of affairs on both sides the mystic veil, which we should all do well to ponder seriously, for it throws a great amount of light on many a strange "memorable relation" of Swedenborg's kindred relations, furnished by other distinguished seers or prophets. No one

ever describes anything except as it appears to him, for the simple reason that he is limited by his own consciousness, but as in this material world we are evidently far more influenced by physical necessities and geographical limitations than we are in spirit, we often remain physically in the society of persons and in the vicinity of objects though we feel no link of sympathy uniting us with any of them. The facts are quite dissimilar when we are considering psychical relationships, for in spirit-life propinquity and distance are regulated by affinity in the one case and lack of affinity in the other. This refers as much, or almost as much, to objects as to individuals; there is, therefore, immense reasonableness in the saying, "he went to his own place," no matter to whom the remark is made specially to apply. Once let this consideration be adequately weighed, and we shall find growing out of it abundant material for the deepest thought, and while it must have its serious and warning aspects, and these we often greatly need, it will also prove freighted with all-sufficient consolation in hours of bitterest bereavement when we express but one cry and realize but

one petition—that we may receive some token of the continued life and love of those exceptionally dear to us.

The gifted and fearless writer, whose words these comments do but feebly preface, deals some hard and well-deserved blows at spurious kinds of theology which run counter to all the demands of reason and affection and which have evidently been invented by almost dehumanized scholastics who have meditated so long upon single aspects of a question that they have grown quite incompetent to deal with any topic in a broad or universal way.

That souls are “lost” because they pass out of physical existence without certain ministrations of religion, is a sad and sorry fiction which travesties an ancient doctrine of Occultism which extended clairvoyance may confirm. Among Occultists certain ceremonies have generally been regarded as effective in the sense that Masonic ceremonial may accompany the reception of members into the craft. A man may be a very good and highly respected citizen with whom high Masons are glad to associate socially on friendly terms, but unless he is received into the lodge he cannot wear

the apron or be allowed to take part in the ritual of the order, or even to be present as a spectator at the Masonic rites. As it is true that there are churches and orders in the world of spirits, as well as on this outer earth, it is quite conceivable that means have been devised for keeping up a close connection between the incarnate and excarnate members of a fellowship through the agency of ceremonial, but to imply that a spiritual entity is doomed to endless punishment or subjected to annihilation because certain rites have not been performed on earth is a doctrine so hideous that no condemnation of it can well be too ferocious. We must learn to see things in something like due proportions before we can safely even speculate concerning the condition of an individual in the spiritual universe. We have a right to avail ourselves of whatever we conceive to be "means of grace" or aids to spiritual development, but it can never be too strongly insisted that "salvation" is through character, and that neither rituals or doctrines are of any avail except in so far as they tend to ennoble character. That is where we must rest our case finally in every

instance. Does a doctrine or a practice make for the spiritual or moral betterment of those who entertain and practice it? This is the crucial test, and one that the thinking world is determined to apply to all isms.

Feeling satisfied that the general trend of the teaching in this present volume is truly onward and upward, it is with sincere pleasure that I offer the author my congratulations and best wishes on the publication of his carefully written and intensely interesting work, coupled with the sincere conviction that this valuable addition to practical thought-provoking literature will be the means of affording a vast amount of comfort to many sorrowers, needed exhortation to many who have drifted, and a valid answer to the pressing inquiries of many more who while not to be numbered with either the mourning or the careless are still in need of light on the road which they are somewhat darkly travelling.

The following verses seemed to write themselves through my fingers on the typewriter as I essayed the task of compiling a dedication for this happy, healthy book:

Go forth, brave messenger of truth, proclaim the tidings far and nigh,
Assure us that the Spirit-world is not alone beyond the sky.

But here and now around us all where'er our wandering footsteps stray
Confined to no especial place, but everywhere a broad highway.

What is the spiritual life? We often ask, and then we strive

To place it in some special groove where only certain forms can thrive,

But whenso'er we come to know the spirit world is now and here

A life continuous we shall grasp, and soon dismiss all foolish fear.

'Tis character alone that builds a mansion in that unseen space

Where every sentiment and thought must surely take its rightful place,

Not by belief or outward act can we true bliss in spirit know,

For only from a lovely life lived inwardly, can blessings flow.

Death is illusion, none are dead, and verily no soul can die,

Though it may quit its mortal frame in spirit-presences still 'tis nigh,

Thus do we celebrate new birth when outward garments drop away,

Celestial ministers attend the spirit passing to new day.

No matter if within some fold men call a church, or
though outside,
The spirit passes to its home, through noble love 'tis
glorified.
Anthems may peal and organs swell, or quiet silence
may prevail
The life that has been lived on earth determines how
the soul can sail.

Mates in the spirit world are those nearest to us in
bonds of love,
We may have met them on the earth, or find them
but in spheres above;
But here or there it matters not, the spirit seeks and
finds its own
And in sympathy divine discovers love's immortal
throne.

If when we suffer friends removed from outward
cares can find a way
To cheer us up and help us on they thus their sym-
pathy display,
But those who know far more than we of how earth's
sadness turns to joy,
Help by their counsel, but grieve not, knowing the
good of pain's employ.

Conditions in the worlds beyond the portals which
divide our state
Are of our making inwardly. Each thought encour-
aged forms a gate,
Or proves a magnet to attract its kindred in the
realms unseen;
All pure affections robe the soul in fair and glorious
psychic sheen.

How long will it require for souls to tread the path
to life beyond?
A single instant may suffice to fully weave the mystic
bond,
Affection deep and strong can bid defiance to all out-
ward bars;
We are not limited by space, distance can prove no
kindred stars.

Brothers and sisters, kindred all, united in a common
love,
Friends who through quenchless sympathy united
evermore must prove,
Reveal to us the sacred law and help us nobly to
aspire
That when from earth we take our flight, brightly
will burn Heaven's beacon fire.

W. J. COLVILLE.

New York, August, 1910.

Extended Vision or, Looking Beyond this World

CHAPTER I

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE FOR THE SOUL TO
REACH THE HEAVENLY HOME?

In passing from Maine to California, days and hours are necessary. Transportation and transportation facilities are studied by many bright minds in order to redeem time and reduce cost.

In going from one continent to another, there are few of the hardships of the olden times. The voyage is made in days now, where it used to require weary weeks and months. The modern steamships are such floating palaces, one cannot fully realize what an ocean voyage meant when sailing-craft, or old-time steamboats were required. Now an

ocean voyage is the summer outing of thousands of American tourists. The gradual perfection of airships is just helping to solve the new problems of transportation. Soon those who are sea sick on the briny deep, will find it a joy to pass through the sky, as the birds migrate. Beating the air like the mighty eagle, or cutting the foam like the great Leviathans, will soon make the passage from one part of the world to another only a pleasant pastime.

It is difficult to prophesy the joys of travel in store for those of the next decade, or generation. But what about pushing out from the shores of time, over the sea of death, for the peaceful harbor of eternal deliverance? Have there been no discoveries here? Are the theologians making no announcements which will be hailed with delight by those who travel, whether they will or no? Must poets continue to write about "Death's Dark River?" Will children always sing about "Jordan's Stormy Banks?" After all, is this voyage to be so dreaded? Out of the hundreds of millions who have gone over, has no one been heard from, and no report been rendered? We hope

to be able to throw some light on the way, and to ring out hope from the "Harbor Bells of Heaven." We are reminded of a scene which was enacted on the Atlantic coast a few years ago. A party pushed out for the fishing banks at a famous summer resort; everything went well for a time. At last the clouds became black; the waves dashed high; the thunder rolled; the lightning seemed to cut the very heavens in twain. Consternation spread over the faces of the once happy party, and many feared a grave in the mighty deep. A lady crept up to the captain, who was calmly guiding the smack, and asked: "Captain, is there any fear?" The bronzed skipper, who had never lost a soul, and knew just what to do in an emergency, replied: "Yes, madam. There is lots of fear; but not a bit of danger." Be comforted when you are to take the outward voyage, and for those of your own household who have gone, rest in perfect poise, for the trip was not as long or as dangerous, as you may have feared.

Perhaps some of the readers have been connected with a church where they teach that many souls were wrecked, and never did reach

the harbor of heaven. Miserable comforters! Such leaders are not posted on heavenly transportation facilities. They are more antediluvian than Noah's Ark. Learn to be optimistic along spiritual lines as well as in matters of material moment.

At the transition scene some preach, "No immortality at present." "Death is the penalty of sin." "They go down into the grave to wait until the blast of the angelic trumpet proclaims the dawning of the day of Immortality." If this instruction is true, poor Abel is experiencing a very long journey from Earth to Heaven, worse by far than that of the early settlers of our country. The Pilgrim Fathers would have lost heart under such circumstances. Has Abel's death sentence, because of sin, already lasted six thousand years? Where does justice come in if another sleeps but a day, before this wonderful Judgment? The offence the same in both cases. One sleeps a day, another for thousands of years. Such instruction is only the ministry of ignorance. The body only goes into the grave; and that simply because it is discarded for a better one. Sin has nothing to do with it. That body will

never be needed again by the individual who was divested of it, any more than the baby body of that person will be again utilized.

Another dangerous school of religionists commission many thousands of men in all parts of the world to say that there is a waiting place for the soul, ere it is able to reach heaven. How well we know that the crude, undeveloped individual does not enter the same spirit conditions hereafter, as does a refined and spiritual person. "Every man in his own order." "Star differeth from star in glory," "So shall it be in the resurrection." Nothing to keep one down but self. Everything to encourage one to evolve. All the stars are in the firmament, though they differ in magnitude. All souls safe, saved, and satisfied, so far as salvation goes; though ever seeking to learn and grow better.

Socrates said, "You may kill me providing you can catch me." No spirit has been caught by Priest, Parish, or Potentate, and thrust into an intermediate state, to do penance for sin, in a man-made purgatory. A half-way house where a spirit waits until earthly friends put up enough cash to induce spiritual advisors

to pray them out, is surely unthinkable to people of average intelligence. Is money a legal tender in glory? If so, how is it that only men of the earth are enriched by it? If these souls were absolved before they die, if the blood of atonement paid all the debt they owed, why keep them incarcerated until the bill is paid the second time? In the name of common honesty, I assert it is not right here or hereafter to receive pay twice for the same debt. Such a transaction would be an injustice to the One who is alleged to have paid the debt on the tree. Such treatment would be a great wrong to the one held in spiritual darkness. Such procedure is a crime on the men who receive gold for such service. Such a belief is chaining millions of poor men and women who are denying themselves to better the conditions of their dead.

Think on these things, O, toiling men and women of earth; and be not pauperized by a false system. If it be true that there are no eternal derelicts, that souls are not waiting for a remote "Judgment Day," that no detention is necessary because of earthly conduct, how long, then, does it take a soul to reach the

heavenly home? The thief on the cross was told by "The Man of Sorrows": "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." No eternal drifting because he had not been a good man. No fires of purgatory because of stained character. The record does not say that he had experienced conversion, been baptized, accepted any particular creed or person, been inducted into any church, or ever received "Extreme Unction"; yet Jesus is reported to have voiced these comforting and hopeful words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

According to the Hebrew measurement of time, a day was from sunset to sunrise. This measurement was taken from the Book of Genesis, where we read—"The evening and the morning were the first day." "The evening and the morning were the second day," etc. Following this division of time, and connecting it with the scene of the Crucifixion, we are able to closely approximate the time necessary for an undeveloped soul to reach its spirit sphere, and by using the words of Paul, state the time necessary for one whose spiritual condition has been trained in the School of An-

gelic evolution to reach this sphere. The Jewish Sabbath began at 6 o'clock Friday evening. It was necessary for the bodies of criminals executed on that day to be taken from the cross before the Sabbath began at sundown, lest the day be desecrated. Jesus, with "Titus," and another robber, were being crucified. According to the record the first named must have passed out between three and four o'clock. His spirit sped to Paradise, there to welcome Titus somewhat later in the day. Had either of the malefactors expired after six o'clock, the laws of the Sabbath would have been violated. Had Titus left the world after six o'clock, the prophecy of the Man of Nazareth could not have been fulfilled. These words were spoken late Friday afternoon, and must needs be fulfilled before the setting of the sun. Somewhere near the close of the day—we will say at 5:30 o'clock—the Jews paid a visit to the crosses, with authority from Pilate to break the legs of the men, if alive, so as to hasten death. They state that Jesus was lifeless, but turning to the two robbers, they found them quite alive. Their legs were broken by the big club of the cruel execution-

ers, and they were quickly shocked into death. By the time the bodies were down from the trees it must have been only a few minutes of six. The Sabbath was kept inviolate, and the spirit of Titus reached Paradise just before the sun dipped. We should hear Jesus cry: "Said I not unto thee, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?'" Five or ten minutes were more than time enough for the spirit of this undeveloped young man to find his home in Paradise. The spiritual-minded, the ones who are ripe for angelic plucking (as the fruit matures on the tree ready for the gathering hand), these reach the heavenly home even quicker than those whose souls are heavy with the weight of guilt.

Paul, speaking of the good, says: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." This is instantaneous passage. When the writer leaned over the bed to watch the passing of his mother's spirit to the better-land, strange thoughts filled his brain. Day after day and night after night he had watched over her and nursed her, noticing the waning life-forces, and noting that one function after another refused to perform life's duties—yet

the spirit seemed loathe to leave the worn-out body on the shores of Time. When the last breath was finally expelled, and the "Eyes would not lift again, though I might call and call," I quickly remembered that the spirit was going on a journey it never had undertaken before. For years I had not left her to go alone. Even on a trolley-car some one was present to relieve her of every care. I wondered when I had sensed she had gone, if she experienced loneliness; for she had said to me only a few hours before: "I wish I could take you with me." I thought of Paul writing about the "Spiritual Wickedness in the Heavens," of "Ascending above principalities and powers," of "Wrestling with things greater than flesh and blood"; and I felt as though I must fly to her side, take her by the arm, as I had done often on earth, and lead her past the points of danger to her destination.

I never felt my weakness and littleness as I did when shaken with the fear that she had gone beyond my reach, where I could not serve her. My soul suffered in agony, not because of death, but rather because I desired to usher her into larger life. I had experi-

enced the joy on earth of fitting up a home for her, and setting her feet into the place without cost or care on her part. Here I was impotent. I looked back to the bed and only saw a worn-out envelope of clay; so changed by the suffering there was nothing which resembled my lovely mother, save the beautiful white hair, and the hands folded, never to be unfolded. As I sat by that body of death with no relative within a hundred miles, my heart was almost paralyzed with fear—fear that the journey might be too great for her, and some harm might reach her dear spirit. I looked up but could see nothing. I reached out, but my arm was too short. Turning my attention to the dear form which had to be prepared for God's acre, a sweet peace stole over me, and these words came rushing into my mind, "To-day—in Paradise." "Absent—Present." Years have passed, and tears have never dried, for earth is a strange place without mother; yet joy fills my heart when I remember she left my home Wednesday and reached her home the same Wednesday. When the record showed "Absent" on the earth side, it showed "Present" on the heaven side. When she had

strength enough to come back and pay me a visit, her first words were, "My mother met me, and took me to the home prepared for me." My loss is being bravely borne since it is her gain.

Dear reader, your departed made a quick journey from the home of earth to their heavenly home. Before the telegraph key had time to tick out the fact of their transition, they were Home. Our journey will be as pleasant, and our home as satisfactory, when the time to exchange worlds is ours.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS DEATH?

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and
still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale
and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call
and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over
all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-
pain,—
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what other sphere the loved who
leave us go;
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do
not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead, if they should
come this day,—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of
us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, O, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and
 blessed is the thought!—
 “So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may
 tell you naught;
 We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of
 death,—
 Ye may not tell us, if ye would—the mystery of
 breath.”

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge
 or intent,
 So those who enter death must go as little children
 sent,
 Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-
 head;
 And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.
 —*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

WHAT IS DEATH?

There is such a thing as Death to the Materialist. It means the total and final extinction of a human being, when the earth body falls into dust. Such thinkers say: “Farewell forever!” How can extinction fare—well? This doctrine is so repugnant that even the most of those who have had no evidence of Futurity choose rather to be classed with agnostics. Those who have knowledge of the beyond feel it incumbent on them to say that death is the total, and the permanent, cessation of all the vital functions in an animal or vegetable body.

These functions cease; because the life—whatever that may be—goes out of the organic body. Life is eternal; but not eternal in certain bodies from which it may be withdrawn. The dead body gradually disintegrates into its original chemical elements; and these freed elements enter into new combinations in plants and animals. This does not apply to the individualized spiritual life—for that ascends to its own sphere in the Spirit World.

Man, in this present earth-condition, is a compound being. The outer envelope is made up of coarse material which can be seen by the physical eye; this can be felt and weighed. There is, besides this, a spiritual body. Paul says: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." Both in the present tense. The spiritual body is of a very much finer material and cannot be seen or felt except by one who is a psychic. This body is so ethereal there is little weight to it. Experiments have recently been made with the body of criminals a moment before death, and a moment thereafter, and there seems to be a difference of a few ounces. The cadaver being somewhat lighter—which indicates to some that the spir-

itual body is so very light that the soul's receptacle after death could be lifted by a very small child. Truly are we fearfully and wonderfully made!

Quite a familiar illustration is a hypothetical indication of the spirit-body. Persons who have lost a limb feel pain and discomfort in that member just as if it were still joined to the body. A notable instance is on record where one had suffered the amputation of an arm. For months that man had the sensation of the fingers being in a cramped condition; unknown to him the severed member was exhumed and the fingers were found as he felt them. These were straightened out, the arm re-buried; when all cramp and pain left the individual.

No surgeon has ever amputated a spirit limb. That body being whole takes on the sensations of discomfort which a cramped physical body would experience. The body which is perishable is mainly composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. The spiritual inter-penetrates the natural for days, months or years, and enables it to perform its functions. When the spiritual withdraws the

physical perishes. Within the spiritual body is the ego. Death is the separation of the imperishable spirit body and spirit from the perishable physical body. It is right to nicely robe the corpse for the grave. It is proper to erect a suitable tombstone, and see that the grave is kept green, for it is dear to relatives because of what inhabited it. Dr. Mason sat in a church one day listening to a funeral oration over the remains of a talented son. Grief was too deep for tears, but when he saw the college men lift the casket on their shoulders, as they were about to convey it to its silent resting place, he said: "Young men, tread softly; you bear the temple of a spiritual body."

The happy smile so often seen on the face of the dead is the last impress made by the departing soul on the body, as they see the bliss into which they are entering, or look into the faces of those who preceded them.

We owe a duty to the dying, as well as to the living. This is frequently forgotten, if, indeed, it is sensed at all. Those who love the dying one should try and forget their part in death's tragedy, and facilitate the inevitable

departure rather than to prevent it. The desire to hold one in the form makes it hard for the spirit to be freed from the body. One who was passing out begged the mother to loosen her finger. "It bindeth me, it holdeth me," sighed the little one. The most loving friends are the unselfish ones; those who think of the welfare of the one who goes on the long journey.

How unwise it is to conform to fashion in conjunction with these parting scenes. Relatives in half hiding, up to and including the funeral exercises, friends clothed in dark garments, and even crepe, which are calculated to depress the mourner and hold the liberated individual back in its progression. Black caskets, hearses, door hangings, letter paper, etc. Strange, black tombstones are not used. All of these things are not in keeping with the glowing occasion. *We have no right to conduct such sacred farewells from our viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of the departed.* It is their holiday we celebrate, and not their incarceration.

Many think a full enjoyment of the freedom of spirit life cannot be attained until the

old physical body has begun to resolve into its original elements. If this is the case, how unwise to put the body on ice, or even embalm it. It is thought these attempts to retard the disintegration of the body tend to hold the spirit in earth's conditions. Many advanced spirits strongly advise the cremation of the body. What purports to have been received from the over-watching spirit of one whose body was speedily separated into the original elements by the action of fire is quite interesting. "We were conscious of no pain. We came very suddenly into a blaze of light that almost dazed us. We soon became accustomed to it, and we speak favorably of this method of disposing of the abandoned earth tabernacle." The welfare of the dead, as well as sanitary conditions for the living, seem to be promoted by cremation. When we die we do not cease to live for a while, and then begin to live again. Not at all; we simply enter a larger life. The only part of us that even knows anything is more alive than ever, for it no longer has a body of sickness and disease to impede its activity. In death the spirit body and the spirit are borne out of the phys-

ical body into a purer life. What we used to call death is now an open door into a new, immortal existence, and yet a very natural life. Loved faces will bend over us there, familiar hand clasps will welcome us, the long departed parents will enfold us in their embrace. We shall learn to speak the language of heaven and revel in our new found companions and home; yet we shall always love the memory of the earth, for it was there we learned elemental lessons in life.

NOT DEATH.

Not death, but life. Thank God that they have risen,
 That He has sent them peace,
 That from the pain and shadow of its prison
 The soul has found release.

We may not know the glory and the gladness
 That on the spirit shine,
 That bore on earth its agony and sadness
 With patience so divine.

We only know the weariness is ended,
 That they from pain are free,
 That the pure soul has to its God ascended,
 In joy and liberty.

'Tis ours to prize the nature we inherit,
 Which they have glorified.

Nor doubt the power of the immortal spirit
Since they have lived and died.

O silent lips! the lessons you have taught us
We tell with falling tears:
O noble life; what blessing thou hast brought us
Through all thy weary years!

As all unconscious of thy wondrous beauty,
Thou passeth into light,
May thy sweet patience fill our hearts, and duty
Grow holy in our sight.

—*Anon.*



CHAPTER III

THERE ARE NO DEAD

The celebrated writer and teacher, Dr. Lyman Abbott, once said: "*We do not die and live again, we simply go on living.*"

In a dream the writer seemed to attend a funeral, and was greatly surprised to notice that in place of the departed one being in the casket, he was more alive than ever.

There was a huge floral piece in the home, made in the form of a staircase. At the top of it was a light brighter than the noonday sun, having an exquisite heavenly sheen. Looking at the foot of the stairway, we saw the transformed one clothed in a beautiful garment. On the face was a peace which passeth understanding. In the eyes a hope big with possibility.

With a bounding step they were ascending the fragrant way, singing as they went toward

the apex. On this ladder of flowers we noticed a purple streamer of heavy silk floating in the breeze. A calm soon pervaded the scene; and, as the eyes fell on the ribbon, we saw a white hand pointing with index finger to an inscription worked in beaten gold letters, which read: "*The Next Step in Life's Progression.*" This, said a voice, is what the inhabitants of earth call Death. Waking from the dream, I quoted the inspired words of another, part of which heads this article: "*There is no Death—there are no Dead.*"

As we have been taught to regard transition as death, we will employ the term here; but desire the reader to ever remember it is a misnomer. "How are the dead raised up?" and "With what body do they come?" are two momentous questions propounded in the first century of the Christian era by a man of great intellectual development and rich spiritual experience. If we are able to give a wise answer to them, you may be able to see why the dead are not dead. May the fountain of your tears be dried, and the wounded heart healed as you peruse these pages.

In our day and age vast numbers of reli-

gionists, thousands of psychologists, and hundreds of scientists, are undertaking to answer these queries; so let us feel we are in good company. That truth has recently been revealed along these lines, there need not be the shadow of a doubt. Life has a different meaning, now that the key to it, here and hereafter, is found.

People have thought that Life is a short line which starts at the cradle and ends at the grave. The great "Over-Soul" never made a straight line in Nature; and man is a product of Nature. "*The Infinite Intelligence*" deals with curves and circles. Eternity has no beginning and no end; hence the circle is a good object lesson of it. Since we are to have an Eternity in the future, we must have had one in the past; and we are in Eternity now. Our life will never end, because it never had a beginning. The fact that we may not remember the Eternity past does not signify that life began with physical birth. We do not remember our first day, or year, in this expression of life; nevertheless it was a part of our history. A page from the book of our past Eternity.

The soulical life changes, and seems to start and finish. Real life does neither. The spiritual life never knows Babyhood, Old Age, or what is called Death. A slight knowledge of this part of ourselves helps us to find an answer to the first question asked by the Tent-Maker: "How are the dead raised up?" Not by virtue of accepting any particular creed or dogma; not by being inducted into any church; not by believing any book. People who have never heard of Church, Bible, or Christianity have been raised, and are being raised, as well as those who have been faithful to forms of religion with which we are familiar.

The dead are raised up by virtue of the eternal spiritual life inherent in each individual—the Divinity within. The Deity within, the Eternity within, makes it obligatory for all the dead to be raised up. There is no such thing as "conditional immortality." By virtue of our natures it is compulsory. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." No matter in which we may function, life lives on forever. Granting that the above statements are true, one naturally asks: "When

are the dead raised up?" The materialists say: "Never." The theologians of many schools say: "On the Day of Judgment." They evidently think it will be a day of twenty-four hours; and that the graves will open, and the same old bodies come forth.

A minority of Bible students look for a "Double Judgment Day"—covering a period of one thousand years. The good to come up, first, in the "Judgment of Reward"; and the bad to come to the "Judgment of Condemnation," at the end of the thousand years. Theologians do not always teach the truth; and the above is not the truth. The teacher may mean well; but his doctrines are colored by the Theological Seminary where he prepared for the ministry.

The birth of the spiritual body takes place when death claims the physical body. That is the New Birth explained to Nicodemus by Jesus. All of us came into the world, one by one. There was no universal birthday for the physical race. There will be no universal birthday for the spiritual race. Every time the clock ticks some liberated spirit leaves behind a dead body—that body never to be worn

again, any more than a discarded suit of clothes.

Many of our loved ones have already experienced the joys of Resurrection. Some glad day, not far distant, we shall leave the envelope of mortality, to enter into the next grade of life's school. What a comforting thought that no individual is imprisoned in the grave, in purgatory, or in perdition. The only bondage we have is while in the flesh. After earth's dream, we (and those whom we love) will be more free than the eagles in the upper air; and nothing can keep us from soaring into the Realms of Light, Life, and Love. Evolution, of the highest unfoldment, is our divine and eternal right.

Now we take up the last question: "With what body do they come?" When correctly answered this gives us an understanding of Futurity, which makes a wonderful rift in the cloud of Death; and lets in spiritual effulgence we never saw before. "Shall we know each other there?" is asked at many deathbeds and open graves. Yes, we shall know as we are known. We begin life in our next lessons exactly where we leave off here. We shall

begin there with a spiritual body—such as we earn here, by the development of personal character.

No mortal has ever seen a spirit. We may, at times, see a body through which the spirit manifests, for purposes of identification. Our departed relatives and friends may, under certain circumstances, show themselves to us; but what they show is not their real spirit or their heavenly body. Back of the rough chestnut burr is a finer body, we call the shell; back of that the chestnut. The mortal body of mankind is like the chestnut burr; the spiritual body like the inner shell; and the spirit like the chestnut. Death is the frost which knocks off the physical burr; and the inner body, with its covering of finer material, is taken into a spiritual environment, unseen by us—unless, perchance, we are able to see with the eye of the soul. That inner covering of the real personality is changed “From glory to glory” all the time the real life is hidden. This does not mean our friends are never to be seen who have passed the Great Divide. They may be seen even while we tabernacle in the flesh; but they are “seen through a glass darkly”—even

though "face to face," that is, in a temporary spiritual body.

Moses and Elias were seen and known on the "Mount of Transfiguration." They, it must be remembered, were seen and known simply because they temporarily materialized bodies for identification. These bodies were dematerialized—directly the conference adjourned on Mount Tabor.

Our friends who have passed through the doorway of Death left their worn-out bodies in the grip of the iron laws of Nature. By the power of Divinity, within, they function in spiritual bodies, in spirit spheres. Should they desire to manifest on earth, they will build up a temporary body in the likeness of the one known on earth—as did Moses and Elias; and, after the visitation, they will distribute these particles back into the ether. As a child knows how to build various things with his blocks, and tear them down without loss, so our kindred and friends are able to build up and tear down spiritual bodies for means of identification. Nothing is lost by this process. Hence, one comes as a baby, to one who knew him in babyhood; and as a man to those who

knew him in manhood; and as an aged one to those who knew him in the ripeness of years. Nothing lost in the gathering or distributing of these bodies—the spirit being hidden all the time behind the astral body.

“With what body do they come?” With any body necessary to show the continuity of life; and the possibility, under certain circumstances, of coming in rapport with the desolate children of earth.

HERE AND THERE.

Here is the sorrow, the sighing,
Here are the clouds and the night;
Here is the sickness, the dying,—
There are the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fullness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,
And here is the chastening rod;
There is the song and the cymbal,
And there is our Angel abode.

—*Alice Cary.*

CHAPTER IV

DO SPIRITS SUFFER WHEN THEY SEE US IN
SORROW?

Many think the pains of earth must bring pangs of suffering to those on the other side of life; and if so, the spirits of our friends cannot be at rest. Let us see. Is ignorance necessary to rest? Then wisdom must be anything but desirable. The child who comes into life, not by knowledge, or intent, knows nothing of the travail of its mother. Is it, therefore, more happy than its mother? Pain may be a blessing in disguise. But for pain the child would not be born; but for pain the pneumonia patient could not clear the lungs; but for pain the eaglet would not learn to fly; but for pain the body would not learn to die. To us, but "children crying in the night," we look upon suffering as a curse. The poised soul is that one who can say from the heart:

“All things work together for good.” The illuminated soul sings:

“Pain’s furnace-heat within me quivers;
 God’s breath upon the flame doth blow;
 And all my heart in anguish shivers
 And trembles at the fiery glow.

He kindles for my profit, purely,
 Affliction’s, glowing, fiery brand;
 For all the heavy blows are surely,
 Inflicted by a Master hand.

And so I whisper, as He will,
 And in the hottest fire, hold still.”

Grant that one may be gauged to pain and sorrow here. “Do spirits suffer when they see us in sorrow?” At times they seem to be so immune we are tempted to cry out, like Solomon: “The dead know not anything. Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.”

At other times, we want them to know, and in agony inquire—

“Do loved ones care when my heart is pained
 Too deeply for mirth and song;

As the burdens press, and the cares distress,
And the way grows weary and long?

Do loved ones care when my path is dark
With a ghostly dread and fear?
As the daylight fades, into dark night shades,
Do they care enough to be near?

Do loved ones care when I've tried and failed
To resist some temptation strong;
When for my deep grief, there is no relief,
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?

Do loved ones care when I've said "Good bye"
To the dearest on earth to me,
And my sad heart aches, till it nearly breaks,
Is it naught to them? Do they see?

O yes, they care, they say they care,
Their heart is touched with earth's grief;
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary,
They whisper—"Yes, we care."

Call to mind a night scene in the Bible. The disciples were "toiling in rowing." For a time it seemed as though the elements were against them. Even Jesus did not seem to care. Their eyes were inflamed from the strain of looking for the other shore; yet Jesus did not offer to "stand watch." Their muscles were tired from long rowing; yet Jesus did not offer to pull an oar. Their hearts were heavy; yet Jesus had

no word of encouragement. They feared "a grave in the angry deep"; yet Jesus slept on. At last in hopeless desperation, one left the oar, and cried in tones not sweet with resignation: "Carest Thou not that we perish?" Knowing that they had come to the end of their nerve force, knowing muscular endurance was waning, knowing hope was almost dead, He arose and talked to the waves as a father would speak to a refractory child: "Peace, be still." The lake was changed. The disciples were changed; but Jesus had so much of the tranquil in himself He could sleep, until the fishermen wanted Him bad enough to leave the oar, and call the call which meant: "We have come to the end of ourselves, now do what You can."

Some of the storms of life may nearly exhaust us, and at last we cry into the heavens, "Carest thou not that we perish?" Somehow help comes from somewhere, while the comforting promise rushes into the mind: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to deliver thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Infinite wisdom has decreed that not all storms are to be abated; sometimes it is

deliverance from the storm, at other times it is deliverance in the storm. When delivered from it, we often sing:

“Loved ones the tempest is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
The sun in a calm lake is mirrored,
And Heaven’s within my breast.”

When these great calms come and we enter upon life’s duties afresh, how frequently we neglect to thank the delivering Angel, as the Disciples forgot to thank Jesus. Make a practice, after you retire, of counting the blessings of the day, keep tally on your fingers; send out your thanksgiving, and fall asleep. Did Jesus suffer when the storm was on? Not as Peter did. Do our heavenly friends suffer when we are passing through frightful storms? Not as we do. Learn a heavenly lesson from a domestic scene. You represent the baby, and your arisen loved one, the mother. A mother sits talking with a friend, and laughs as the conversation increases in interest. A thud is heard like the fall of a heavy object—sobs and cries follow, and the mother turns to see that the baby who was learning to walk has had a terrible tumble.

Blood and tears were running down, and the little one was half scared to death. The baby is gathered in maternal arms, the disheveled hair is pushed back, the face is washed, the mother goes on laughing and talking with her friend. Is the mother-heart cruel or cold? O, No! Does she suffer with baby? Yes, but not like a baby. Hers is a suffering of maturity. She battled with gravitation, and that something within which said: "I want to walk" overcame every obstacle. Mother knows that baby's tears, fears, and falls, are a part of the curriculum which prepare it for the upright life of the years ahead, when the laws of gravitation are mastered.

Our friends in spirit may be near when we say: "No man cares for my soul," and "Life is not worth the living"; but they do not sorrow like those who are in the gale of life—rather like those who have "Dropped the anchor, and furled the sail." Having been through what we are passing through, they may, at times, even smile and sing, when they notice us in what we think to be the most severe trials. They may take us up and kiss away our tears, when we are too earth-fright-

ened. We often feel no loving arms and are not aware of any affection, because they know the worst things in our lives are essential for the expansion and sturdy life which is to follow. The acorn might think the heavy rain would wash it out of the soil, the sun scorch it to death, the dampness rot it in the earth, the wind break down the little trunk. Stand under the mighty oak now, and see it clap its leaves in the high wind, and seem to say: "All these adverse things made me strike my roots downward, and spread my branches outward; and I am strong because I have endured."

The loved ones look down upon us as much as the great oak might look upon the acorn; and they say: "If they could see the oak in the acorn, the golden harvest in the kernel, they would not be timid and afraid; and they would know that we, seeing the end from the beginning, do not sorrow to our hurt, any more than the marble did when cut after cut was made in it, and the hammer sounds were quick and loud. An angel was brought out of the stone by the rough and cutting blows of hammer and chisel; and we, your spirit friends, see that you will come out of suffering, having

lost only the rough edges, and angelhood will be yours,—so why should our sorrow be like your sorrow?" Hear just now from the other side of the Great Divide; your friends say in tones as soulful as the Oboe: "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Because of this, dear soul, move out of the rough experience of the fishermen on the lake to the fourth chapter of Hebrews, which is the "Rest Chapter" of the Bible, and in the nine rests mentioned see yourself and your departed. One rest mentioned is a "Rest for the Present Day." The experiences of life are like the ocean, sometimes rough, and sometimes calm. There seems to be very little rest, even in sleep, for the energies of brain and brawn seem to work on during the unconscious as well as the conscious moments. Learn to rest here; it will please your angel friends. Another rest mentioned is "Rest in Labor." This can only be done when we have found ourselves, and found our work. Friction ceases when we are in our own environment. Learn to rest in labor; it will please your angel friends. The

next rest mentioned is "Rest from Labor." A rest from constructive effort should be ours at times. Stop piling up imaginary profits for years which will never come. Stop selecting quarters in the "Poorhouse." Stop creating physical ailments for next month. Stop building "Castles in the Air." Stop piling up mountains you will never need to cross. Stop constructing bridges your feet will never press. You have burned out too much of youth already in these ways. Learn to rest from labor; it will please your angel friends, and be better for yourself.

We then read of a "Rest in the Divine." "The Kingdom of God is within"—find the Divine in the human. Sorrows will fly away, your spirit friends will joy with you in the discovery. The last is "Rest in Heaven." There we shall be touched with the infirmities of those left behind; but if we have learned the earlier lessons in rest, we will know how to look earthward, and fold the dear ones to ourselves, when they seem likely to perish; and kiss them into a new hope, without losing a joy of the celestial state; perchance even finding a smile and a song when the frightened ones

would climb into our arms. If we want to help our dear ones to advance, if we want to make the most of the lessons of earth, let us bear the sorrows so well we may rest, even when the winds are filled with destruction, and we are in storms—"toiling in rowing."

Finally, do not have any anxious care about the suffering of those who have passed on, providing nothing is being consciously done by you to cause the pain. If there be such, put that out of your life, on their account, and your own; but when you think of a sorrow which comes unsought, remember yours is the grief and theirs is the deliverance. They look on you as you will be after the Master workman has you ready for inspection. You learn to look upon them as part of the great company who are saying: "Former things are passed away." "No more death"—"neither sorrow nor crying," "neither any more pain"; for we are at home where all tears are wiped away.

I'M RETURNING, NOT DEPARTING.

I'm returning, not departing;
My steps are homeward bound;

I quit the land of strangers,
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not sitting—
This is not night, but day;
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star I fade away.

All is well with me forever;
I do not fear to go;
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true, and fair and good;
I must not, cannot linger;
I would not if I could.

This is not death's dark portal;
'Tis life's golden gate to me;
Link after link is broken,
And I, at last, am free.

I am going to the angels,
I am going to my friends;
I know the hand that beckons,
I see the form that bends.

Why grieve me with your weeping?
Your tears are all in vain;
An hour's farewell, beloved,
And we shall meet again.

'Angels, thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above.
This sunlight which now fills me,
Is thine own smile of love.

CHAPTER V

HEAVEN A CITY

Cain has ever been associated with homicide, and the impressions cut deep in the convolutions of the modern brain are that because of this he must have been altogether bad. Were he living now, the newspapers would condemn him before trial, and if he did not have parents with ample means he would be claimed by the scaffold or the electric chair.

No book is altogether good, no matter how holy its writer may be. No book is altogether bad, no matter how vile its author. No life is perfect, no matter what perfection may be claimed. No man is altogether bad, though condemned by the people to an ignominious death. Had Cain paid the death penalty for his crime, the world would never have known of the goodness of his offspring. Brand the bad man if you will, but never destroy him.

Remember the instruction of spirit in the celebrated Cain case. Nature has never produced a man who was in every respect a degenerate. The fact that Cain had a good son, and that children inherit from their forebears teaches us that there was a hidden spark of real manhood in him. "Enoch," the offspring of "the man of the marked forehead," and the unknown woman of "Nod," walked with God, and was not, for God took him. He was the first recorded person to build a city. Unnumbered persons would like to salute him for such original initiative, and honor the man, who under the stigma of parentage was not only able to bless the earth, but while doing so walk in sweet companionship with spirit, until he walked out of earth's first city into the City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. From his day to ours greater and greater cities have sprung up. When we look upon the skyscrapers of New York, the "Tower of Babel" seems like a mole hill alongside of these gigantic mountains of granite and marble, and we wonder if the city of the great white way can possibly be greater than our metropolis. O yes, the city idea follows in the

wake of human progress, and we catch up the same idea from the materialized Jesus, as he talks to the isolated John on the Isle of Patmos, of "The Holy City," made ready as a "bride adorned for her husband."

This coming city is to be beautifully gated, having on the east three portals; on the north, three; on the south, three, and on the west, three. Ample room with inviting entrance for those of the north, south, east, and west. All people may go in and out, and find pleasure. The many figures used to describe this place, where the gates are not shut by day, and there is no night, are word pictures to spread before our undeveloped intellects a slight conception of the land of the leal. The exoteric meaning is deeper and richer than any figure of earth can disclose. The streets of gold may suggest that the things under our feet over there are superior to the goal of our ambition here. Heaven is a city; when we write that we mean all the word implies, still it is much more than a city. The phrase is comprehensive, yet not all inclusive.

Every autumn multitudes, vast multitudes, leave the rural districts to climb the ladder of

fame, or be caught in the whirlpool of the submerged populace. Many prefer a crust in a tenement where they can elbow the great crowds in a city than plenty in the country. In palaces or flats they live out the brief span of human life, choosing the din and dirt of the city to any other existence. These persons when they pass to the unknown world, as well as many who live in affluence and refinement, would not be content to live apart from civic conditions.

The city life will be carried on to the higher plane for those who crave it and could not be happy without it. There is a psychological effect from a crowd which is missed by those who are absent from the great centres, even for a short time. This may not be felt or understood by those who seek secluded quarters. The magnetic emanations of the masses make a reservoir of supply, upon which multitudinous people unconsciously live. As the aged draws from the young, the diseased from the healthful, the weak from the strong, the pessimistic from the optimistic, so in the city life, here and hereafter, there is an exemplification of supply and demand. Many would utterly,

perish like fish out of water without this ocean of animal magnetism, from which they draw daily. An engine speeding at the rate of forty-five miles an hour drinks up its supply of water from the trench below, without slowing down or stopping. Men and women pick up energy as they pass the masses, and only once in a while does one ask: "Who touched me?" This question being asked because they perceive that virtue has gone out of them. In the hereafter, as well as the here, the sapping and the appropriating will continue. Many who draw the perennial supply here do not know it, and never stop to render thanks, yet they feel they receive something from the crowd which they miss when away from it. Charged and surcharged with this water of life, this heavenly virtue, this magnetic force, this occult power, the stalwart sons of God will be psychic batteries in the eternal city, to supply the weaklings of earth who felt the city pull, and could not reach the city, as well as those who received benefits from residence in the city.

In this city which needs not the sun to shine by day, but is illuminated by the sparks of

Divinity, the things which claim our best thoughts and attention here will be continued only on a much higher plane. The only things left out will be graves, and those things which have in them the trend of death. Things of life, beauty, and helpfulness will await us in the city which lieth four square. As order is said to be heaven's first law, we may expect a city well laid out, and perfectly kept. Trees, lawns, fountains, birds, everything which goes to make up an ideal city will be a part of our environment. Magnificent works of art will call for admiration on every hand. The great sculptors will work angels out of blocks of marble which will be correct reproductions of these heavenly individuals. Artists with brush and canvas will display greater art, and all of their works will be true to life. Antiquity will be unveiled, so we shall be able to unroll the scroll of the past, and understand perfectly the hidden mysteries.

Futurity will be spread out before us as the music of a Caruso is produced in the rubber disc of the phonograph, and we shall see the things to which we all are coming. The great orchestras of earth and air with their great

conductors and composers will be at their best, so our spirits will be thrilled with magnetic soul vibrations. The parks will be open for relaxation, social communion, and innocent amusement. Grand operas will be sung by the greatest vocalists of the universe, and we shall understand the language of birds and the language of music. Dramatic art will be in evidence, depicting scenes from earth in which we will take an especial interest. These great stock companies of the skies will also interpret spirit conditions for us in the various spheres, and show us things to come. Seats of learning where we may more fully understand ourselves and our relations to all life, animate and inanimate, will have such a charming curriculum that many who are not inclined to be students on earth will matriculate. Reformatory institutions where the undeveloped will have the weak side of their nature built up, without feeling they are criminals, will be one of the many centres of wholesome influence. Even the students will feel a joy in their work, and they will graduate some of the finest men who have ever taken part in "Class Day" or graduating exercises. Spirit Orphan-

ages for children who were buds on earth will be mothered and fathered by instructors who have outgrown dogmatic theology; and these boys and girls will not have their individuality curbed by care-takers, creeds, or uniforms. Each life will be individualized, and all the children will remind us of artesian wells and musical cadenzas. Temples of soul-culture where truth will be spoken and sung without money and without price, having back of the instruction no ulterior motive, will be maintained for such as crave psychic knowledge. Colleges of medicine and surgery to perfect the physician of earth by illumination, helping them to diagnose disease, prescribe remedies, and operate when necessary, will invite the men of like profession who go into the city where tears are wiped away, where there is no more sickness or pain, and all things are made new. Studies in biography will be a fascinating feature of the city, where nothing hurts or destroys. Few persons are understood here, even the men who write the biography of the world color it to suit circumstances. Hereafter there will be no room for carping, for "We shall know as we are known." Now we

look through a glass darkly, but then face to face.

Transportation facilities will be as far ahead of our age as the fast express train is ahead of the ship of the desert. We shall be able to visit earth and be about the persons and places we love. We shall travel through heaven, taking pleasant holidays for our journeys. We shall pay our respects to other inhabited worlds. Ideal homes will be set up as sample habitations for those who did not know how to make earth homes inviting. Many have gone to clubs, saloons, and the like, because the home friends and the home were not attractive. Angels will teach the untaught how to build more stately mansions. Oliver Wendell Holmes and others will show them how to

“Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.

Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Unite thee to heaven, with its houses more vast,
'Till thou at length art free.
Leaving the outgrown homes by life's unresting sea.”

City of reunion. This city will mean more to us because we shall sit down with mother,

father, brother, and sister, relatives and friends to enjoy life for the first time, and rise up to work without friction, for our good and the good of others. Out of earth's best city, away from the city of the dead, we shall live in the city of eternal deliverance.

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring to my raptured
vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring round the bright Ely-
sian.

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes
pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.
—*Frances Anne Kemble.*



CHAPTER VI

FRIENDS IN THE GREAT BEYOND

The desire for friendship is strong in every human life. We crave companionship; especially the kind that sticketh closer than a brother. We want the variety which says, and means what it says: "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I." We do not care for the friends (?) who would sell us out for thirty pieces of silver; but rather those who, if necessary for our good, would prove their friendship by their beneficence. We want a friend like the violin player in the King's orchestra. His Majesty had said: "Expenses must be cut down, and the orchestra must go." As he sat in the Royal Box, at the farewell concert, listening to the last number on the program, one musician after another arose and went out, until there was but one man left. Shekels or no shekels, he would make music for the King;

so he played the most weird and soulful strains, until the ruler's eyes were filled with tears, and he called out: "Give me back my orchestra." One loyal subject had melted the heart of the King, benefitted the whole orchestra, and helped himself. That is what the world is hungry for—the man who will turn defeat into victory, by proving his friendship.

Charles Kingsley was once asked for the secret of his rare sympathy and splendid imagination. After bowing his head in retrospective thought, he looked up and answered: "I had a friend."

"In the sky that is above us,
Borne upon the wings of light,
Many beings live, who love us;
Come with blessings that are right.

In the night of darkest sorrow,
When our hearts are prone to mourn,
They prepare for us the morrow,
Or the day that is to dawn.

We are entering but the portals
Of the life that is to be;
They are walking the immortal
Pathway of eternity.

We are following their footsteps,
Ever walking as they guide,

In the cloud and in the sunlight,
Friends are ever near our side.

Cross or crown may be before us,
Yet we press on undismayed;
Friends and angels bright are o'er us,
We can never be afraid.

Clasp their hands in hours of sorrow,
Trust their love in day or night;
Hope shall gild the coming morrow,
Friends will make the future bright."

We want to impart our thought unto others. We desire to unfold every plan to hearts which feel and remember. We like to unburden our weaknesses to one who will not quench the smoking flax, or break the bruised reed. By dividing one's joys with a friend we augment them; by seeking the divinity in others, we discover it in ourselves. The sky is never so clear, the stars never so bright, the streams never such "laughing waters," the world never so gracious as when we are filled with the knowledge that some one loves us. Being in soul harmony with one, we do not desire to be out of tune with any. Our friends may not be half as talented and lovely as we picture them; but the mere fact that we so regard them gives them an inspiration to measure up to our

thought of them. Should the friend pass behind the thin veil while this condition of exaltation obtains, the conception is indelibly recorded on our soul, as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the eye. The memory of a sweet companionship once fully proved, when snapped by fate at its supremest moment, can never have a burial in the heart left desolate. All other troubles seem commonplace beside this, and memory of that ideal condition will sing in the heart a perpetual love-song. The memory of a great love is here enshrined in diamond clusters; and, although it brings with it an unutterable sadness, it also imparts an unspeakable benediction. Such an ideal friendship—though faded—and having slipped from our grasp, like a shadow which seems real but is only a reflection, is of the highest good in our lives. If they departed before the sordid breath of selfishness touched their soul, their memory is like the aroma of a sweet flower. The constant dwelling on sweet, sad recollections, on the rare friendship of the one that has gone, tends to crystallize the friendship of other days in the heart of him who meditates

upon it. You have had such friends; and though the years have brought you in connection with thousands, the ones who got into your inner life have remained there, even though they may have gone out of the physical body.

When a boy of seventeen summers, I had a friend. He sat by me in school, and I used to wonder if he would be a minister; for he made paper men and immersed them in the ink well, and observed the communion by using ink in place of wine. He was in old "No. 15 Sunday School class" where we learned a little of the Bible, and had a great deal of fun. He went with me to the choir gallery; though his voice was very unmusical. He would claim to sing bass by note; his word hymnal usually held over the tune book; so he did not even see the music we were rendering. He took long walks with me in the Sunday evenings' after glow; so well did we understand each other, that not a word would be said for miles; all the time we were drinking, each the heart life of the other. Typhoid fever took hold upon him, and his young career terminated on

earth. When his life was being breathed out, he was given a remarkable gift of song. He sang in tones almost divine, "Go Bury Thy Sorrow," followed by "Gathering Homeward from Every Land." Then, raising himself on his elbow, he exclaimed: "I will arise and go to my Father." I watched with his remains—the rain fell in torrents; the wind blew with terrible force; apples fell like hailstones, until it seemed as though nature was mad. My soul also passed through a storm, from which it has never fully emerged. Again and again I have stood by his tombstone and sung the hymns he last voiced. I have talked to him as a friend talks to a friend, but no answer has come back to my aching heart. That loss presses my spirit still. There is no photograph of him on earth, and I cannot recall his looks; still I feel the love which bound us together has never been loosed, and I long for the clasp of his hand. Since then I have seen many pass out, who were dear to me, among them my closest relatives, and the grief has been soul-rending; but somehow that first affliction, perhaps because it was the first, cut so deep that the wound has never healed. We

have said to those who have passed on since his day: "You will see him before I do; give him my love." Your first sorrow, like my own, will yet be turned into gladness, and every winter have its spring.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

Thou'rt passing hence, my brother!
O my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
That brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main:
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again.

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift, bright bird.
The light of his exalting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet;—
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on the soul like dew.
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That on her grave I pour,
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy we are for soon, Ah soon,
Our loved and lost we'll see!
O brother, brother! may I dwell,
Ere long, with them and thee!

—*Felicia Hemans.*

MESSAGE FROM SPIRIT LAND.

Some morn the spirit friends will rap,
And I no more in doubt shall be ;
But, oh, the joy when I shall hear
The loving message sent to me.

Chorus.

And I shall hear, and understand,
The message from the spirit land ;
And I shall hear, and understand,
My own, my blessed Angel band.

Some noon the gentle heavenly breeze
Will fan my brow, and soothe my heart ;
Ah, then the friends will be so near,
We never, never more shall part.

Some eve when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
The Odic clouds will fill the room,
And I shall be supremely blest.

Some night, when all is still as death,
Ethereal forms will float by me ;
The continuity of life,
A proven fact to me will be.

—*G. Tabor Thompson.*

CHAPTER VII

CELESTIAL ATTENDANTS

No doubt there are very many orders of beings who enjoy life, and behold the glory of each other. Our planet is one of the small worlds in the vast dome of the universe about us; and it would seem that the greater ones may be inhabited, as well as the old Earth. Perhaps there are human beings far above us, and some below us. We may occupy a middle place in the scale of Life and Intelligence. No matter how high or how low, we are all joined together in one great brotherhood. Science has demonstrated the unity of the physical system. One law governs the apple that falls from the tree; and the suns and planets that revolve in the most distant realms of space. There must, therefore, be relations among all the intelligences of life. Some of these may be beyond our comprehension while

we are on this earth-plane; yet we know that all the moral intelligences of the universe are, by a mysterious chain, bound together as securely as the physical universe is bound by the law of gravitation. For the want of a better name we call these multitudinous personalities "angels." Whether they once lived in human form on earth, or in a material body on some other planet, or have always been spiritual beings, they are angels. It is not to be supposed that they are all on the same spiritual plane. Some are more refined and etherealized than others. They may function in classes or ranks coming under the caption of "Principalities," "Powers," "Angels," etc. Or they may have personal names, like Michael, Gabriel, Lucifer, etc.; little matter as far as we are concerned in the present expression of life. Of this we are assured; an angel is a messenger; and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation?" How great is the number of them we may not tell; yet we may believe that so many of them are assigned to each individual that no good thing may be lacking. David

says: "Thousands, thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him"; and again: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." Jesus said: "Twelve legions of angels" were ready to come at his suggestion. Seventy-two thousand should be enough to protect most any one. Paul said: "Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the First Born."

Could all of the human family know of the celestial attendants near them, fear would be banished from their life, a peace passing understanding would possess them, and joy would spring forth like an ever-living fountain.

The servant of the prophet was disheartened in the morning when he saw the enemies of Elisha had encompassed Dothan at night, and they were in imminent peril. Rushing into the presence of the seer, he cried out: "Alas! my Master, how shall we do?" The answer came: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." The spirit eyes of the young man were opened,

and he saw; and behold "The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

"Angels now are hovering near us,
Unperceived amidst the throng."

How often angels, perhaps unseen by us, have cheered us in sorrow, ministered comfort in woe; and in earth's darkest hours have been "nearer to us than breathing, and closer than hands and feet."

A dear friend of the author's was working for a time in an iron mill in western Pennsylvania. Being on "night shift," he was obliged to walk home after midnight. The road was not lighted, and the three miles seemed long. Frequently he would cross a railroad bridge over the river, walking on a twelve-inch plank. One night when halfway across the bridge, he heard a voice by his side saying: "Do not take another step; get on your hands and knees and creep on the ties to the other shore." There was no person on the bridge but himself, and no one on either shore calling to him. Instinctively he did as he was commanded, and reached the shore in safety.

Early the next morning he went down to the bridge and found a plank was missing. Had he taken another step that eventful night, he would have plunged into the swollen river and perished in the maddened waters. Verily here is a fulfillment of the promise: "He shall give his angels charge over thee to deliver thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

In the moral affairs of life we need celestial attendants. Conscience is not a correct guide. How frequently we will say: "My conscience does, or does not, approve." People never think conscience is regulated very largely by education. Long ago mothers brought their children to the River Ganges, threw them in its waters, and stood by the banks to watch the alligators devour them. Their conscience approved of it, because they had been falsely educated. Was it right? When mothers saw their babies crushed to death under the car of Juggernaut, they turned away with joy—their conscience approving of the rash act. Was this practice right?

Paul said: "I have lived in all good conscience until this day," yet he had driven people from city to city, compelled them to blas-

pheme, and held the clothes of those who stoned Stevens to death. There came a time when a heavenly messenger joined him on the way to Damascus and educated his conscience. That which is intuitive in conscience may be close to the line of right; but that which is under the domain of education is very frequently wrong. A mother will permit a child to play on the floor and do as it pleases until it comes near the danger line, when she will speak the word of warning.

In the moral world we seem to be free to do as we please; but if our feet go in the place of danger we hear "the voice behind us," saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it." It is not the voice of conscience; it is the voice of our angel guide.

A reformed pick-pocket was asked how he had operated with success along old lines. He replied: "I went to college and graduated." It seems he had studied where the fashions of the day were hung on forms. These forms had bells attached to them; large bells the farthest from the pocket; tiny ones on the pockets. When he could lift the skirt, or reach the pocket without ringing the smallest bell,

he was ready for the street. If there was the slightest bad movement, he was warned by the musical bells.

We are rubbing up against humanity every day. Left to ourselves we would utterly fail. As the warning bells hung about the garments, so the warning angels are about us. We know not of their presence until something goes wrong; then the chiming bells of angelhood show us where we have made a mistake; and keep at us until success accompanies every legitimate effort.

These heavenly guests also share in our joys. We read of them singing when one is born into this life. They manifest an interest in babyhood, and from that time up to decrepitude the ministry of angels is a ministry of joy. In our thought of them we do well to remember that some are on low planes; and such we do not need to permit in our aura. There comes to one's house desirable and undesirable persons, so try the spirits to see if you desire to entertain them. In our city home a mirror is secured to the sitting-room window, in which people coming toward the house or going from it may be reflected. An-

other mirror shows who may be standing on the porch and pushing the electric bell. These are called "Busy-Bodies." The door is not opened to peddlers and other undesirable persons. We need to have a soul mirror, by which to see who approaches; and we need wisdom enough to open to the higher forms of angels, and keep the door of our mentality and soul closed to the undeveloped ones. John wrote: "Try the spirits; for many false spirits have gone forth into the world." Being wisely on our guard, we have a companionship which is helpful, interesting, and entertaining. Without proper care some are obsessed, and begin to discover the double or triple personality—the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" life. These are sad experiences indeed; and all due to the fact that the moral "Busy-Body" was not in use.

Among the celestial attendants who come with blessing to our race are the American Indians. They owned this "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave." Their battle-axes, tomahawks, arrow-heads, etc., lay around the place of the old camp-fires; and the "pipe of peace" is to be found near the spot where they

started for the "Happy Hunting Ground." Their discarded bones lie in the same soil as those of our loved ones. They are angels of healing and strength, angels of discovery, angels of playfulness. Let us not drive them away from our lives, as we drove them out of this land. They come to bless. Not least among the innumerable throng which pass up and down as they did on Jacob's staircase, are our own relatives and friends. Are they angels? Yea! verily, messengers of love, who come to us as Moses and Elias came to visit Jesus, Peter, James, and John. We should have tabernacles for them in our hearts and homes, where they may find us secluded from the world, and can talk to us about the things which are to be. When the last great change comes we will sing in our hearts: "Angels ever bright and fair! Take, oh! take me to thy care."

In the hour of birth and on to our second birth, there is no moment when we are not hedged about by celestial attendants.

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold ;
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold ;
And we, O friends, have wandered from the fold,
 But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and the rocks
Where the brown lichten whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
 But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints ; Oh, rest is sweet
 When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts ;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming ; when the light departs,
 As evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without thy lamp we know not where we are ;
 At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken,
O thou, dear spirits, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night ; our tardy footsteps quicken ;
 At evening bring us home.

—Anon.

CHAPTER VIII

HEAVEN A COUNTRY

“Man made the city, but God made the country” is a proverb which has come down to us from remote time. No doubt that which men call God had much to do with the city, and we are quite as sure that man has done his part to beautify the country.

In writing of heaven as a country, we would also include the thought of the country heaven. There seems to be no valid objection to thinking of heaven as a place, for whether we believe in the narrow confines of the old-fashioned heaven, or the broader one of sphere after sphere, each much be, in a certain sense, localized.

“We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?”

A place presided over by a King, a President, or some other ruler, may be rather a crude picture of the after life. It is difficult, however, to form a concept of a vast spiritual world without thinking of rules to govern, and rulers to carry out the plan of the ages. So universal is the heaven thought that most any form of plutocracy, or any kind of democracy cannot spell out all it means to the mind of man. Danger lies in carrying out any governmental form, or any figure to an extreme. If heaven, to the mind of one person, is simply an interior condition, born of good thoughts, resulting in pure actions, which bring happiness, even here we find the good encased in a shell, and the shell living within certain limits. This gives the thought that no matter how we view heaven we instinctively think of it as a place, and in so doing we open the thought avenues to the consideration of the heavenly country. "I go to prepare a place for you" is the comforting suggestion of the One who has given us a birdseye view of that country. Heaven presented simply as a city would not meet the ideal in the minds of those who are not acclimated to civic conditions. The

exterior must be in harmony with the interior, or there could be no eternal felicity. Too many people in the flesh have been like round pegs in square holes for this condition to obtain hereafter. Heaven must be rest for the weary, work for the strenuous, growth for the undeveloped, reunion for the separated, home for the homeless, city for the man of affairs, country for the farmer, and, like Paul, "All things to all men."

We want to write more especially of the country heaven. The place or condition where the man of rural tendencies will find an agreeable abode. Some people who may be "In tune with the Infinite are certainly out of tune with the finite." These other sheep must be brought also, and there must be one fold and one shepherd.

It is said that some of our Presidents have been ill at ease in the White House. One preferred his plantation, another his log cabin, another his law office, another the army, another a seat in the Cabinet, another a Diplomatic relation, another the Rough Rider's saddle, etc. The house of "Many Mansions" would not be a fitting place for some who are

adjusted to city conditions. The rising sun, the singing birds, the budding trees, the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herd, the leafy trees, the sowing and gathering of the harvest, the quiet of the eventide, the after glow, the hush of the Sabbath, these and kindred environments bring peace and happiness to many souls. Out of these surroundings some would be unhappy, even in heaven. The hurry of many feet make such feel there must be a big fire somewhere. The noise of cars, teams, and pedestrians make many feel that pandemonium is let loose. The many conveniences of the city are terrible annoyances to some; even the talk of the people suggests an abnormal condition. The thought of enduring such things for an eternity would mean everlasting disappointment to many old-fashioned folk. A night spent in a great centre is a sleepless one to the man of rural habits, and there is a deep longing for the quiet home.

Ample provision has been made in our spirit home for the dear friends who are enamored of country life, and those who like to spend a holiday out of the great cities.

In painting a word picture of the country

heaven, Jesus takes us to a vineyard where we almost see the vines on the incline above the lake, and smell and taste the purple bunches of grapes. The Kingdom of Heaven He says is like this. Certainly such statements make the husbandman feel as though his wishes had been respected in the making up of the new life. Another figure is used to describe future scenes by the same speaker. Here we read of the "sowing of good seed in the field." This opens up the meadow lands of eternity so we are able with the eye of the soul to see the pastures with the sheep and herd feeding, the stream flowing hard by, the birds in the tree-tops, the sower and the reaper overtaking each other.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

The Kingdom of Heaven is also likened "to a net cast into the sea." This makes our country friends who go down to the sea in ships feel they have not been forgotten in the plan of the future.

The sea, the fish, the green pastures, the still

waters, the fruit bearing trees, the domestic animals, the seed, the sower, the garden, the flowers, the birds, yea words have almost been exhausted in telling of that dear land where death shall be no more.

We are all one great family on earth. The city cannot say I have no need of the country, any more than the foot can say I have no need of the hand. The country cannot say I have no need of the city, any more than the eye can say I have no need of the ear. All the members of the body work in harmony, or suffer together. All the people of the world are inter-dependent, and the Great Over-Soul has provided homes here and hereafter calculated to meet the needs of city and country folk. In that country a new flag will be run up to the masthead, never to be worn out by time, or destroyed by an enemy. The background will be of white, emblematic of purity; and arranged on the pure silk will be the flags of all nations, and peoples, and tongues. Merged into one brotherhood, we shall go in and out, from city to country, or country to city, as we please, or sit under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid.

THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

All day long the storm of battle through the startled
valley swept;
All night long the stars in heav'n o'er the slain sad
vigils kept.

Oh, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely
through the night!
Oh, the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepul-
chral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the
morning broke;
But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death
awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long, bright
summer day,
And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied
lay:

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb,
unceasing prayer,
For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun
and air.

But the foemen held possession of that hard-won
battle-plain,
In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped 'round them—night so
holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound
of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all
the rest,
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded
on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if in
sleep—
Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber
calm and deep;

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to
the face,
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added
naught of grace

To the marble lines so perfect in their passionless re-
pose,
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, un pity-
ing foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short
story told:
How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er
him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of
stars,
While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery
planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices
whispering low—
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's
murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look
'round

As they passed with silent shudder the pale corpses
on the ground,

Came two little maidens—sisters—with a light and
hasty tread,
And a look upon their faces half of sorrow, half of
dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing
hearts, they stood
Where the Drummer-Boy was lying in that partial
solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their
wardrobe's scanty store,
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands
they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back
the pitying tears,
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish
fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden
shame
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of
lambent flame;

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour
of sorest need,
And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanctified
the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new,
strange task was o'er,
And the form that lay before them its unwonted gar-
ments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they
hollowed out,
And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves
that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work
was done,
And in crimson pomp the morning again heralded the
sun.

And then those little maidens—they were children of
our foes—
Laid the body of our Drummer-Boy to undisturbed
repose.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

CHAPTER IX

SPIRIT SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

On the nineteenth day of April, 1861, as the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment was passing through Baltimore on its way to rescue the Capital at Washington, in compliance with the call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, it was attacked by a mob; and Charles A. Tyler, Luther C. Ladd, Sumner N. Needham, and Addison O. Whitney were killed. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, telegraphed the Mayor of Baltimore: "I pray you to cause the bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, and tenderly sent forward by express to me." All but one body was returned, and monuments erected to their memory. The body of Mr. Tyler—the first martyr who gave his life in defense of the Union—was never found. General Edward F. Jones, of Bing-

hamton, New York, though old and blind, still keeps up the search; and hopes before his physical activities close to be able to locate the dust. A school teacher, by the name of H. A. Dobson, saw an account of the message sent from Massachusetts to Maryland; and this so impressed him that he sat on a lounge and wrote on a scrap of paper: "Send them home tenderly."

SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY.

Send them home tenderly:
 Guard them with care,
 Eager eyes tearfully,
 Watch for them there;
 Some hearts are mournfully
 Throbbing to know
 Gifted and manly sons,
 Stricken so low.

Send them home tenderly:
 To the fair sod,
 First by the martyr soul'd
 Puritans trod;
 Blue hills and ocean wave
 Echo the prayer—
 Send them home tenderly,
 Love waits them there.

Send them home tenderly:
 Poor breathless clay;

Yet, what high hopefulness
Bore them away;
Hand to hand clingly,
Linked in brave trust—
Tenderly, tenderly
Bear home their dust.

Send them home tenderly:
Think of the sire,
Struggling with mighty sobs,
By the low fire;
Think how a mother's heart
Hourly hath bled,
Tenderly, tenderly,
Bear home her dead.

No one dreamed of the lifeless armies which would be sent home from the ranks of the blue and the gray. No one expected the earth would be ploughed deep and long to accommodate the hosts of unknown dead. No one thought of the severed members which would be left in heaps in the sunny South, as maimed soldiers went North and South to endure a living death. The patriotic prophet did not foresee the Memorial Day which would be marked with tattered flags, dirge music, and the tramp of the remnant, who came back to tell the tale of courage and victory. He did not smell the perfume of the flowers which would send out

their aroma, and give their lives to cover the graves, decorate the monuments, or grace the homes of the widows and orphans. "The Grand Army of the Republic" is a sight never to be forgotten, as it marches on the thirtieth of May to perpetuate the memory of their comrades. It differs from all other parades, because the youth and rising generation cannot fill up the ranks which are being thinned out with great rapidity. In April, 1861, there was but *one death to head the list*; in a short time there will be *but one life to mark the graves of the fallen*; and should he undertake the herculean task, he would complete what Tyler began.

Can we do for these noble ones who linger a while in homes which their dearest have left, any deeds of kindness which are not now being done? Can we do anything to please those who are wrapped in the hearts of our citizens, in the flag of our country, and in the bosom of Mother Earth, more than we are doing?

Japan may have learned how to build war-ships, and prosecute a successful war, from America. She is known now as one of the world's powers. If we taught her how to kill,

let her teach Americans how to observe "Memorial Day." "The Japanese celebrate their Decoration Day better than we Americans do," said a man who recently returned from Japan. This is the story of what he saw and heard: A few years ago I was in Tokio. It was not long after the Japanese-Russian war, and a great ceremony was to take place in Ueno Park corresponding to our Decoration Day. There was an immense crowd of people there, fifteen or twenty thousand, I suppose, and they were lined up along one side of the great parade ground. Gen. Oyama, who had been in charge of the Japanese armies during the war, was present and made a speech.

Then he said: "I will now review the army of the dead." He turned away from the crowd and stood facing the parade. All of the crowd uncovered and stood silent as statues, looking toward that big empty space.

I couldn't understand it at first, and asked a Japanese friend what it meant. "Look!" he whispered, "do you not see them? The Japanese soldiers and sailors who died in the war against Russia are passing in review. Be still

and look. A Japanese who dies in battle with the enemies of his emperor does not really die at all. Because of his heroism his spirit comes back to Japan to roam free and unfettered in his native land forever. And now they are passing in review. See!"

I looked at the general, who stood staring straight into the air, but with a look on his face as though he actually was gazing on flesh and blood soldiers. At times he would put his hand to his head in salute. "The colors are passing," my friend would whisper. I looked at the people around me. They stood as if transfixed, seemingly staring into the empty air, but on their faces was the look of people beholding a wonderful spectacle. Do you know, somehow, the thing caught me. I almost thought I saw that vast spirit army myself. "Look!" whispered the Japanese at my elbow. "Don't you see them? There they are, passing, regiment by regiment. There are the boys who went down from the heights of Port Arthur. And there are the men who lay wounded until frozen to death on the plains of Mukden.

"There are the thousands who died in the

awful twelve days' struggle along the Sha Ho. And see, there are spirit guns, drawn by spirit horses. And look, there are the sailors who died at Chemulpo, and during the blockade and in Togo's great victory. Look, they are cheering. Do you not hear them? See them march. There they are, the men who died for their emperor and for their country, and who will now live forever in their own beautiful Japan."

If we Americans had a better development of the soul eye, when the last one has fallen, and the first Memorial Day dawns without a living representative of the Civil War, we would see—not the picture which last burst upon us with its sad lesson of mortality—but rather the picture of them as young men, hardly more than boys, rallying at their country's call. We would hear them say "Good-bye" to mother, father, brother, sister, and sweetheart, before marching to the front. We would see them in their drills, see them in camp, see them marching under the blazing sun, until they stood in front of the enemy. We would hear the cannon roar, the bullets whistle, and look upon the battle field. We

would see the rivers of blood as the noble fell. Let the Japanese teach us to cultivate the psychic sight, so that at the cemetery we may see something more than sunken mounds of earth, on which a faded flag is flying. We should be able to lift up the eyes, and see the spirited troops passing in review—Grant, Lee, Sherman, Picket, Logan, Thomas, and all the others who wore the blue and the gray—some of them our fathers, husbands, sons, and friends! It is well to keep in remembrance Memorial Day; but it would be better, if, on each returning Memorial Day they could be with us. Surely we should be able to see as much as the Mikado, or a Japanese General and the rank and file of the wise men from the East. They pass in review each Memorial Day; and unless we are soon able to see them with the eye of the soul from the spirit side of life, and salute them as they pass by, the National Day will come to be a funeral without corpse or companion.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an
empty dream!

For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are
not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not
its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of
the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end
or way;

But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than
to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting, And our hearts,
though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches
to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of
life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the
strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead
past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living present! Heart within, and
GOD o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our
lives sublime,

And departing leave behind us Footprints on the
sands of time!

Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's
solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take
heart again.

Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any
fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to
wait.

—*Longfellow.*

CHAPTER X

HEAVEN A CONDITION

A quarter of a century ago, when religionists used to think more of personal experience than they seem to at the present time, we often heard them tell in their revival meetings about "A Heaven to go to Heaven in." This expression seemed to come from them only when they were wrought up with religious emotions, and were, as they called it, "Happy in the Lord." A psychological note was struck by them which should have resounded as long as time endures. Men and women under spirit inspiration often speak wiser than they know. Some of these sayings should be stored up for future examination and exemplification. With or without these ecstatic emotions we should know that all the grandeur and utility of a great heavenly city, all the beauty and sublimity of a far-reaching heavenly country,

would count for naught to us if our inward life failed to respond to these outward surroundings.

Two trains were waiting under a shed to take on excursion parties. On one side of the platform a lot of clubmen were going away for a "free and easy"; on the other side of the platform a thousand children were waiting the pull of the iron horse to carry them to the open country. A belated passenger rushed through the gate as the train pulled out, and succeeded in jumping on the rear platform with the thought of a rollicking time, plenty of cigars, and much beer. He rushed into the coach to find he had boarded the wrong train. He was miserable beyond description, simply because his life was not adjusted to innocent childhood. His heart craved that which could not be found in the purity of youth. That man and millions like him, would be miserable in a heaven such as the church believes in, because there would be no "Heaven to go to Heaven in." No man could build a heaven which would meet the requirements of other men. God might construct a heaven of gigantic proportions which would be an utter fail-

ure did he not take into account the persons who would inhabit it. Knowing this fact, Jesus taught the basic lesson that "The Kingdom of God is within."

There is no Heaven for us here or hereafter, save that which we make for ourselves. *We are Heaven or Hell, according to the quality of our interior life.* It is within our province to make mansions for the soul, as grand as any others in all the sidereal expanse, providing we will pay the price for the same.

We must cease to expect a realm of bliss in the future for which we are entirely unfitted. We must begin to construct character with the thought in mind that *our objective heaven will be only the reflex of our subjective heaven.* A colored cook said to her mistress: "I only ask de good Lord to give me one hour of peace before I die to get ready for the Judgment, and I sure will meet you in Heaven." This person would lie, swear, drink, and steal chickens; she had no idea of character building, for she had been nursed on the doctrine of imputed righteousness. This teaching has held back the white race as well as the black, for very little soul-development is taking place

where people believe salvation and heaven has been purchased for them, and where even their hymns have voiced the sentiment, "Nothing either great or small remains for me to do."

Out of a smoky kitchen into a heavenly condition is not ours simply by saying, "I am sorry." There has been too much dependence placed upon the lives of others. Let us look to our own fitness for the best things, remembering that the processes of evolution are slow, but they are sure. Give the acorn time, and the sturdy oak will send out its giant arms. Jonah's gourd will die in the morning because it was grown in a night, so character by proxy will prove to be as dead as Jonah's umbrella. We cannot change from a hut to a palace in a day, only that which is involved will be evolved.

The children of a certain class of the wealthy who go through this world boasting of riches gained by others, doing no useful work, are human leeches. The people who would enter into heavenly blessings without spiritual fitness, would be heavenly leeches. Could the children of the rich be deprived of family,

credit and thrown on their own merit, it would be far better for them in the long run. Such worthless weaklings would bankrupt the Rothschilds, give them time enough; so a characterless individual who might get into Heaven by climbing up some other way than by the step-pings of character, would sap heavenly resources for all eternity, and give no good thing in return. Permit certain individuals to live in the best appointed house on your street, and they would despoil it in less than a year. Enough of such unworthy persons are supposed to be on the uncertain path to glory, to cause heavenly insolvency. A great surprise awaits these individuals. If there is no heaven in thy character now, being born into the best life in the universe would not bring thee to Heaven. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within."

"I sent my soul through the invisible
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me, and answered,
"I myself, am Heaven, and Hell."

Should this make thee shake with fear, re-
joice that the lesson has been learned this side

the grave, that thou mayest prepare a home of beauty for the years which never die.

Judas sat at the "Passover Feast" with his Master, an accredited Apostle, and there planned to sell him for \$16.96. In the one person there was so large an internal Heaven he was willing to undertake to build for others. In Judas there was mercenary greed, and it is recorded of him "He went to his own place." So does every person who goes to the bourne from which no traveler returns. Lucifer is represented as having fallen like lightning from Heaven. The magnet holds the steel to itself, so Heaven claims and holds those who are heavenly. We are a repository of infinite possibilities, but these must be worked out by us into eternal virtues.

The artist's "blue print" and "specifications" indicate what things of beauty and utility could be wrought out of raw material; but men must toil, money must be invested, and stone must be cut and polished, or there will be nothing but blue print and specifications.

A miniature Heaven has been deposited in our organism; it is ours to develop it; failing to do so, we need not expect any one else to

do it for us. Inheriting much from those who gave us birth, and receiving more from the Angels of guidance, we should enter with sanctified vigor into the work of character building. When the time is ripe for our transition we will find the counterpart of our subjective Heaven wrought out in a splendid objective creation on which we may gaze with satisfaction, and others look upon with admiration. Expect nothing in the future which you fail to work out in the present.

In every place your feet press the earth, you will find as much Heaven as you develop, and wherever you dwell in all the vast realms of the infinite, you will carry with you the Heaven of your own creation.

From the subjective viewpoint, "The Kingdom of Heaven" is within you, and from the objective vantage ground, the "Kingdom of Heaven" is city, country, and the vast expanse of worlds.

Make for yourself a Heaven to go to Heaven in.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep.
The Power who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
'And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

CHAPTER XI

SUICIDE AND ITS AFTER RESULTS

The newsboys cry too frequently, "Get an extra—full account of the suicide." Let us hope the time may come when newspapers will not, unnecessarily, develop the morbid in man by such harrowing incidents. Let us hope the time may come when thousands of young boys will not have their minds polluted by acquaintance with such details. Our youthful sellers of papers, through which they eke out a precarious living, are coming to imagine that these blood-curdling accounts—vividly portrayed by the daily press—will most successfully arouse public interest in the purchase of a paper.

The word "suicide" almost causes the blood to coagulate. The bad psychological effect of this kind of departure from mortal life can scarcely be comprehended. It stirs the present

age with unmusical vibrations, and sends discord into Nature's realm which will not cease for ages to come. Like the pebble in the lake, the circles widen and touch every shore. The army of those who have passed on by this method, and the forming army which are contemplating such an exit, is one of the most pathetic visions one can possibly have. They might well be styled, "Night Scenes in the Dream of Life." The old people, male and female, to whom only a few more jolts down the incline of life, needed to be experienced before they came to an honorable end; the stalwart men of business who were overcome with a sense of financial loss, and saw no way out but the gate of death; the young people who could not get a footing on the earth, and wished they had never been born, because they despaired of achieving their ideals; the girls who went wrong and feared to have even mother look into their eyes; the young men who feared exposure; the temporarily demented ones; the broken hearted; the ones who seemed to have no cause for the rash act. They all come up before us like dreams in the night, as though they could not have formed a part

of human history. Shall we condemn them for their deed of madness? They had no moral right to take that which they could not give, yet they were not altogether to blame. Heredity must come in for its share; environment played its part; the wrong adjustment of society had much to do with it.

We pity the individual, and only censure the causes which led up to it. The after cause of such conduct strikes terror to relatives and friends left behind. A chapter deep with tragedy might be written about the desolate homes, and the wound which Time will never heal—especially in the heart of a mother, father, or other close ties. This is too sad to dwell upon. Those who are passing through this misunderstood grief carry the memory of the departed everywhere; and they feel like crying out, as did Paul: “Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” They ask from the heart what they dare not voice with the lips: “Where is my child?” It is impossible to answer the question and not cause some added sorrow. It will, however, be the sorrow of hope. If beings who thus went out of this life, suffering too deeply to remain longer,

have gone into a place of everlasting sorrow, where they cannot be released through any act of their own, some angel, somewhere, should devise a way of escape. No! No! They shall not always be out of adjustment over there, if they could not be adjusted here.

A boy jumping from the Grammar School into the University, could hardly expect to feel comfortable for a while. A man who does not understand the mode of locomotion might not manage an air ship very well for a while. A passenger might find some difficulty were he to undertake to be a motorman without having been taught. The one who snapped the brittle thread of life because he could not manage a mortal body and human discouragements, is not on the other side very long before he discovers he was not ripe for promotion. How is he to handle a spiritual body and overcome spiritual foes, if he failed here? Does the one who fails to direct a toy boat in a river expect to walk the quarter-deck of an ocean liner dressed in a captain's uniform, and take the floating palace into port without harm? Could they have known some of the battles of darkness which are being fought;

some of the clinging to earth and earthly things, they would have endured to the end. The fruit should cling to the tree until it is ripe. The spirit should cling to the mortal body until it is ripe for the grave. Those who pass out before either by suicide or accident, suffer a great loss, but not an everlasting one. They go, for a time, into spiritual darkness, which causes them pain similar to that which we experience in a terrible dream. One who had gone out two years sent back the message: "I have not yet fully emerged from the darkened condition, into which I went as the result of my rash act; but you can help me, and have helped me." This one had hung herself because of the deed of others. The way we can help them is to send out thoughts of light and progression, and frequently from the heart speak such words as would naturally help to dispel the darkness. By mutual help this period of darkness may be shortened. Another retarding feature of such a passing out is, they cling to the mortal body, and this is apt to obtain until its disintegration. The cremation of such bodies would be a wonderful help to such individuals, as they could sooner rise out of

the earth-bound sphere into the upper grade where a larger and easier evolution would be theirs. They often cling to the earth, especially if the home contains clothing and other things with which they were associated. Burn all such things, and make the hearthstone as cheerful and refreshing as possible. A depressed feeling hangs like a pall upon them when they see the things which were associated with them in their last days in the body. Above all things destroy any weapons with which they inflicted bodily injury to themselves. Make the home inviting, so they may take hold on a new life. Do not think of them as lost, for they will sense that, and it will be like weights holding them down into the blackness of darkness. Do not think of them as being happy with the angels, for this will cause them to know you are not fighting with them the "overcoming fight," and feeling their progress. Their struggle is not now against blood and flesh, but against "the principalities," against "the authorities," against "the world-holders of the darkness," against "the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenlies." On this account have an intelligent comprehension of

their efforts, and wisely aid them. The outcome of it will be victory for them; but before the crown there is a heavy cross. Could they speak to the hosts who are thinking of this leap into the dark, they would urge them with deep urging to only exchange worlds when the body is ripe for the grave and the spirit for the glory.

There is only one ideal physical death. The most of the human family have come short of it, and we are coming short. There is a tremendous inspiration in it; and we should turn it over in our minds, very frequently; and teach it often and earnestly, to the young. Here it is: "Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died." "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." That is what I call ripening for the next expression of life. No illness, no gradual breaking down of the physical system, not even a cloud before the eye. He had endured as much as any man, but he endured to the end. He went "up from the plains into the mountain," and has been going up ever since. His body died as the ripe fruit falls from the tree, without disease. Spirit buried the sacred body

in the valley and buried the grave; so no man knows of his sepulchre to this day; but the liberated soul went out into greater possibilities than Canaan held; and he still finds the heavenly land flowing with milk and honey.

Is your heart bleeding because some loved one has gone in the unexpected way? Forget self for a while; and let your spiritualized thought enable them to progress. Is your life sorrowful because of its own burdens, which are not understood by others? Endure to the end; and if you do not come to the close of this life with your natural forces unabated, and your eye undimmed, get as near these conditions as you are able; and believe that as an angel buried Moses' body, the friends, on both sides, will care for yours; and you will go "up from the plain into the mountain"; and the "House of Many Mansions" will be yours forevermore, and there will be no empty chair.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

CHAPTER XII

HEAVEN'S VAST SHADOW

Jonathan Edwards preached a sermon from the text, "Their feet shall slip in due time." It was carefully written, and deliberately read without taking his eyes off the paper, or making one gesture; yet it is said such terrible consternation spread over the audience men actually threw their arms around the pillars of the church to keep from slipping into hell. That was in the days when the minister thought for the people, and administered allopathic doses of "Hell and Brimstone" to sage and sinner, whether they needed it or not. That sermon is still extant, yet if it were delivered now to any congregation, it would have no dire effect; no doubt many could not hold their interest to the end, and would fall into a dreamless sleep.

Mr. Edwards has passed on where we trust

he has learned a better gospel ere this, and his old-fashioned heavy theology is still up in second-hand book stores, or kept on the shelves of those who collect freaks of antiquity. The world has outgrown both the New England preacher and his preachment.

Passing over the years, we come down to the time of Dwight L. Moody, a man of splendid organizing ability, one who was quick to take the pulse of the body politic, and extremely magnetic. He saw that each service was carried on the sweet and powerful wings of song, and when the masses were psychologized by the harmonious vibrations, he preached of "Faith, Hope and Love." A remnant of the old school were deeply displeased at his optimistic views, and waited for him; upbraiding him with the charge of preaching "only one-half of the gospel," and demanded that he give the people h---! After considerable persuasion they secured his promise to speak on the theme. When that famous sermon was delivered it was noted that the "burning lake" was not in evidence. Satan was not present in his grotesque make-up, and there was no supply of brimstone. Had the "Lake of Fire"

burned out since the time of Calvin, Edwards and Swan? There were no hymns appropriate for such an occasion; and it was plain for him to see a service which would please the committee would be a misfit, so with tears in his voice, and tenderness in his heart, he rang the changes on the old poem:

*“To sit alone with my conscience,
Would be judgment enough for me.”*

“I sat alone with my conscience,
In the place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.

Ghosts of forgotten actions,
Came floating before my sight;
And the things I thought had perished,
Were alive with a terrible might.

So I know that a future Judgment,
How dreadful so e’r it be;
Is to sit alone with my conscience,
And that’s Judgment enough for me.”

The Hades of our time is a rational one. Gerald Massey, in his epic poem entitled “A Tale of Eternity,” makes the dead murderer, in reply to the query, “Where do you dwell?” use these pathetic words:

“I, the doomed murderer, doth dwell,
In Heaven’s vast shadow, which the good call Hell.”

The spirit of the murderer is not ripe for the higher spiritual spheres, even though the Priest walks with him to the scaffold, and tells him his peace is made with God. We are judged by the accumulated record of earth’s experiences, and not by the words muttered by the lips as we meet the inevitable. It would be a grave injustice to open the doors of Heaven to a murderer who had been given time after his rash act to accept man-made creeds, and to close that door to the moral man who was overtaken by surprise when the shot ushered him into spirit conditions. The one who sows to the wind must reap the whirlwind.

There is no perdition here or hereafter save that which we make for ourselves. This unfortunate one made his own Hades. The great Over Soul has never destroyed a single soul. He never made a place of eternal burning for the human race, and so missed his calculations as to be obliged to enlarge it. The old preachers used to say this, and take for their text the words, “Hell hath enlarged itself.” This

verse has no reference whatever to conditions after earth's dream. It refers to "God's Acre," the graveyard, which is ever extending its domain, so that now there are more than half a million in one enclosure, and so many of these resting-places one could hardly count them. The passage should read, "The grave hath enlarged itself."

Sad to relate many are making records which will throw them after this life into "Heaven's Vast Shadow," when they might have gone into the higher spheres of light and love. We begin the spirit life just where we close the earth life. If one leaves Ohio for New York, they begin in the metropolitan city with the same character and desires they had in Ohio.

There is nothing in the accident of death to change character. "He that is filthy let him be filthy still; and he that is holy let him be holy still."

It is said in the earth-bound spheres the spirits are under a cloud, the air seems heavy; and a sense of gloom settles over all. Even Nature there seems blighted.

Murderers are not the only ones who go

to "Heaven's Vast Shadow." Many men whom the world honored, are encrowned kings there. The plutocracy and the American politician stand there side by side.

One might feel he had gotten into a great political line at some State Capitol, or were visiting Washington, were they to look out upon the men of distinction who are in semi-darkness. Ministers by the thousands of many denominations mingle with the throng. Kings of finance are there in soul poverty, which is the most abject insolvency. The rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the selfish, the sordid, the vicious, are among the wretches there. With all of its shadow and misery, it is not to be compared with the orthodox hell which is supposed to burn forever.

This terrible experience is not a fixed and eternal one. Good spirits go there to help these unfortunate souls, as noble men and women go down into the submerged quarters of our great cities to help "rescue the perishing, and care for the dying."

Sin is the result of imperfect development of the higher faculties, or want of proper control of the lower faculties. We may "hate the

sin with all our heart, but still the sinner love." By relating ourselves to them, as we would to a wandering child, we help them to realize their error, fault, or sin—so they soon desire to reach a higher plane of conduct, and live a more harmonious life. The story of "Mulberry Bend" in New York City is apropos of the two worlds. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore visited dens of vice for many years, rescuing fallen girls. One evening she plucked a "Red Rose" from her garden and held it up as she prayed it might be the means of bringing some prodigal girl to herself. About two in the morning she went into a joint in a sub-basement known to be one of the hardest in the tenderloin quarter. There she saw a gaming-table with a party well under the influence of drink and morphine. Among them was one dressed in an unwashed blue calico dress. She was unkempt and uncombed, her face dirty, and her hands and neck begrimed. Here surely was a human wreck, and one of the most loveless creatures she had ever gazed upon. Something said to her awakened her from her stupor and she gave her the red rose. Smoothing back her disheveled hair, and

speaking to her in tones of love, she was able to arouse her. Placing the rose in her hand, and a kiss on her forehead (the only pure one she had received for years), the good lady said to her: "If you ever want a friend and a mother, come to the 'Door of Hope.'" In the morning she was thrown out of the place. Looking at the faded rose, which was falling apart, she remembered, "My life was once as beautiful as that rose was last night; and it is just like it now—faded and falling to decay. I will go to the 'Door of Hope' to see the beautiful woman who kissed me." After a talk in the drawing room she was given a bath, a change of clothing, home comforts, and a love welcome. The Divinity within her was aroused; and she never fell again. The years of sin had wrought havoc with her body; and in a few months consumption claimed her. Up to the last she would work for her old companions; and when her lifeless body lay in state in the "Door of Hope," hundreds of rescue workers viewed it. They had grown to love her. Sixty of her old chums kissed the cold clay; and as the tears coursed down their cheeks, said: "She set my feet in the path

of virtue." Such rescue work will be carried on in "Heaven's Vast Shadow," and more "Delias" will be taken from spiritual "Mulberry Bends," and will pass through the "Door of Hope." Their sad state is not a fixed one—neither is it everlasting. Good spirits go to the unfortunate ones in the earth-bound sphere as noble men and women go down into the slums of our great cities.

We even read that Jesus "Preached unto spirits in prison," and Peter tells us his object was, "That they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." This, then, is a remedial work, and the sufferers are constantly becoming convalescent, and also cured—after the wild oat harvest of earth has been gathered in.

This is the great spirit missionary field; those eminently qualified for such work go down and bring up souls, as one in this life goes into the muddy pond, where the water has a crust of green scum upon it, and brings out beautiful, fragrant "Pond Lilies." Such souls are brought to realize that love is the dynamic power of the universe, and the only creative and sustaining force in existence.

AN ANGEL STOOD IN HIS GARDEN.

An angel stood in his garden,
Among his lilies so fair,
Which his own right hand had planted,
And trained with the tenderest care;
He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye.
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

My lilies have need to be watered,
The heavenly angel said,
Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?
Close, close to his feet on the pathway,
All empty, and frail, and small,
Was an earthen vessel lying,
That seemed of no use at all.

The angel saw and raised it,
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as he gladly whispered,
My work it shall do to-day.
It is but an earthly vessel,
But close it is lying to me,
It is small, but clean, and empty,
That is all it need to be.

So forth to the fountain he bore it,
And filled it up to the brim.
How glad was the earthen vessel,
To be of some use to him,

He poured forth the living water,
All over the lilies so fair,
Till empty was the vessel,
And again he filled it there.

The drooping lilies he watered,
Till all reviving again,
The angel saw with pleasure,
His labor had not been in vain.
His own hand drew the water,
Refreshing the thirsty flowers,
But he used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And then to itself it whispered,
As aside he laid it once more,
I still will lie in the pathway,
Just where I did before,
For close would I keep to the angel,
And empty would I remain,
Perchance some day he will use me,
To water his flowers again.

“Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away, but Love never faileth.”

“When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.” When this lesson is learned, suffering souls move out of “Heaven’s Vast Shadow,” into Heaven’s effulgent glory.

GOD OF THE GRANITE.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

O, ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,—
Know, that like the birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is Divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your God-like spirit can confine.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all thy creatures back to thee.
Thus 'round and 'round the circle runs—
A mighty sea without a shore—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

—*Lizzie Doten.*

CHAPTER XIII

DIED OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

The "Dead March From Saul" is never so dead, and the funeral tramp never so weird and solemn, as when there is being borne to the tomb the mortal remains of one declared irreligious. One hundred years ago ministers of certain types dared to stand at the head of a coffin, and in the presence of sorrowing relatives, friends, and neighbors, consign the soul to the everlasting fires of perdition. This was done without a quiver in the voice, a tear from the eye, or a pang in the heart. Those were the days when such texts as these were preached from on funeral occasions: "As a tree falleth, so it shall lie." They did not think or speak of that other text, which reads: "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will grow again." Another favorite was, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Just as

though the speaker, in common with all mankind, had not made a varied record in that same line. Still another verse was used, running like this: "He that offendeth in one point is guilty in all." Scores of such passages were used to curse the dead and frighten the living. Certain schools of comforting (?) ministers quoted from the "Confessions of Faith," to the effect that God had created a fixed number to be eternally damned for His glory, and that number could not be added to or taken from.

Who can blame the ones who felt the death sweat coming, and the feet being gathered up, for fighting the inevitable, promising reformation, fortune, and even crowns, if the death Angel would but fold his wings and quietly steal away. It is marvelous that millions left behind in the world to sorrow with a hopeless agony did not lose their reason and commit suicide.

Many religious teachers will have to apologize to the wronged souls when they get on the other side of life. No wonder crepe was hung on the door, black hearses used, men, women, and little children, weighed down with

the habiliments of mourning. Choirs sang: "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound," and the church bells tolled with awful minor thuds, "Lost," "Lost." Liberal minded investigators turned the searchlight of Reason into the dark tunnel of Death, and they made discoveries which have changed the whole aspect of the hereafter, and modified funeral services. How the writer would like to conduct the funeral of every person who had confessed no religion. He would preach the preachment of truth, and soberness, yet it would not malign the dead, or add a sorrow to the living. The light of reason has caused the clergymen to change their abuse of the dead. Now, they say nothing about the personal life of the departed, if that did not measure up to the moral demands of the community in which they lived. They preach to the living under such circumstances, and they think if they please the relatives, some will be drawn to their church, and, at last, their services will receive more monetary recompense. Men are beginning to see that God cannot lose anything. Tennyson struck the keynote when he sang:

“O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry.”

—*Tennyson.*

Men are beginning to realize that “the lost piece of money was found.” Men are beginning to understand that “the Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine, and went out ’till he found the lost sheep,” and brought it home. Some years ago a refined young lady left her home in New England to go to what was then called “the wild and woolly West.” Her work

was that of a teacher in a public school. She carried a portable organ with her, and after a while opened a Sunday School in the district school building. Not being able to sing, she inquired who had a musical voice. One little fellow replied: "Wild Mag; but you couldn't pull her here with a team of mules." By cross-examination the teacher learned the history of Maggie. Her mother had left the log cabin for the house of many mansions. She was companionless, so went onto the mountains to tend sheep. The two women met face to face one evening when the sheep were crowding through the door of the sheep fold, and an invitation was extended to the Sunday School. Maggie asked how the stranger learned of her, and said: "Did they say I would join your school?" When told what was said, she replied, "I'll go to spite them." Sankey's "Ninety and Nine" was taught her, and the cowboys came for miles to hear her sing. At last she decided to resume home duties, and send a hired man with the sheep. One evening the pet lamb did not come home. She went out in the gloaming to look for it. On, on, she traveled into the night, and at last found

it; but when the darkness deepened she fell over a precipice and was found by a searching party next morning, unconscious, yet folding the lamb to her bosom. As they came near they heard her sing, "Out on the mountains, wild and bare"; and a little later, by superhuman effort, she raised herself on her elbow, and sang in full voice, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own." Is the great Shepherd of men less powerful than Maggie? As truly as she kept the lamb from destruction, so truly will all souls be delivered from the devouring flames. Men are beginning to sense the fact that "the Prodigal comes home," and the father goes out to greet him with a kiss. Family circles will not be broken in the place where time is no more; there will be no empty chairs. The robe, the ring, the fatted calf, the blessing, all for the one who spent his substance in riotous living, went to the far country, and fain would have filled himself with the husks which the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him.

Remember the Prodigal is never too far away to get back home. The father and mother love will draw him, till he arises and

goes to that dearest of all spots, "Home, Sweet Home."

No person is faultless! No life truly symmetrical! No character complete! Certain sides of our nature may be splendidly developed, certain other sides undeveloped. My watch is solid gold, full jewelled, etc., but the main spring is broken, and the hair spring is weak. Shall I put it under my heel and crush it into a shapeless mass, or take it to the watch maker? A life is not thrown to the brush heap to be burned, simply because it has weaknesses.

Such people are noble and grand in many respects, and have intrinsic value. Should they come to the close of mortal life, the Angelic teachers will take them into heavenly colleges, or Angelic healers admit them to heavenly hospitals where their weaknesses will be exchanged for strength; and the broken life welded into more enduring proportions. In the hereafter we shall be so changed and glorified that the weakest and most wicked men of the world will be proud of the co-operative powers which helped to make them well-rounded characters.

Judas Iscariot is regarded as the most depraved of mortals, because he sold his teacher for sixteen dollars and ninety-six cents. Yet the Bible says of his exit from the stage of mortal life, "He went to his own place." That is perfectly true of every one born of woman. That place is the habitation we have made for ourselves while passing the milestones of life. This does not indicate that we always remain just where we start in.

A boy goes to the first grade in the Grammar school; it is his place. He will unfold, and be promoted, going from grade to grade, so that on "Commencement Day" he will almost have forgotten the routine of the earlier grades. We begin in spirit life just where we leave off here, but we do not remain like fixed stars. We grow and climb, yet are always in our own place. One of the parables of the New Testament illustrates the future condition of the wicked dead, or undeveloped lives, better than any single thing in all English literature.

When a young lad was asked by his Sunday School superintendent, "What is a parable?" he remarked, "An earthly story with an heav-

only meaning." We want to present for your consideration this earthly story, or parable, and shall try to gather from it the heavenly meaning:

"Another parable put he forth unto them, saying,

"The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, there appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, 'Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? From whence, then, hath it tares?' He said unto them, 'An enemy hath done this.' The servants said unto him, 'Wilt thou, then, that we go and gather them up?' But he said, 'Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the Angels, "Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn."'"

Now for the heavenly meaning:

"The farmer" represents mankind.

"The farm" represents the world life.

"The grain," the good in each life.

"The night enemy," the undeveloped spirits.

"The tares," the wrong things sown in human life.

"The servants," those good mortals who work with the principles of righteousness.

"The Angels," our heavenly ministering spirits.

"The harvest time," the end of physical life.

"The bundles," the accumulated product of wrongdoing.

"The fire," that which consumes dross and purifies.

"The barn," what we call heaven.

Please note what was not burned:

"The farmer," which represents mankind.

"The farm," which represents the world.

"The grain," the good in each life.

"The night enemy," for they will yet get on higher planes.

"The servants," the honest humanitarian toilers.

"The Angels," our ministering spirits.

None of these burned. Can you find your beloved dead in the above list? Can you see yourself there?

"Nothing walks with aimless feet;
Not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

What, then, is to be burned? Nothing but tares. *The wrong in life, but not life. The bad part of the harvest, but not the bad individual.* Sing it again and again in your soul: "The tares for the burning, but the wheat for the skies." There is no person so depraved that something good has not grown in their life. This will be gathered into God's barn, and he will sow again under better skies, and with better environment; and reap some thirty, some sixty, and some one hundred fold. There is no person so good, but the Angel of separation will gather some bundles of tares out of that life for the burning. *Angels know how to burn tares; it is not their calling to burn individuals.* Now will you be comforted? This truth is big with consolation. The greater part of the human family is taken into the summer land when there has been no time nor disposition to make preparation. They have said, "One world at a time." The strenuous energies have been fully occupied with business, pleasure, preparation to live here, or something else, and death comes upon them like a thief in the night. Many have slept and are sleeping to their best interests; such are

adding to the bundles of tares, and piling up work for the angels of fire. How many bundles of tares will they bind from our living? Let no person feel that because there is no destruction of the individual, one has the license to sow tares, for, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Wheat is better than tares in this or any other world! Seek to swell God's barn. You will meet the loved ones again and they will say, "Only the tares were burned, but I wish there had been a larger percentage of wheat."

Watch your moral farm, and produce a harvest which you will be proud to exhibit in the larger field just over the fence of Time.

SONG AND SERVICE.

Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues,—so to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

. . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;;
But the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*



CHAPTER XIV

EMPLOYMENT OF IMMORTALS

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll did not seem to think there would be much satisfaction in a heaven described by many well-thinking people. He asked to be excused from "sitting on the damp side of a cloud, and playing a harp through all eternity." We may be sure much teaching along this line is born of ignorance; there will be no monotony beyond the stars. We will not be called upon to do any distasteful thing.

Much of the drudgery of this life is caused by one's being out of their legitimate channel. There would be more of heaven, here and now, had parents taken their children to a Scientific Phrenologist in the morning of their lives, and then shaped their education, and employment, by the instruction received. One is pressed into an office, store, mill, or factory, simply

because a few dollars will come into the home; and with no thought of the fitness of the person for the position. Young America then takes up the chase for money, not knowing he is starting, will continue, and end the race in shackles. The most of them, like Hon. Neil Dowe's mule, do not reach the prize. They, like the quadruped, are not intelligent pursuers. This mule was balky, as most mules and men are; everything young Dowe could think of to start him, and keep him going, failed. His father came into the field, and hearing of the situation, lashed a cabbage over the animal's head, between his ears and just in front of his eyes; all day long he ploughed, yet when night came he was no nearer the cabbage than at noon. So in the furrows of life, men go in a wild pull for that which they never overtake. Let the failures of the past be a lesson to the parents of our day, thus they will have their boys and girls placed in the more promising positions.

In the immortal life our fitness for service will be taken into account, so we will work without friction; and with a larger measure of success. Those who were intensely busy here,

could not be happy in being everlastingly idle in the great hereafter. Roosevelt would chafe terribly, were he obliged to look pious, and keep still; and even our dear old mothers, who could not spend a few minutes in the rocking chair without knitting needles, or fancy work, would be ill at ease in a future state of inertia.

“To every man his work,” will be one of the melodious sounds of heaven. The pleasure of it all will be, “his work,” not another’s. It is not true that we will, necessarily, continue in the same employment which may have been thrust upon us in the lowlands of Time. Many professions, trades, and even business callings, are of the earth, earthy; these will pass away. There must be a re-adjustment of work, and workers. Experienced leaders on the Other Side will know just how to accomplish this to the satisfaction of all. How often something akin to this has taken place in our world. Some mechanical device has been installed which throws thousands of men out of employment; and they come to know that such a closed door often leads into an open one, which is vastly more desirable. They come to see that they have been but developing

in old lines, that which would open a better doorway of opportunity. Many needed vocations in this coma of life will cause individuals so employed to look for better things hereafter. The undertaker will not be in evidence there. He may influence men of his craft in the earth-life, so they will make things easier for bereaved families. His robing for the grave will have ended when some one wraps him in a shroud. On the other side, with the touch of pity, the tread of quietness, the eye of gentleness, the heart of sympathy, and the soul of repose, he will find the lessons of refinement taken on here will serve him nicely for the larger life there. The grave-digger will also be promoted. No longer will we associate him with the familiar lines of the poet:

“Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old, on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait,
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foaming sea.
And these words came from his lips so thin,
“I gather them in! I gather them in!”

Many things begun in these low-lands will be carried on hereafter, if the ones who did

them were fitted by Nature and education for the doing; they will then go on along the same lines, with greater success than they ever dreamed of here. Artists may sketch under better climes, and in better conditions, going from world to world, when the brain has become too tired to hold the pencil or brush here.

We will take up the studies of our unbroken life, and carry them on to completion, finding that no threads are broken in this continuous strand which has half of its loop here; and the other in the life which is to be.

Educators of every type will find their work waiting—Thomas Paine, Theodore Parker, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, William E. Gladstone, Victor Hugo, Abraham Lincoln; and more than tongue can name; the workers qualified, and the work desirable. Some will invent new things, which will be used in the earth by those who are able to pick them up in waking or sleeping reveries; and, doubtless, many inhabited planets beside our own will utilize that which will come from the fertile inventive genius of Franklin, Fulton, Crooks, Edison, Marconi, De Forest, and

others. New songs will be put into the heart and on the lips of those clothed with mortality and immortality, till one day, in the far-out future, all mankind, in all worlds, all angelic beings in the universe, all animals (including everything which hath breath), will sing the same glad song. An artist in instrumental music will conduct an orchestra of nature to enhance the beauty of the song. The great discoveries in harmonies, together with the great conductors, will utilize all instruments now in vogue, bring out new ones, and so appropriate nature, that the leaves of the trees will clap their hands, the streams trickling to the sea will play beautiful cadenzas, and the ocean will come in on the mighty bass; sounds we have heard, together with those we have considered inharmonious, will be caught up as the mighty musicians move toward a climax; and you and I will thumb a string in that grand orchestra, or sing in the triumphant vibrations. Under Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, Victor Herbert, Sousa, and conductors of grand opera, the musical possibilities will be unlimited. The mind of the poet will be inspired to beautiful strains of thought,

by which the world may read themselves into forgetfulness; and their cares and troubles be wafted away, and pass into beautiful dreams. Browning, Bryant, Byron, Cary, Cowper, Dickens, Elliot, Emerson, Holmes, Harte, Longfellow, Lowell, Moore, Poe, Riley, Scott, Tennyson, Whittier, Whitman, Wilcox—these, and others, which would make an army of writers in prose and poetry, have not had their last or best thought. We shall hear from them in the future, and derive new blessings from their gifts.

Dramatic Art will be taken up with greater satisfaction to the artist and auditor—everything from tragedy to comedy—Forrest, Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Irving, Mansfield, Drew, Belasco, Mann, down to Cohan, Nat Wills, et al., will be heard. A new play will be written and placed on the boards. Tens of millions will see it, and thousands will take part in it. The booking will be the largest ever known to the profession. It will be called, “Reminiscences from Earth-Life.” Actors, great and small, will perform, and there will be blended into one great entertainment everything from Shakespeare to vaudeville, as

earth conditions are depicted. Apply for tickets early.

The future life will confine city and country, so each may revel in that which is most to their taste. Under Burbanks the farmer may learn more than he ever dreamed of on the old homestead; and all nature will bud and blossom as the rose.

Barnum & Bailey will not only have the greatest show on earth, but the greatest in the skies. Under their control the lovers of animals will come in magnetic harmony with bipeds and quadrupeds, and teach them, and us, a lesson of trust and helpfulness; so the lion and lamb may lie down together, and a little child lead them. Then nothing will hurt or destroy in all the universe. We will find them possessed of souls, and they will find us soulful enough to pet, but not destroy.

Great physicians and nurses will be there to extend a helping hand to people on both sides of life. Prevention will be the predominant note there, and not cure. They will teach the doctors of earth to so watch over homes that disease will not come. They will teach the people here to pay the skilled practitioner

to keep them well, rather than take the painful path back to health. The narrow limits of this book cannot even suggest in any exhaustive way the accomplishments of men and women which will be transferred to the higher realms, or to new positions into which they will be inducted. You may be able to look into your own vocation and answer the question whether or not it is worthy to be extended to the life which is to be; and, if so, if you are the right person to carry it on. Know thou that if your calling is dropped forever when divested of the flesh, it has helped to fit you for a better one; and if you are out of your real work, even this will be revealed to you, and a Master-hand will place you where all will be harmonious.

One of the most beautiful services which can be rendered from beyond the border line, is that of sounding the knell of the departing souls of earth, and with outstretched arms receiving them into spirit spheres. To whisper into the ear the first word to a new-born life must be joy to the full; to conduct one, to their spirit home must be much more desirable employment than to guide people

over the snows of centuries to the heights of the Alps. How delighted the Switzerland guide will be to lay down the cold duties of earth, and be a guide into the peaks of a country which is yet to be fully discovered. Such guides will help the care-worn stranger out of the land of care. They will breathe words of comfort and enlightenment into the neglected soul. They will assist in preparing homes for those who have neglected this privilege while in earth-life. The aged and the children, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the white and the black, the Christian and the so-called heathen, the Minister and the Priest, the Lawyer and the Doctor, the Spiritualist and the Materialist, the Quaker and the Salvationist—how could they find their new home in the new country, did not some one lead them who had been over the way before. Even the beggar at the palace must have been cheered, when they came for him as he was

“Sitting by the gateway of a palace fair,
There this child of earth was left to die;
By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share,
See the change awaiting there on high.

Carried by the angels to the Land of Rest,
Music sweetly sounding through the air;
Welcomed by his loved ones to a heavenly feast,
Gathered with his friends in Paradise.

What will be the ending of this life of care?
Oft the question cometh to us all;
There upon the pathway, hard the burdens bear,
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

Taken by the angels to the Land of Rest,
Music sweetly sounding in the sky;
Welcomed by our loved ones to heaven's very best,
We shall meet them in the bye and bye.

These are only suggestions of the work of the immortal world. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things prepared," for those who "Going forth and weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return with rejoicing bringing their sheaves with them."

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an aged man upon his bier;
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year,—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness 'round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed
aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
 In faltering accents to the weeping train:
 "Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
 Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
 In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
 Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
 And leaves the smile of his departure spread
 O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-
 head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
 The bound of man's appointed years, at least,
 Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has passed;
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet
 Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
 Marked with some act of goodness every day;
 And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
 Faded his late declining years away:
 Meekly he gave his being up, and went
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy: every day he gave
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
 To mock him with her phantom miseries;
 Nor chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

“And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord;
For, when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.”

—*Bryant.*

CHAPTER XV.

NO FATHER ON EARTH

There is a passage of scripture in the "New Testament" which reads, "Call no man your Father upon the earth, for one is your Father which is in Heaven." Years have passed since some of us have had the privilege of calling any one "Father." Even when our paternal ancestor was in the form, many of us spoke to him without using the term, feeling that "Papa," "Pa," or "Pop," were little more endearing terms than the more stately one. To call a priest "father," would be to us almost a sacrilegious act. To think we have a Father in Heaven is a comforting knowledge, and instinctively we used to approach him while in this life. Father-love has not been sung by poets, and preached upon by ministers, as mother-love has been embellished. There are many reasons for this, chief among the num-

ber being the fact that the father is the bread-winner, and at the office, store, mill, or factory, much of the time; thus seeing less of the growing children than the mother. He goes to business before they arise in the morning, and they retire directly after the evening dinner, so we fear the time may come when the father may need an introduction to his own offspring.

Another reason why he is not named in poesy, is he is generally the positive pole in the home, while the mother is the negative. At times he may seem austere, or even autocratic; this is only in the seeming. The road to the father-heart is not as open as the one to mother's. It is frequently overgrown, and not getting into the interior of his nature, we misjudge and misunderstand, because looking on outward appearance.

A very deep love, and a real valuable companionship may be found in father, if you mine far enough down to strike the gold. Coming in contact with grasping and dishonest business men, day after day, one gets cold on the exterior, and feels he must be guarded, and be ever on the defensive. This artificial

self becomes second nature so it is not thrown off in the home-circle, hence people are apt to feel that father is unapproachable.

Another condition which makes it difficult for a man to relax is the constant dread of being thrown down in business, and on account of keen competition being obliged to curtail expenses at home, and perhaps even drop the life-insurance. Few, very few, understand the burdens of one who stands at the head of a home, having ideals along lines of education, home-surroundings, etc., and being unable to do as other men do in their families. These conditions make men secretive, grave, and sedate.

The best time to understand a father is the hour when father's heart in its richness and glory is revealed, when the burdens of active business-life are laid to one side; and he sits in the gloaming together with his wife and adult children around the fireside. Then, the mellow age of father is like husking-time in the autumn. The sun may be in the West, and the days growing shorter, but the "Fodder's in the Shock." A beautiful woman said to the author one day: "You have written

some lovely mother-hymns, and I like to sing them; but I had a noble father, can't you give us some lines along that line?" In a few Sundays we sang the father-hymn, and every time it was used until her transition, she would look up and smile.

When lovely angels accord me the place
Which I am earning by running life's race;
I'll forget all when I see Father's face;
This through the ages will satisfy me.
Just to be near the dear ones I adore,
Will through the ages just satisfy me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joy like a river will then overflow;
Yet just a smile from my parents I know,
Will through the ages just satisfy me.
Just to be near the dear ones I adore,
Will through the ages just satisfy me.

The first memory of my life was associated with father. His words, his acts, made the initial impression on my boy nature. It was near the close of the Civil War, I only a baby-boy, and the first male stranger to come to the home. Father was about to leave for the Southland, for those years were spent by him in carrying supplies to the "commissary department" for the boys in blue. He took me

on his knee, read to me out of the Bible, and of psychic happenings connected with the life of Elijah. It struck me as the sweetest story ever told. When he kissed me, asked me to be good, and started for the wharf where he was to board the vessel, my little heart almost broke. I cried with frantic cries, asking when he would return and tell me more stories. That was the first memory-chapter of my life. There is another memory-chapter there, which has fastened itself to my being, never to be erased. He was an old man, hair white for the crowning, whiter than snow. He was in my home, then, and my bed. He held my hand and stroked my face, as he was about to cut loose from the shores of Time. He said, "The boatman is coming to carry me over; but I must leave my fleshly garment on this side." The messages which followed, as mother and brother were watching the outgoing tide, were then, and have ever since been, sweet to my soul. The first memory-lesson about spirit-conditions, connected with Elijah—the last memory-lesson, spirit-conditions connected with himself. O! that these dear men were more fully understood in and outside the home

circle! Because they are strong and positive forces they have enemies. Every man of initiative and energy lives in an enemy's land.

Mothers in the quiet home-life can afford to be neutral on the most of subjects which are calculated to irritate, and so are the more easily loved. Fathers must be outspoken in business, in politics, and, sometimes, in religion, and so engender strife. A manly man is known by the enemies he makes, quite as much as by the friends he keeps. A man without any vices is what an old sea captain called "a one hundred per cent. individual." Such men were our fathers. They are not too plentiful in the rising generation. Such men were true to every trust, their word as good as their bond, loyal to the right, polite to strangers, moderate in their eating and drinking, not listening for insult, or looking for slights, cautious, yet courageous. Such men differ in ability, yet they are always safe persons to deal with, whether in business for themselves or doing business for others. These men do not always observe fashion in matters of dress, like the masses; they are usually a law unto themselves. They are more inter-

ested in doing their work than caring what men say about it, or about them. Such men were brought up from early youth to make themselves useful, and to economize in both time and money. Our father was bound out to learn a trade, and was taught the antique ideas, that the boy should work for his parents until the day of his majority. The youth of our day feel they were foreordained to be fashion-plates, Atlantic City boardwalk dudes, Chestnut Street sports; and they have gotten it into their heads that their parents must toil and save for them. Because of this, we have a race of weaklings coming on the stage of action. Every son born with the notion that he is here for the delectation of the social set, is an unsafe individual, no matter how long an ancestral line he may have, or how large an estate. One who lives on the honors of the past, or hoarded money, is not worth the name of man, and should not be a father.

The good father, unconsciously, exhibits his virtues when those about him are in suffering, or the angel of death has despoiled their homes. When a poor boy died who had been in the Union Army until consumption claimed

his frail body, it was father's silk flag which formed his winding-sheet. When a poor German woman was left with a large number of children (she not being able to understand much of our tongue), it was father who went in and directed her affairs so she was not wronged by dishonest people. When a horse killed an Irishman, and his wife was left without children or advisor, it was father who straightened out affairs for her. When scarlet fever spread like wild fire through the town, it was father who played the part of the good Samaritan. When the dead needed to be kept for funeral-day, before the time of modern embalming, it was father who sat up through the long watches of the night. When the minister was not pleasing his flock, and they were praising him to his face and cursing him to his back, it was father who had to carry the "thorn bush" to the parsonage. When a poor man's child died, whose body would have gone to the "Potter's Field," it was father who said, "Bury him in my lot without money and without price." Never appreciated here—save by a very few—never

fully known here by the masses, he is being understood and appreciated in the place where no one loses his reward; even if he does so little as to give a cup of cold water to one who is weary in the way, and of the way.

When the time came to exchange worlds, he was like a shock of corn, fully ripe. Struck through with a fatal disease, which made havoc of the noble frame in five days, he knew from the start that no illness would follow that one. He talked calmly and lovingly about the journey, as a friend would speak of a trip to another continent. He told the writer he would return and aid him in the battle of life, if permitted so to do. He spoke of how wonderfully the preachers could teach were they but to see what he had already seen of the spiritual. As the angels, again and again drew the curtains aside to give him a vision of the summer land, he would describe them to us. He told of the spiritual bodies present in the room, of those whom he had known and loved in the flesh. His exit out of this world was a much happier experience than his entrance. He met the demand of death, as willingly, as

manfully, and as calmly as he had ever met a creditor, and was as fully prepared to settle accounts.

It is only just to fatherhood to say that some have seemed to live in another realm while tabernacling among men, their families, and their fellows; because in the morning of life they were placed on the wrong commercial road from which they never extricated themselves.

The old plan which compelled a boy to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, and help his parents as he worked, was a good one, providing a square plug was not put into a round hole. Pity yet swells up in our souls when we remember our father was never on the right industrial track in life. Could any one have studied that massive brow, known the lofty aspirations of that noble brain, understood that regal contour of forehead, noted the stately bearing, they would have suffered with him, for he knew his business life was out of joint with his physical, mental, and moral talents, and was deeply pained by this discovery, but only mentioned it to receptive ears and loyal hearts.

All hail to our noble fathers! Angels will speak of their sterling qualities if poets forget to do so. Cherubim and Seraphim will sing their praises, even though no earthly note declares their grandeur. Fathers of our nation! Bulwarks of our home! Priests of their children! Examples to grandchildren! We send far over the waves of time our expressions of love. We assumed the places of trust you imposed upon us, with fidelity, and report—finis. We send you a soul-kiss, which we trust will remain on your spiritual lips until we fall on your neck; where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL.

Rest, tired clay; I've done with thee.
How long I've worn thee as the captive
Wears the dragging chain, that fetters
Him to earth. What pains and weakness
Have we known together, what strife,
What weariness, what sad impotency.
Yet thou hast served me well—hast
Been a willing slave to taskmaster stern,
Who no pity showed to thee; for oft, when
E'en existence was a battle, did this
Same eager, tireless spirit gird thee on
To yet greater effort and endeavor.

Handful of dust, once vitalized!
Thou oft hast longed for the embrace
Of the bridegroom, Death, hast thought
It would be sweet to lie down in
His restful arms; thou feelest them now,
Rest in thy bridal bed, from whence
No morrow wakes to toil, no restless
Spirit goads thee to action, evermore.

O, friends, dear friends, all and each,
Why look ye on this worn out frame
That cannot give the love ye crave?
Its passing set me free, rejoice in this,
Its poor mortal eyes and ears no longer
Veil from me sweet sights and sounds.
I see you all—I sense your love—I know
O, Father—now I know and thank Thee,
For Thy greatest gift—blest immortality.

Anon.

CHAPTER XVI

OUR MOTHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN

Earth has never been quite the same since mother joined the innumerable caravan "which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of Death." She did not go like "the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon"; but, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," approached her grave like one who "wraps the drapery of her couch about her, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Though Bryant's song was true, in her case, we miss the physical presence of our loved one; and the years only add to the suffering.

It is difficult to think of the breaking down of the body—especially that of the aged—without associating it with the dismantling of a ship or the razing of a house. The proud ship which once had polished masts, white sails,

clean keel, strong anchor, good rudder, accurate compass, and a trusty pilot, is now bleaching on the rock-bound shore. All things of value have been removed; and the hull is breaking up. A reminder of Life in its prime and at its close.

Riding through a rural district, one will notice a standing chimney at the cross-roads. The house all gone; and the bright family that once gathered around the board on that sacred spot, nowhere to be seen. No doubt scattered like the building! What a silent messenger of mortal life!

It almost breaks one's heart to ride, for a day, in a touring car, and notice the architectural wrecks scattered along the way! When one turns from these, he often faces the "City of the Dead"—its white spires standing like ghostly sentinels, saying: "You, too, must die!" and its green mounds proclaiming the fact that more ground waits to be fertilized. On every hand we notice in wood, brick, marble, granite—yea, even in hay and stubble—the signs of old age and passing away. "All is vanity," saith the preacher. The work of man and of nature not only

cause sad memories, but emotions too sad for tears. The frame house, the ship by the sea, the structure in brick, marble, or granite—these and ten thousand other things, remind us of the breaking up of the physical body of a mother; and the final abandonment of that which was so precious to us. More articles in prose, more poetry, more hymns, have been written on “Mother” than upon any other member of the household. But, with all this, no one has ever reached the depth of human love, or been able to assuage human grief. The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes has touched upon some rich chords in human life; as in his unique imagery he sounds the note of human dissolution. We shall use herein some of the phrases; as there is nothing so well calculated to develop the picture of your mother or of mine. A gathering tempest is depicted, showing Old Age at its mercy. I am sure you will see the wreckers at work as the storm becomes more and more tempestuous; and, before the last act, will notice it is a craft in which you have peculiar interest. He writes of “Evil Days” coming. These have reference to the grievances and incon-

veniences of Old Age. These days are many—how many! Only those who try to endure the storm may realize! There, truly a day is a thousand years. The one who is called off from business or pleasure to everlasting rest, may not pass through this distressing experience if he is snuffed out like a candle. His friends will not, under such circumstances, have a long watch and wait for the earthly tent-dwelling to come down. Such going is like the quick collapse of a building, or the sudden swamping of a ship which passes in a night. To one who passes out by Nature's usual method, the "evil days" are double in fury. First, to the one who is torn down. Second, to the one who must stand helplessly by and witness it. Relatives living at a distance do not see each human block knocked out, nor suffer as they would under such circumstances. It comes to them like a sudden catastrophe.

The Man of Wisdom notices signs of decay next, in that they lose grip and interest in the present. "The years when I have no pleasure in them." The pleasures of the young are in the Present. Not so, the pilgrims of

the night! They live in the Past! The hands on the clock of Time point far back to other scenes. They speak of "how we used to do." "They cannot sing the old songs," yet they were better than the new. To them the good days are past days. No friends like the old friends—no home like the old home—no religion like the old religion! Harbingers of the breaking up of the old barque, are these! Listen and remember the outcome! Second childhood leads to everlasting youth!

Solomon makes another observation—this time he cries: "The keepers of the house tremble!" The hands and the arms are appropriately called "the keepers of the house"; for with them the human family arms and guards the body in various ways. The shaking and palsy of the limbs of old people are thus graphically described. They would be one of the first symptoms discerned by an observer. We call to mind one who desired to sit at the head of the table and serve—even when the hand trembled so that the things they tried to put upon the plates sometimes landed on the table-linen. The unsteady hand on the written page; the vibrations felt when

shaking hands; the crooked seams in the garment—these, and many more things, show that the mortal building rests in an insecure way upon its foundation.

As the storm gathers power, the Oriental observer notices that the “strong men bow themselves.” The men of power referred to here are “the legs or the bones.” In the song they are like pillars of marble. With age they become weak, slack, and bent. When they stoop, and drag the feet heavily; when the waist-measure shortens; when the shoulders become round; when the body sags on the legs; when the steps are slow and careful, you may be sure that the heavy hammer of Time is helping to break the last fastening, and the weary feet will soon rest. When the writer saw this development he was led to pen the poem, which is scattered through the chapter, beginning:

“Rest the tired feet, now forever,
Dear wrinkled hands are so still;
Blasts of the earth shall no longer
Throw o’er our loved one a chill!
Angels thro’ heaven will guide her;
Loved ones will comfort and keep;
Not for the world would we wake her—
Mother has fallen asleep!”

Taking another look upon his mother, the Eastern king said: "The grinders cease because they are few; and the doors are shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low!" Now, he is looking into the face of the one that gave him birth, and makes another discovery which is an indication of the inevitable. In youth the teeth are strong; and upper and lower jaw have a full set. When the breaking-up period comes, "grinder after grinder" disappears. The mouth of Old Age comes to look like the mouth of Babyhood. When the teeth cease to masticate—and instead of the crunching and fletcherizing of food, nothing is heard but a munching and sucking—the sound of the grinding is low. The falling in of the mouth, the toothless gums, is represented as "the doors shut in the street." If artificial means are used to hide these signs, back of the best work of the college, Nature goes on with destruction. A look at the mouth of Mother usually reveals the lesson, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!" Looking upward, the poet and scribe noticed the eyes. Here, too, he observed the work of the despoiler. The win-

dows of the soul are a sure tell-tale: the camera of the intellect leaves a picture while taking one. Taking up his pen, he writes: "Those that look out of the windows are darkened!" Call to mind the first time you saw mother with a golden bridge over the nose; and ask yourself the question: "Did I understand the lesson?" Remember how she changed from eye-glasses to spectacles; from one lens to a bi-focal; and from one glass to others that would magnify more powerfully. Get out the old glasses, now, and look through them; and you will grasp the lesson of other days. This failing of the vision tells that the dear one is near the threshold of the grave.

"Mother was tired and weary—
Weary with toil and with pain;
Put by her glasses and rocker,
She will not need them again!
Into Heaven's Mansion she entered
Never to sigh or to weep;
After long years with life's struggle,
Mother has fallen asleep!"

The next picture gives us the result of his findings after the mantle of night has been let down upon the earth. Hardly seems to him as though his first sleep was over when

he hears footsteps on the stairs, and an early bird-song. Another note is made by Solomon in these words: "They shall rise up at the voice of the bird!"

As the physical powers wane, the schedule for waking and sleeping is changed. When young people are playing with the night, and sleeping late in the morning, Mother is apt to say: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." At the tea-table she begins to yawn, even if she had a nap after lunch; and, in a short time, is off in Dreamland. The day was so very long she hopes to sleep till morning—but midnight finds her twisting and turning, and wondering if morning will ever come. The bed which seemed so inviting in the early evening, seems hard and hot, now; and she thinks: "O that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest!" Ah! These risings and retirings are but precursors of the long and narrow bed!

"Near other loved ones we laid her,
Low in the churchyard to lie;
And tho' our hearts are most broken
Yet we would not question why?"

She does not rest 'neath the grasses,
Tho' o'er her dear grave they creep—
She has gone home with the angels—
Mother has fallen asleep."

The close kingly observer, still watching the change in mother, sees how carefully she steps; and so adds to his delineation of old age words which almost make our heart pause in fear, as we wonder if harm will come to her. He writes: "They are afraid of that which is high; and fears shall be in the way." Elevators in department stores, stairs in the home, steps on a street-car, slippery pavements—so many, many things are but the index-finger of approaching age. Shortness of breath, asthmatic tendencies, failure of muscular power, difficulty in mounting an ascent, all tell their story. Going on the appointed road, all kinds of fears are in the way. Fears for themselves, fears for their children, fears in this life, fears in passing to another plane! *Fears are not an indication of faulty character in the aged; rather the outworking of carefulness by sensitive souls.* A very good man, who had spent his life in service for his fellows, and worship of the most lofty type, came

to his earthly end distressed with the fear of eternal shipwreck. A highly organized person sensitized to the finer vibrations is more likely to have fears than a coarse, unrefined person.

We recall with the deepest emotion a pathetic scene connected with the transition of our mother. No more gentle soul ever lived, no more harmless person ever walked the old earth, no more self-sacrificing person ever dwelt in flesh, no more lovely and lovable spirit ever tabernacled in clay—yet “fears were in the way.” Fears which caused that frail body to grieve, and the hot tears to run down like rain. She thought a trusted servant and house-keeper had gone away to arrange to have her buried alive. The servant was, all this time, in the house; and would have given her all to have helped that sweet, timid soul. Words would fail to tell how, with abnormal strength, she worked herself to the edge of the bed, threw her arms around the neck of a son; and pleaded with mighty crying for him not to permit that faithful servant to bury her alive. We had shared her sorrows and tried to soothe her pain for

years; but this scene almost overwhelmed us. With what tenderness and assurance we tried to comfort her and drive away the fears! Calling the house-keeper from her work, we showed the darling mother that she was with us, and caring for us even then. In her arms, mother sobbed out her fears and told of her agony. Lifting her gently, and placing her in the bed, we kissed away the tears, and she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. We fervently hoped her fears would be forgotten, and sweet dreams take their place. However, in a few moments, she was startled, and fears upon fears seemed to lash her frail bark—as the mad ocean sometimes whips the dismantled wreck. We lived an eternity in those hours; and she—dear, sweet soul!—must have suffered perdition added to perdition. Now, the words of King Solomon play a dirge in my soul, even to-day, as I write them: “Fears shall be in the way.” Can any one imagine the clearing of the storm, and the foregleam of a new and better day which was breaking for her—when peace filled her soul, the smile of heaven kissed her lips, and she looked up with such spiritual repose, and said: “Mother

is with me in the bed." "I see all the dead I ever knew!" "Do you think your father will take me over?" And, again, when she was too weak to take even a glass of water, exclaimed: "They are feeding me!" The dear, loving mother had passed "Cape Fear," and was calmly gliding into the harbor of Rest.

"Looking to'ard sunset, even here she caught
Prophetic hints of those far, shining lands
That lie beyond,—like one who understands
The sign, ere yet the miracle is wrought.
And so she went; ah, we who stay below,
Watching the radiance of her upward flight—
Who, who of us shall reach such lofty height,
Or leave behind so fair an afterglow."

As we looked upon the body, embalmed and laid out in our study, waiting the funeral day, we thought of the other word of the ancient seer: "The almond tree shall flourish." This tree blossoms in winter upon a leafless stem. Its flowers, at first are a pale, pink color, like the cheeks of childhood; but they turn to a snowy whiteness as they fall from the branches. The almond-tree of Nature, and the snowy tresses of a dead mother, seem like twins held by Nature's own laws. How pure

and lovely these white hairs looked to us in life; and when death had claimed our darling, we felt it would be a sacrilege to keep any of them back from the grave. When the last word had been said, and the blanket was thrown over her sacred body, just before the lid of the casket clicked for the last time, we saw the white emblems of purity, and they seemed to beckon us on to such a life, and to such a heaven.

“Beautiful rest for the weary;
Well-deserved sleep for the true!
When our life’s journey is ended,
We shall again be with you!
This helps to quiet our weeping,
Hark! angel-music so sweet!
He giveth to his beloved
Beautiful, beautiful sleep!”

Solomon closes by saying: “They go to their long home, and the mourners go about the streets.” Yes, the quiet quest as one returns from the family plot—looking for mother in the daytime, and in the night-time, is like the mourner going about the streets—set going by Death, and continuing to go until overtaken by the same storm. Yet, never finding mother until she is found in heaven.

No wonder Talmadge said: "I want to go to heaven to see Moses and the prophets; but I'd rather see my father. I want to go there to see Hannah and Abigail; but I would rather see my mother." The greatest arch-angel would have no attraction for us like that of our own dear, little mother.

Our mother which art in heaven! But, may we never see her, or hear her, until we go there to stay?

Beecher thought his mother inspired his best pulpit utterances. A drunkard who had tried every moral means and failed, was cured in a moment of the drink habit by his mother, who was, in her spirit body, standing at the bar and facing him. The glass of whiskey fell to the floor, and he never entered a saloon thereafter. Testimony is given from people of all religious beliefs to verify the fact that those on the other side of life visit us to help us.

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!"

Every loyal son and daughter feel that their mother was a little nearer the ideal than

any other mother; and this is well! No hands like our mother's, even if they look horny and wrinkled to others. No face like our mother's face, even if it was thought to be homely by others. No heart like that of our mother, though others may have been full of kindness. That life and that love fills us with unutterable surprise!

"The silver chord is loosed!"

The golden bowl is broken!"

"The pitcher is broken at the fountain!"

"The wheel is broken at the cistern!"

There are times when we feel almost compelled to go and dig into the grave, and take another look at the relic of what was once mother; but with all of those feelings, we know that she lives somewhere—and as no place would be suitable for such a refined soul save heaven, we often cry out: "Our mother which art in heaven." Some day we will look into each other's eyes—where eyes are not dimmed and tears are not shed, 'till then we hear her say:

"Some day, who knows, perchance
Where friends can ne'er forget,
They'll clasp me in their arms
And call me Mother, yet!"

MY DEAD.

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more ;
Along the path of Life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are His, and, here or there,
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine ;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

CHAPTER XVII

MATES IN SPIRIT LIFE

Entering the domestic relations of life, on either side of the great divide, we meet with problems which are intricate.

A blood tie, like that of mother and son, may be more easily understood, than a co-partnership between male and female of different families. Civilization provides different conditions for womanhood from that which her sex enjoys in barbarism. Those creatures of earth who are in elemental conditions, must needs evolve here, or hereafter, before they can understand what home means; and so deductions made in this article are not for them, but for those who have grasped the privileges of modern times and countries. Neither are these findings applicable to a certain type of youth and maiden, who are legally married, though not truly mated.

Marriage is an honorable estate to those who engage in it reverently, discreetly, and with purity of heart, but a shallow mockery as it is frequently consummated. If there were more ideal weddings on earth, there would be less changes of relationship in spirit-life. With multitudes, the marriage vow now terminates at death; many showing that from the nuptial hour life was only a living death. It terminates in the divorce courts, not infrequently; because man tried to join together that which was never joined by Nature. Marriage will continue in the next expression of life, where there has been a harmonious blending in the present world. How are we to know real earth-mates? Earth-mates are those who are the counterpart of each other—physically, mentally, morally, socially, financially, and spiritually. Such must, of necessity, be spirit-mates in any life.

We are glad that home means more to husband and wife in enlightened lands than it could possibly mean elsewhere. There remains, however, much for us to learn before we measure up to our privilege. There is a tendency to mate the barn-yard fowl, and the

cattle more carefully than is our custom with the rising generation. Lust blinds love in many cases, and gold shuts out a multitude of sins. If we would lay foundations here for homes which will endure the shock of death, and take hold upon a larger and better life, some lessons must be learned. The admonition of the Book of Genesis is, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." This figure takes us into the orchard, back of the old homestead, and teaches us a lesson which trees may tell and not irritate the pupil. Look at the fruitful tree, and you see a tree full of fruit. No tree could give forth such beauty and promise, were it not healthful and in the right soil. It also shows maturity. People who are not healthful and matured should never consent to enter into the bonds of matrimony. They are unfit to multiply and replenish the earth; too many of them are doing so, thus filling our hospitals and even penal institutions. Roosevelt's suggestions are all right, providing quality accompanies quantity. Our nation can well afford to look to fitness in the next few hundred years, and give less thought to numbers. The people who do not follow

the instruction of the tree, cannot go on far in the double furrow of life without waking up to the fact that God had nothing to do with joining them together. The law may have done so, the minister or the magistrate may have uttered the words, but the tree says "No." It must be a blessed comfort to such to know they are divided in death, for truly they were divided in life. Doubtless they will find a soul-mate in the great City of Light; but it will not be the one who walked by their side as husband or wife here. True wedlock begins long before physical birth, and continues long after physical death.

The Sadducees, who believed there was no resurrection from the dead, came to the great Eastern Teacher, and tried to prove their materialistic belief by asking a domestic question. Quoting Moses, they said: "If a man die having no children, his brother shall marry his wife and raise up seed unto his brother." Then they cited a case which had come under their own observation, as follows: "Now there were with us seven brethren; and the first when he had married a wife, deceased, and having no issue, left his wife unto his brother.

Likewise the second also, and the third unto the seventh. And last of all the woman died also. Therefore, in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven? For they all had her." Rather a unique case for either side of the grave. This, the Sadducees thought, was too much for the Pharisees, who believed in life after death, and too much for the Teacher who was proclaiming that doctrine. They would change the ceremony from "'Till death us do part," unto "'Till extinction puts an end to us." The ancient Master was like all good teachers, a person of active brain, clear thought, and ready with an answer to any man seeking light, never desiring to humiliate him. Rising to the occasion, he replied: "In the resurrection they neither marry or are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." Some have understood this to mean that under no circumstances will the marital relations of life continue beyond the confines of time. Did He so teach? Not if we are able to read between the lines. He did teach that the propagation of the species ceases at the open door of eternity, but not that life changes its love the

other side of the doorway. The law of Moses as to offspring is repealed when this mortal puts on immortality, but the law of cohesion, which knows no bonds, always triumphs, even after prophecies fail, tongues cease, and knowledge vanishes; we might sum the matter up with the statement that the *old-fashioned marriage knows no end, and the new-fashioned one never knew any true beginning*. The new is for a butterfly career, an easy existence, financial gain, social preferment, and lust. The old, for wifehood, motherhood, home, and heaven. Such husbands and wives come to look alike, act alike, love alike, and grow into each other's being, as the Siamese twins were joined together. Death can only cut them apart, for a little while—the pull from the heavenly side, and the aspiration from the earth side, draw them together again as the steel filings are drawn to the magnet. They will live together during the unnumbered years of the future, in the mansions not made with hands.

Edwin Arnold, in the "Secret of Death," shows the form of a wife held in the cold embrace of Nature, and the heart-broken hus-

band alone with her, seeking to court her favor as he did in the years when mortality had not been swallowed up by life. In the first part of his poetic dialogue, friends say:

“She is dead,” they said to him, “come away”;
“Kiss her, and leave her, thy love is clay.”

Going on with their last offices for the dead, they try to dress her and fix her so she will look beautiful even in death. Loving hands can frequently do what the commercial undertaker would pass over.

“They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;
And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
‘Come away,’ they said—*God understands.*”

Watch that man and learn the lesson of a true husband’s love; a love which refused to be separated even by death. See and hear him in one of the tenderest utterances which has ever been thrown into verse.

“But he who loved her too wise to dread,
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp, and took the key,

And turned it, alone again, he and she.
 Then he said—'Cold lips and breast without breath,
 Is there no voice, no language of death?
 See now, I listen with soul, not ear;
 What was the secret of dying, dear?
 O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
 I hold the breath of my soul to hear.
 There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
 To make you so placid from head to feet.
 I would tell you, darling, if you were dead,
 And t'were your hot tears upon my brow shed.
 You should not ask vainly with streaming eyes,
 Which of all deaths was the chief surprise?' ”

Such devotion as this reminds us that more of such marriages would mean less skeletons in the family wardrobe. If the reader was reared in such domestic environment, they need not fear the family-circle being changed in the next grade of life. Are you eager to know what happened beside that bier? Go a step further with the inspired poet, and read:

"Who will believe what he heard her say,
 With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way."

There might be more messages from the so-called dead to the so-called living, where there a more holy affinity between the separated. Before the curtain rings down on that last

sublime act, hear the wife's words to the husband:

“The utmost wonder is this—I hear and see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear, and are your Angel, who was your bride, and know that though dead, I have never died.”

In the years of my ministry, family troubles of every name and nature have been poured into my ears, and after the recital of the story I have inquired, “If you were single, would you take another partner?” A large majority have answered “No.” When the reply came in the affirmative, I have put a second question: “Were you to marry again, would you prefer your present companion?” Sad to relate, nine out of ten have answered “No.” These certainly are not included under the caption of “Old-Fashioned Marriages.” We remember the story of a poor boy who asked for the hand of a lovely girl. He received not only her hand, but her heart. They began married life at the bottom of the ladder; no wedding-bells, no wedding-gifts, not even a wedding-ring. Three children blessed that union, besides the one who was only a bud on earth. During the years of their adolescence,

poverty often pinched that little household; but mother and father worked together—she in the home, doing her own work without a servant, and giving the neighbors a lift besides, and he in his regular vocation. No ripple of discontent, no words spoken in anger; they were proud of their children, of the mortgaged cottage by the bay, and hopeful for the future. Society honors and political preferment passed them by without knocking at the door; but at the north window she waited for his coming at the close of business, as she never would have waited for a king. By the time winter had kissed their locks and turned them white like snow, they were amply provided for; and when death called for the husband, heart-failure developed in the wife. There were no outward ostentations; and though she lived for a score of years, it was like the life of the bird without its mate. Sometimes the young people would joke with her and suggest another marriage. She would always reply: "I would not have the best man upon earth." She was never able to speak of him without choking, and the dew of affection would always bathe her eyes. She stood by

the foot of the bed when his breath grew shorter, and heard him call her the loved name he gave her in youth. He described to her the beautiful scenes open to the eyes of the soul, named the astral forms of relatives and friends who were in the room to conduct him onward; after committing her to his children, he gathered up his feet in death. Just as he left the shore of time, a son said, as he held his hand: "Pop, you are almost home." A gentle pressure of the hand, a smile which did not fade with death, and all was over. The last question that little mother asked when she was waiting for the boatman to take her over, was: "Will he be there to receive me?" The dear man had said a few hours before his departure, when talking with a son about his grave, "It will be so nice to be buried by the sea." Now they rest side by side—together in life for half a century—together in death—together for all eternity. This was an "Old-Fashioned Marriage." O, yes, they are willing to be as the angels over there! No desire to continue to bring children into life's expression; they are on a higher rung. They will rejoice over the Lamb in the upper fold,

the daughter and two sons left behind in the world. We shall see them in their home by the crystal sea; shall hear them speak the old pet names, and, perhaps, sing together, "Home, sweet home."

When the eyes of real husbands or real wives rest on this chapter, if either have followed the remains of a companion to the grave, just remember they have simply gone on a little ahead to prepare for your coming; plan to continue the home-life which was broken here. Loving households are heaven in miniature. Heaven without father, mother, brother, and sister, would not begin to compare with earth.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees.
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play.
Who hath not learned in hours of death,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own."

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance;
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

—*John G. Whittier.*

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS HEREAFTER

Some families are much more clannish than others. The bump of inhabitativeness is largely developed in such natures, making it easy for them to cling to one place, and hard, indeed, to change to new pastures. In such homes brothers and sisters remain under the same roof-tree, and nothing can seem to tear them apart. Other boys go to the city to make fame and fortune; these boys are not tied to their mother's apron-strings. Other girls break away from home restraints, and seek a commercial life in the great centers of population, working as bookkeepers, stenographers, sales-ladies, etc. The type of girl first mentioned could not be induced to leave the "auld folk." You have exemplified in such boys and girls what the learned phrenologist calls "The cat nature." Let any family move to a new section of the city which had a feline in

the home, and they will find an illustration of inhabitativeness. Put the cat in a closed basket so it is unable to see the way to the new home, and as truly as the blind-folded muscle-reader will drive to a particular spot, and locate a hidden article, so truly will that cat find the empty house, and hang around it, waiting for a new tenant. Cats and many people are enamored of a particular locality. They will cling to the spot even after the friends have gone. In the human family children so constituted get home-sick if they are out of sight of the old farm. No cooking like mother's; no bed like mother's; no friends like home-friends. These boys and girls, when grown up, may marry; but the new husband, or wife, must marry the whole family; and all live in the old homestead. Such homes are not broken except by death. They are good-hearted enough to believe in multiplication, but there must never be any subtraction. These brothers and sisters know all the idiosyncracies of each other, and think them quite normal. They are interested in the minutest detail of each other's lives, and would defend them with their own blood if necessary.

Such people are in a large measure the conservers of our country districts. If it were not for them, all the young people would flock into our cities, and the rural sections would be abandoned. The cradle which rocked the generations long since gathered into "God's Acre," is good enough for them. The school-house, which was the educational centre for their parents, is good enough for them. The post-office, where the town meets when the stage comes in, and where the post-mistress has first access to postal cards, is to their liking. The old family pew is not too straight for these people. The cracked bell is sweet music to them, and the meeting house is their weekly mecca, and the "Old-Time Religion" is good enough for them and theirs. The old graveyard, where the grass is knee-high, and stones and fences down, impresses them as the real spot for life's long rest. These brothers and sisters will want to fence off a spot in Paradise where they will not be annoyed with new-fangled notions, and where city-life will be as remote from them as it was on the earth.

There is a kind of tribal love here which is narrow—having some good points, but not,

as a whole, to be desired. Brothers and sisters who have different shaped heads, are quite as different as though they were of another species. These, with small inhabitativeness, have wiry, nervous temperaments, and want new scenes all the time. They are on the alert for new fields; and must change as often as the snake sheds its skin. Country-life is too tame for them. They long to jostle the multitude. They want to be at the zenith of their joy when the white Broadway is all ablaze, and their country cousins have been sleeping for hours. Their skull is built like that of a dog. Wherever friends are it is at home. You need not put them in a closed basket when you move. Dogs will jump on the first load, wag their tails, and bark all along the line, as much as to say: "We are out for new experiences." Such people would rather live in a stuffy attic in a city, than on the ground floor in the country. They would chop up the old cradle for kindling wood. The old school-house holds no sweet memories for them. The old church is good enough for an occasional funeral, but that is all. The family pew—well, when they lived home the lad was scolded

many and many a time for failing to sit there, and for camping in the back seat with the boys who wanted a little quiet fun! As to the lassie, the choir was a good place for her, where she could sing to the glory of the choir-master during the anthem; and study the bald heads and the fashions during prayer. The old theology to them was like last year's autumn leaves—good only for the brush heap. When these boys and girls scatter, they may go into a church, once in a while, to hear some great orator, or some famous soloist; but, as a rule, these things are too tame for their active brains. You remember this lad leaving for the city almost as soon as he donned long pants, and this lassie soon breaking away from the contracted environments.

New centres were soon established in each case. Business-life had charms in it for the boy; he liked the hustle and bustle of the marts of trade. To be deprived of home comforts were as nothing to him, if by any chance he could come to affluence and fame. He dropped his boyhood as he crossed his father's threshold outward, and entered the realms of manhood. His own parents would hardly

know him, in after years, when he was in the race for gold, and in quiet moments he hardly knew himself. The old folks have no idea where he spends his evenings, or how. He is not home-sick. The bump of inhabitativeness is so small, he is at home anywhere he hangs his hat. He is here, there, and everywhere—like the dog running into a thousand avenues which are not necessary. They seem essential to the roving nature; but O! the wasted energy! Later in life the boy marries; he forms new social circles, and the parents never are adjusted to these peculiar conditions; and so never feel at home with the wife and her friends. The sister marries also; and here another circle is formed. The old home goes to decay; or is sold to strangers. That family book is closed and sealed unto the times of the end.

The sister has a perfect brood of children around her, and so many cares that there is no time to interest herself in even the affairs of her brothers. Girlhood is merged into wifehood and motherhood. In a short time her hair turns white; and grandchildren gather about her knee. These brothers and sisters

have grown apart for so many years they seem to have very little in common; and can hardly trace relationship. Paying a visit to brother or sister an introduction is necessary to their friends; and the stranger remarks, "I see no family resemblance." If such continue to grow apart in the great future, we may pass each other on the Streets of Gold; and think we have never met before.

What a diversity of natures born from the same parents! We apprehend a re-adjustment in the land beyond the stars. There will be everlasting evolutions, and a constant unfoldment; yet we trust there will be an opportunity and a disposition sufficient to take up the broken strands of life, and cement them with a new love—thus rendering unto brother and sister their due.

We cannot but feel that a part of the joys of the hereafter will be boyhood and girlhood, for those who die without having touched that delightful phase of life. Again and again we have caught ourselves saying:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!"

But the thought presses in upon us that it is not backward, but forward where we must know those joys. Like the power of Niagara, we find a current pushing us forward, and we trust, toward Eternal Youth.

We look upon the boys of to-day, and compare their dress and their privileges with those of the boys of the long past yesterdays; and O! how these lovely sights make us long for youth! Our grandmothers made our clothes of homespun; and they fitted like meal-bags on match-sticks. Everything else was as crude. We never knew boyhood, we crave boyhood; that which we crave will come to us.

In the hereafter we shall touch life at every unfinished point, and so for hundreds of years, we want to be a boy! Sisters who began married life when but girls may also desire to live the days of young maidenhood; and this will be the opportunity. Then brothers will come to know brothers; sisters know sisters; and all know each other. Some time in the future, if we have not already done so, we may stand by an open grave; home-ties will gather around us and be broken-hearted; we will hear the clods fall on the casket, and be almost un-

moved. A brother or sister's body will be consigned to the elements; but we will think: "Yes, brother or sister, but we know them not." This will be different in the great hereafter.

The Teacher said "Thy brother shall rise again." It will not be the busy business man. "Thy brother shall rise again!" A comfort to believe we shall yet know brother *as brother*. The sister who used to curl up in the great black arm-chair, and not speak for an evening because of her timidity, now a white-haired woman with two generations about her feet, we shall know, not as a wife, mother, or grandmother, but as a sister. "Thy sister shall rise again." The ones who left the earth in the morning of life, whose faces we have forgotten—if indeed we ever knew them—those who have gone from beauty to beauty in Paradise—we shall find them; they will find us; and there will be reinstated the old hometies.

The ones who cling to each other through all of life's day—as the ivy clings to the vine—are more broken up when the storm of death tears away one of their number—making

havoc in an unbroken home; and these cling closer and closer until the last one is taken. They will not experience the joys of discovery which come to the other class as they scan every niche and corner of the Kingdom. These could not be content to "sit on the soft side of a damp cloud and play a harp forever." They will want to energize and bring out things, new and old. They will add zest and variety to heavenly conditions; and keep everything moving to the satisfaction of the most active.

From the standpoint of our various needs, we shall find the hereafter will fairly measure up to our fondest expectations. There brother and sister will vie with father and mother to make and perpetuate an ideal home.

BABY'S SHOES.

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!

Those shoes that no little feet use.

Oh, the price were high

That those shoes would buy,

Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
'And whose sight makes such fond tears start!
 —*W. C. Bennett.*

CHAPTER XIX

GREEN GRAVES NOT THREE FEET LONG

There are more small graves in our cemeteries than large ones. The cry of the early century—"Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not," is the cry of every century, and the majority of mothers.

The most of the human family die in infancy. What about the future of this unnumbered host, which pass out in serried ranks, the procession reaching from pre-historic man, one million abreast, to our time, every moment only adding to the innumerable company? "Not an easy problem to solve," you may say. The church has staggered before it for ages. Even now they scarcely know where to place the dimpled darlings. One school taught for many generations that "Hell is lined with babies' skulls, and there

are babies in hell not a span long." What a hopeless hope for the dead! What a solemn solace for the living! This was an outgrowth of the theory that "Man is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity." These little ones having no knowledge of salvation were obliged to perish without it, as the heathens do, so said the preachers. What an unutterable soul-agony parents must have experienced in the thought that they had brought children into the world simply to suffer forever. What inexpressible joy must have been theirs when reaching the other side to have their rosy-cheeked darlings welcome them home. In the course of time an effort was made to bridge over the dark chasm, and let at least some of these cherubs pass into heaven. They tried to effect this change by sprinkling water on the forehead, and then declaring them part of the elect. The reputed words of Jesus, He sat a child in the midst and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"; and "Except ye be converted and become like a little child, ye cannot enter into the kingdom," formed part of the ceremony. Since the introduction of water salvation, mothers who have lost un-

baptized children have been told they were not saved, because this sacrament was not observed. The teaching now is "water salvation" for unconscious children, and "blood salvation" for adults. Wisdom will perish with such teachers!

The author was attending a minister's meeting on a certain Monday, when a broken-hearted mother called four times to ask him to hasten and christen a baby who was dying from croup. My own mother urged me to go before dinner. On reaching the house, I noticed the peculiar satisfaction which came to the inmates, as they said in undertones, "The minister has arrived." The little boy was suffering terribly, and I told the parents I was more concerned about his body than his soul. I said to the adults, "If you were half as ripe for futurity as that little baby, you would be happy indeed." I showed them that baptism was no avail; and after fully explaining the subject, the mother laughed through her tears, and told the following story: "Some years ago I lost an infant daughter, and my pastor told me we would never meet in heaven, because I had failed to have her baptized. When

this boy was given up by the physician, I felt I could not be the means of sending another child into that terrible place, so sent for you. Now a double burden is lifted. First, for the one who has passed out; and for this one, whether he remains or goes. I was almost mad; now I rejoice in life or death." Throwing all her healing thoughts to the suffering one, as well as using the proper remedies, he was soon out of danger. What about the minister who had struck the blow of hell into that mother's heart? Alas! Alas! Still going about striking terror to those who linger over the diseased ones. The law should control such cases where the parson will not know and teach the truth. A mother who goes down to the gates of the grave to let a new life smile upon a strange world, should never be called upon to be crushed in any such cruel way. Since so many are only buds here to be transplanted to the garden of the gods, how may we expect to find them on the other side of life? Will they be babies forever? Do all forms of life change on the spirit side, save that of the children? Our great American poet, Longfellow, was told to write on this

important theme, and his inspiration runs thus:

“Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For, when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father’s mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul’s expansion
Shall we behold her face.”

Much more lovely is this thought than the old doctrine of Calvinism; but will it satisfy the mother-heart, and does it cover all the case? Going away as a baby, will the mother be reconciled to meet her as a lovely maiden? Would that be “mother’s baby?” Seems to me Longfellow did not quite get into the new thought of heaven, and heavenly conditions. On the other hand, would parents feel right to have a child arrested for years or forever in its unfoldment, just to gratify the longing for baby arms and caresses? A baby of a few months, or years of age, is one of the most interesting objects on earth. How we study them! How we learn from them! How we love them! But a baby forty years of age

would be a skeleton in almost any domestic circle. A man of years, with a baby's body, or mind, would be of no value to the home, and a curse to himself. A baby a million years old, even in heaven, would be a monstrosity.

There must be an inter-blending of earth and heaven conditions, with earth and heaven ages, to fill the desire of the offspring, and ultimately satisfy the mother's affection. The two statements of baby life, and adult life, in the same person, are truth, though they may impress one at first as being a paradox. When a great throng of people were standing on the capitol grounds at Washington to witness the inauguration of James A. Garfield, as President of the United States, they saw him directly he was inducted into office, turn and kiss his wrinkled mother. She replied: "No matter what he is to the nation, he will always be Jimmie to me." The mother could see what the multitudes could not, the little boy, and the great statesman. Perhaps it may be easier understood by using the following illustration. Think of a man in his place of business dressed for the marts of trade. Certain people will only know him in that phase of life. They al-

ways see him in that way, and think of him in that way. He leaves the office, divests himself of business garb, and invests himself with the uniform of a "Knight Templar." Some see him only in the lodge room or in the great parades, and know him in no other way. Once again we see him in full dress at a society function. His friends in the social set have never seen him in the two costumes before mentioned, so they only think of him as one of the "Four Hundred." Night comes on, and he sits by his own fireside with his own family, talking over the events of the day. The dressing-robe, slippers, and easy chair, are now his as he relaxes. His family know him in all of these expressions of life; others know him in but one. In business, in fraternity life, in social life, in home life, he is one and the same. The change has been an exterior, and not an interior, one.

Learn from this illustration that a spirit has power to lay off and take on bodies, as this man did raiment. The spirit one and the same, no matter what the exterior-expression may be. The human body is not one bulky mass we take on at birth, and deposit in the

grave at death, never to be called up again. We have many bodies here and hereafter, as he had many suits of clothes. Scientific men used to tell us that we had a new body once in seven years. Now they say a new body every eleven and one-half months.

Bodies in the spirit-life will change as they do in the earth-life. Christmas time comes, and a boy finds in his stocking a box of blocks. With these he builds a fort, and destroys it; makes a church, and demolishes it. During the construction and destruction nothing is lost. At the end of the day he has as many blocks as at its beginning; yet he has built and torn down, and built again. The spirit can play with material particles, as the boy does with the cubes. It is capable of building baby bodies, or adult bodies, as circumstances demand. The modern bridge builder takes down a worn-out structure, and builds a larger and better one while passenger trains go by, and freights are carried across the continent. So spirit can build up one body and scatter another, noiselessly, carefully, perfectly; and we pass on from place to place, even from earth to heaven, performing life's functions,

here or there, as though we had always lived in one body. Life and Death goes on all the time while we tabernacle in the wilderness of Time; and when we exchange worlds, we will still change from "glory to glory." At the time of transition the body goes through the triple change of "Earth to earth"—"Ashes to ashes"—"Dust to dust." When this comes to one of our own, it tries our soul as nothing else can do. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, pass under the rod, and cry out, as did the late Joseph Parker of City Temple, London, when he paid a sweet and powerful tribute to a little churchyard mound, in the following words:

"Amid all the whirl and dizziness of life's tragedy, in which creation seems to be but one great cloud, I find myself suddenly brought to a sweet baby's grave. A gray old church, a gurgling stream, a far-spreading thorn-tree on a green hillock, and a grave on the sunny, southerly side. That is it. Thither I hasten night and day; and in patting the soft grass I feel as if conveying some sense of love to the little sleeper far down. Do not reason with me about it; let the wild heart in sweet

delirium of love have all its own way. Baby was but two years old, when like a dewdrop he went up to the warm sun, yet he left my heart as I have seen ground left, out of which a storm had torn a great tree. We talk about the influence of great thinkers, great speakers and great writers, but what about the little infant's power? O child of my heart, no poet has been so poetical, no soldier so victorious, no benefactor so kind, as thy unconscious self. I feel thy soft kiss on my withered lips just now, and would give all I have for one look of thy dreamy eyes, but I cannot have it. Not dark doubt, not staggering argument, not subtile sophism, but child death—especially when there is but one—makes one wonder and makes me cry in pain, Baby! Baby! I could begin the world again without a loaf or a friend if I had but thee; such a beginning, with all its hardships, would be welcome misery. I do not wonder that the grass is green and soft that covers that little grave, and that the summer birds sing their tenderest notes as they sit on the branches of that old hawthorne tree. Is this not the heaviest cross that can crush the weakness of man? Yet that green

grave, not three feet long, is to me a great estate, making me rich with wealth untold. There I meet the infant angels; there I see all the mothers whose spirits are above; and there my heart says: 'Strange things in strange words. Do you know me? Do you see me? Do you look from sunny places down to this cold land of weariness? O baby! sweet, sweet baby! I will try for your sake to be a better man. I will be kind to other little babies, and tell them your name, and sometimes let them play with your toys; but, oh, baby! baby! My old heart throbs and breaks.'"

This is so tender and pathetic it seems like the wail of a mother-heart, yet it is the outburst of a cultured man, with great mental development; but with a spirit as large as it was tender. He knew as we do that "Death was not spoken of the soul." A lobster will drop its claws when it comes near shore, and meets an enemy; but it does not die, simply goes out into the deep waters, where the mud is soft, and builds another pair. The spirit drops the earth-body at the portals of death, and goes out into the deeper and richer life, having the power which it had here, of taking

on a new body as occasion may require. When emancipation day comes for the mother, she goes to meet those of her own household. She asks, "Will baby be there, know me, and be my own baby." Had she known the natural laws in the spiritual realm, that question might have been settled this side of the grave. This is how it occurs. The child, knowing the desire of the mother, simply materializes a baby-body for purposes of identification, and maternal satisfaction. She fondles and caresses the baby, and intuitively exclaims: "Now show me your body as it has developed since leaving the earth-plane," and the "spiritual blocks" are thrown down again. and another more resplendent body formed. Mother sees in this even her own baby. So you see our spirit friends are able to take down, and put up, any body they will, as the child forms and reforms the blocks. This one will show themselves as a baby to those who knew them in infancy; an adult, to such as knew them in the prime of life; and an aged pilgrim, to those who knew them as the last leaf upon the tree in the Spring. Nothing is lost, and this change of expression is as natural as the

change of bodies this side the grave. The body here, and hereafter, is only an outward covering, and never permanent. Have you noticed the different bodies Jesus utilized during his forty days of materialization? First, seen as the "Gardener," so as not to excite Roman guards stationed around the tomb. Again, as the miracle-worker, or hungry fisherman by the sea. Again, "as a stranger in Jerusalem," when walking through the public thoroughfare to Emmaus. Again, with the "print of the nails in his hands and the sword wound in his side," to meet Thomas on the plane of his understanding. Again, as an old man, on Patmos.

This present body will not be the fixed body of the hereafter. No marks of earthly conflict can long disfigure us on the other side of life, yet we shall often take on worldly conditions, to satisfy the desires of those who knew us with earth's scars. "We shall know as we are known!" What a delightful time our spirit friends will have; and we shall have a part in it, taking on earth's conditions, and throwing them off again. We shall talk over the dark and trying experiences of these lowlands,

when the sting has been removed, and often impersonate the past. As the soldiers of the "Grand Army of the Republic" rehearse the old war scenes, so we shall talk over the scenes of time—transforming ourselves from earthly to heavenly bodies, according to our will. Rejoice, mother and father, for you will one day see the baby-face and be glad. You will also see them in their glory. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard," the things which are prepared for parents, all earthly relatives, friends, and even ourselves.

Rejoice in life and in death, for "it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting."

MY KINGLY ST. BERNARD.

There's a vacant place to-day, where my loved friend
used to stay,
On the carpet by my favorite easy chair; 'twas his
resting place for years,
And my eyes are full of tears, when I see he is no
longer near me there.

I have wondered, with hushed heart, how we two could
ever part,
For I knew the lonesome time was stealing on, and
that sometime it might be,
As to-day it is with me—sitting here and knowing
one I love is gone.

Dead! My St. Bernard is dead! Low his massive,
silky head,
Which he laid upon my lap to be caressed, while his
wonderous, large brown eyes,
Always true, intense and wise, seemed an anchor to
my soul, howe'er distressed.

Words express not my regret that I could not hold my
pet
From the grave, so dark and silent, where he lies, with
his dear head on his paws,
Chained by Nature's iron laws, unresponsive to my
human miseries.

Any moment, when alive, he had sympathy to give,
Coming near to learn what troubled, and give aid;
offering his massive paw,
Pressing down his mighty jaw, saying plainly: "I am
here, be not afraid."

Always lovable and grand, quick as thought to understand

Each expression flittering o'er a human face, I have seldom seen outwrought

Such impressiveness to thought, nor a human friend who more deserved his place.

When I needs must stay alone I shall hear his thunderous tone,

As I used to in the yesterdays now dead; rolling through the lonesome dark—

Hear my guardman's warning bark, and reach out my hand to stroke his noble head.

Oh, what would I give to know, if to heaven I ever go, I shall meet my dear companion, happy there;

No harp playing e'er could be welcome as his bark to me

When I reach that country, fair beyond compare.

—*Emma Rood Tuttle.*

CHAPTER XX

REDEMPTION NOT CONFINED TO MAN.

Many people are so extremely narrow and selfish that they would monopolize Heaven, and limit eternal life if within their power so to do. American trusts and syndicates are liberal alongside of these individuals. The castes of India are not to be compared to what Heaven would be, could these pious adult children have their say. Some would have it a national affair, many would make it a race re-union. Some would narrow it down to a family gathering, to match the selfish prayers they have voiced for years. A very, very few, would permit everything which breathes to share in its gladness.

There is a hopeful growth along the line of liberal thought, and an isolated number are magnanimous enough to grant room in the Eternal City for domestic animals, and lovely birds. Methinks the "Sea of Glass" would

not be contaminated if some of the finny tribe should gambol in its waters. The tree bearing twelve manner of fruit, once a month, and filled with leaves for the healing of the nations, would look quite as well with birds of beautiful plumage and sweet song jumping from twig to twig. The grass by the "River of Life" would be well enlivened with flocks of sheep lying down in green pastures. No spot in all the universe could be more appropriate for the "Ninety and Nine."

The great forests of eternity would be fitting places for the beasts which have been hounded to death by men who love to take life. The lawns around the "Many Mansions" would hardly be complete without our domestic animals. Seems to me I can see people holding up holy hands, and hear them exclaim, "such views are erratic." "These flights are too visionary for consideration." But I beg of you to consider them, this moment, and see if we cannot hereafter agree. If falsehood lies behind this belief, then science has made a great mistake, and the Bible has blundered. The voice of Science tells us that animals are sentient beings, or creatures of in-

telligence. They, as well as man, can see, hear, feel, taste and smell, and each are able to reason up to the standard of his own organism. None can reason as abstrusely, nor on as high a plane as man. This is not because man has a different kind of life from that possessed by the lower animals, for all have similar vital forces, and are from the same source of life. All sustain life in the same manner by the digestion of similar foods, producing blood muscles and bone, each according to his kind of nature. Each propagates his species, similarly bestowing the life upon his posterity. They differ in shape and mental capacity, but with all living things share in a great brotherhood. Without much reflection you may think there is no consanguinity between man and animal, and give as the reason that man has a soul, and the animal is born without one. Ponder the words of Solomon if you are willing to see how much we are alike. He wrote, "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other. Yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." Surely there

is a family resemblance here. This takes us to a common earth beginning, and a common earth end. Going a step deeper he says, "All go into one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again". This surely teaches that the physical component parts of man and beasts are the same. Now he leaves the teaching concerning our bodies, and gives a soul-lesson in the following words, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" Each according to the wise man has a mortal life, and each a spirit life. Though the spirit of the beast may go to the earth-bound sphere for a season, in the fullness of time, all will rise to higher spheres. Men of base and animal passions begin in that low grade, but none remain there forever.

If you want to claim in the future that animals are soul-less, remember that, "Man hath no pre-eminence over the beasts." All life is in the School of Evolution; and not doomed to extinction, but to a redemption which will surprise the most thoughtful student.

Turning away from the instruction of scien-

tific men as to our origin, and from the wise words of Solomon, let us open again the pages of the book which many regard as the "Man of their counsel," and see if science and the Bible do not meet on one and the same platform. Paul in his sublime "Victory Chapter," writes, "Every created thing shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption." As though that might not be strong or clear-cut enough, he says in the next verses, "For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; but not only they, but we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit: The redemption of our body." Here we find man and animal in the agony of childbirth, waiting for a better, sentient life; a new birth of the spirit. Paul speaks of it as "Redemption," and that word means to "buy back."

Every created thing started from the great "Over-Soul," and is to be "bought back." Do not be frightened away from this exalted truth by the thought of what some of the lower forms of life are now. The second birth, or the birth of the spirit, will do marvelous things for man and beast. Of man it is written:

“It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.”

“It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory.”

“It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.”

“It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.”

What will be the full measure of this wonderful transformation? No tongue can tell. We having the same kind of life as the beasts, may there not be as great a transformation for them? There certainly is; and the Bible pictures it as it pictures man's. What saith the book?

“The wolf shall dwell with the lamb.”

“The leopard shall lie down with the kid.”

“The calf, and the young lion, and fatling together.”

“The lion and bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together.”

“The lion shall eat straw like the ox.”

“The suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp.”

“The weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.”

“They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain.”

“A little child shall lead them.”

This transformation should satisfy any one, and make them feel that if “a little child can lead them,” adults should not fear. What a

wonderful sight we shall behold when we see humanity "bought back" and brought back! What a wonderful scene we shall look upon when every creature, biped and quadruped, shall have been "bought back" and "brought back!" Perhaps some of us will have cause to feel the lower forms of life have played their part in the tragedy of earth, much better than we did, and for less reward. Their's is a life of service and sacrifice. Let us no longer count ourselves fit for glory, and they for extinction.

Ministers of every name use the account of Noah's Ark, as a miniature picture of earth and heaven. The antideluvian age standing for our world, and the purified earth representing the glory land. According to record, not only man was taken over into the new world, but the animals came forth in pairs also. Since the ark is a type of Heaven, we must look for them to land in the city which hath foundation, as well as ourselves.

John, in the Book of Revelation, was privileged to see the Holy City, and his "Letter to the Seven Churches" tells us horses, and other animals were there, as well as beasts, el-

ders, and the multitude which no man can number.

We wrest the Bible account when trying to make man very literal in the scene, and the animals only figurative. All men and creatures mentioned were there, or none at all. What possible objection could there be to this condition of affairs? Nothing but the spirit of selfishness and narrow-mindedness. A gigantic redemption which "buys back" everything which hath breath, should be a satisfactory joy to all benevolent persons.

In other years when horsecars used to pull human loads up Brooklyn Heights, Dr. Talmage would watch the overburdened friends of humanity, and once in a sermon delivered in Schermerhorn Street Tabernacle, he exclaimed, "These abused creatures will be turned out with the white horses mentioned by John in the Book of Revelation."

If all humanity would accept this truth there would be little need for a society to prosecute men for the crime "Cruelty to Animals." Did we but know we are in one great brotherhood, and will meet again, our acts would be more humane. Let us not make the

pangs of spiritual birth any harder for the quadrupeds than we would want them to make for the bipeds, were they clothed with the same power. Teach the children these lessons of kinship for the good of all here, and hereafter.

All birds sing in the *minor key* now, and the bass notes of animals and beasts are the half understood wailings for redemption. By and by the cages will be thrown open, and every creature will join in a grand "Hallelujah Chorus"—all the music to be in the *major key*. There will be a perfect accord between man and animal then. A beautiful understanding will pervade the universe, and the human family will then, if not now, render thanks that every creature has been bought back, and that nothing will hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain.

Rejoice, beloved, in the thought of re-union with loved ones and pets in the Palace of the King!

BILLY AND I.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but
don't you fret,
For the fellow who dares to meddle with you, must
reckon with me, you bet!
You're a poor old horse, Old Billy, and you aren't
worth much it is true;
But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see
you safely through.

Shoot Old Billy! I guess not, though you may be old
and gray;
By the self same stretch of mercy they'll be shooting
at me, some day.
For I'm three times older than you are, for I've
reached three score and ten;
And shooting isn't the thing to do to horses no more
than men.

That's right, Old Billy, I like it—your muzzle against
my face;
We've had rattling times together, and once we won
the race—
Do you remember it, Billy, the dude that we downed
that day,
And the way he swore, that an old farm horse should
show his trotter the way?

I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the
shooting plan;
If they had more pity for horses and dogs, they'd have
more love for man;

And this world would be much nearer the glad mil-
lenium-day,
If they'd just stop burning powder for good, and fire
their guns away.

Well, Billy, we're both great sinners, for we've both
grown old, you know;
And we've only a little further adown the road to go.
So we'll travel along together, till the Master call us
Home,
To the happy Home-Land Stables, and our feet forget
to roam.

Yes, we've jogged along together, for many and many
a day,
So we'll just keep on ajogging, to the ending of the
way;
And, at last, when the shadows falling shall tell the
time for rest,
We will meet, then, nothing fearing, for you know
we've done our best.

Won't it be jolly, Old Comrade, in the pastures green
and fair,
To roll in the fragrant clover that must bloom for-
ever there?
You'll be there, Billy, I know it, for they'll surely let
you in—
I only wish my record on earth was a quarter as free
from sin.

They tell me that horses have no souls, and they all
declare it true;
That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it
proves they don't know you.

Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond
my ken—

But the more I know about horses like you, the less I
brag about men.

Now, trot away to the pasture, and hear the thrushes
sing,

And list to the children playing, and hear how their
voices ring;

See the white clouds drifting over, hear the cooling
brooklets flow—

'Tis a sweet, glad world, Old Billy, and we'll stay 'till
we have to go.

Shoot Old Billy! By ginger! They'd better not try
that on,

For the man that draws a gun on you, will wish he'd
never been born;

They say it will cost to keep you! All right, you
have earned it fair;

So don't you worry, old friend of mine, you shall have
your honest share.

You've been a good horse, old fellow, steady, and
brave and true;

You have given us faithful service—done all that a
horse could do.

You have earned your keep; you shall have it; so live
as long as you can.

For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's
horse or man.

—*J. C. Cutter.*

IN THE SWEET OLD WAY.

When I had my body, the angel said,
Who dwelt in the land of the so-called dead,
I should have done much more that I did not do
Ere the old, sweet life on the earth was through.

There is so much now that I would like to say
To those below in the sweet old way:
There is so much sorrow and so much gloom
Since they laid my body in the tomb.

When I had my body, I counted not
How intricate is transmitting thought—
Without the service of that true friend
Which did my bidding its aid to lend.

But now I wander unseen around,
Unable to utter a single sound:
I cannot say to the ones most dear,
“I yet can love you, and I am here.”

When I had my body, my hands could balm
The pains and bruises to restful calm;
My lips could warn, or give words of cheer,
To guard and strengthen the friends most near.

Long weeks go by, and I watch and wait
To impart a thought of my changed estate.
They turn to my portrait upon the wall,
But they give no heed to my spirit call.

They cannot hear, and they cannot see,
And it seems so long ere they'll come to me.
When I had my body, I counted not
How intricate is transmitting thought.

I long to speak them a word of cheer!
I long to be seen by my loved ones dear;
But their doubts shut down like a curtain black,
And their hopeless grief bars my sad soul back.

—Anon.

CHAPTER XXI

WIG-WAGGING FROM GLORY LAND

Signals From Home.

Swiftly sailing o'er life's ocean,
Often rolling in the foam,
We have longed for sound or signal
From the dear ones safe at home.

Chorus.

Gentle voices from the homeland,
Often seem to signal me;
Tune your harp, ye angel songsters,
Waft the music o'er life's sea.

Headed for the peaceful harbor,
Lo! a calm spreads o'er the sea;
In the peace that follows tempest,
Loved ones seem to signal me.

Gentle voices from the homeland,
Tune your harps, we wait to hear;
Let the melody of Heaven
Ring out now, both loud and clear.

Those who have the Heavenly Pilot,
Cast the anchor without harm;
Though their life is like the ocean,
Sometimes rough, and sometimes calm.

—*Psychic Songster.*

On the Ocean of Life, especially when storms beat heavy upon us, we have longed for sound or signal, from the dear ones safe at home.

As a great encamped army sweltering in the valley, have longed for the "wig-wag" signals which would give them instructions, so have we longed for comfort, and timely directions from those on the up-lands.

In army life, a flag is generally used to flash out these signals. In life's great battle a psychic takes the place of the flag.

Columbus and his men sailed for weary weeks and months over a trackless sea, believing there was a promised land beyond the waves—believing, but not knowing it. The multitudes of earth are on just such an uncertain voyage. The masses are saying in sacred services: "We believe," while thousands of honest people are saying, "We do not know." The truthful agnostic is more honorable than the credulous Christian. In this strenuous age of great findings, men are no longer content to "hope so," or even "believe so." They say, "If this cannot be demonstrated, we think best to hold the whole subject in abeyance."

“There is too much which can be proved,” says the hard-headed man of the day, “to be annoyed by anything which cannot be known.” Over the side of the ship, Columbus, who was sailing by faith, looked for evidence. Religionists have been content too long with faith. Men have gotten into a semi-faith rut; and do not seem to be able to extricate themselves. Knowledge is better than faith; therefore let not faith be a stopping-point, but a pathway to knowledge. The ones who are looking for evidence are more likely to obtain it, than those who sit supinely by expecting nothing.

Many of Columbus' crew were sulking, hopeless, hearts turned backward, and about ready to mutiny. I have reason to fear that a great many on life's ocean are before the mast, and not behind it; are in the forecastle, and not the cabin; are unwilling slaves, not masters—seeing nothing, and knowing nothing; because they are expecting nothing. Would a little rather not have evidence than to have it. One day, one blessed day, a bit of “driftwood” came floating over the tide; another day “a bird's nest.” Only little things to be sure;

but they had big evidential value. Everybody began to be optimistic from that moment. They were like "Hands across the sea." The whole matter was settled—they had seen a bird's nest! Doubts were at an end, because of a bit of driftwood. Was there ever such a message from a bird's nest, or an escaped bit of wood? Surely there was a Western Continent! The wood thrown into the sea by an Indian proved it. The abandoned nest shook from the limb of a tree in new America proved it. A vast country, a great continent, a model Republic, a world-power, the home of the brave and the true, is largely the result of those small discoveries. Believing as strongly in a better land than Columbus looked for; sailing toward it with all canvas set; looking outward for chips, or nests, or any little indication of life beyond: you will, some day, see the "wig-wagging," and understand the signals long before you put off the mortal form.

Mighty changes have been effected in lines of communication between states and nations since the days of Columbus; and the end is not yet. The telegraph startled our forebears;

the cablegram made the old folks wonder; and now, wireless telegraphy is locking the world in one kindly embrace. The scientific men are playing with the stars, to see if sister Mars is not about ready to communicate with us. Not only this, but since the discovery of telepathy in the realm of psychology, great men are by the strictest test conditions seeking to communicate with the friends who are supposed to have outgrown earth. Many claim this has often been done. Robert Louis Stevenson sang that the departed friend was straining his eyes and whistling to us.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long, gusty lifetime through,
 Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall restore
 Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,

That selfsame arduous way—
 That selfsame upland hopeful way
 That you and he through many a doubtful day
 Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
 But in the path we mortals tread
 Got some few trifling steps ahead
 And nearer to the end
 So that you, too, once past this bend,
 Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
 You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
 You travel forward mile by mile,
 He loiters with a backward smile,
 Till you can overtake,
 And strains his eyes to search his wake,
 Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
 Waits on a stile.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Materialists are being converted to a belief in, and a knowledge of, the continuity of life; and the possibility, under certain circumstances, of hearing the whistle-call from the other side. The communications may be fragmentary, and not always satisfactory; but remember the "Bird's-Nest" told the tale of a home in other tree-tops, and a song in an undiscovered country; and the "chip," the tale of chil-

dren of nature working beyond the sea. It would be quite impossible to go into any country, any church, any society, any business circle, any scientific body, any denomination, in this enlightened age, without finding some who, in the sleeping or waking periods of life, have not heard from their dead. The American Indians knew of this on our continent; and the people of India and the islands of the sea, have been able to discern spirits. The English and the American Psychical Societies of Research, have done much to lift the subject out of the realm of the ludicrous, while Spiritualists, Theosophists, Shakers, Friends, Mormons, Unitarians, and no end of private sensitives, have kept opening up fallow ground for the psychological farmers to weed out, and fence in. Spiritualists, and others, are only the modern Columbuses who are looking over the gunwhale of the Ship of Time for signals from the better world. Materialists, Adventists, and hide-bound religionists, are simply the ones who refuse to look for evidence; or believe in it, if others discover it. I would rather be a Columbus on the "quarter deck"—looking for the new, and bet-

ter life, than a common mariner in the "Fore-castle," wasting time in rehearsing pessimistic views. We do not need to sail West in order to discover this lovely territory. We do not need to leave the East, to look out upon it. It lies around us. Let a "Bull's Eye" teach a spiritual lesson. This may represent the earth—outside and all around it, the atmosphere. Let the "rings" and the "spaces" represent the different spheres in the etheric belt; where our departed kindred live. They may not, necessarily, be confined to a few; for there are many—like outlying belts in the ether; and these interpenetrate, making communication with the "Bull's Eye" possible. How is this communication effected? Much as wireless telegraphic messages are transmitted. There is the proper utilization of sending and receiving instruments and the belt of ether and atmosphere. In the mechanical device employed by the wireless people, the two instruments are keyed, or tuned alike. If one was set to C natural, and the other to B flat, no message would impinge upon them forever. The instrument might be fearfully and wonderfully made, but without accord, no re-

sults. Many excellent people do not receive word from the departed because they are not in tune with the infinite. Harmonious relations must exist, if satisfactory results are recorded. Some excellent people are so materialistic, even if they are numbered with Christians, as to believe there can be no messages from the Home Land, because they never saw any wires leading into the kingdom. A message must be sent with carrying power sufficient to reach the receiver. This is another reason why some people get nothing from the other side of the thin veil. Not all of our friends who pass on have the strength, or the knowledge, sufficient to transmit a message. We may not realize until we get over there that there is much for a spirit to learn and take on. The chemical laws of the spiritual life will be too intricate for many of us, at the first, and even by the time our last relatives or friends leave earth, we may not be stalwart, or proficient enough to "wig-wag" from Glory.

Some spirits are able to expel an energy of thought which is taken up by the vibratory waves around our globe. These waves widen

and widen, until they pass through the ether into the atmosphere, and register on any sensitive instrument attuned to receive them. This is the reason that mediums pick up messages which we let pass by. A boy on a house top will pick up a communication off the wireless receiver which a Marconi or De Forest system will fail to register. He and his instrument are in tune with the sender, while the other ones are temporarily out of harmony. The sending and receiving instruments must each be sanctified—that is, set apart for this specific purpose. This is another reason why sensitives get messages from our loved ones when we cannot sense them. The wireless telegraphy machines do not run “A Banking House,” “A Wall Street Ticker,” “A Bureau of Information,” “Games, Races, and Fights,” or “A Society Gossipshop.” It stands in its quiet place for one purpose, and one only—viz.: to send and receive messages between distant points. The true medium occupies just that relation to things of the spirit, and thus is able to interpret the “wig-wag” messages from Glory Land.

The first message sent over the Atlantic Cable is still on record and covers little space on the printed page. The multitudinous ones which have followed would fill volumes enough to stock the famous old Alexandrian library. It is really impossible to tell when the first spirit message came to earth. The initial one in the Book of Genesis, was when a spirit visited a celebrated couple in a celebrated garden, at the cool of the day. These communications have been augmented until one hundred Alexandrian libraries could not contain the revelations. Many Bible students in all their readings by course, and in their topical research, have failed to notice how very full that old book is of these remarkable manifestations. In order that such may see that this was no misunderstood topic in the days of old, we append some of the references to spirit manifestations. They take such well known phases as "Trumpet Speaking," "Spirit Writing," "Independent Voices," "Trance," "Healings," "Levitation," "Materialization," etc., etc.

Materialization—Genesis, iii: 8; Genesis, xviii: 1; Genesis, xxxii: 24; Exodus, xxiv: 10,

11; Daniel, v: 5; Luke, xxiv: 15, 16, 29, 30, 31; John, xx: 19, 30.

Spirit writing—II. Chronicles, xxxi: 12; Daniel, v: 5.

Independent spirit writing—Exodus, xxiv: 12; Exodus, xxxi: 18; Exodus, xxxii: 16; Exodus, xxxiv: 1; Deut., v: 22; Deut., ix: 10.

Trumpet speaking—Exodus, xix: 13, 18, 19; Exodus, xx: 18; Revelations, i: 10.

Trance—Genesis, xv: 12, 17; Daniel, viii: 18; Daniel, x: 9; Acts, ix: 3, 9; Acts, xxii: 17; II. Cor., xii: 2.

Healing—Numbers, xxi: 8, 9; II. Kings, v: 1, 14; I. Kings, xvii: 17, 24; II. Kings, iv: 18, 37.

Disciples charged to heal sick—Matthew, x: 8; Luke, ix: 2; Luke, x: 9.

Disciples heal the sick—Acts, xiv: 8, 10; Acts, iii: 1, 8.

Healing—New Testament—Jesus healer—Matthew, xii: 10, 13; Luke, xiv: 2, 4; Mark, iii: 2, 5; John, iv: 47, 54; Luke, ix: 11; Luke, v: 17, 25.

Healing by magnetized articles—II. Kings, iv: 29; Acts, xix: 11, 12.

Independent spirit voices—Deut., ix: 12, 13; I. Samuel, iii: 3, 9; Ezekiel i: 25; Matthew, xvii: 5; John, xii: 28, 29, 30; Acts, vii: 30, 31; Acts, ix: 4, 7; Acts xi: 7, 8, 9.

Spirit levitation—I. Kings, xviii: 12; Ezekiel, iii: 13, 14; Ezekiel, viii: 3; Acts, viii: 39; possibly also Matthew, iv: 1.

Spirit tests—Genesis, xxiv: 14, 19; Judges, vi: 36, 40; I. Samuel, i: 10, 11, 17, 26, 27; I. Samuel, x: 2, 6, 9, 10.

Spirit Communication in dreams—Job, xxxiii: 15; Joel, ii: 28; Genesis, xxviii: 12; Genesis, xxxi: 24; Genesis, xxxvii: 5; Genesis, xii.

Gifts of healing—I. Cor., xii: 9, 28.

Since Bible days these vibratory waves have been still coming earthward. Some have received them; others have been so concerned with earthly affairs they have had no time or disposition to entertain them.

The old Church Fathers were not unacquainted with them. The Kings and Rulers of this world have entertained angels in their palaces down the ages to the present time. John Wesley, Martin Luther, and Imanuel Swedenborg, knew much about this subject.

The Fox sisters (Methodists) introduced modern spiritualism to the world. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Judge Edmonds, Russel Dale Owen, D. D. Home, Andrew Jackson Davis, Margaret Gaul, and myriads of arisen ones of recent times were in rapport with them. Rev. May Pepper Vanderbilt, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Zadia B. Kates, W. J. Colville, William E. Stead, and a vast army still here on the ocean of life are giving us new evidences, all the time. We, in common with the masses of unnamed ones, have both seen and heard. What a wonderful picture we might hang on our walls if some artist were but able to show us the barque of life—in it the baby eyes, the eyes of male and female looking over the ocean for evidences, and the smiling faces of those who are able to get the love-tidings on the receiving instrument of their organism. Then turning his camera to the etheric belt, gauge it for a time exposure as the earth wheeled on its axis; while he had photographed all the beautiful spirits who are transmitting messages from the land where there are no graves. These companion pictures would gladden the heart

of the most despondent; and they might, perchance, find some of their own arisen ones about to send tidings to them. Hopeless ones would find hope springing anew in the breast. Those who have heard of that land and its inhabitants, but have seen neither the floating "Bird's Nest" or "Driftwood" prophecies of that which lie beyond; would rejoice at the thought of quick intercourse. And those who have the "Letters from Heaven," would stand ready to give their contents to the multitude.

It would take too many pages to rehearse the letters which have already been received. After all, people are not so much concerned with that which the postman brings to others, as that which is addressed to themselves.

We will only remind you of one visitation of spirit-persons to the earth which most, who read these pages, will be willing to credit. Jesus, Peter, James and John saw Moses and Elias, and talked with them. If they could pay a visit to the shores of Time—after having been gone from the earth until years had run into hundreds, and thousands—think you not your friends who have been gone so short a time, may come or may send consolation?

Nearly every home of death has entertained angels unawares—seen only by those who were passing out.

Many are living on the earth who have never seen a soldier stand on the apex of a summit, and “wig-wag” a message with the flag of our Nation to the weary uniformed soldiers below. Some may even doubt the truth of such communication. Many are living on earth who have never been convinced that we can hear from “Those we loved long since, and lost awhile.”

My closing suggestion to you is, as your “Barque of Life” sails on towards “Good-Man’s-Land,” that you keep it in good trim. After directing the crew take time frequently, to keep the “weather eye” over the hull looking for “Signals from Home.”

In the hour that seems as all but lost, it may be at the *Moon Light Watch* evidence may come to you, which will make your spirit jubilant. The eye of your soul will be opened, and you will see that your friends are “wig-wagging” to you from “Glory Land.” The ears of your soul will be unstopped, and you will hear the order to move out of the sun-

scorched place of misery, into a new and undiscovered realm. Then you will wonder why others refuse to look, and you will urge the common sailors to be Spiritual Masters. From the hill-tops they are wig-wagging to us now.

THE END