REVELATIONS AND REPUDIATIONS
—OF—
GREAT MINDS DISCARNATE.

A Compendium of Truth,

TRANSCRIBED BY THEIR AMANUENSIS
FRANCES A. HOOD.

Only Authorized Version.

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ERRATA

Page 108, line 7 For "our" read "own."
Page 109, capitalize words, "The One Mind."
Page 125, 8th line from end, read "preservers."
Page 227, last line, for "flags" read "flag."
Page 241, needs the last word erased.
Page 19, capitalize words "The Infinite Mind."

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introduction	5
Some Mysteries Explained by Disfranchised Beings	9
The River of Love	21
The Mind of Humanity	27
The Great Conversation	57
Heaven—An Address by Wm. Shakespeare	85
A Writing by Confucius	107
Savonarola Bids Men See the Truth	119
Season's Greetings from Ella Wheeler Wilcox	131
The End of Summer	133
A Late Address by Lincoln	137
To the Republic	146
Prayer—Its Mystery Explained	151
The Roaring Wind	165
One More Disfranchised Mind Writes Humanity	171
Seneca Pictures Hell	194
War	203
Abraham, the Patriarch, Tells of God and Heaven	213
David, the Psalmist, Declares Himself	227
The Way Adam Fell	235
Nature	261
Yet More Light	283
Other Presentations	295
Thought—As the Creator	313

Note:—All contained in the book not otherwise designated, emanated from The Control, appointed by The Immortals to reveal great truths for them.

Excepting the chapter entitled - "One More Disfranchised Mind Writes Humanity."

Revelations and Repudiations

of

Great Minds Discarnate

INTRODUCTION.

Feeling it may interest readers of the work here presented, the amanuensis transcribing for its authors, wishes to make plain what has led to its presentation.

For more than thirteen years preceding this event, her development as a psychic, had been progressing in the seclusion of her apartments, undisturbed by the entrance of any with earthly knowledge of it. Nor did she seek information of psychics, or those holding theories from the past, in regard to The Return of Mind, or its manifestations.

Conscious that friends from the other world were about her, while busied with home duties or otherwise occupied, she received from them in writing or through the inner ear, all the instructions ever made hers, regarding a subject now to be elucidated as not before. Assured by those controlling her in a normal manner, that all beliefs not positively true, would enable a lying mind to write in accordance with them,—since truthful ones could not, and must leave control of her hand on reaching such if held by her,—she strove to lay by all convictions

held in her mind heretofore, not absolutely proven true.

By this means, she has been enabled to receive messages of the utmost importance to humanity, that have never been accessible till now, to the world at large, and while her authority may be doubted, by those who have attained varying heights in the upward pathway psychics may tread, when they shall have complied with laws and rules laid down in the book, they will find by experience, that undeviating corroboration of its truths, will be obtained from those controlling them.

All its accounts of the great occurrences antedating history, and every detail given within its pages of the life to follow this, will then be strengthened by the accumulated mass of testimony, till all will acknowledge that a new way has been found, by which to surmount obstacles hindering so long from agreement in accounts of The Unseen, those who now may follow it. And she who for the sake of learning stupendous truths, has passed through stages of development most trying, feels that with the book making all plain, many of mediumistic mind will follow its directions, and emerge from a labyrinth where Reason may no longer follow them.

"Occult" writings have appeared in such numbers, and introduced so many fantastic beliefs, that men of sound judgment have come to think none dependable; while from their array of unnatural

presentations, few are with time or wish to select sane ideas. Curiosity has been glutted upon what has for the most part been discarded, and with the solitary incontrovertible fact of Spirit-Return, (that reasoning mortals feel may be accepted), the strange mass of dull reading is usually passed by.

In contributing to this book, the great wish of immortals is, to prove that its startling revelations are indeed the work of disfranchised minds among them. Resting not alone upon the word of a psychic claiming this, they offer to thoughtful minds, its contents in evidence.

Revelations and Repudiations.

SOME MYSTERIES EXPLAINED BY DISFRANCHISED BEINGS.

There is with many, a feeling that the power making itself felt in psychics, who describe various things pertaining to another life, causes a strange lack of agreement in their language; and with this writing from one of the famed minds immortal in unison with others, we wish to set right for mankind, a wrong that has long prevailed.

Mediums of honor and great mental strength, are with weaker ones in the belief, that all received by them comes from the same good source; unless previously, similar communications have been acted upon with disastrous results, in which case they ascribe them to "mischievous minds."

Fiendish! were a better word for truthful application, and will our readers consider thoughtfully with us, the great inducement existing among that kind, to mingle all sorts of ideas concerning heaven, in the public thought?

Within a few years, so wide a range of accounts have been given through mediums, of the place supposed to be inhabited after death, that we are not

surprised when those reading them, feel that such a variance exists as to make none reliable, and one may select for himself what appears to offer pleasantest surroundings, or discard all as visionary.

Why this has gone on so long, is among the things angels wish to explain; having much in conjunction to tell, that will interest, instruct, and astound.

In other addresses written by us, appears the exact truth, concerning that which has been mysterious throughout the years of human life, where all were meant originally, to be with angelhood; so we feel with each other, man will in this series of what shall fill our book, gain a clear understanding of past events in the world's history, never until this day to be placed before him.

The reason for this is, because too many mediumistic minds have been tried by us for a time, when feeling requirements were harder than they could fulfill, our cause was left by them and they rested where they were; or as in many instances, never awoke to the knowledge we wanted them to listen for "The still, small voice," when with their guardian angel, as explained further on.

That this was owing to belief on their part is true, for angels can in no wise attempt to contravene a fixed condition of the mind; and many were trained to think that contamination came from association with spirits, and would have nothing to do with them; while others, anxious to make progress, obtained information from those of like faith who had

preceded them, which through ignorance it might be, was untrue.

This, interpolated among what we wished to tell, cast discredit on our writings, for the reason it was at variance with them; and who should know which to believe?

Had we been able to make plain the thing occurring, many had been the years since it was done; but rather than get before the world mistakenly, we have waited in hope and effort, until at length one was found who feared not, though—until learning better—thinking all written her to do must be attempted, or the power to work for angels would be lost.

This belief, led her to follow a course designated in the writing she unquestionably accepted as from one source,—losing to her that peace of mind so needful for us all—until years had passed; when from the accumulated miseries of her life, intelligence told her that friends in heaven, never would have set her at tasks helping no one earth, and injuring the great cause so near their hearts, besides bringing upon her untold suffering.

In consequence of this, she assured herself it must be, that minds of another character existed, and had power to write with her.

Instantly, with the dawning of this truth upon her intellect, we were enabled to assure her of our happiness, that she had learned the lesson at last, to be gained in no other way, and yet remained willing and determined, to continue in our employ.

Since then, she has done many difficult things her reason endorsed as sensible; but owing to our being deterred (by law again) from giving her needful knowledge that might be gained by earthly means, she has stumbled along in blindness, only to have learned one fallacy then be confronted by another, till the last few months have brought her to the point from which she can see clearly truth, and that which conflicts with it.

Although we were unable to tell her what might have prevented errors, once having learned by experience, she can apprise others of obstacles that would hinder them from attaining the heights reached by her, and we hope with assistance she can give, numbers will begin anew the journey unto truth, and finding, lay it before mankind.

All will be seen to agree perfectly, and none mislead the human mind to thoughts of gruesomeness, or fear of aught pertaining to disembodied spirits, for such are angels; while evil minds are not given spiritual bodies.

We are a race uniformly beautiful; and with that statement let me tell you that the feeling we are not, but ghostly, uncanny, and horrifying to mortals, arises from tales founded on imagination or falsehood; and has kept back many from conscious enjoyment of our presence, who otherwise might have been greatly blessed.

Loving our own, as never were we able till our faculties became enhanced in heaven, we are with

them at a thought, calling us instantantly through the atmosphere, where are many friendly ones unseen by them. And as our arms entwine about their forms, we long to make them hear our words of cheer, in hopes of being helpful to them mid life's cares.

They consider those, in conviction 'tis themselves solving difficulties to the best advantage; and know not that when in thought a little while with us, we turn the time to great account for them, and make plain all problems that may be presented to us that we may.

Were man determined to remain where always we might furnish him ideas—as is told of in another writing farther on—he would live long in healthfulness on earth, and acquire wisdom till its shadows met his eyes no more in sadness, all would be so well understood by him as being bright in future, for the one who followed after our instructions. . .

Turning backward a little, to make plain the fact of dual control, we will in detail put before you the true condition of affairs, with angels struggling against devils, in their efforts to think man's thoughts with him, and so control his acts.

That these two forces are arrayed in opposition to each other, no one will deny, who has observed the manner in which the actions of humanity alternate between ease and duty, self sacrifice or pleasure; while either power to gain the victory over

man's inclinations, must be aided by his will, to turn towards it.

Thus we recognize in that faculty, the one on which his future is existent. For in view of dire extremity was it given him, that he might escape from evil, created by the first sinner, as he held low thoughts within his mind while yet it was creative.

Stupendous fact is there revealed, that Adam, as an angel with mind forming a segment of The Great Eternal One, and belonging to another world than yours, volunteered to enter Earth when it was ready. And Our Sovereign meant to increase the sum of happiness then in His universe, by populating it with such beings, created by the thought of predecessors empowered by Him.

He had formed millions in the same way, as had his entire creation come to be; and the command upon them was, to use creative thought with care, that the increase of angels might multiply His blissfulness, of whom their minds remained a part, while will of theirs prevented them from falling thence.

In Adam, was the first instance; and the awful thing brought man unto catastrophe most frightful, through the years.

All then that could be done for fallen mortals, obliged to be with earth as animals, has been the care of friends above, for many centuries; and we long for them to know, and help us in our task so terrible against the powers of darkness.

These are not seen by humans as a rule, but where

a psychic mind is found—clairvoyant—they may appear to it at times, and angels hold the reason in normality, while the sight remains.

We see their work where man knows not; and feel concerned to tears that this is so, while striving to obtain and hold his thought of us, that will dispossess the fiend before much wreckage is accomplished, that we then, with our constructive power seek to repair.

When man shall realize the truth, that only as he will remain with thoughts of ours can this be done, and that the instant he allows himself to dwell upon a wrong one, angels have left his mind unto the devastator, who destroys its acumen fast as may be, he will turn in fear to us, as a refuge where his safety may be assured. And the reason we can work upon his brain and frame to prolong life for him is, that we are always to be found in the home of Conscience—adjoining him—and he enters there, at a wish for its purity within his heart.

Only remaining in it, will fill his life with peace; and in writing yet to come, will be shown the way that this is done most easily.

Leaving then the question as to how angels control men's thoughts, by power they use when aided by Conscience—a real guardian angel of the life put in its charge at birth—the telling of what may cause men to live their lives there all possible, will follow. . . .

Human ideas of lost souls, have been those we

must contradict as to form, and it may be substance; and by a positive statement, one great angel will tell what all in the same Mind wish known. They are formed by wrong thoughts. These, leave their semblance on the soul man builds through life, of conclusions leading him to wish and act evil; then having given into their keeping his nature, fiends own and claim after death, what they before have formed with his assistance; unless his will turned from them to the voice of Conscience, guiding him to good, with presentation of right thoughts.

If followed most, the soul will then be formed as these appear. Clean, fair, and stalwart for the right, with beauty known to angelhood itself; which when the mortal part of man is left behind, will clothe it well, and among its kind giving most rapturous greeting, the happy spirit we so love, begins a life of joy no thought of man can make him know.

The road is long, that has been traveled by angels, man, and fiends, since we of heaven contrived a means to warn earth's children, of the way an evil mind might gain possession of the human soul, but causes that now may be considered by you, have laid waste our plans. At last the morning breaks upon our sight; and in the eternal melodies that roll through the resounding arches of our home, a note of exultation swells upon the air bearing to our ears Love's harmonies divine, from heart of Him who with His angels, triumphs over tears.

At last, the world may understand what super-

vened between man and a Creator, feeling He no longer held a claim on those having left His province, and become progenitors of a race feeling **pain.** That quality had never been known throughout His Mind—containing all till Adam fell, and carried with him human-kind. Sin and pain are so interwoven, that their strands unite the suffering angels with their loved; who yet must learn the truths enabling man to find the upward way, and join them where utopian scenes follow each other fascinatingly, in that dear place they leave—in thought—to anguish on their faces in the dust; entreating our dear Lord to send unto their children warning messages.

We are with readiness to do it now, and angels write and think as moves the pen, how stays within a home of purity, the one whose work is for us all, and for mankind.

Blessings are with her life, and manifold. All that can come to her of health will seat itself where told, and Evil then be powerless to pollute the sacred, sweet, and holy calm of that dear place enfolding her in closeness seen by none, yet sheltering ever from the enemy so fierce, all that we keep so well, throughout the time.

I yearn with all the mighty minds who feel our words may seem egregious foolishness, to have that gone; until her years if not cut off by circumstance connected with her will,—or accident—shall prove our words.

Before then, may we find that many with fair minds, will tell themselves they too will enter con-

sciously the angel's home, and picture it with them as moves the veil impalpably surrounding them, where'er they tread.

Stronger than any substance earth may know, unbreakable by fiends attempting it, resisting all attacks at any time, constantly will it welcome and retain its own in safety, whose longevity depends on the points now to be mentioned and practiced, while remaining close enfolded, all that man may.

First, refusal to turn unto evil thought, but fleeing to the hidden fortress near. Next, making all truth, that to be unto him his constant care. Last, letting the nature settle into self denial for others' good, while keeping a pure, sweet mind, forgetting not, to obey Nature's laws.

Then, when the gates unclose of life serene, showing to souls "The Land of Pure Delight," clothed as the spirits are who dwell therein, will the radiant angels there encircle him, who in their midst is proudly shown as one who conquered Self while yet on earth; and came unto their arms in victory over hell's forces, working to bring a shrieking soul to anguish terrible.

* * *

"Were Adam the angel whose mind existed once, within that of a Creator's absolutely perfect, in wisdom, power, mercy, love, and with wish to institute a race of beings in the world, who would increase the sum or happiness in His universe, why was he not made **unable** to commit sin?"

This is a question that might be propounded, and a mystery that may now be solved; explaining the origin of evil, long baffling human thought.

Our writings tell the truth existent in the mind of Him so wonderful, to whom we bow in deepest reverence; as we handle the great theme mankind has many times attempted to elucidate somewhat, while conceding He was past finding out by human acumen.

We are with the statement more than once, that a wish of angels brings fulfilment; and this being true, all with them where sinlessness prevails, may realize the full fruition of desire.

Those words contain our Heavenly Father's Law from the beginning. Then being law, what possibility remained for the restraint of Adam while an angel, wishing the thing presenting itself to him, who was expected to turn not where a lower level might be formed, than the one on which were hitherto all portions of the infinite mind?

This wish was gratified, when with consideration of the thing appearing unto thought; allowed to dwell with it instead of expelling the intruder, and clinging unto those ideals common to all angels in communion with our God; who then cast from His mind the polluted part, ere stain from it had spread therein.

That afterwards occurring to the changed earth and moon, will be found among the writings; but the aspersions cast upon a Creator who would make

man unable to retain angelhood, have with this been condemned.

He could not transcend laws of His own, nor restrict Infinite Mind in its choice of thought; or yet limit its powers of creation, without abrogating His own perfectness, that from the first controlled His work.

We flatly contradict the statement often made, that God holds in his mind all knowledge of what will accrue to earth, from varying circumstances affecting human affairs. Nature's laws are immutable and must be obeyed, or man be penalized. Were this untrue he would be helpless to prevent what otherwise he might, with exercise of intelligence, and all are free to follow that and increase it; as the light furnished to all entering the world. Else Liberty might not be accounted theirs; having its rise within that mind whose every attribute remains infallible.

THE RIVER OF LOVE.

Upon the parapets of Heaven, a mighty army stands;
While at their feet, a rolling tide bears that their angel hands
Cast into it, of worth far more than man may say,
And from their lips arises, a prayer throughout the day.
A prayer so great in fervor, so powerful, the throng
Who gladly watch and listen, unite in one grand song.

"Praise ye The Lord Almighty! Our day at last appears!
As through Earth's mists of anguish, its shadows and its tears,
Our gifts shall reach the nations that strive in war no more,
With brothers living that they may attain to this fair shore.
Long years have we been waiting in hopefulness above,
Until the flood-gates were removed, and through them swept our love.

Make ye the joyful shouting that frees from pain
the heart!
No more will we be silent, yearning the veil to part,
Disclosing to man's vision the scenes of years ago,
Ere all the world was held in chains, to the grim
monster Woe,
Broken his sword so bloody—the sentinel who
stood,
Admitting to the Garden fair, what sullied every
good."

Mingling in deepest consonance with all the song
had told,
Was heard the prayer; poured forth above the river
that had rolled
From that far mount, that stood so clear, outlined
against the night
Holding the stars His hand had set, to cheer the
ones who fight
The Fiend; usurping bright pathways leading where
The sunbeams fall, upon the stream whose waters
banish care.

Strong are the weapons wielded by Wisdom clothed
with power,
Bringing itself to those who long to find the fear-
some hour
Of densest ignorance has passed. Its phantoms
borne away

By those on Heaven's battlements, unceasingly who pray—
"Lord God of Truth, let not Thy Word return to Thee, until
Love's current bears to men our words, with joy their lives to fill.

Guide Thou Thy river through the lands, arid, and dark, and cold,
Granting the sands along its shores, be turned to shining gold.
Sparkling with spray thrown from the wave, that sinks again to swell,
With yet more jewels from the mine, exhaustless love to tell.
As eyes shall see, and hands shall grasp, the treasures Thou hast given,
Illumining the gloomy way, leading from earth to heaven."

The Mind of Humanity.

THE MIND OF HUMANITY.

The mind of man, has created intense interest among sovereigns of thought within the world, who turn to "intellectuality," and "mentality," for expressions of that comprising it—as understood—there being little real knowledge on earth, of the kind I who control our instrument to write, will here impart.

Along with other conformations unseen by him but constituting his being, there belongs to man this mind; conforming to the action upon it of mental powers, or the wishes of his heart, and which may be known as soul.

Coming to the infant a germ, filling with ideas right or wrong, often discarded for others more plausible, all will suffice to bring it through chasms of darkness that at last will be left behind; when the light shed upon all from the lamp called Reason, shall show the end has been attained.

For some, this means the end of life; and backward objects cast their shadows still beyond its confines. While for others, a feeling of certainty remains, of having found a way 'round obstacles that hindered them from sane conclusions, enabling them

to make the passage a successful one towards the grave.

Such, look hopefully beyond its depths, having in some instances adopted follies, peradventure thinking nothing would bring a better understanding of things hid, than had been found. . . .

It was conceded in Heaven, when Christianity came as a factor of men's lives, that its precepts were such as would convey to them the power—if followed—to bring themselves through earth life, and find a home among blest angels at the last.

These precepts were of such character, as coincided with the highest wisdom taught by human minds for centuries; and tested in the fiery furnace of the past, consuming myths and dogmas of ancient thought based on legends of antiquity farther back, they survived because of their fitness to advance the greater man within the less.

This being, was recognized as one belonging not to earth and its failures, that are seen by some and not thought sinful, but will be known to angels fearing their results for them in future, with solicitude that amounts to anguish.

Think then that with the precepts, an obedience is demanded; which if yielded, will lead men to live such lives of pure unselfish thought and deed for others, that with truthfulness, and earnestness of purpose to do right, their days will pass in full security from danger, after a death that will open to them the gate of every joy.

Let that place be the bourne to which all human wishes turn at times, when weariness of earth's hardships or fearfulness to leave it, weigh down those who must endure them, remembering an angel tells you, that its pleasures exceed all human imagination has ever placed before the thought of man.

His mind, filled with the wishes earth implants and fosters with the years, turns sometimes to review the past, with care to find things he has done of worthiness in life; and far too often it holds little else than fruits of selfishness. These may be bitter in recalling, or may be such as to stimulate him in more efforts to win unto himself what deprives another of his due. But at any rate they are all over, save in results that may enrich his life here and darken it hereafter, or make him poorer while on earth, with treasure hid in heaven.

Within a mind ruining itself with wrong doing, or building a character that shall bring happiness forever, mingles the results of experiences forming conclusions, out of which he builds the soul. And where will be the place that fills, while earth shall be its home? Speculation has long been with this, and some have held—that being intangible—it needed no space; while more have thought, it must be in the life itself; apart from flesh and blood, but enclosed with them in the frame.

I tell humanity that this is true. That the soul's cord of life, connects with the home of Conscience; that is by itself, adjoining man, and filled with an

atmosphere apart from that of Earth, wherein the angel lives who ministers to him, ready to welcome in, the human entity.

The soul is always in its sight; and for it, will strive throughout the human life, angel and devil, struggling in opposition to each other, to win man's thoughts to good or evil, and thus decide the fight that marks the soul.

Having bestowed its germ on him, and provided a place for it within the creature given also perceptions of right and wrong, speaking plainly in the voice of Conscience, that devoted being lovingly watches the development through earthly life, of the spiritual nature; only to find at last too often, its death has supervened. What is left of the soul then, is too deeply stamped the property of Satan, for angels to waste more effort upon it, and on emergence from materiality, by the law of attraction is drawn the evil mind, to its future abode with those of its kind in hell.

But where its ruin has not progressed so far, the angels meeting it fondly, consider its necessities with deepest sorrow, though cherishing hopes they will not relinquish until repentance and forgiveness have been sought by it, in a most frightful hell.

Nothing of this is told however to the discarnate being, who reaches them with Conscience and the one most loved preceding it from earth—where that one is of heaven. It may be a mother; telling him tenderly of her joy, at again clasping in her arms

the child so loved and missed, or it may be another nearer still.

But no hint is given of his changed appearance, or that his status among spiritual beings, declares itself in the conformation of soul they see. At no time is he made unhappy by knowledge that aught but blessedness awaits him forever, where everything around, tells of luxury and pleasure exceeding all he has known, until his mind regains its normal strength, and he has learned of all enjoyments in the beautiful place to him a heaven indeed.

With loved ones lost from earth and now among the blest, his time has passed in blissfulness so great, that like a pall of darkness settles over him at last, words falling on his surprised ear from the angel most beloved of all.

They tell him that the time has come for them to say goodbye; and feel the hope it may not be for long, but since his sight has known the dear things of that land till loving it, there must now be with him the leaving it in memory, that will bring all back in contrast to what surrounds him where he must go.

That he sinned in life and repented not; as had he, in earnest thought considering what occurred from day to day, and carefully held himself affected as was the other man by what he did, until he saw himself the thing he was,—bringing sorrow and suffering with hatred it might be, into another life —there would have been forgiveness for him as he

passed along; and now, the remaining where deep thought may be his own with Conscience, (still his friend while things are not yet decided as to his soul's future), will be needful for its cleansing.

As this was not attained on earth, it must if possible be gained, where all surroundings will warn him to take heed; and he must go, with knowledge that undying love is with him, and terror in the hearts he leaves behind; while full insructions will be given a mind then normal, and well informed as to what awaits his return.

With that, for the first time is he shown himself as pictured in a glass intended for enlightenment; and not till then had he surmised the vile aspect of his mind, which to him appeared a body.

Many are with it, even at first appearance from the earth, as remains the one they told to hold fast unto principle, and deny Evil while fighting for the right. So that to them, this station in our Heavenly home is not made known till when later, the wish arrives to see the place Our Father has allowed us to prepare for entering souls we know must leave it, and endure an experience we shudder to contemplate.

The first, bear we proudly among us to rapturous strains of music; as we float in happiness up to our goal, above Paradise.

Around the mind grown sweet, self-sacrificing, pure and lovely, as with thought and deed for oth-

ers it may be, we lay the fleecy cloud-white garment angels wear, whose beauty must inspire the admiration of any seeing it; (while in no wise fitting round the cumbrous wings, existant only in pictures, and the imaginations of mankind).

It has made itself as nearly like the angels as it might, while in the body earthly, and complied with what is required where we remain with one personality, yet have many others if we wish. All places anywhere in which we care to be, may then contain us.

But for the soul we know must enter terror, our hearts are filled with grief; and at the time assurances are ours he has regained normality of intellectual force, we carefully instruct him how to meet the ordeal in all its horror, then the angel nearest him, takes in hand the task all dread, and he is left at the dark strong doors of hell, after a most heart rending parting, as its entrance yawns before them.

Not a moment must he linger there, but a power he may not withstand hurries him through; and the iron door swings shut, behind one who must face the results of his own individual sins, differing from many.

He finds himself in the midst of vileness unspeakable; with nothing ever seen by him before, comparable to the hideous scene. Crowding around him as a frantic mob, some scowl into his face as devils can, while others settle on his shoulders with their horrid shapes, and like nothing seen on earth or in wildest dream, they wind their slimy fingers in his

hair, and hiss within his ear such threatenings, as with their shrieks and howlings, terrify almost to madness the newly arrived.

True that the door swings open continually through which he came, and there are many such; but one, will be sufficient for all purposes I wish to serve. . . . Awful will be the fears and frightful the sensations, while being forced through corridors like caves in darkness—lit by the gruesome phosphorescent glare of skulls hung at the sides, emitting it from eyeless sockets over frightful teeth—till reaching what is known by him as The Court of Satan, that monster thunders—"what brought you here?" Telling him truthfully and being held a liar is not uncommon, but with thousands waiting, words are not wasted.

"You are then to join Hell's forces, and fight in every way you can conceive, to bring souls to us, or you will be withdrawn from existence and bury yourself with a leap into oblivion;"—announces this deputy of Adam, who holds many courts and claims allegiance as owner, of all minds won by his slaves.

A dull red glow from fumes of choking gas-like vapor, sheds on the scene its lurid glare, surrounding the terror stricken soul who when in life, avowed the willingness to take his chances with other human beings, rather than obey Conscience. And now sees clearly what embodies in reality, their loathsome, cruel, grasping thoughts, combined

into one frightful object of inky blackness, terrifying and repellant.

Aghast at the prospect of his future, he is made to understand that to rebel at any command given by Hell's ruler, means annihilation. But he is not told that the terrible suffering of those imprisoned in its depths, drives them to wish for it at last, and that wish, will liberate them for its accomplishment. . . .

There will be with the soul determined to stand his ground against hell's horrors and apply himself to practicing his instructions, what will make the need speedily approach.

Fortify himself as he will, the terrible scenes increase before him, as he finds himself dragged forcibly through them, by creatures so repulsive his heart shivers in affright, and he stands appalled at last, where he is dropped when crying out in frenzy against his captors, to Conscience of whom he finally thinks.

On every hand, emblazoned over the walls or staring from the floor, are pictured frightful scenes, so realistically the figures seem to move; and in the general melee of screechings, cries, and groans, he seems to view the aggregate of fearsome crimes enacted against humanity through the years, with all the ferocity such creatures as glory in them can employ. His senses sicken in the horror of it, till he feels himself claimed by the army of yelling demons again, who tell their knowledge of his intent.

Shrieking within his ears their threatenings to fling him into the gulf of oblivion, since he will do nothing for hell, he struggles against their numbers till exhausted, then sinks upon the floor with a cry, and fiends delay their acts against him, as he prays unto his guardian angel—hearing his petition still, as from the world it might have done, had he but wished that friend to lead him home.

"My Conscience! tell me what I need to know, that I may leave this awful place! I ask within thy home, well as I may." And even there, strives to form the mental picture of that retreat for his consciousness—as instructed.

He bends his ear with all intentness, to catch the thin, far-seeming, toneless voice, as it asks—sternly, "What have you done, to merit my return to you? Discountenanced by your laughter among friends of your own choosing, derided for my wishes all your life, no pleadings I could make found favor with you, who turned to sin as to your native air."

"I have done that and followed it with thought my better nature would prevail in time, but from day to day it was put off, till death came and found me unforgiven to fulfill the law; for I have not the feeling for repentance, nor count myself worse than other men who are with great pleasure I am told, while I was sent to hell."

"Are you with thought a mother loved you, with heart almost distraught as you well knew, that all

her tenderness was powerless against the thing you did, embittering the life of one you taught to love, when men besides yourself—with nobler calibre—coveted her attention, longing to make of her a wife? How you threw away the diamond they were seeking, after you wore it on your sleeve awhile that all might see your triumph? Now feel what she has felt; laying her heart's life at your feet who trampled it to death. And what the mother at whose plaintiveness you sneered, was with in agony, when she heard the words so many spoke, regarding your complicity in that death."

A pause came in the speaking, and with quaking soul the sinner felt steal over him, an anguish all his earthly life had never known.

"My mother might have felt like this, but her words would be quite otherwise than those I hear, in a petition faint but yet distinct, as from a sufferer far off."

"Our Heavenly Father, tenderness is in Thee, and pity for the broken, bleeding heart I lay before Thee; that Thou mayest see wherein I failed to put Thee higher than the man I loved.

Be penitent my soul, that through earth's hours hast longed for comfort never to be mine, that when the night came down on all my hopes, naught in my will, caused me to wish thine eyes would turn to Him above. To hear Him tell thee through my loved ones there, 'I am He on whom the least may lean; and be thou now with angels sweet, knowing

thine afflictions, and able to hold thee up against all sharpness of the hail against thy flesh.

'I have borne thee in my hands;' He tells me, 'and set thy feet in a wide place.' And He has. No more shall pitiless man offend me with scorn cast at my love, while on the flower I daily gave him, was graven deep his smile sardonic, as men touched it where he stood, and said—'I see she's faithful still.'

A wide place Heavenly Father, and one no earthly form may enter save the one who calls him 'Son.' To her my hands I stretch imploringly, feeling her tears rain over them as with weary gasp she sinks beside my bed; and bending where emaciation marks me its prey to coming death, her tones are broken by the heavy sobs within constricted throat, as she says 'My Daughter, let us lay our heads with one another and rest awhile.'

'I am weary with my trying to bring peace to your loveless heart, will we tell each other God can hear our weeping, and bid our grief depart? He has held my child from deep perdition, while I strove to win him home from ways all verging unto death, yet still he would not come.

'Frightful is the abyss Dear, I see before his feet, and wish my babe had died in arms, or in his early youth.

'Abhorrent to my feelings are his ways and thoughts; while with your pulse my own runs low without a care from him.

'Selfishness stamps him through and through, the votary she holds, till in the future he shall turn and view the wreck he made of your bright life, and his soul's welfare; while I will think in anguish, of the way his feet must lead where terrors are, from which I may not warn him, or shield my boy from fiends more terrible than he can think.

'My eyes have seen them visioned, and my ears have heard the things a soul in hell must undergo; and while my suffering was great because his heart grew cold to me, I could endure it thinking he felt excuse, as I had made mistakes in rearing him; but that in heaven we should know each other well, and love like mine would count against all wrong he felt I'd done.

'This, this is different. Can Our Heavenly Father pardon a profligate from all humanity, heaping on the innocent and lovely his cruelties most keen, to wear triumphantly the name of having won what many sought, that had no value to him, who held himself so high?'

''Mourn not oh Mother in thine agony, he shall be laid again by me where all worst sinners are, when angels carry them in prayer to Him Supreme.

In those dear beings He will hear my cry, compassionating me for my great loss; and in their arms of love will I be borne, where rapture will be mine forevermore.

Think not of me then Mother, we will love and

mourn together, hoping that when death comes to him, from afar our weeping will be heard, where fiends must wait an angel's dealings; and with repentance deep his heart be wrung, so he will cry to God in his extremity, that He forgive his sin."

Deep in the slime beneath his form, holding the images of evil deeds devils had wrought on earth by human hands, he covered up his face.

"This is too good a place for me who murdered Miriam, the pure, white angel-child of mother's love! strange I thought nothing of her sufferings, nor cared for anything through life, but to be with the ego masterful within me.—

I mourned her none, and told by flippancy, the nature that I had, held not remorse; till mother paled and faded while I felt her needful for my home and comfort, that was all.

I am not worthy of salvation, yet cannot stay and witness tortures, fiends are recalling with their lust to kill, and my doom is fixed among them unless forgiveness comes."

He heard then, only voices from the hellish throng around; and seizing him on all sides, hurried they his form towards yet unknown horror.

Shrieking in terror, named he then Creator Mighty, and another time was pause; while on his knees with head bowed low, he chained his thought with effort where he had been told, and called on God—as Conscience gave him words—to forgive his every sin and have mercy on his soul.

A hush fell round him, then raised upon his feet, an angel turned his face towards the door; and as they glided onward, clearing the awful floor, he shuddered more and more at sight of what was on the walls.

"Think not more of it;" his companion said, "for you are not to live with scenes depicted here, they are thoughts of fiends projected where they will, to horrify the trembling soul not yet a devil, till every kind impulse is taken from his heart, with all that may remain there worthy still. When he becomes a fiend, shaped as his deeds on earth have made his soul appear. And were all human feeling removed from you, a devil's deep enjoyment would be yours, to look on these and gloat o'er pangs inflicted by the monsters here, when with power on earth.

Thought by demons, can alone be used for ill; as they incite mankind against each other by thinking what they wish, and at the same time directing it towards a brain made ready to receive all sent by them, when man's will shows they may furnish him with reflections, as it turns from right and Conscience."

His voice was trembling, as the soul replied—"How can I ever thank my Guardian-Angel for all the care that you have given me from earliest life till now? Think of the sacrifice to you of liberty; and the subjection of your purity to my wantonness, in dragging you into scenes of degradation while

closing you from out my mind, the long years that I have!"

"My Child, I am an ancestor of yours, not too far back to be appointed to your care by those loving you, where all feel that once at least, every angel must serve as a Conscience.

Many have been my troubles and heartaches on your account, many my fears that hell would claim you certainly.

God's mercy has shown itself in your behalf, and trying to earn forgiveness, will—I feel—be your desire.

On earth, numbers remain whom your example and teachings have led to despise the slow ways of rectitude, and who sow broadcast to an evil harvest, poisonous to the happiness of many lives.

These you may follow where their ways shall lead, and be with numerous ones at once if you wish, for all the bodies needed to use as you will, may be made yours by thought, to be assumed or laid aside at your desire."

"Eternal years shall see me at my work for man, while aught ascribable to me of wickedness remains on earth; and should it disappear and I feel my work of reparation done thus far, all my powers shall be used to think and project my thoughts to human minds as angels do, for their redemption from earth's stain."

"The door swings outward Comrade, I am well

repaid for all the toil, the weary disappointment of past years.

My task is done, and unto heaven at last I bring my guerdon, safe for eternal years of blissfulness; beginning with enrapturement at sight of her who stands awaiting you, with that she lays around your form. The covering of your saved soul purified, making the angel in external shape, more beautiful than ever dreams might tell.

'Eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, to think what God giveth his beloved.' "

"My Son, my ransomed Boy! Your mother knows the terrors of the way your feet took hold upon in early youth, nor halted till in hell's dark depths you found yourself. Long have I waited here since signalling above for this you wear, see all has been restored you lost on earth, and in the shining future where the ones most blest will be, I shall face my sorrow with a happy heart, and tell how radiance has brightened it in gladness, till it sings triumphant songs to Him we love."

Joining the rapturous throngs returning from the cold dark entrance to The Tomb of Hope, there was yet with his thoughtful mind, the planning how to win men's hearts from fiends.

Soon after that, he learned that every angel carried from heaven with it, a home in which it was ensconced while with its loved ones yet in life on earth.

As they rise or move, a wondrous force answers to their wishes easily, conveying them to either place, or worlds that lie far beyond;—for man's heaven is nearer him than many stars, and descriptions are given of its situation and that contained therein, by us who write.

The mysteries of spirit were well taught him, and among them he grew familiar with the way thought was projected from good minds to the human brain, with the same certainty and swiftness as from evil ones; and how it travels over surfaces that respond to efforts quickly, in sounds immortals hear most clearly, and if wishing, can read their impress on the mind as well. So that the time was short, until his work began.

Ever with mortals are the loving angels, always their longings are for men to know them near; though unless psychics, that may be a blessing given only after conviction that we do welcome them in our homes—as guardian angels—and are then with love's expression full of blessing while they think of us awhile, whenever they will come.

At such times, we companion them as seems to us the best. We enfold them in our arms, warm spirit fingers stray along their faces, and kisses from us quiver on their lips, telling no answer many times, till our hearts are tired and sad. . . .

In reading writings given in this book, and those we will furnish aside from it as time rolls by, all questions occurring to men's minds in relation to

subjects of which we treat, will be answered in detail.

That this has been so nearly impracticable through the centuries, is explained by us, and that evil minds work upon those of humanity all they may, to minimize our work, is also true. But we indulge the hope that many broadgauged men and women will be found, to accept our statements, and practice purity of lives, with all spiritual virtues bringing the world peace and happiness; till contentment, and brotherly love, have swept away the evils engendered and fostered by devils, allowed to do man's thinking with him.

These things understood, and psychic minds wherever found, bringing from the home of their conscience streams of warning, love, and admonition to mankind, think how mortal life may be led upward to the far country beyond its clouds, instead of unto Adam.

With earth relinquished to him, he retained not within his nature the power of creative thought —as shown in another address—but after death, the awful thing remained to rule his lost mind, that had prompted him to devilish acts against his own children while in life; and he tormented their souls in a hell of horror, to which his every effort still consigns posterity, unless obedient to the voice of Conscience.

The origin of evil has been shown. It came in conformity to a law, that the wish of a creative mind might be realized.

Adam was endowed with will, expected to keep him in pure, angelic thought; (as are those in all other inhabited worlds, and these have never lost their angelhood). Today his mind exceeds that of all lesser devils in ferocious appearance, because his sins became so boundless as to write themselves upon it most horribly of all.

His fall was not confined to the period of time in which were its beginnings, but befouled the years through which he butchered in savagery his own children, who then continued his methods of extermination on weaker men, until "the survival of the fittest" became a rule by which the species managed to increase.

In mercy to humanity, its extinction would have realized the great desideratum in our Heavenly Father's thought, but as Adam had **wished** it remained; (since God would not transcend a law immutable of which He was the author), and as animals men were established, subject to laws made for the regulation of their lives and preservation of species.

For full understanding of the manner of Creation, the reader is referred as before, to various other of our writings, incorporated in the book which has been such a work of love and longing for man's good, on the part of angels and their envoy.

In one bond of brotherhood are we all. We have lived your lives in our own as men, and shared your

afflictions since leaving earth life for one of blissfulness we cannot now make plain to you; but which outcaps the tallest summit of enjoyment known to rational minds on earth, as the Alps tower above the lakes and valleys at their feet.

Come to our assistance. Remember the immortals are supreme in spiritual things, but it is not ours to gain wealth that passes as coin of the realm, where you need our enlightenment.

Read this book; asking yourselves as you proceed, if the brain of one woman, had she minds of many celebrities rolled into one, could produce such literature.

Tell yourselves that nowhere in existence, have ever been chronicles of such mysteries, clothed in such unmistakable terms as are herein found, and that "imagination" must have some working basis from which to take its flight.

There have never been accessible to comprehending minds, part of the hieroglyphics left by Moses, containing all the history clothed as he did some now in The Pentateuch, that coming man might read and ponder, what a world needed to know.

Those hieroglyphics were lost; among the ten tribes of which none have ever been heard authoritatively—but of which we will tell later it may be —and in their ignorance of an art he learned in Egypt, where his lot was cast with the cultured of earth, little heed was paid to the tablets which he

inscribed, and left in charge of those who cared for The Ark of The Covenant.

His covenant with angels, to leave man a full account of Adam's origin and fall, with its direful effect on the race; but the one he used, to symbolize a covenant between God and man, that purity of heart and life, with truthfulness and brotherly love, should bring all followers of good, safe to the better country. Where the pomegranates of Eden, and grapes more luscious than any yet found, flourished with perpetual abundance for the children of men.

With his history of the great tragedy preserved, centuries ago had there been an understanding of what separated man from God, whose mercy provided a way for his salvation from sin, by redemption from the shackles of sense fastened on him by evil minds.

Their work has been so successful thus far, in obtruding into ours with diabolic artfulness against which we could not guard, because man's will allowed hell an opportunity to cast into his mind indolence; with fear to use the reason God has given him as a part of the panoply of Heaven against a frightful enemy.

* * * *

Turning from this to another subject,—What are **The Faculties** made man's, and where have they been placed? Questions pertaining to a part of him certainly, yet never found. Are they within the

brain or not? Thoughts are with it, and we have told that power outside, projects them over it. Shall it be dreamed the substance underneath the cranium, contains what never can be found by scientists on close examination? I tell you here it does.

That as all mind is etherial, so has the brain of man been made that part of his anatomy, to possess faculties the world distinguishes from instincts of the lower animals, and when death renders the body no longer able to answer at their call, it is forsaken by them.

"Whence came they?" Intelligence has not asked for many years—as to the higher ones—feeling them God-given. Reason rules them, at times, and Love, with Memory, Hope, Honor, Self-respect and Purity, are her counselors, leagued with Veneration of The Diety, and Desire for Truth and Right.

All are given to man at birth; and together they constitute his angelic nature, telling of spiritual feeling, amenable to appeals made by any quality of good. Angels are the bestowers of these several powers, each assigned to its own place in the brain, and act as is the wish of their Heavenly Father, towards the needy form of new humanity.

He has furnished them throughout the centuries; and His will is, that they shall never die. It remains for us then, to remove them from the soul that has been governed by a nature produced by selfishness

and greed, when that one is forced to yield itself to the owner claiming it as his.

We then revitalize and free them from every earthly stain, when they are laid with the rest, awaiting life where daylight ends so oft in wretchedness. And at times, when we have chosen faculties from out the fund supplying all families in heaven for their own on earth, there may remain still in our hands the pure white blossoms, for want of living child to put them with.

Then will our loving hearts be glad; thinking how bright the little life will be, amid the raptures of the children's heaven, where such delights crowd on them, life is one joyous song within the heart continually. But should the infant safely wait the germ of mind, inside the shelter made for it, with all care will it be placed by angels, anxious to know that what they do to further its development, is done well. In sorrow then they leave it to the care of a conscience, and the trials of life among its kind begin. . .

Within the interstices of the brain then, are all the nobler elements of being; while around them, in arrangement such as shall awaken to the touch of thought force, sent along their surfaces by strength belonging unto hell, or be with angels then triumphant, is the winding substance of what man has found to be the center of ideas. Injure it in any part, and intellectuality suffers proportionately, even though death may not ensue.

Feeling, that became established where darkness reigns, is with an escapement making itself one with the soul; which while directed in its growth by Conscience, acting on the higher faculties and actuating man to better life, will give angel happiness to families immortal, striving throughout the time to bring their loved ones unto them for eternity, when death shall send them forth. The Evil Mind, enabled by degrees to captivate the will, and through the lower nature bring man's soul to it, will struggle till the end of mortal life, supremacy to gain.

Then let the thing with writing prior to this, remind you of the manner in which accomplishment of its purposes is gained. Employ your time in thought of where you are made welcome by your guardian-angel, in Love's own atmosphere while conducting your affairs, and not only avoid a fiend, but receive the emoluments given to one consciously there.

With repetition let me emphasize, that until death claims you, there will ever be in its home, Conscience, enslaved to you in most minute attention to your double life; while never closing out from its clear atmosphere the shifting soul, telling of feelings dear unto the noble angel watching all, yet often bringing it to wretchednes, at sight of that which low, unworthy thought has wrought therein, out in the world.

Think of the constant attention required, to keep

before the one within its care, arguments against evil, and the incentives to right living; and thank Him to whom man is indebted for all enabling him to remain in safety for the future, while dwelling where heart's desires are centered so strongly, then think of the inevitable end.

The end of earthly life. When enveloped in an angel's thought, the etherial soul—withdrawn from dead mortality unconsciously—is given a place where Conscience will regard all solemnly, and tell itself a work is well nigh done, where faithfulness with love may feel rewarded in the aspect of a mind, or where its constituents tell a mingling smaller than is needful, of the good that should preponderate.

"Like Calls For Like." Undeviating law of Heaven, carried out even on earth. And the angel knows as has grown the nature to appear, under the trowel of low thought shaping it too long, so have angelic qualities been minimized, till their places are not seen among the rest.

Hopeless of any future life but one of anguish for that soul, it then sorrowfully removes the few remaining things of worthiness—that could not counterbalance the dark weight of a sinful life—and the evil mind numbers itself where relief may come no more; sinking in obedience to law, among its kind.

While this is the case too many times, oftener will Conscience find within the disfranchised mind,

such qualities as bring thoughts that through terrible suffering, where repentance may be found and forgiveness follow, its charge may escape the place where anguish awaits all comers, and one for whom such struggling has been done by hell and heaven, be saved at last by grace.

Pondering these things the world is left; with the soul soon regaining knowledge of all transpiring, and toward the stars arises in its home, the guardian-angel and its loved. Soon will there be one more experience in a sphere where foulest exhalations rise, and cover even its surface with their blasting power, from whence Great Conscience hopes will come the one there seeking its forgiveness, to share eternal joy.

The Great Conversation.

THE GREAT CONVERSATION.
UNVEILING RATIONAL PLEASURES ABOVE.

"How goes the time, my friends? What news have you from earth? Are any hearts among whom you have been, showing interest concerning things beyond? Daylight and darkness move over the moon's pale face, yet not a question's asked or statement made where I have roamed with man, pertaining not to pleasure, in some form on the globe."

"Hungering for food to give the angels, starving for knowledge that mankind at last has turned unto belief it might be united with its dead while yet in life, with thought a new thing may be found under the shining sun, we've wandered far and near, with men on land and sea; finding in every one conviction sure, that all was settled years ago.

"Among the curious throng, thinking that some were with strange messages from those outside the world, a few were with our psychic in their minds; but so remote from wish to help, we told ourselves only the years might show if it be done.

True that numbers to whom our writings had had been shown, recognized upon the sandy beach

where they were thrown by tides of heaven, the priceless pearls of thought and language beautiful, but Fear sat with them at their meat, and when unto their minds was borne the truth, that money would be with the ones establishing our authorship, the trouble seemed too great, of what was asked by the woman who approached three score and ten."

"I know Antonius, not the least of them or greatest, would believe her who told what had been promised; and we who wish our psychic to be with us on the earth, may bring her yet to witness many thinking not now, that in time to come, men will inquire why none were with perception keen enough, to avail themselves of such an opportunity for wealth."

"We found the same heart-breaking thing was told her, wherever this was presented to those who might have helped the angels help humanity; and I am thoughtful, as I picture what their lives will be, when recognizing fruits of their indifference in hell. Where father and son will join in groanings, that once was made their own the opportunity to escape its pangs, while sending knowledge of it through the world."

"A little lifetime, with earth's pleasures waiting to be gleaned, as telling themselves the average will be struck and they be with it satisfied My Friend, then with the floating dark before their eyes, when all might be aglow with heavenly light, their souls will launch out into unknown waters, and be lost."

"We recognize the work of evil minds, upon men-

tality that men allow to sit at rest, or turn whichever way it will that saves them effort, in the use of reason Our Creator gave mankind, and that would have brought unto the light of Conscience, those looking for salvation from their sins."

"This had then shown them how unselfish lives for good of brother-man will be required, where angels keep all records of a past that will confront men; and how at life's close will their hearts shrivel, filled with the shrine before which they so long have fallen down and worshipped."

"So little has been known by man, concerning all the mysteries that lie behind him, hidden by the veil drawn over them by Time, we wonder he is not alive to every opportunity that promises added light from out our minds.

We are all one, as many mortals feel; yet until our writings have appeared, to tell plain truths consecutively, that may establish continuity of life, and solve long-standing problems for the world, it contained little real knowledge of these things."

"Retracing history, we find that Moses tried to teach what we revealed to him, and formulated a system of symbolism; that the childish minds of men in his day, might associate high ideas with costliness of the schekinah, appealing to their natures as words could not.

It was that they might see the light that shone around the Great White Throne where sat Intelligence; that he wove the tabernacle curtains of

royal hue, hiding the ark on which sat the cherubim, from sight of men not purified, through their eyes, to reach consideration of a theme to which they would not hearken.

Purity of heart must be observed, or life become lost for future woe to claim; and by awesomeness he governed, where Aaron and his sons did well their part till continuance was not needed. All had learned the lesson that Our God sees well the heart; and only as that is cleansed fit for His service, may men expect attention from The Heavenly Father. . . But see! the Stadium stands open, and unusual acting is on the boards today, will we join the throng and listen a short time, that we may judge a little of the play? Here are our seats, in time to hear —'There enters one who'll greet us with intelligence of what befell crusaders, sent to find the tomb of Him we dearly love.'

'We are arrived among you with tidings of great value where all were yet unknown, but here in Angel-Land nothing of importance attaches to it, for the heart secrets we might spread before you, belong to all.'

'Why were they kept till this day from the world, Friends? Pray tell us; was it unwilling to lend ears to Heaven till now?'

'Not so, Demetrius, but the messengers we've sent have proved untrue. There was one, with arms bedight with glory from his king, who held our words within his ear in thought awhile, then said

"If I alone receive this, and withhold my voice, no one will know we've slaughtered thousands needlessly, and wantonly invaded peaceful lands. True I am told by angels that the inner voice should be obeyed, but with the world I'm living, and my honors thick upon me are too dear."

'Straight turned he to reflection of how his Master would still further deck his breast, and he might flaunt in knightly costume before the ladies of the land; so laid he by the words significant of angels' need, and kept on slaying, burning, robbing, till the long dark day was done.

'Naught saw he of displeasure in the stern cold eyes above, that watched his moves, till cleaving from him armor plate and mail, the broadsword of an enemy did end his life.

'Then met he his reward, for all the cruelty from which we had so vainly tried to stay him; and sinking on the floor of hell, in writhings horrible, told he those his arm had sent before him, its anguish was too terribly deserved.

'Today he lingers with the pain he then endured, while howling demons taunt him sneeringly. Covered with criminality he stands, watching the scenes now pictured by his mind where devils show him theirs; and all the feelings they engender in his breast, man may not know.'

'Because we are unable to frame words for telling them, that he will understand My Brother. . . Has there been any hope since then, of psychics we

have found having proved faithful, (till of late) that you may mention?'

'Alas, there's none; and Heaven may be assured that thus far, in the past few years alone lies power to obtain the truth entire, with any having promised us their help.'

'There was—we are aware in deep resentment—here and there one we could make hear us speak, who told the angels nothing should prevent them from acknowledging the source of fine writings, when they had gathered fame from them. Then after all was theirs for which they'd wished, we were left to feel how hard it was for the immortals to obtain justice, at poets' hands our words had filled with flowers.

'Each failed us; and when at times one wrote most sweetly, and felt another power than its own was with the song, only the telling what accorded with belief was given, in hopes a weary soul might benefit, we know;—for angels cannot go outside such bars to progress, and must write within.' . .

"The play deals with a past to all here familiar; —Friends of mine—let us go, and fill the time to more advantage."

"All then will be with present thinking in our conclaves, we have secured an intermediary enduring all needful for development required in our work, and able to enlighten those to follow, so none need suffer as has she."

"The book we'll write, and send out to the world by love and hardship, will find it may be, favor with

a class failing to discern what others hold most true; and we will feel then that the future, will bare the past to mens' eyes now so blind, and keep on writing, till all earth's history shall be known. . . We met St. Johns."

"Sad is the truth I'm bringing, Gentlemen. Not one in all the city where has been the interest shown in what was written to attract men to our procedure, has come forward with an offer of the least help. Money for everything under heavens, including the idealistic ravisher of wealth, who sits even at street corners in his whiskers, and holds a stick of pine as scepter; telling his aim to reclaim all who dare flout him and pass by to worthier things. The polar monster having gifts to sell at Christmas time.

Even the children have grown tired of him; and his mission has degenerated into piling of dollars, where they'll buy more folly for those wearing it a little while, then leaving everything, to stand denuded (as they really are) before some one of us who'll meet their soul."

"Might we but have the money from one Christmas!—all have cried—and bring with that, the actualities of heaven before the sight stopped against marts of trade, or resting wearily on grandeur counterfeiting what we will describe as in our home; and that reminds me——

Comrades in a battle just begun, the house I love is finished, and I wish to show it you; who feel sur-

prised at the knowledge of my ownership, not divulged before. Thought was its builder, and it pleases me.

See where its portals rise pretentious, from the soft grass of a wide-spread lawn, amid tall trees of various kinds we so admired on earth.

How greater in their beauty than were those, spread they magnificent in proportion, just as Our Father has permitted me to bring them from my thought."

"Wishing colonial architecture, you have copied Greek; and on the front, have reared pillars reaching to the roof, we see."

"Do you admire with me their fluted shape, and the square cap so massive at the top, matching the base rich in its coloring of quiet hue? They are of ivory; and the roof above, is of our heavenly substance in which angels float; since never here will storms arise, or sunheat trouble us you know."

"We mount the wide low step, and stand where comfort may be found by us, in every way your mind could picture it for outer air 'twould seem, on this fine porch."

"The roses are a joy, perpetually blooming as our flowers are, they linger lovingly and entwine in thickness round each column here, waving their wide pink blossoms, made so delicate a gossamer fan might be ashamed of coarseness by them, and luxuriance itself could ask no more."

"We are fascinated with the exterior Sir, but will

rest with more contentment, when we've crossed the creamy floor and entered the great doors, invitingly spread open before our feet."

"Feet are not often used for locomotion in this our country, and we'll laugh a little for the thousandth time perhaps, to think how mortals have depicted us for many years, waving huge wings; or wearing them behind us, towering high."

"In order to rest us maybe, as one would think we must; but gliding, never seemed to occur to the old painters, and their ideas must yet prevail, strongly as do those given of us in scripture."

"We were as certain once as any other, that all they told was true, blest beings now so many of them are who then believed, all earth's mistakes gone by. Take time to view my hall Gentlemen, for here I dreamed a dream that then came true."

"So we observe, and one of beauty most decidedly; but in analyzing, let us study the stairway first.

Broad low risers, all would choose naturally; but their material! Fine as the texture of a vellum book; while showing grainings that are found on earth only in finest wood.

True we need never walk on them, but sometimes we feel a repetition of old experiences would gratify, and you have certainly originated what would tempt to use the feet.

The balustrades on either side; how much they add to the effect, with their pilastered ends and

richly carven guards, extending to the landings turning squarely with them; then on to the gallery, matching the whole and running round the circular part above, passing the doors.

My scrutiny is rather selfish here, for in remodeling our home, your taste will be my guide.''

''The compliment is appreciated, I assure you; and do feel that in giving the stairway a central place, nothing will interfere with sight of the close, fine fern, covering the wall so thickly under the gallery, like the delicate one called maidenhair, did it climb as does this.''

''How exquisite against the ivory doorways, and above the runners on this inlaid floor, where the same shades prevail; and no dust here will ever fill the richness of a fabric such as this.''

''I found its counterpart, within the pyramids long years ago, where Pharoah had spread before the couch on which his dead queen lay, the product of wondrous looms; but does my dome please you?''

''From where we stand and gaze into its depths, we vote its incrustations of rare gems are beautiful; in all the richness an imagination fed on oriental splendor could retain, to work therefrom.'

''We call it work, Our Comrade, but it's dreaming; the picturing of things we'd love to have, and in the finish of this marvelous hall nothing has been neglected.

We feel warmth needful, only when we wish to

recall earth comforts in most equable air, I know; but the firelight's flare touches projections in the beauteous wall, and anon we have it dark enough, so all enjoy what we can offer them in light elsewhere.''

''Then within the sliding doors on either hand, will be more examples of your cultured taste Sir. Will you lead the way for us to follow and observe?''

''The workmanship upon them is Moorish in its splendor, and how tame compared to it, are all that closes palaces below.''

''In front, the wide embrasure of the vestibule is clothed in colors and rare woods, framing well a bronze replica, of what shut out intruders in a home not fine as this, yet with great importance, and it was where the mountains crowned a scene in Southland, years before the war.''

''Our war! We all remember that, the struggle for abolishment of slavery; and at this date, think how the world's advanced, to want no more of it. Oh it was wrong and shameless, that we held our peace so long, and broke not chains for other men!''

''Vehemence is with all our hearts My Friend, and living where these doors were seen in their original, were kindly ones willing to forego luxury, if but the nation would arise, repeal the laws, and let the dark race go.''

''There was need in that case for action that

came slow; but when with Lincoln stood his counselors, and the North was back of them, it became accelerated till all was won we fought for; and the country plunged in strife, became the one that now may lead the world in peace."

"Such satisfaction in the thought for us. . . Will you turn your eyes toward the mantelpiece, above a grate I fashioned in my thought, to harmonize with fittings that adorn the room where we may see our friends?"

"Truly a chef de œuvre Great Artist, with its fine proportions in the bronze, flanked by the cases filled with books you prize, in vellum covers too, and pleasant for both eye and hand."

"Yes, were we with wish to read, where glancing at a mind containing knowledge we would like, is all sufficient, but with memory of what made home life pleasant on the earth, the air seems redolent of culture more, with dear familiarity; so I studied out the way all best might look, and the wish brought it."

"Everything speaks of thoughtfulness, from the rich frieze where stand the classically arrayed figures, telling of grace and strength combined with beauty, to the paintings our best wielders of the brush have made, that adorn the walls."

"And note those walls; Our Entertainer shall we tell you, who brought their tints from storehouse full of harmonies in color, how stands the marble bust or Aphrodite, against the background fitted for

its worth? surely deep satisfaction must have dwelt with you when it was done."

"I rest contentedly where my dreams are realized, and in another phase of mind—multifarious as is ours—enjoy only the being where earth's families need care an angel furnishes."

"Little they know, around whom we are, how dwells with them where each may enter in, the sweet great presence known to us as Guardian-Angel, encased in his own element from heaven."

"Or hers, for each is with one of its own sex, and sympathy then arises when trials come, more certainly the thing to cover every point in earth's experience known to us."

"We have seen those, where clouds are thick and dark, who felt our presence and have wondered where we were; when voice of ours was heard in strong concern amid their difficulties, giving them advice to the best ends, through their own thoughts."

"Let us sit down; the seats are comfortable, and luxurious almost past belief. The time is ours, for we can multiply it by as many forms as any wish, to attend for him all duties, and my home is at your service, Kindest Friends so near my heart."

"None wish any peculiar chair in heaven, for all are framed in full accordance with the law of beauty here, and while attractiveness in any, varies according to the taste, all are adapted to our wishes for repose."

"So each divan and every seat about, tempts to the trial; and we will all find places from whence to continue the exchange of views regarding earth's poor souls."

"Our burning indignation yet, on him who for the thought of *self,* imposed upon the human race what Adam did!"

"His sufferings while horrible, could be no less and meet with justice at our hands, while He above all angels in their care, tells to us daily, never shall his sin meet with forgiveness."

"The ravage that he worked is indescribable; and terrible the reflection that but for him, a world might be in angelhood most bright, with all its dear delights, and need not consciences."

"No servile tasks for us of heaven then, nothing to take us from it (in other forms), as we think of all they need who are our own on earth."

"They know it not, yet we are with this atmosphere, and around us is the peaceful place made ready for our home, beside each one.

"Full of pellucid light, we dwell within it while our charges will be welcomed there with eagerness."

"Stained are their minds with sin, so hateful to Our Sovereign, and we who love Him so, stand between our visitors and one they think to draw near unto, while prayer is made by humble hearts, not knowing they have entered where we may protect them from a fiend, while receiving their petition for His grace."

"Would they believe think you Brothers, that He has given to us each a segment of His mind so wonderful, and in that, exist all powers we need, to act as aides for Him?"

"Hard for their comprehension, though easier to believe than many other things of which we'll write, —but in the general discussion let us make way for ladies; and invite by thought, those we prefer. The dining room is ready as we sit, will you then act your pleasure, and meet with that one nearest you where we may enjoy a feast?"

"Delightedly; and with the airs from heaven breathing in our ears sweet symphonies, will we be with each other, and share with beings ours—as are we theirs—the pleasures hospitality provides." . .

"Hark to their laughter! music could not be more sweet, while floating in with true angelic grace, the fair translated souls of earth now stand."

"Strangers would find choice hard, where every charm of manner, every winning smile with voice enrapturing abounds, yet to the heart of one, there is its complement."

"Not all are fortunate as this bright company, to be with mates* in heaven, but we may leave that subject for a while, and enjoy viands prepared in full perfection for our appetites. Curtains will be drawn, while lights gleam upon the china and our silverware among the cut glass intricate and pleas-

* The subject of mates in heaven has been made plain farther on in the book, and when understood, nothing strange will appear in the statement, that all present were with them.

ing, that it may sparkle with the chandelier above, almost as part of it."

"A festive scene assuredly; and not a trial of temper with the maid, cook, or butler, to cast shade upon it. Beauty and wit, with grace and eloquence may feast our senses, while we praise the host for his ingeniousness in imaginings."

"We are familiar with each other's favorite fruit, and nectar never known by man, sparkles invitingly from goblet's rim; then will we make our toasts to Children, Love's own self, The Joys of Heaven and Social Life, with other thoughts to bring as well, unto the flower crowned board of crystal that is shown beneath the plates."

"Oh what an ending to so fine a speech! Think of the flight! From heaven to dinner plates! and tell yourselves the wife of one master of the English language, felt it time to turn attention to the fare."

"We will agree with her and test the soup; as passing round, the silver salver holding it pauses beside each one. Then with the substantials following, when all are served, the food I'm sure will be found perfect, and hunger incite us each to do full justice to our repast."*

"Suppose we eat and look at the same time; so much of taste is in the meal and room, will we observe what heightens our enjoyment?"

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* Note—All is as real with angels, as to man on earth; though all is etherial.

"Art is everywhere; in the appointments and draperies especially, it commands the eye. Constantinople, did you say was where such portieres met you in a palace fair? Our memories retain whate'er they will when we may wish; and wishing, mainly fills our time in Angel-Land, assuredly."

"Think of the things we're with when seeking earth, with other forms than these so wholly blest; and thank Our Great Creator for His ways—past finding out."

"Such a life to live, where pain walks with us in our hearts, and tells us time is endless almost, as we feel its pangs in those we guard there, and compare it to the endless one yielding such satisfaction to the soul, no other word expresses it."

" 'I shall awake in His image, and be satisfied,' in us has been fulfilled; for we belong to Him. No feeling like to that enters the heart of man, and all through earthly stages unto Paradise, he tells himself 'if but'—while we who stand around him longingly, with ties of blood yet drawing us to kin, think 'bye and bye My Dear One, we will meet and know each other,' as might have been the case on earth-side of the boundary line between true life and death."

"Has sadness entered in among festivities? We answer 'No;' for so familiar has this truth become, with all its phases open to our view, we look ahead in knowledge all have shared, and feel though life

below must be worn out according to its laws, 'tis not in heaven we mourn."

"Let us lay by reflection for the present, and when with these viands all are done, once more the plates will be removed and we'll address ourselves unto the ices, Friends, and cakes; while listening to the bells from Switzerland its angels sweetly ring to crown our feast." . .

"After a test, desert and music both, are speaking of themselves as being good—extraordinarily. Just so have we known people in the world to tell of worth, only by the experimental knowledge others gained of it in them."

"Quite contrary to the proclamation of its possession, by a family well known where I lived when a boy.

Their names were Strathmore. Enos, and Joachim, Elias and Peter, Strathmore. All good Bible names, fitted to the salt of the earth; and when their father died, all the sons remarked in one form or another, that merit consisted in leaving good children behind, as he certainly had, and they'd meet him in heaven.

Meantime they proceeded to enjoy the money he left, for which their mother had slaved—as too many women do, where selfishness reigns—and in three months, each in turn had refused to aid her, so she was consigned to the poor house by these saintly men."

"No doubt their neighbors scorned them, same

as we. . . But did ever 'angel food' made on earth, equal this we're eating? Not any more thank you, we await the mints."

"They do look tempting, and are delicious. Savonarola, while we quaff ambrosial drink, will you voice our sentiments as we turn the thought to children whom we know?"

"I rise and tender to all here, my tribute to their beauty so cherubic, their manners so enticing, their gaiety so winsome, and their tender lives so dear. May He who shelters families in heaven, accept our deepest thanks; that those bereft of them where bloom alone the flowers of sadness, may know they roam celestial fields their feet make brighter, and join the singing birds in laughter, while along the thrilling air to them so exquisite, is borne seraphic rapture, experienced by childish hearts never to know a pain."

"Seated, we may thank you warmly for the pleasure given, and all unite in wishing friends on earth might follow them, among the happy hours flowing brightly as the brooks by which they play.

"How mother hearts would rest, to know as we know, that their darlings are when wearied, in the arms of those who claim relationship; and find in the dear treasures thus made theirs, completion of the joys that fill their days."

"Among the things to be with certainty instead of longing, when what we tell will be believed. . . Then thinking the toastmaster self appointed, let

me delegate another to the task, and ask surprises as to who shall answer call to entertain us."

"Continue in your duties, you to whom we owe all this enjoyment, and feel we think that your selection will please us well."

"Then will we speak of Love; the great theme to which we turn in joy, knowing its power to sweeten every cup. Give to us the convictions of your mind concerning it Longfellow, and let men once again read in your lines the truth as you have found it."

"I am here with pleasure in the thought I may address them; and what I once felt true of Love, I yet proclaim it. Gift of Our Father, greatest of His riches, heaped on the angels who adore His Grace. Fellows in feeling, may ye all endeavor while our strong hearts yearn over homeless man, to tell with me the tenderest of stories in these few words from out our inmost hearts?

Come unto me; who are with sorrows laden,
Come and find rest unto your weary souls.
Leave all thou canst within the lives thou'rt living,
Sure that in me till Time his last bell tolls,
All will be found of blissfulness we're giving,
Filling the years through which our heaven rolls.

When they realize their Heavenly Father speaks in us, wife to her husband, mother to child, soon will their longing for our warm greeting, tell us how dear to them is one named Love." . .

"Shall we then listen further, as we quaff the richness of most luscious fruits, to eulogies upon our Heaven and Social Life with its Comraderie? Longfellow told of Love held in the minds of all, from its Great Source; will we then hear expressed the creed of angels, worded as she will give it who wrote for England and the world, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning?"

"Brightness and song are with us cheerfully, at this opportunity for commingling thought, so deep and then solicitous for human beings.

Inheriting frailty as a burden weighing on them, our souls pity while we love so much, and strive to win their thoughts to better lives. Simple the words comprising all there is attainable for them, by which to enter and abide where joys increase surprisingly, and every instant is delight untold.

Could ye but know; sad hearts so long down-trodden,
The pitying angels throng about your ways,
Deeming their time well spent in your upholding,
Closing their eyes on earth to peaceful days,
Could ye but hear the tender voices telling,
Thoughts that might soothe and comfort your despair,
Soon would your arms enfold the forms, then knelling
Earth's last farewell to anguish, in an air
Never again to hold your weary moanings,
Never again your words of grief to bear.

Our creed then Dear Guests is, We love humanity. We minister to its sorrows and its needs, are happy in its joys, troubled in its cares, hopeful of its joining us at death, and feeling certain of bliss assured, to those who will think with Conscience, and remain all they may, with it through life.

The cheer was not as apparent in my words, as in our hearts, Companions, for we feel encouragement to hope that as the morning now has broken, we may convince the world why its coming has been delayed."

"We are with wonders for the heart of man to ponder, fathomless, and far from finding out by earthly means. Will he refuse to contemplate with us the ways followed in ancient time for frail humanity?"

"Be that as it must; one thing we know, our feasting of the heart and appetite is ending.

Intellectually, we have fed on truths proving our daily thought, in seeking ways to reach the race of which we form a part."

"Shall little Earth, think that among all the wonders even she can see in air around her, there exist no more? Appliances for the enlargement of her sight are now forthcoming. Scientists in heaven, long to communicate great discoveries to psychic minds on earth, held to beliefs that prevent angels from passing them, and conveying truth forward by their means, and at last we have for help, our messenger.

We have led her in the way shunned or forsaken soon by others beginning in our care, and her life has passed through dangers needless for any feet to tread, who follow her's up to the mountain top where Truth itself is found."

"The thickets filled with reptiles and wild beasts ready to strike, or bring her unto death, she waded through alone; with angels' help sustaining her, while law that we obey and here make plain, prevented us from warning her of peril, till for herself she had experienced its terrors and learned their shapes."

"Our hearts are telling us that men will claim she holds an insane notion of control by the immortals; and that years may elapse, before the book we place before the world with hearts aflame for its enlightening power, may be with credence.

But her work shall live, a monument to self-sacrifice for loved of earth; and for years it may be, she shall wait below ere entering our arms, who bear her up through each succeding trial." . .

"Turning in hope, to thoughts apart from these, let us at last in heartiness of thanks for this our great enjoyment, listen to her our memories recall led gaieties once, at the great capitol France knew as full of follies.

In Marie Antoinette, we see exemplified the way each angel dispossesses marks of grief or age, by dimples, laughing eyes and all enchanting grace in woman, while men make also for themselves a realization of their ideals, by creative thought.

We yield attention to our lovely friend."

"My wits are wool-gathering it must be, for I have been considering ways and means to reach men's children of all ages, till nothing less important seems left within my mind; but standing here, prepared to drink the health that never leaves it, of social life in heaven, I thank our host for this example of it, and tell him I shall not leave his house, until we see the rooms still closed to us.

I have heard of homes where all on exhibition, told of wealth and good housekeeping, but up those stairs, there might be places unopened for inspection, as elsewhere we have been.

Even our own lives on earth, were not devoid of scenery we would have been glad to stow within the attic in a trice at times, but I for one, am never troubled here that way.

Leaving aside all joking, the homes of heaven are what we wish. That covers all; and may we repair to them and find our families expectant, for evening hour approaches and the time for entertainment is at hand.

It may be at the opera, I shall wear my new and lovely gown of blue; and wind about my neck the last dear gift of him, who knew my admiration was intense, and all the angels might possess one like it if they wished.

It's no sure thing we're going where I'll wear it though this time, but theatricals are my delight,

and music most deeply loved; by her who thinks her observations may crown with wisdom this great day here at our house, where all may feel at home as in every one's else. So fare thee well my friends, until we meet once more."

"She tells a thing we feel will fit, and all will glide out to our families where they wait, yet go anywhere besides we choose. Bright spirit, with her went the husband so much loved; and needful were her words to bring us back from soberness to mirth. See, within the hall and on the stairs she waves a beckoning hand, then rising to the landing, they wait for our approach." . .

"Soon will the rounds be made, for we will haste; and where the sumptuous furnishings bespeak the deep repose we loved on earth—that may be ours at will yet none be robbed—we linger long enough to note them all and wonder at their beauty; but be with thought that when the visitors expected, come to you Dear Hosts, we shall repeat this trip with more deliberation."

"May it be so then, and in the meantime wait not that event. The house stands ready at your service, and any time will find you with our welcome, as you know." "Farewell, farewell until again here at the grand front door so much admired, we part."

"Dear hearts, they're gone; youth dwells with all of us. . . May we but meet with glorious news full soon, that our messenger to man has found the friends we need."

"So every angel old enough to feel anxiety is hoping, working, helping on Our Cause; and long as lasted what we had to say, many the things that yet remain behind, and will appear in writings from our hand."

Shakespeare's Offering.

HEAVEN.

An Address by "The Bard of Avon."

A little writing that will bring to men, him who
rejoices greatly, that again
His pen doth move—as 'twere—where words that
tell a thing
Most wonderful, of which the seraphs sing,
Flow from its point and so explain Heaven's worth,
Sublimity and grandeur unto Earth.

True are the angels, and of all the train
Making fair homes where grief comes not again,
Wishing to write, and bring the sweet refrain
Over and over to all ears amain,
Closed to the glories that must always be
Heard in one chorus rising far and free—
If one who listens, would achieve to all
The meaning borne to man in Heaven's call—
Will Shakespeare be with satisfaction most
Complete of any, in that mighty Host.

Heaven is not held alone within one star,
Great and resplendent as the others are,
But hid within the haze Our Father spread

As softest covering for the immortals' tread—
Should any wish to walk where all may glide,
Floating alone, or oftener, side by side—
World after world in stately beauty stands,
Filled with its angels all at His commands;
Loving and loved, beyond what words could show,
In any language known to man below.

Look not among celestial orbs to find,
The glories long kept hidden from mankind,
Vain were the search; by any means made known
As yet, to him who will be farther shown,
Scenes so enrapturing they must tempt to live,
That angels with them, may his soul receive.

All helpful to the race in writing, speaking, or discovery, by which knowledge may be attained or labor lightened, art strengthened—in its highest sense—earth find adornment that comports with good, has reached its children at the hands of those once with its darkness, (now disfranchised) pitying them.

If wishing nobly, man shall mentally uplift his eyes to patterns set before the world, deserving emulation, and will scan all resources at command, that he may bring about the thing desired to bless, or prove a wonderment most harmless to the human race, it shall be given him to think with minds con-

structive; when he asks in earnestness that so he may, and for him they will build the undying soul, if he but help. On the contrary, if following wrong promptings, from an inclination guided by one continually seeking to destroy material for angels' use in this,—while substituting that so foul withal, it can but fashioned be by fiendish hands into the residue from earth, that shall at last be ostracised from heaven,—man loses thoughts of angels guiding him, and the prey he has become of evil minds, claiming his soul at end of human life for entrance into woe unspeakable.

Here turn I once again unto the realm enhanced in brightness by the orb of days fraught with every blessing angelhood may ask.

On every hand arise the homes most pleasing to translated minds, who find in them fulfillment of their every wish, and are content.

Think what that one thing means; and ask yourself if heaven needs more than this to satisfy.

Gardens, far lovelier than an imagination nurtured on earth may picture to the mind, surround them oft, while many stand mid reaches wide, shaded with trees more wonderful than ever grew in palace park below, or singly graced the lawn enjoyed by those whose bourne it was, of sweet domestic life.

Pavilions, opening into areas vast of flowers found only where perfection reigns, stand pillared wide and beautiful in that celestial scene, where

cherubs play along the silvery streams, and wear the garlands suited to such grace enhanced by sweetness when it is their wish.

Nothing is wanting that could bring to all, heartsease and mignonette; meaning so much more there than to Ophelia—poor demented maid I had not wish to carry unto happiness so much deserved, where Hamlet might have turned to her and freed himself from Evil Mind, controlling him to think all women heartless, cruel, and the hypocrites of which his mother furnished forth a part.

Not then did I the truth perceive, that minds at variance with each other used my hand to write, each after his own wish, and either fair or ill in character, according to my will.

So in description of Queen Mab, the delicate imagery of an angel's thought is most apparent; and I cite not the writings that to know were sunk within oblivion's depths, ere detrimental mark by them had left an impress on humanity, I would give years even of heaven.

That heaven holding with its lakes and fells, the brightest fields of fair and beauteous grain; which bends and shimmers underneath a sky arching above, as on the earth waved such, before the admiring eyes of those finding there the fountain of much joy.

Divergent tastes diversify the scene; and forests deep arise on many a hill, swept by the grandeur of great storms some loved, when watching mighty

trees bend in their breath, while dwelling near them in an earthly life.

There, soft June mornings clear as cloudless skies, break on the enraptured vision seeing them, where all dear dreams their entrance make unto reality; and where the memory recalls emotions sweet, continue they to fill the brimming cup of blissfulness, from which the angels quaff unstintedly.

Castles stand high beside the torrent's bed—as some translated from such homes may wish—lending stability wherever found; and never artist painted more complete proportions in those limned for sight, than fill the view extending till the eye of mind alone, can compass it.

The Halls of Art are open wide, before the votaries at a shrine devoted unto that which feeds the uplifted souls surrounding them, and never is neglected the dear statue held above all work, by him whose hand of flesh brought fame and wonderment from mortals, knowing not an angel guided it to cut each line, each flying drapery bring unto perfection, ravishing the sight.

There will the artist's rare enjoyment be amid Love's tributes unto heaven, chiseled by thought, from stone white and translucent, or suited in its coloring to use desired.

Still weaves the brush its meshes fine, around the fancies it enthralls to canvas as imperishable, and painters add the riches found within their portions

of the One Great Mind, unto the quota making up the whole, placed freely at disposal of all those who find enjoyment in supernal art.

Music her charm exerts for listening ears, in multifarious symphony of sounds; each one of which thrills all the air, and brings to life the chord long dead on earth—it may be—for an angel's breast.

Song, rhapsody, embodiment of poesy so fine that words may not constrain it, linger on the ear, a molten melody of what will make the harmony of many lutes, seem to appeal unto the heart of Love.

She unto whom all angels tell in tears—outside of heavenly confines—their deep grief, that on the earth in perilous ignorance of life's enormous truths, their loved remain.

Long have we tried to keep with us the ones, heeding our call where sunny was the way, holding bright promises of fruits so sweet easily won, enriching all the life—until it led among the thorns, that grew where never roses hid them from the sight, upon the mountain path so desolate.

So cold, so lonely, and so terrible its steeps, that rose before the heart-sore lonely one giving her fealty to our cause at last, that many times we felt the faltering feet climbing towards the ever shining sun, moved on in darkness underneath thick clouds obscuring it; and even the hope grown dim, once casting light ahead to cheer her on.

The glories of that sun may not be hers to view, until a height attained for which she strives, they

burst upon her longing eyes in full effulgence of the new-born day; and looking back upon the sharp descent, seeing the sudden turnings of a way leading past pitfalls and amid dangers great, her heart will feel that in the blessed land of perfect peace, lying so close in warmth earth long denied, her wearied spirit evermore may rest.

"Of perfect peace," aye, and of rapture too, without cessation; where its crystal walls rise in their beauty, to enclose the hearts seeking no more an entrance to earth's scenes, and feeling how divides them from their own, the tabernacle reared unto a master claiming flesh, no longer able to exact his dues to the last drachma.

Yet suffering is known to angels—who from out the Eternal Mind's dear gifts are formed, retaining in their own, great attributes, and with all faculties enhanced, new ones are given; unknown among their senses when below—while their hearts lead them where they love on earth, amid the sorrows and brief happiness shared by them, in intensity man never knows.

Thoughtfully questioned has the statement been, that all in heaven are infinitely blest; yet here my word for it you may accept, and feel that mid its harmonies no discords rise.

Heaven would not be Heaven were this untrue, and an anomaly I will make clear, in still another question all will answer in affimative.

Is not Our Great Creator infinite in power to be

where'er He will? Then shall the creatures of His mind, partake of that vast omnipresence, and by thought, move where they wish; to those oft piercing them with anguished fear, that they rise not to heaven from life's experiences, making each one its contribution to the soul, fashioned from out conclusions reached through them.

If then immortals agonize, will it not appear this must be theirs to do on other planes of being, than the one always in bliss? and will man not know the truth, that Our Heavenly Father prompts His angels, who strive to bring unto Him all they may, of a humanity he gave into their charge?

Be they where but in mourning deep, they linger with their loved on earth, or midst the enrapturing joys made theirs above; still interchange is made of all thoughts wished, and instantly.

I might be where the ocean torrents roar, round jagged rocks that rear titanic heads, and throw the spume of billows far to sea, so sound of all save that escaped my ear; yet still unto my senses would be borne the words an angel dear would whisper to itself, and think of me.

Love—Precious Potentate of those who stray where roses bloom, and lilies fair bend their white bells above the violets blue, yielding their perfume to the ambient air—we cling to thee.

Love, prompts the anguish that impels unto the mouth of hell itself, the weary soul long waiting for return of one who entered where tormenting devils

are, that it might call for help in an extremity tongue may not tell. And from the voice of Conscience—guardian-angel never leaving man until his place beyond the grave is fixed—hear language that incites to penitence so deep, forgiveness is implored, hell left behind, and heaven receives the then enraptured soul.

Love is among the principles from there, that angel minds impart to man, removing selfishness; that dragon horrible in sight of God, devouring from us those who form the substance of our longing, through their lives in the dark world mistakenly believed, more to be wished—with all its misery—than one they might attain. . .

Those entering heaven, will find their joy among minds most as are their own; unerringly directed to the place environed as all are in that beauteous zone, with law made manifest in earthly words, "Like Calls For Like"; while bliss supernal ravishes the heart, then fitted for the knowing that beyond, lies yet more rapture. Given unto souls who when on earth, became as free from daily sin as might they, when determination waited on desire, and close attention prompted timely thought.

Will one who reads my lines so true, think constant warfare 'gainst all selfishness, impurity and lack of truthfulness, too high a price to pay for so magnificent a crown, its jewels even heavenly language may not well describe?

Possessing it, within the seventh area of orbs de-

voted in degrees to angelhood, such wonders of delight are with it his, that telling one of them, would so incite to struggles most continuous 'gainst an evil foe, as to insure it unto every man; who might by stern and patient effort, master weaknesses that are the outgrowth and catastrophe of years—it may be —of loose thought, and careless inattention to the truth.

Little the mind dwelling on earth to do the things called venal by humanity, thinks of the difference between absolute truth, and telling what in act, and look, and word, approaches it most pleasingly.

And yet sincerity of heart, acquired by careful and distasteful toil, giving offense to those whom flattery wish, most pleasing is to that Great Power Divine, one of whose attributes is perfect truth; and to whose favor makes appeal most forcefully, unselfishness for others' good, at cost of self-denial.

I ask that someone, who may long to enter where all may be his to know, untold in these my words inadequate, will try to leave the earth having to his account, that which deserves the commendation of our king; given him who for humanity and angels, will face about, and bring help to the strong against the mighty, by deprivation to himself of ease and gold. That through the ages of eternity, angels from earth shall fold him in their arms and call him blessed.

Heaven will be richer for a heart like that, letting

not Doubt and Hindrance walk beside him further, but leave all aside and enter quickly, into what will prove a winning race against dark Ignorance.

Mothers throw all intensity into their plea to man, that he forego his little human interests, and think how grand the work to which he is adjured by hosts of heaven; knowing the need of it by mortals, to free themselves from devils, given in charge of them at earliest time of life, by him who reigns below.

It had been ordained by Our Creator, that every soul entering a world claimed the dominion of that monstrous one, should have angelic guidance if he would, unto the halls of heaven. And this He yielded not unto the foul and frightful enemy of man, else had there been no hope for him assuredly; and his race had gone where the rank venom poured out wrathfully never shall cease to eat, and where "the demons of the pit" howl with increasing pain, as ages pass that yet may find them there.

Yet shall they leave that court of last resort, obedient unto him whose will they fear, and make of earth a holocaust to their designs on man; whose mental powers are needed by the horde seeking pain to perpetuate, and flinging over earth the things they do.

In writing that shall tell of hell, with its vast horror and calamity, will an angel be particular and specify the manner of the act, intimidating minds who enter there; where terror stricken will they

find deliverance not, unless with cry for help without delay, Conscience—still guardian angel of their souls—shall reach consciousness amidst its horrors, and holding the mirror up to nature, in such light as will be shed upon it by those above their loved in peril imminent, show to the soul such sights distressful as will wring the heart; then feeling that repentance which ever must precede forgiveness, implored of an insulted God.

All the thought that Belief will save mankind from this most awful place, without an effort of its own, all claims unnatural, absurd, and wicked, angels repudiate; but purity of heart and cleanliness of life, yielding its ease to others' good unselfishly, we deem imperative. . .

Will thought now turn to Hamlet—Princely Dane—whose famed soliloquy was given me, as now I make this hers who writes for angels, adducing yet more evidence that Shakespeare's mind is once again with brothers in the flesh?

To live, or not to live? There lies the question.
Whether 'tis better to deny the heart
Blackened by selfishness, and all encouragement to
evil
Through years of earth, the thing impoverishing
man,

And throwing off the yoke that galls not in the wearing,
But eats into the soul with ingrained acid,
Rise to heights of Heaven?—

Or weakly yield to pleasure; that endangers all immortals may attain,
When once the veil is rent—parted asunder like the clouds at sunrise
Within an angry sky, or showing one where peacefulness with promise glows,
Most fair and roseate before the conquering soul.

Shall I consent to wear the livery of one
Bearing me further from all hope of peace? Or on the other hand,
With lasting effort fit myself to dwell
Within a garden sweet with fadeless flowers?
Where harebells and the violets so fair,
Do spring to meet the pressure cherubs bring
Unto the yielding grasses green and soft,
—That carpet form for all who tread thereon—
Yet break not with their weight, the feathery fern
Or most extremely delicate leaf, that tells
The intricate weaving of an angel's thought.

So small the thing asked of me, for the one so large
That boundless language might not set it forth.
Yet still I hesitate to take the cup, the potion drink,

Bringing me certain blissfulness, that would remain
Till heaven and earth shall pass. . .
Whether 'tis better to follow after mockeries
Shamming a pleasure, not the one that bears
Unto the lips that taste it satisfying draught,
Or casting all aside impeding gait,
Run the great race to immortality?

To suffer—aye, the rub is there—
The sting of death to a luxurious life; made free of care
For those unlike ourselves, who endure wrong
With heartache, deprivation, even unto the point of famine.
Yet are only loathed, by comfortable men
Who pompously do strut, and tell the world
That looks on them, to see how great they are!

Such a little life! compared to that eternity
Stretching before a human soul, in all immensity
That speaks unto it terror; once it knows the truth,
Or brings such thoughts of happiness, as shall forever take from man
All fear to die, and shuffle off this mortal coil
Made of iniquity, and burdening the soul too sorely for arising
To The Source of Every Good, because we careless ones,
We fools, go blindly on. . .

Will any thinking how grim Time doth pass, bearing his messages to old and young, note the ensilvering hair, the bending form of those once stately, tall, and beautiful, then tell himself how soon for all is done the travesty of life? now made the thing for which he slaves. To feel his consequence in the esteem of men, who in their hearts, do plan to seize upon the morsel he will make between their teeth, determined that he shall in no wise gain escape, till leaving tribute to rapacity.

Feeding upon each other, has the world long been; while we in heaven, yearn to usher in another era, bringing unto man the boon till now denied him; —if we can find great hearts filled high with love, then told with needed emphasis in phrase of gold.

Gold! metal angels need so terribly, its want precludes the possibility of gaining earth for heaven!

Thrown to the winds in so-called pleasure, it scatters in the hearts of those on whom it falls transmuted into envy, the seeds bearing most plenteously to hatred; while they who starve as others feast, look vainly towards the prodigal who sows, for warmth even of kind words.

Gold! oft made the thing to fling where idlers are, and sycophants with servile air smile on the flattered owner, who may walk with head averted while they tell themselves, his arrogance is treated in the way all vile things are men loathe, and cast from out their thought.

It is his money, unto which that turns, and the

life protecting it has not a friend; when had it been but put to the right use, and paid for gratitude engendered by kind deeds—directed by full knowledge that they ministered to need—then had his riches drawn an interest incomputable; for high as heaven, had reached the verge of its receptacle, crowded to all repletion with the treasure there awaiting him.

Shallow the waves of pleasure, waded from self-love to that disaster sure to be reached by one trying their warmth, and thinking that farther on they will grow deeper, and bear within them to his sight, the jewels longed by him to grasp, and then with them adorn the shrine devoted to his worship of himself.

Homilies have been writ upon life's brevity, and what awaits man when it shall be past; but with Procrastination (thief of time most precious) holding him from effort, faces he not the future. Thinking—poor man—to chain reflection to it later; and make then decision to abandon what has cost more than would have brought all in heaven, to such joy as he may never understand; until outside the gates of hell, he meets reproachful eyes of many, passing by him on their errands sad, and hears them say—"This had not need to be; nor would your own, have been without the way of life and doomed to enter where the worm dieth not, had you forsook the pagan altar where you daily bowed, and made strong effort for the spread of that our minds had wrought, and given unto man.

Go! where the wailing children mothers hold as such even in maturity, kneel on the floor of hell amid its horrors, and entreat the inexorable fiend in power there, to spare their souls from agony awaiting them on earth. Where their loved yet linger in ignorance, that devils hold them to wishes they fulfill, sure to bring them to the woe then felt by souls who vainly sue.

For what? That those so dear be left to the sweet angels; whose self-sacrifice has tied them unto constant thought how best to meet in conflict with hell's forces, each multifarious question of the minds they watch, struggling that it be settled for the right. Then if they conquer, bearing to the scroll on high, fair record of it, to set against that over which they mourn. Record of ones loved by the lost who plead; but not by other devils whom they hate, as only can hate those who hear the taunts thrown at them fiercely, by the evil minds asserting that example theirs on earth, with arguments against pure living, and regard to truth and kindness, led them to pass the wicked years ending where cruelty is in every heart, and suffering made by all the means at hand.

Go! and think when thou'rt refused, by ruler gloating o'er thine agony, that thou hast saved unto thyself what money bought! filching from thee eternal rapture. While in the thought held by myriads of radiant angels, with memory that thy homage to the golden calf, has rendered it impossi-

ble for them as soon to be freed from bondage unto Terror, thou wilt stand condemned.

Strange anomaly will be with thee, as thou shalt work against us, in thy mad desire to bring all misery to pass thou canst, that whilst thou hatest us in every other mind but the ones dear to thee, thou wilt long unspeakably that we prevail with them, against those who like thee, determine to earn by fealty unto Satan, immunity from his most awful punishment. Inflicted where all effort that might be, has not been made to augment his forces assaulting men in darkness.

Thou wilt be left—in that abode where canker eats thy heart—the feeling madness must be thine; if forced to look on work of fiends ruining thy loved ones, and triumphant over us, because the wealth used on thyself, bought not for them with others, knowledge that to win heaven, man's will must turn against unworthy thoughts, to those the angels long to think with him.'' . .

With all his Being steeped in anguish, Shakespeare has written words begirt with meaning most tremendous, to the world.

Language may not express what feelings have been his, while striving 'gainst hereditary and acquired leanings of the human heart, in manner consonant with his belief that they who read, will know how easily might he have covered page after page with dialogue revealing truth, had such been his desire, who now sees with an angel's eye the need

of man, and meets it fully as he may, in this brief time.

Sneeringly scan and cavil at his lines, all ye who seek excuse from effort, if accepting what they teach.

Remember all their prophecy thy future state may realize; either where the evil mind thou didst allow to bring thee there, laughs at thy anguish, or among dreams of perfect bliss, come true in heaven."

A Writing by Confucius.

IN RELATION TO THE ACCOUNT BY CONFUCIUS

On the opening pages of the writing named, there may be found what will prevent those informed earlier in the book that it contains only truth, from wishing to continue its reading, in the hope of establishing themselves upon that rock. For it will disintegrate before them with the thought they hold, that "She calling herself the amanuensis of Great Minds Discarnate, has placed where it will discountenance all before it—if not after—the statement as from an angel, that Confucius lived where men made their homes in tents. The fact being, that in that period of the world, an old and advanced civilization existed in China.

This error never had found place where it might bring disaster to The Great Cause so dear to the hearts of all angels, had she when arranging former work with that done later for our great book, revised it when freed from "belief" that all within the address of Confucius, was completed as he wished. This condition of mind prevented the writer from contradicting the statement, till such time as her intelligence should convince her it was untrue; for immortals must conform to Heaven's laws.

They therefore withhold from psychics, all information not of a spiritual nature, they may gain from earthly sources, concerning human affairs in the world. This results from its ownership by an arch-fiend, who is determined man shall learn only what he allows his emissaries to tell, of all known to them and to us. That ownership having been awarded him at the time he as an angel entered Earth, Our Great Creator never assumed it again; and in its pollution from Adam's sin, assigned the human race following upon that, to the charge of immortal beings from other worlds, and then to those who in life below had made sufficient effort to withstand low thought, prompting to evil deeds.

These angels threw around their loved ones left behind, all care they might when ignorance of their presence was with man; and without power to enlighten him as we now

will then be fully corroborated by those who with care to heed all laws and rules in the volume, press on to rich emoluments awaiting them.

That this preface to the writing of Confucius affords an opportunity for our medium to lay before the world her wishes, that it would include the mention of statements ruining the first edition of this work, meets with our hearty approval. There will in time, we think, be some here and there who have access to one of the copies costing so much vain effort to regain, who will seek to confute her with quotations from it, and bring our work to naught. But with this careful announcement of the way taken by her in thoughtlessness when receiving our words, all may separate the incoherent or false interpolations of an evil mind from truth, when comparing that issue with the present one, and such attempts fall to the ground.

Assure yourselves then that further mention of the great teacher, in regard to his way of life, death, and the disposal of his body, not in accord with established history, we repudiate.

Criticism has been made by some reading the book, that its writers have not followed their former method of expressing thought, but fall into poetry. This is the natural way of the immortals, and all enjoy its harmonies.

A WRITING BY CONFUCIUS.

My mind reverts to ancient days, and I would like to put in modern terms my thought.

It was in a world where houses were but few, there lived with people dwelling in their tents, one known among them as Confucius—"Prince of Wisdom." He had thoughts of what was with his nation in its tribes, and meant to make his life tell on their feelings, in a way that should bring him credit; while teaching coming generations what would save men from the scourge of conquering hosts, and find them those to win themselves sweet comfort in the arts of peace.

Poised well his mind, and with maturity he felt all that to know, was well before him; save the little made his own in common with humanity at large.

He wished to grow apace, and reached out yearningly for knowledge; attaining it in any way that seemed unto him fair, and right, and merciful.

Little attempt was his to solve "the riddle of the universe," for he felt how futile must be effort of that kind, with nothing more to guide him than the speculations of mere men like himself; and that

among them might be psychic minds, able to communicate with angels, he had never heard.

Year by year Confucius made more plain the feeling that he had so long upheld and cherished, telling all comers, Worth and Goodness were united by bands of gold, binding them to each other indissolubly. So those looking up to him, felt in his own life was shown their pattern, and as King he reigned among them, quoted and loved for years.

Then sickness came upon him; and his palsied arm no more bore high the flagon filled with milk, the Chinese drank (and needed little else sustaining,) when at their feasts he stood before them in his dignity, as they pledged their fealty to the teachings given them by him, who there engaged to live true to the precepts he made plain unto the least of those who loved and followed him.

Then at last, they laid his body on a pyre built high with precious woods, and burned it mournfully; thinking his words should live long in their hearts, and bear fruits there to a memory they revered. . . .

Rewards for a just life met Confucius, and with a willingness to make men know what he had learned in heaven, again he took upon him life on earth—as angels may if wishing—and lived with man for thirty years and more.

It was in that body, that he gained the mediumship making him think aright of all pertaining unto life; but without memory of aught his within expe-

rience, he was forced to travel roads anew, once most familiar to him.

Hearing from angels through the inner ear what they wished known, and telling all he might, the same old truth mankind has hid from sight too long, —distrusting their own thought—he lived a short and useful life with deepest happiness, and at its close, returned again to that celestial home, from whence he now will write as spirits wish.

We are all in the one mind of Our Heavenly Father, filled with a longing language may not tell, to benefit earth's children. For among them are those still dear to us; whether by close relationship, or because others with our families above, knock at our hearts, awakening there our pity for the sufferer we can see adown the future;—unless ideas are changed or earnestness awakened, in view of a hereafter sure to come.

So are we leagued together in this day—the last, we feel of ignorance in darkness that shall claim the earth—that we may bring the sun's rays, to illume the tragic past of human frailty, and encourage thought that parts with its companions of an earlier time, and chooses new ones that the angels will then show unto man's understanding.

I am with one thing waiting an announcement here, and set it down in strength upon my page. Great hindrances to our love-mission unto man have been removed; by strenuous efforts of the ones holding in care our psychic, and by her wish and

fearlessness to go forward, where the way was dangerous.

More than will here be mentioned have begun our work, and all as yet have failed but she, to bring entire triumph from the blackness that enshrouds a path, no other earthly feet have trod as far for many years.

It has been a work of love and comfort; holding her heart from sorrow many times, when the sharp thorns of censure pierced the flesh exposed to that thrown at her, by hands freeing themselves of all they could that stung.

Turning to thoughts of angels, and feeling promise made at early starting must be kept, upborne within their hands, has she had allegory and sweet visions of the beautiful who people Angel-Land in radiance undreamed of, by the ones resting upon accounts of it that he who writes repudiates.

Fair are its glories, with a tender light cast over the immortals, where all sweet wishes held within their hearts meet a fulfillment perfect as their thoughts. It would on earth, be labor to picture what would add unto life's joy, but where we dwell, naught troubles ease. And with attenuated faculties come souls above, to receive endowment rich, making them feel appreciation far beyond the power of mortals for it.

Love reigns within our hearts, till their throbbings blend with the spell cast over us by incense rising from the censers swung in seraph hands,

handling them with devotion at the shrine of that Great Being, whose full attributes embrace all good, and in perfection. Word so full of meaning, few amid a world of sense may master it.

Think of most absolute Justice, governing each decision made by The Infinite.

Feel the meaning of Power, more mighty than may reach the human mind in wild imaginings. Ponder the subtleties of Wisdom in its finest intricacies; weighing the drachmæ held to light for an inspection of every flaw, each grain resembling gold, while wishing in His angels, to find more of precious metal than its base imitation. Single from out presentments that occur to you, the one men name as Beauty; when they picture to themselves the fairest, finest, tenderest known on earth.

See wells of mercy ever flowing to the sea of kindness, on whose breast is carried every care oppressing angels in their grief, that millions of their dear ones yet in life, (where animal existence binds the one destined for that eternal) must await death, ere flinging from them fetters so complete.

Tell any able to cope with a scene like that, to spread before the mental eye such visioning of perfect rapture, as shall close his mind to lesser things, while dreaming of what God bestows in His munificence. Then hearken to the harmonies that rise from many a source of music mid the spheres, and sink into the lethargy of sound most thrilling, most entrancing, unto beings whose mentality equipped

with every needful thing for receptivity, drinks in supernally the heavenly song.

Remember how all perfection dwells within Him; then believe the eloquence his angels use, will be a part of that held in the Mind Almighty, placed in charge of every soul who clothing wears from Him. Telling the rest within our gates of pearl, how separately we enjoy angelhood, yet as a unit, every thread unites in the grand whole, vibrant with immortality meaning bliss.

How futile all attempt Confucius may essay, to bring before the lesser mind in man, glories and graces incomparable to any standard that he knows. Will the magnitude of such figures, give you due understanding of what angels know as theirs? and when you think how dear and tender when on earth they were, will you recall what I have told, of enhanced faculties?

This will enable you to think of us aright; as loving you more fondly than a mortal ever may, and bestowing power; when you learn the way to sweep along from things of worthlessness, and lay strong hold on Truth itself, whose presence in Our Heavenly Father's mind is so stupendous.

As your angel friends, we sing your lullaby's to tired children, (telling their words to anxious mothers gaining rest therefrom), and our arms press closely unto aching hearts your suffering forms, longing to have you feel our love is sure and sweet, with comfort for you amid life's perplexities.

We linger where the dying close their eyes to all life meant for them with you, and cling close to the anguished ones striving in pain, to hold them longer still. Vainly are made our struggles to convey the supreme gift of recompense to you for your great loss, but when Time tells you it is better so—in view of all life holds—you feel the brain alone was active in conviction, and the horolgue of that great monarch, marks you one he has resigned to the inevitable.

Little your knowledge, when the knell of death has sounded deep and fearsome in your heart's lone ear, that holding back your reason on its throne, we think the palsied thought too weak for words, and feeling leaves you stultified; till need of commonplaces brings you to the point where normal mind may act at intervals again.

Turn unto your gayeties and all amusements real to you, seeing the way in which we occupy a place among the rest enjoying them. Feeling your trials and sharing in your pain, all pleasure flees us when they bow you down; yet none may know our presence, nor make one with us thinking love thoughts so deep and strong for them; unless like her who writes, a psychic mind be theirs, and visioning or hearing be accorded them, with full description given of all we feel.

Will this not make you know Confucius once so dull, methodical in manner and austere, believing men must all be ruled by precept most dogmatic,

and example too, has changed his outworn garment of the soul, made to fit into it through life where pain conjoined with blessings, left him late?

It has found a place where all unsightliness is thrown at last, and there decaying, from it springs the rose perpetual an angel wears, throughout enraptured years most exquisite.

He asks of you to still read words of his; thinking that with appeal to reason, you may forego your state of peace, contented with things yet just as they are, and ask yourself in earnestness, "What part am I to play in this great drama, spread upon the wide world's boards? For centuries locked away from earth has it lain unknown; and now, when Heaven has found expression through the pen it governs, will I be careless of its messages and leave humanity to mourn in doubt, when the effulgent beams of God's great orb may shine upon it with dispelling power? Shall I tell none by my own eagerness to spread the news, that angels do the writing man may not, and that the one great wish they have for earth, I'm striving to fulfill?"

All intellect that is mature in realms above, ponders the problem how to meet humanity with force sufficient, to expel its fear that sacrilege lies hid within the cup we ask of it to drink. Drink to the expulsion of a pest! long owning all allegiance of minds whose strong proclivities to harbor lies, without exposing them to Reason's light, tell to inhabitants of that blest place to which we long to draw

all earthly ones, that with the weaknesses a wrong belief has fastened on them, men are well contented to remain at ease. Let them work; in full obedience to the voice within, whose warnings or approval, all should heed, and so earn heaven.

With this entreaty, in strong desire to draw men's minds to careful thought, will close Confucius. Thankful he once more may stand within the earth's circumference, with feelings known to humans, and write at will of one who knows his part in our great work, suits all the rest.

Savonarola Bids Men
See the Truth.

SAVONAROLA BIDS MEN SEE THE TRUTH.

I stand where I have stood for years unknown, and bid the people think with me my thoughts, telling of what my inmost soul reveres. . .

There is with every human life, the thing bringing unto it pain or pleasure, peace or woe; and I am with conviction that at this day the time has come, making me with others of my kind, feel the result of all our efforts will be utopian in the end, with many thirsting on the way to life eternal, thinking to assuage their need with counterfeits of the great fluid poured from urn that angels hold above them, inviting all to drink.

Will ye spread your tents where streams the red volcano in its wrath, and turn your backs to what may then envelop in an instant all your hopes? Come to The Throne of Grace, ere yet the evening shadows fall along the meadow lands, where kindred are preparing for the night.

Turn not your eyes again towards the sunny slopes, whereon the herdsman stood and called the kine, tell to yourselves the day at last is done.

How fares it with you for the long dark hours that intervene between it and tomorrow's light?

Will sleep be with your pillow with sweet dreams, or will your conscience trouble you for all your sins?

Through the last months I have heard the glorious children of the skies, telling each other we are with self-sacrifice at last, finding a way whereby our writings may be laid with man.

Long has the trial been, and few the friends: None who could help, showed any willingness where application has been made, until we were with almost none in sight, to aid us with the burning messages we've longed to give mankind.

Then came an inspiration; and we feel there will be with the future when our work is well begun, what shall bring the world to marvel that true tone has not long since been struck, by fork held in so many hands.

First one maestro would start to his feet, and tell an ear allowed to be with song triumphantly for long, that he had found falsetto would improve the theme. Then would uprise a rival; bringing the result of his experiments, and say the bass should be a thing made stronger still. While at another place, the choir would be directed to put forth its soloist, and tenor would swell up with grandioceousness, assuring those who heard, that his way would fill all the air with music such as none might question as to consonance.

Baritone and the alto looked and followed on, gathering their strains into the chords that rang adown cathedral aisle, and when the high soprano

crowned the whole, with quality according with the rest, all felt a grand achievement had been wrought, and the halls of heaven would ring with pure delight.

When all were with their efforts ended, there remained with man uncertainty as to which one he enjoyed the most; so when the new arrival came among the others, there was interest still for him.

With this short illustration of the way in which humanity has been led, first to one theory of salvation, then another, I am with the picturing a plain and honest truth; that when combined with more, will create a symphony which entering the ear bent to receive it, will sink thence to the heart below, and blend there with the aims of life.

That life lived for the blessing of humanity, will then be fittingly begun; in this dark world whereon the angels are with all their friends, afraid though some may be, that ghosts will make of them their prey; or with the midnight dread, a phantom seek the bedside, waving bony arms, and threatening with its strange white face turned towards them in retreat, to haunt their future, through the frightened years.

Not thus, the lovely visitants from Heaven, remain where they surround the unconscious one they pity so and love, but with bright forms of radiant light—so bathed in conformation beautiful, no name of earth may tell it— they gather round the wanderer from home, with longing wish to gain his

heart and recognition, even amid life's cares; and strive to tell him how their tender arms so soft and warm enfold him, when alone he feels himself, and full of misery.

Think, ye forlorn with wretchedness your own, how long ye've tried to wade life's cold dark stream, with none ye leaned upon as a support to safety, passing by your side.

The stepping stones of faith and hope are gone; they made the grave where he was laid you loved, —amid the shifting sands of desert drear—the one to hold him from the elements that sweep about and over you this night.

Dark with the terror of the tempest strong, filled with the glamor of the lightnings flash, thunders of doom appall; and crashing down upon you come the boughs, swaying above your rooftree never more.

Torrents arise and sweep along the scene, bearing away your landmarks trusted long, and you without a compass, find yourself borne fiercely onward to the open sea.

Thousands are round you, homeless, desolate; telling each other of their fear, or yet lethargic, lie along the shore where in their weariness were cast their forms, buffeted no longer by the waves, but faint with hunger no man can relieve.

True is the portrayal I have made for you, then fit it to yourselves; and think your past pleasant and fair, was with the music's sound, but with the

present, still will be the dead. And following your desolation come the torrent's roar, carrying you outward to the solemn sea.

Repent of haste and wickedness today! Fling off indifference, and turn your eyes above the spreading waters rushing on, to see what comfort comes to you from heaven.

I am with the multitude who wait for men to mingle with their thoughts of earth, the single one of everlasting need.

Powers of darkness, long have held from them things greater far than pleasurable lives, through three score years and ten of earthly ways, to end where those beliefs once theirs will come no more—unless it be the one I hold to you as filled with all rapacity, to eat the ones forerunning it from out your mind.

Sentient with life, it springs upon you from the storm-filled air, telling the tale we angels still are with, and shall be; till hosannas round the throne our King adorns, blend with man's song triumphant through the earth.

Be with the name of Him so much adored, so greatly worshipped by His hosts above. Honor and Glory, Grace and Power are His, with attributes we feel that men may know, only when angel faculties are with them—should they win our Heaven.

Praying in earnestness, has been so thought to spend itself upon the atmosphere and find its way to God, that mortals may be with a wish we'll

gratify; when that another of our gifted throng did write, meets with a searching eye.

Is told as well, the secret all may share of how to long remain upon the earth, in peace and comfort through the healthful years.

It may be that a seraph hand will lift the curtain from before His face, who gives all flesh its life, and tell Him softly that your work is done; and it may be, with a consciousness all's well, you will know that signal for the pilot to advance and take in hand the tiller ropes, to draw your bark towards the farther shore.

But be that as it will; the secret for which money has been thrown upon the winds like seed, in hopes of reaping harvests rich with life, will be within man's hand, and bring with it correction of the sins from which a world must suffer, till it rules.

Then will the practicing its formulæ, be with consideration from the careless ones preferring ease with danger, to the stirring thought "My work in life must be with years to do; and I am guilty in the sight of God, if for distaste to use mentality, I fail to keep in view restraint from earth, and dwell where Conscience is.

There will my people of the heavenly land, find me with greetings for them true and sweet; in thankful thought comprising all at times, and then with one alone will I be there.

Dear angel who has guarded me through life, and tells the others still to bear in mind my ailments,

still to be with thought creative from The Father, who delegates them to this service for mankind.

Ordained has been His Law of Life, for all who will with humbleness cross the low threshold, over which often stand the angels of a family above, conjoined with Conscience, whose it is to receive the prayer offered, by contrite heart, presenting it to Deity. And so relieve Our Father from His enemy in man, whom we wish Him not to look upon, since sin is so destructive unto peace.

Angels are loathing it, when brought within the trysting place where they will meet, and turn from the sight in one they love, till he has prayed beseechingly, when he may be forgiven, and restored to purity.

All are with shame and sorrow filled, to bear unto the place apportioned for the soul to enter in, a being yet unsaved, and Conscience—special guardian through the life its charge may keep on earth, sees with a sinking heart the effort cease, to keep with consciousness of where it is, the entity maturing, known as soul. . .

Preserves of your lives will be among you, in every guardian-angel on the earth. Think it with grief for your unworthiness; and know that millions of animalculæ the angels' eyes are seeing in your frame, and with your will to be in thought with them, their treatments will be given you destructive of such life.

In homely terms, have I made known the thing

that angel families keep for your use, and only can present to you, when consciousness supplies the wanted link uniting life of earth with that of Heaven, in one bright golden chain.

A chain of grateful love on your part, and on that of angels, tenderness supreme.

Will ye then enter at the gate of healthfulness, and from the porphyry portals of a home made ready to receive you, greet us as brothers all, fraternally?

We long to press your hands within our own, and on your hearts to lay our anxious thoughts; while yearning to ignite the fires of fear within the human mind.

Fear that an anguished future meet the soul, desirous not—within the world where fiends unite, to make a holocaust of power possessed by man—to free itself of selfishness; leaving it clean of mind, stamped deep with Truth.

Hasten ye then! Let naught your steps restrain unto the home of Conscience; where will health be found for wasted tissues, and the life prolonged at price of self denial for others' good, with truthfulness; while keeping a pure heart, respecting as well, the laws of nature.

Within the veil, excluding you from view of all on earth with whom your life is passed, may dwell serene your inner self, in consciousness of its surroundings, while an ailing body continues as it has, the daily round and finds itself improving.

Only feel around you, the screen impalpable to all except yourself, while within it, angel friends see all your needs, and with constructive thought renew your strength.

None aside from you, can enter the pure atmosphere where your guardian-angel dwells,—from the earth-side—unless they too tell themselves, "This is an angel's home; and I am welcome here to treatments helping me, or can turn to my own conscience any time. And by trying to consciously remain where it and other heavenly friends encircle me, may be blest with healthfulness entire."

It is true. The assurance has been given that you "may;" then learn the way to pray aright, and in that shelter sweet, (having reflected well on all your needs) ask ardently and humbly, that they be supplied. . . .

Following every blessing, there must be earnest thanks given in that place of prayer, when you shall gratefully feel love for Him Supreme, empowering angels at the first, to care for man. Thank for His great provision; and then that He forgives, and supplies life. Thank for all your blessings at His hands. Then will be the ordinary thanks, given at any time to your angel family. These are the requirements.

The Season's Greetings.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

From Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Christmas, 1920.

Only to think! That there may be with you
The words I'll write, while everything is new.
With all degrees of riches in the place,
Where we with angelhood, may see the face
That smiled upon us from the home fire's light,
Brightening the chilling darkness of a night,
Mingling its wizzard gloom with gleeful sound,
Cast on the air from merry voices round.

Only to realize the heart's full tone,
Meets its companion in the perfect zone,
Where all humanity has sent its friends,
To witness daily, what will be the ends
Accounted wise to strive for, wise to get;
While looking further for more kindness yet,
To be bestowed where mercy makes its plea,
For needy ones who look to you and me.

For I am with you, who will feel impelled
To enter doors by Want and Sorrow, held
Wide open to the sight of those who may,
Like Good Samaritans pass by that way,
Telling themselves not all God gives them, quite,
Shall stay where Luxury asserts its right,

But bless the helpless, and the feeble souls
Sitting where Wealth, its gilded chariot rolls

In splendor, on the sight blinded by tears,
Embittered by the residue of years
Spent where Stern Duty made its harsh demands;
Enforced by lash, woven of silken strands
That grew from children's heads, laid on a breast
Never on earth, to find its needed rest.
Greed made the pallet underneath a form
Sinking to sleep, with lack of that to warm.

Yes, you and I my Brother, for a time
Has come, when I can tell you the sublime
Truth; that in all humanity there flows
The current holding one another's woes,
Mingled with tears the angels shed, who feel
That strong uprisings of the waves, reveal
Their power to bear upon them needed care,
To make the suffering feel with you they share.

Poor humans, bear alone your pain no more;
Blest by immortals from the radiant shore,
Where seeking to engage in earthly strife
'Gainst selfishness, we lead the higher life.
Learn how your thoughts by us are led to good;
And think of that Great Power, "least understood."
Count Angels helpers, who urge on your deed
To better men's condition, then succeed.

THE END OF SUMMER.

There's clover in the meadows, Love,
And daisies in the lane;
Strewing the earth with petals white,
After the falling rain
Has laid its tear-drops on their hearts,
Singing a sad refrain
That Summertime is going.
While broken is the chain
Of golden days, that Autumn
Has gathered to her breast,
Adorning with their memories,
Those she will lay to rest
Amid the sombre woods; where glint
No more the yellow leaves,
Telling the harvesters 'tis time,
To garner in the sheaves.

A Late Address From Lincoln to Veterans of the Civil War.

A LATE ADDRESS FROM LINCOLN, TO VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Once more I am before the country we have served, and tell to you the things within my heart.

Age and enfeeblement have thinned your ranks, till many graves throughout America, remind its people that for them you fought, while Liberty awaited what you did, that freedom might be with a race bonded to man no more.

With high ideals, how many of you made the war your thought. How many turned aside from works of usefulness, to destroy lives standing between you and the realization of our hopes?

How many then returned to quiet ways? became absorbed again in things of life, more needful for your having thrown them by? And how many since, have vitiated the current of true blood feeding the Nation's heart, by venality in office, at the polls, or in traducing noble souls holding a standard high, you as mere politicians, would forsake?

Was war so pleasant, you should seek to further its supremacy, when grander minds gave to mankind their strength, that not again should shudder

in the gloom of dread it brought, Earth's sad inhabitants?

Think of the good to be strengthened or attacked, as shall turn your wills to uphold measures of wisdom, or decry them as not those of expediency seen politically.

Did I await the signal from either party in our land, to issue what has freed the slave? or look for praises that might come, (and have in history's pages), that I laid my plans and acted in accordance with my judgment, through the war?

Had my heart held any but high purposes, where at this time would have been results? and I ask as well, that you apply those words to human life.

Yours has run its course, till almost past the filament of years through which you look across them, to the battles once you fought, under the orders bringing a compulsory stand against an enemy most fierce, but not comparable to that encompassing your souls since then, and my hope is, that in humanity ascribed to you, may dwell the nobler elements of life, conforming to right standards as did those with me.

Lincoln was paid, a thousand times repaid, for all he gave to man that cost his life; and in the angel throng now pressing for admission to your minds, will he among the first be found, most anxious for their good.

He tells you to review the past; and where the landmarks stand, telling that there you swung aside

from duty, when on march to the silent sea confronting man, bend your memory to recalling all connected with that time and place; and so far as may be while in life, remedy the error made, and undo if possible the wrong.

Undeviating law compels it; or that you take the consequences of unrepentance, and lack of reparation for your sins, where the minds of men are obliged to endure agonies untold, for what too often made others suffer at their hands.

Our revelations of the things unknown by most on earth, are with the writings given, and thoughtful reading will convince you that their truth must be apparent, where justice is recognized as an attribute of God; whose horror of suffering, makes it a heinous crime to perpetrate against another what endangers peace.

Truth is with my words, and keener than the sword will be the ones I use, to dissever you from stupor regarding things eternal; wishing the parting would be final, and you return no more unto belief that as a man thinketh, so he is—at all times.

How many of you think, that as the time approaches for your dissolution, and your decaying senses weaken as they do, Heaven means to accept your soul? because while seeing it is sinful, you have asked Jesus to forgive you and He will.

I tell you that forgiveness never comes; unless **repentance**, full, deep, and painful—in accordance with the sin—is with the asking, in humbleness and

contrition, where an angel offers mediation between you and offended Perfectness; and that too long the world called "Christian," has laid its burdens on the Lord, and gathered up as many more with which to load Him at the next opportunity.

How much thinking are you doing, who feel yourself forgiven when your prayer is closed? Has it made any impression on you, more than to cause a comfortable feeling as you told yourself now you were freed? then thought "and as often anytime hereafter as the need arises, I can do the same thing and keep clear of hell; whatever that means, for nobody seems to have any very exact idea about it."

I have followed my well known line of presenting plain truths, that will be further used in self-indulgence, while recalling war-time scenes and sufferings, that lie thick upon my memory as I write.

The days have passed, when soldiers sank untented on a field swept by the hail and rain, or rose at morning chilled and fireless, to live on what they could, as foraging on the enemy they obtained their food.

Wide and far, has rolled the fame of this dear country to which we belong, and nevermore will troops be gathered as were ours in the sixties, to hurriedly embark on War's dark wave, for hard and sad as was the going where of late, youth and manhood stood in equal strife, plenty went with

them and their comforts followed; strengthening and cheering till the end arrived.

Fierce were their fightings, proud our people; losses untold have been those of the world, but will you turn your thought where I will lead it, asking yourselves why all had thus to be? What was primarily the incentive to this carnage? all the hideous things spread out before mankind?

To feed the monster Greed! impelled by self-love to sacrifice earth's millions fiendishly; and we of Heaven, tell our indignation wrathfully, against the instigators of an uprising never equalled, and we hope that never repetition may occur.

Still are our tears with those of helpless children, starving with mothers where Heartlessness looks on, while squandering millions on its luxuries without care for them.

Individuals will be held responsible for this, while nations are composed of such; and pangs of cold and hunger, with loneliness and fear, under the bare skies at night till starved to death, will haunt the future of such selfish ones as indolently feel, enough will find its way to succor weakness, with them at ease and making no sacrifice.

We are with all tenderness among you feeling the pity tightening around your hearts, while doing what you may though little, to alleviate suffering, but know that times are yours when money must pass into right channels, or be a weight upon you after death, crushing you into anguish.

Think on these things comrades of battle, as when telling each other tales of privation for those left at home while you were away.

All served their country, all were rewarded when you returned from the Southland so far, where desolation alone met the vision, roaming o'er rice fields and plantation wastes.

Nature was wanton in her reconstruction, and where the enemy threw shot and shell tearing asunder firesides and shelters, there have arisen such dwellings again. So that no longer the eye is reminded of havoc wrought homes, in pursuance of war.

Now, when unitedly under one flag, fought sons of veterans ending their days where retrospection may find them, will we feel warmly that in the last struggle, man has cemented those brotherhood ties past wars have severed, strongly and deeply in feeling for man.

Come with your minds full of dark Shenandoah; picture the clouds on the high mountain side; think of the heroes whose swords hang in triumph, where tribute paid to their owners is heard. . . .

Move on with me to the strains of grand music, martially swelling and stirring the heart, till on the fair fields above we will find them; smiling and telling how tenting thereon all is forgotten of hardship, with hunger forcing them onward through long marching hours, bringing at last to exhaustion a silence, where each lone soldier asleep on the

ground, rolled in his blanket gained strength again for a long day to come.

Fair rose the summit of Hope in the distance, making the starlight its monarch at night, while in the depths of the future they pictured past scenes, to be with them once more.

Wearily plodding along marshy byways, through grassy lanes where the negroes had trod, now in their cabins no longer it might be, owing to famine, or wish to relieve all of thought, bondage held them to labor.

We were with sickness in hospital barracks. Motherless boys wept with Death standing near, while to them gently as might be, our words came: "Fear nothing here, and you soon will see home. I am your President; lay your thin fingers where I can press them, and tell yourself then, how much I long to drive pain from your pillow. Feel sure my heart tells me, you were a soldier helping us win souls to freedom and joy. Let that thought cheer you; and when up in heaven we shall receive the reward for our lives, think how Our Father will tell you there waiting, that in the duty you shirked not, there lay jewels immortals may wear in His Kingdom, enjoying raptures for ever and aye."

Closing their eyes shining often with pleasure, courage I left them to face the time through, till the grim reaper disclosed himself to them, as one once lost who had met them anew; or with renewal of bodies returned they, unto the lives so well known unto you.

Peace like an angel smiled sweetly upon us, through the dim clouds settled close to the plain, telling her gladness at elimination, making impossible such strife again; where it had struck from the fettered his shackles, and from our country removed a foul stain.

Then as your feet draw still nearer the borders where bend the sycamores over your head, making the way seem a little more gloomy, when in the footsteps of comrades you tread, reach your arms outward to soldiers around you, waiting released ones escaping the dead.

Bearing you with them from evils unnumbered, shaken and shrunken the houses you leave, fall to decay and the ruin that wins them; but with commanders above, who receive warmly and gladly the wearied old soldiers, you—restoration will fully achieve.

There where the tents spreading over the landscape, yield place at last to the glorious sea, stretching away in the distance so mellow, listen to notes of the sweet reveille; meaning no longer obedience to orders hard for the weak ones who lying supine, no more feel dread of what may be awaiting, in the great bivouac "over the line."

Blue and gray uniforms mingle together; there where Taps sounds and men linger at will, thinking the campfires more ruddy and pleasant, even than one that with warmth used to fill, brightly a tent where its embers were telling comfort was ready,

destructive of ill; beckoning to us from cot in the corner, holding our forms until morning might chill.

We were with feelings that pleasures came to us, where laughter rang and our songs rose on high, telling the branches above us to hearken, then gather close at our long lullaby. Strong as was needed to waken unto it years of the future; that now drawing nigh, meet us and smile in our faces with promise, angels are telling each other on high,

Shall meet fulfillment; when men will remember how rankly grew through the bullets and shell, grass that brought tears from the eyes that were seeing what lay beneath, where our countrymen fell. . . Then may the races of earth join each other, praising Dear Peace who reigns over them well.

Comrades, I leave you to think in this meeting, Lincoln has told of the life to live well, down to the verge of the grave that must hold you; yet with that done, not a sigh need to tell how for an ease costing grievously later, you sat lethargic, and waited till Hell laid hold upon you with fiery finers, holding you shrieking, its horrors to swell.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Our Native Land we bring to thee,
  Fame's laurel-wreath thou hast not worn,
Until in blood thy heart was bathed,
  When War's fierce hand had left it torn.
We lay upon thy glorious brow,
  The token now so much we prize,
While high above our songs of joy,
  Rise rapturous notes from yonder skies.

Enshrined amidst the stars that gleam
  Resplendent, from Great History's page,
Stands now emblazoned in her light,
  America; attaining age
With wisdom, that shall count all cost
  As nothing—when it spares her life
To The Republic never lost,
  Since once 'twas gained in fearsome strife.

We tell to thee how throbbing in
  Thy veins, imbued with strength of love,
The current sent from thy great heart—
  Drawing supplies from One above—
Still makes its way past barriers high,
  Upreared by force combined to lay

Thee low in dust, where only fly
The carrion birds that wait for prey.

Force that unshamed by withering ire,
From men whose eyes read clearly all,
For which its daring minds conspire,
Still dreams thee sleeping; while the call
For courage masterful and proud,
Rings from the land that forms thy soul,
In tones that are as trumpet loud,
And over streams and forests roll.

Let it beware! the hooded thing
That venomous has struck at Good,
In savagery that once had passed
For kindness; but now understood,
Unmasked before thine inmost eye,
Stands loathsome in its selfishness,
While nobler elements beyond
Its comprehension, seek to bless.

Rise in thy power! Repel the foe!
Striking at thee behind the screen
It deems will hide intent, that lies
Within its heart and never seen.
Empower thy members to assert
A will, that shall for them hold sway,
Till Our Republic tells to earth,
At last is reached Millennium's Day.

Explaining Prayer.

PRAYER: ITS MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The philosophy of prayer, has perplexed the Christian mind seeking to understand it, through all the centuries since He of Galilee taught men to think of a Heavenly Father, loving His children. And the nearer they have been able to approach that idea, the more comforting and satisfying has prayer become.

"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray unto thy Father in secret;" were the words of Jesus, who felt their meaning as few others did among the Galileeans grouped around The Master, teaching them the way of life at cost of His.

This meaning we will now make clear; and from the same fount yielding Him living water, will we draw again.

To Him, had been made known the world's great need; and in dispelling from their lives the shadows that terrified a simple people, His sympathies responded to their woes, as only might they spring from that great heart filled with intuition, fed by the experiences of life, and holding all within its depths placed there by Heaven.

He knew that those found worthy of acceptance with our God, were clothed upon with angelhood at death, and received added faculties from His Mind, who gave to all deserving, a segment of its riches while removing not therefrom most wondrous attributes.

Multifarious in Being—at their will—possessing powers unknown to man, yet retaining with enhancement, all good embedded in the soul taken from earth, fitted are angels for the work their spirits sweet demand of them.

They know that when emerged from human form, the soul must stand without a covering; and if it can be saved to blissfulness, one greatly missed by it from earth—if among them—lays over it the warm soft robe in which 'tis borne among its friends, unto a place man now may know as that same paradise, mentioned by The Master.

So beautiful is this, to minds unknowing yet the glories that await those rising unto them, that certainty seems theirs of Heavenly life; while round them angels multiply their kindnesses, until at normal strength the soul must face an ordeal, whence it comes to joy eternal, or is condemned to suffering no language can portray. . . .

Wide the belief, that when disfranchised from all chains of earthly sense, and making an abundant entrance to a home enrapturing, no trace of anguish mars the spirit's bliss.

Nothing is truer, for the law obtains, that angels

making that their dear abode, have from their hearts removed the power to suffer more, while midst entrancing joys they may remain. But with a sense of duty strong upon them, evermore at times they turn away; and entering—in thought—the narrow cell where retrospection sadly lies awaiting them, bow they before it in obedience compelling them to enter consciousness again, of woefulness or happiness on earth among their loved ones, needing there their care.

Leaving to heaven's blessedness one of their forms, in others seek they still familiar scenes, "where countless thousands mourn" and suffer in the throes mortality inflicts, while seizing happiness on which they lean; till failing them, they fall to earth, companioned by its shadows dark and cold.

There will the angels find them, hearkening unto all destroying wish to rise again; and stooping low with hearts keenly alive to pain, and loving as was never theirs to do in flesh, from all grief they subtract the grain of comfort hid within, describing it in angel language (thought) until transcending sadness it bursts from darkness and matures under their care; when, standing strong and tall, the birds sing in its branches once again.

This is their mission unto those whose lives are intertwined so closely with their own, that though the tie uniting them where thornless roses never bloom, was riven (in the belief of those they left awhile), still are its strands united in the life to

come—the spirit's home so blest—and draw upon the hearts of angels painfully.

Conviction came to them beyond the bourne that passing, closes from man's sight earth's scenes, that danger far more terrible than ever thought by human mind, was threatening formidably to lay hands upon their own, and tear them from a careless peace of mind, to an eternity of misery; unless a preparation should be made precluding it.

They know that if through life men move with hearts unselfish, sacrificing ease and worldliness that good may follow unto brother man—who finds in them no trace of aught dishonest or impure—they are panoplied in safety for the soul, and their day at longest, soon will close. But keenest anguish and disheartenment, comes from the loved who pass along with pleasure as their aim; yielding themselves to every beckoning hand that shows a glint within, seeming like gold held out to them, and luring on to sin.

Into all places where it harbors, theirs is not the need to go;—save one only, who never leaves the individual given to its charge, without help through earthly life—and having striven in prayerful strength against a will leaning towards wish to err, until that will decides against them, stand they without the gates enclosing that which tempted till they failed, and weeping, wait for Conscience to return to them with the sinner hardened to its voice, or in repentance, hearing them again in strong denuncia-

tion for the deeds that stand recorded where all angel eyes may read, who know the penalty.

Terror of doom so horrible—so little realized by one for whom they dread a future unto which the law "Like Calls For Like," condemns the soul repentant not—impells to constant watchfulness on their part, of every mental avenue whereby may enter evil thought, unto the mind of their beloved. And holding fast to feelings then within their keeping, with all the wisdom of their angelhood work they upon them, as may bring conviction driving unto prayer for help in weakness, and forgiving grace, enabling souls restored to wholeness in The Father's sight, to find the peace afforded at His hands.

Conscience, the guardian angel Heaven appoints to try and bring the human being to life's end in full repudiation of its dross, or failing this, make him susceptible to good, inciting him to fluctuate between it and the evil one, placed by hell in close attendance on his soul, (in mighty effort to usurp his birthright and claim all at last), Conscience, cognizant of every sin in detail, clings ever close to duty. And heeding not repulsion, from whose call an angel always turns at need of man, forcefully, calmly, and convincingly, places before the sinner who will look on them, such fears of punishment to come, such vivid pictures reproducing what his acts have brought to innocence, that he may **think** in seeing, and feel his own deserts.

Then will he turn to prayer! and shall it still be thought The Great Creator hears it any other way, than through His angels in their purity?

Would they in love He has bestowed, not guard Him from a sight of the foul thing on which He does not look, when they stand between it and the Great Being so adored?

Where then, does the spiritual nature pray? Where cast itself upon its face in dust, and humbly ask in singleness of heart for mercy, and pardon requisite to keep from hell the soul?

Wonderful power dwells with angels, and all demands made upon it are met most fully when approved by them; while the contrite one knows not the warmth afforded nor protection given, by entrance within the veil shutting away all evil minds surrounding him, till impelled to seek seclusion with his conscience, and ask still further care, in deepest thankfulness.

That spirit walks always beside its charge (when sleep asserts not ownership over mortality), enveloped by the atmosphere in which it lives; intercommuning with all like itself at will, whether on earth amid its sordid scenes and needing counsel in emergency, or rhapsodizing with The Host above, then praising Diety as wished by Him, when they enjoy all meant by that word—Heaven.

A place for prayer, within that home near man, accorded is to every seeking heart! but unless urged by realization of a need, to enter where sweet rest

and comfort may be found, many there be who heedless pass it by.

* * *

Having thus explained the nature of prayer, and its presentation to The Great Creator, we will draw your attention to the need of being with deep consideration, concerning that for which you wish to ask. Reflect upon His greatness in angels' thoughts. transcending all lesser things there, and at the time of their presentation of your petition to Him, they are filling the office of Intermediary, between you and The Sovereign Majesty to whom you may thus appeal, feeling that they withhold your shifting thoughts from the prayer you wish to make aright. We know how varied are the things crowding against the human brain, to interfere one with another, and distract from the continuous flow of any one of them, the mind of a mortal, and you will here think our thought—that constant effort should be made by you at prayer-time, to hold with care, in veneration and awesomeness, the great being then in the consciousness of an angel with you.

Such times with immortals, are sacred to The One Mighty Source of all their power, to bring unto the ones for whom they wish His grace, the blessings that they may, when all requirements for it have been fulfilled. These then, will be revealed to you in what follows; and we ask here, that you pay all heed to the instructions of one, wishing to disabuse

men's minds of wrong impressions, concerning the way they may blamelessly enter the place of prayer.

Think seriously when time is yours, that for wrong thoughts or acts, you should ask forgiveness, and for the sins you commit against the body, in your neglect to observe the laws of health.

Your guardian-angel will take note of your contrition, and keeping all in its memory, will unite with you in earnest petition to Our Heavenly Father, when you shall humbly bow within its home, and feel your prayer may then be effective, as made by one whose wishes are never disregarded by Him who reigns Above.

A form of expression covering all needs, will be found in the words which follow;—after you shall have thought well of them specifically in advance, so the angel knows you are praying intelligently.

> "Our Heavenly Father, wilt Thou forgive me all my sins, and deliver me from Evil.
>
> Wilt Thou be with all we are, or do, or have; and bring all to fruition, as Thou wilt.
>
> Accept my thanks for all thy great gifts unto us—Oh mighty Being—I entreat."

Leave thought of the petition slowly and respectfully, knowing that then your angel will have removed from the immediate place of prayer with

you; but continue in consciousness of being in the pure sweet atmosphere surrounding it, where by members of your family from above, the ailments of your body will be considered and treated, while you remain with them there.

Think of this great promise; the fulfillment of which, will constitute healthfulness for you, not to be attained at angels' hands elsewhere. For they never leave the air brought by them from heaven, therefore to receive their ministrations you must remain within it, and often recall the thought of Conscience, and its home.

You tell yourself—it may be—that this cannot be done by you, who have many things contending for your time; but try and revert to it often as you can, and think the angels know about your work, and will be patient in their longing to help you. That though they expect you to be with what effort you may, their judgment will be with mercy for you,—while strictly just.

Learn to realize that all your tasks can be conducted where you are held, while your consciousness of being there shall constitute the fact.

Since the **feeling** of being in that pure home,—with its impalpable walls surrounding you—is the sole admittance, only those about you who realize this, are within it; and pursuing all your avocations there, will enable you to attain the marvelous experience known to the ancients, who lived to such surprising years. The requirements for repayment

of all given, are—that you struggle ever, against the promptings of your lower nature, while following Conscience and turning sharply away from Evil Mind.

This will defeat Selfishness; as you will deny yourself for those who are in need, and while looking for this to do, know the approval of Conscience attests to the truth, that angels love you for the sacrifice.

"What will their love amount to?" you may ask yourself; and will it not be treasure in Heaven, when standing freed from the body at last, to have them wring your hands in tears of gratitude, that you did the things lightening sorrows for their own on earth?

Will it not ease your heart of dread, in thought of the final judgment, to know that you told the truth conscientiously through the years, and that you were sincere—even to the expression of countenance—while keeping a pure heart and serving your kind?

There, are the requirements of Heaven for man's life, and the highest teachings of The Sacristy, may be observed most carefully, but with one of these neglected, an unrepentant soul must endure future suffering most frightful, that angels long their loved of earth may never feel.

Dear to the human heart with all its woes, is the life earthly; and to that will cling man's soul in the making, with intensity of feeling it is well to tarry

where all is known, till every tie holding him to needs of loved ones, is loosed and falls away.

Then—should no accident have caused his death—he may longer hold to an existence where the summer-time sheds perfume on his path perhaps, and keep an appearance of the same age his, as when entering the life we here reveal.

For all who try to observe the laws of health while living as directed, though they fail oft, there will be improvement in it. But for those who linger late and early, where the loving ones may give them treatments destructive of all ailments, there will be the more abundant harvest. A time will come to one and all however, when with the longing to feel again the sweet companionship of those lost from earth, they will wish to lay down the lives they carry, telling themselves the throne of Him Almighty, stands where all may sun themselves around it, in the radiance that will fall upon them from the heights where every angel places in memoriam, the deeds men do for love of frail humanity.

The Roaring Wind.

THE ROARING WIND.

I am The Roaring Wind!
Sweeping across the desert in my wrath,
And bringing unto caravans their death!
I am he swooping upon the settler in his hut,
And tearing thence his heart's own strings!
That I may thread them on my lute;
Playing most softly sweetest airs,
To charm the ear of childhood in cherubic grace,
Or breathe adoring love to maiden fair,
Dreaming of bliss when shall her lover come,
Telling his weariness of passing hours
By her smile brightened not,
Nor by her voice enraptured.

Among the mountain crags am I,
With fierce assault upon their towering peaks!
While screaming eaglets feel the talons dread,
A mother driven towards them in affright
At sounds of helplessness upon my blast,
Forgets to cloak within her outstretched feet!
Excoriating, where her one desire had been
But to protect.

I am in The Whirlwind!
Eddying through the dusty highway and portending
storm,
While gathering to my center precious things
Unseen by any in my mad career,
Until with them I rise to The Profound;
And there I scatter them with lavish hand.
Sowing upon an unknown waste,
The wealth that never more shall gladden man.

On the boundless sea I make my home;
In turmoil and abandonment of waves
Stirred by my power to war upon the waters cease-
lessly!
And I cry unto them, Beware of me!
Seek safety for thyselves in leaping upward,
Where it lies among the clouds I send along with
thee!
Their ragged garments trail along the sky,
Almost within thy grasp.

Full are deep ocean-troughs with men in ships
Straining at anchor, or driven before my will
Like toys upon the ripples of a stream,
When caught at verge of cataract
And borne to depths below.

Shrieking among the cordage tell I all,
Soon Death, with icy fingers clutching them,

Will hurl where lie the fleshless skeletons on ocean bed
Their cowering bodies, that no more will walk the earth
They left, in search of what might bring them happiness.

I whisper unto none, of what lies fair and close around them,
In despite of me, who midst their terrors laugh in hellish glee
With ghouls and devils; drinking in our draught of human agony
Past might of words to show.
Else would they oftentimes the vision see,
Of angels reaching out their warm soft arms,
Ready to cradle them to Paradise.

One More Disfranchised Mind
Writes to Man.

ONE MORE DISFRANCHISED MIND WRITES TO MAN.

Some time has elapsed since I set myself to thinking what would be best, at the beginning of a writing on earth, and in heaven, we only have to show our minds to people, and they look and laugh or think, as the case may be.

Nobody cries, where no grief is allowed, and while we are with ease and comfort in its privileges, all the while outside of there, we feel the utmost grinding at the heart, for those we've left behind.

It came to be a belief with me while in the world, that all a man needed to do, that an abundant entrance might be made into the land flowing with milk and honey, was to travel along the beaten track, and wipe his feet off at the church door on Sunday, till the time came to join the angels, then sing "Hosanna in the Highest" as long as eternity rolled.

I can't say the prospect held much allurement for me, but this sort of thing was the only one I knew about, for of all men most able and unwilling to exert themselves to learn anything, this literary gentleman held the palm.

He told himself it was easier to earn money without knowledge, than for him to emulate the college men of worth, and throw himself into an attitude telling of intense preoccupation when meeting a human being, then fly across the street at the approach of a four-footed one.

All the chance needed by anyone was mine, to find out everything anybody really knew about life after death; but I thought it well enough to go on as so many had, trusting to all told by the Bible and most of those expounding it for centuries, so came down to the dark valley of the shadow, about as much prepared for what I found beyond it as most men are.

I want to tell about it; and how to enter in among the blest and stay there, once you're in.

I hated to die, and felt my life might have lasted quite a lot longer, if I had made less of tobacco than I had; but the smoking habit held me till the heart grew impaired, and I had to pay for it.

Men always do have "to pay for it" some way or other, and if they'd remember that, and try to hedge against the winds of adversity, it might be they'd find it had been the thing keeping them from such a large debt to discharge, after leaving earth.

I found myself standing outside the body one day, and no way to return to it.

The cord had been unloosed and the bowl broken for me, certain sure.

All I could do, was to make the best of it, and think anyhow I was going to see my wife and mother, with a few others I had held dear, and that my family on earth was small and well provided for. . .

There appeared one to meet me, of whom no words men know can rightly tell.

Her dark hair floated in waves about her head, and my wife's eyes looked into mine as in the past had they; while my arms drew her to me and I said, "Dear, I'm glad they couldn't make we well down there."

She smiled a little sadly I thought, and believed she was thinking of the child I'd left behind. Then hand in hand we passed on among angels, bright and beautiful as Raphael's dream.

It seemed some distance to the home where tired and nervous, I lay down upon a bed more soft and fine than any ever seen by man on earth, and she drew the covering over me, telling in every way she knew, how much her love was, for the one long since feeling life held more for him, than fruitless mourning, even for a wife.

She had been more to me in years gone by, than anything it held; and we had been happy as people can be I believe, who know only they are suited to each other, and are all and everything to the one most dear. I am not gifted in writing love stories, but I can feel, and did in those years, with more manliness and worth than after she left me, and I

began to find men that flattered and wanted to make me one of them, where truth and nobility were at a discount. No use denying it, the fact is, that I thought mean and indolent thoughts; living for my own ease and enjoyment almost altogether, and at last became so addicted to laziness that I lost my health.

Then came the illness leaving me weak of mind; and conjoined to that, old habit never left off helping to consume me, so the end inevitably came, and I have told how it seemed to me.

For some time I lay and enjoyed the rest and change in things, then my wife said one day as she sat beside me smiling most tenderly into my eyes, "Dear, have you any wish to leave the bed and look around on what surrounds us here?"

I had not thought of it in my weaknes, but at her words felt it a good thing to do; so arose, and she laid a soft gray robe around me. I felt how thin and impalpable it appeared, yet how warm, and soft, and fleecy the cloud-like thing was in reality.

Arm in arm we strolled along, and I met many in the wrap-like affairs hiding them from me, while always the angel leading a companion, would intervene between that body and an observer.

I thought it strange, and asked my wife the reason, but she only said, "You will know sometime," and I, enjoying the walk so much, let it go.

There were wonderful gardens, houses, and adornments on every hand, and the fishing places

were fine, with plenty of shade; but no one seemed fishing, and I thought angels were too tender-hearted. But wished I had a hook and line.

The fish leaped into the air, and were great large fellows with shimmering colors like brook trout; but all appeared to enjoy themselves without any fear, and among their admirers stood my wife and I.

She pointed to the further shore, and told me there would be found the auditorium, where we might hear fine entertainments or go watch the wrestlers; while other athletes would run races or leap bars just as on earth, in the surrounding grounds.

I felt it would be far from me to watch foot races, and told her so; then she said, "Will you feel interested in the musical productions that are around us here and there, or the art galleries?"

I had never cultivated taste for art, and as for music, told her she knew as well as I did how much that impressed me, only that I liked old familiar tunes and dance music, as in our younger days.

She laughed a little and said gently, "We have dancing here; and I want you to see it when you grow stronger, but now let us return and rest awhile."

So day by day, she took me where were sights and sounds I felt might be enjoyed most keenly; but my own poor sense of pleasure was buried in lethargy, for my mind had lost its elasticity, while my body had been left behind, and I felt the thin

envelopment that held my thoughts, was worn very close to nothing.

She did not seem to notice it, and treated me as any nurse would, one who needed great attention; for I had been without thought so long, my mind had dwindled till it was more like a child's than man's.

I felt no wish for time to pass, my mother and the other angels coming to see me, that I had missed most when from earth life they one by one had gone, but the most intimate friend I'd lost in later years, had not yet visited me, though I had asked for and expected him among the first.

That he was with the rest in heaven of course I thought, and wondered how it was, that only my own family had called to greet me, or make inquiries concerning my inprovemnet.

By degrees I became more and more able to walk long and far, viewing the wonders of a place more beautiful than any mind of man can picture.

Then at last, the dear sad wife I felt had something on her mind, handed me a mirror one bright day among the rest, and told me to lok and see myself as I was there.

I did! and never could I make you understand until you too were with that place, how the look made me feel.

I was not the presentable personage of the past, but with forbidding features and bleared eyes gazed from the glass, and asked my wife to look with me, and say if out of it I appeared the same.

She did as I had asked, and tears rained down her face as she said, "My Husband, you are looking at yourself as you appear to angels, seeing your mind without a covering. I have been between you and them, passing with one they also wished to hide, until at length your normal strength of mind restored, the time has come when it no longer may be mine to shield you from yourself." I thought how fair and beautiful she was, and of the shining ones sung of in Sunday school, who I saw were lovely as the fairies that we knew by book; so perfect were they, so attractive in their graceful garments, that were blue, and pink, and white, or any other color taste might choose.

None had the look of modern fashioning, but were as Greeks and Romans wore their clothes; in graceful flowing lines that held all comfort in them, while being most beautiful as well.

Tears told me that my wife then was not where troubles never come; and asking how it was, she gave me knowledge, that while amid scenes of bliss with angels 'round her and so many things for happiness, all had no influence upon her, for the reason her mind bore a load that I alone could lift. Of course I inquired how, and she told me we must give up our days of pleasure, that now I was able to enjoy, seemed to me perfect.

To return to earth would have made me wretched; and earnestly I assured her that the change I had

so dreaded, was one for which no thanks were great enough.

Then lifting a face to mine telling of anxious thought, she answered slowly, "Dear, the time has come when I must tell you what has lain so heavily upon my heart. You came to me, as many after death come to one or more loving them in paradise, and have been nursed back here, to normal strength of what was left when life on earth was done. To that, was added the mentality you've wasted through the years, and which the angels took in charge. A law of heaven makes it imperative that they fulfill it, and prepare their dear ones fully, for what awaits them once they are again with restoration to their mental powers. All angels you have seen passing us, are either those seeking their loved at death, or bringing them (as I did you) where normal mind may be made theirs again; holding them to the last moment, against the frightful time when truth compels them to make known the worst."

"Are we not in heaven, My Wife?" I questioned, and she shook her head.

"This place is that angels have prepared, to tell the entering souls its blessedness, enough to make them know how certainly, enrapturing sights and sounds are where the immortals dwell."

I turned and gazed across the distant reach of far-extending country, and felt all was good enough for me, hoping to stay.

She read my thought, and answered "I know it Love, and so do I wish even this might be your home; but all must end within the hour, for us who have found happiness in our reunion here."

The awful fact told by her words staggered me; and I gasped for breath as she in agony, tried to bring back my calmness.

"I could not tell you sooner, or I would, when you have asked!" she cried, "help me to bear it; and like a man now strong, learn the way back home." I listened carefully. "Learn the way back home;" certainly hope was there, and I had felt how mean, and low, and selfish I had been, with coarseness creeping in among all finer feelings once my own, with her the guiding star of all my life.

I had relinquished it at her demise, and felt the world brought much to other men they liked, why not to me?

So pleasure, ease and popularity, became my aims, and I had selfishly gone on without a thought to better the condition, (more than a few cents worth voluntarily,) even of the poorest soul I met.

All came to me then in an instant; as I read it in her mind and knew that had never left me, but seen and known all she had not shut out, in angel feeling 'twas too vile to be made thought.

I told her calmly as I might, that if I could do anything for myself and her, it should be done.

"Then lay aside perturbation, and pay strict at-

tention to what you shall hear; she answered, and I did, as nearly as 'twas possible to do.

"You are to be taken by me, far from this restful place, and when we part at hell's dark entrance, there will be terror in both our hearts.

"I shall wait near, and weep and pray, and think you may be with remembrance of all I have said, and practice it; so that in time you will return, and we shall wend our way above this sweet and dear abode, unto one to which your fairest dreams may not attain; so wonderful it is."

Sadly I listened, while she told me how when that wide dreaded door should close behind, numberless fiends would swarm around me instantly, garbed only as would I there find myself, in naked mind.

Looking exactly as their thoughts had made them, and bringing to my view results of indolence, in using mental strength to find out ways and means to deny self, and help mankind.

They would be distorted, loathsome, and repellant to every finer sense man might retain; and every one would seek to wring from out my heart the last drop of courage I might have.

No matter how I should enlarge it, and think no sight or sound could make me yield, the implements of threatened torture were so awful, that once before me, all my mental strength must center in the effort to recall what she had said, and remain as nearly as I could in the same place.

"Amid the terrifying noises meant to scatter all to

your senses there'' she said, ''and while your mind reels from the loathsomeness around you, and of those a little farther off than are your own kind, that are horrible enough in their undevelopment of parts that lacked for exercise on earth, where the soul grows to look as man's soul becomes under the touch of thought, be sure to pray.

Pray ardently; and with fear I know you'll feel, driving you to desperation. Let your being cry out from its depths—

'My Conscience! I ask thee to come, and tell me what I need to know! I ask it in thy home.'

Turn your thought to that pure place, and try to catch the far faint voice an angel oft has tried to make you hear on earth; when in your quiet room at night, if you had longed for right feeling towards your sins, and told him so, it would have been possible for you to think with Conscience, and repent.

There, might he have made you hear more easily what now you must, in order to escape the clutch of devils, fastening their slimy grasp upon you, striving to draw you towards the thing your shuddering soul most dreads.

Tell yourself this then, and listen in terror all unnerving you, amid those horrors most unspeakable.

Once you have heard the answering voice, lose not a word, as it regularly falls—like your own thought—upon the inner ear, asking a question.

It must be answered, in all the truthfulness known

to an angel heart; for your past has been lived with you closely, by one now almost done his task, so falsehood will not deceive, you may be sure; and only emphasize your moral turpitude.

When you have answered, hold in terror still but listen as before; and think not of the least other thing but what you hope to hear.

Again will it come; and in that dread atmosphere once you have it, devils know and stand in quiet by command of one they fear; while you then listen to arraignment so plain and forceful, you feel no appeal is in your power.

Step by step, you will be taken back over the days and years of life on earth, shown in their true colors, with all the crimes you have committed against truth, feeling, honor, and humanity.

Each individual wronged or led by you to think other than pure, kindly, worthy thoughts, then following them to their own awful cost perhaps, dooming them to dwell where you may be in anguish an eternity, will pass before your vision.

Guilt will stare you in the face, and the angel will think thoughts with you, telling your heart how criminal you are; so in spite of all the longing to escape that fiery place, you will in sincerity and truth exclaim, 'Hell is too good for me!'

Then Husband, think of me and all the promised joys of an eternity in heaven. Pray! pray with all intensity of your whole being! Ask for the pardon you do not deserve and know it! Throw yourself

upon the floor of hell and hold thought of Him to whom you must look for salvation! Listen yet longer; and when once again you hear the 'still, small voice,' with repentance a peace will come within it, and you be told forgiveness has been made yours, from Him expecting you to earn it."

I knew every word was as she said; and slowly gliding by my side, with her injunctions carefully repeated time and again, no time we took even for loving words more than as I have told, until a door was reached where let me tell you, hope was not relinquished.

Strong, massive and impregnable, of dingiest iron and with well worn hasp, it opened inward; and without a pause only to lay her lips on mine and tell me by her tears that fell like rain, how hard it was, she bade me think of her awaiting me, and the door opened wide as in I went.

Pandemonium broke loose! is what I thought, and ere the tongue could tell it, swarmed about me all my wife had said there would—and more.

I felt the fear rise in me as I looked, and closed my eyes in horror at the awful shapes that menaced me; and my terror brought from all, loud screams of laughter in hideous mockery of mirth, as reaching towards me in my helplessness, they tore from off my form the robe of grey worn by me as I entered.

My shrieks elicited another screech of fiendish mirthfulness, that shook the blood-red air; and in a

moment hurrying towards me, trooped hundreds more, as ghoulish and frightful as the rest.

High above all, and on a coal-black throne significant of all impurity, a monstrous devil—naked like the rest—sat in that dreadful place.

Catching my eye, his stern voice rang through the din surrounding me, as it thundered savagely—"another trophy to our might and wish."

I gathered up my strength. All had been made plain to me as my poor wife could tell it, and I did remember, as they tore at my body—leaving me shuddering at their clammy hold, and drew me fast as devils would, unto that frightful throne.

He sitting there smiled grimly, saying "Does one soul alone in Hell, feel able to withstand our force? Waste not time on the effort. You are offered here, an opportunity to walk the earth again, although unseen by man—whose thoughts you will try to win away from the ones a conscience strives to make each hold. If successful, you will find them with you here at last, and enjoy the feeling given you by what they endure.

Every one of them preserves identity, and interest in their own on earth, the same as when they dwelt there; but their subservience to my forces, has placed my mark upon them, and I am 'THE BEAST.'

See how they grovel now before me, thinking I may be placated into letting them leave a thought of warning in the brain of those they love. Would hell

be so foolish—in its wish to inflict anguish—as to spare a mind it has gained, the torture of knowing its dear ones are in the hands of other demons, determined to ruin them?

You will find this far better than never to enjoy the world again, though at the end of one more generation, you would have to give place to another relay of newcomers into this delightful region; then the caverns filled with pain so frightful it fills us all with joy to feel our neighbors have it, will be your abode till you are glad to end all knowledge of them. Unless you prove more valuable to us than most, in which case you will be shown more leniency."

All was then clear. I was to serve a **fiend** who had made me his captive, for my want of will to refuse thinking with him what I cared to have, or do, or be; and the chains cast by him about me had become so strongly welded in my life, I felt no wish to break them until after death, and had considered myself, first, last, and always, in utter selfishness.

Remembering my wife, I had hopes of finding repentance, enabling me to rejoin her amid scenes of delight that even there appeared to me; while I kept silence, clinging with all my strength to the sharp railing enclosing his dark throne.

Then these words fell on my ear. "Would you care to live eternally where you now find yourself?" "Most certainly I would not!" retorted I, and he smiled knowingly, saying in sardonic tones, "There remains for you then a tempting gulf called Obliv-

ion; into which you can leap and feel no more resultant pangs assaulting devils for their sins.''

And then my own appearance came to mind; and I saw myself among the grizzly monsters thronging there, adding to theirs' my strength, in terrifying lost men and women entering the midst of awful agony.

He read in my silence, determination never to become extinct, and his voice was terrible as he said, ''You have refused an offer meant for your release from untold misery, and may have no more.

If you escape not, hell will hold you in woe unutterable; thinking on bygone days of opportunities let pass, in which you might have built grandly for the future, instead of sharing the condition of lost souls centered in one reflection, where memory revolves from morning bright of childhood, to the hopeless night of death.''

The way my future would be with me, I saw without half trying; unless I could get the voice of Conscience, in that awful din, where I saw only the hideous creatures swarming around me, but knew there were many souls within the place for the first time, like myself.

Consequently, I figured that a King devil, was seen and heard by all of them; answering as they chose, unknown to me, and with that would be awarded places accordingly; and when I came where all might be told me, the thing I'd guessed was true.

I had refused the alternative placed before me,

and felt my hands wrenched loose from the iron bar to which I had clung in desperation, while my captors hurried me along towards The Fiend, where I was to be shown more horrors it seemed.

All has been told of them in another writing; and I now state only, that my terror was such as to cause me to shriek for my conscience, that I might gain repentance amid such terrors, when every last fiend among them seemed trying to make the worst noise it could, to drown what I might hear.

In desperation, I threw myself face downward on the floor, reeking with vileness made to appear the actual thing, and calling with fear uppermost in my heart, I waited with close attention as for life; just as she had told me I must, who stayed outside the dismal door of hell, waiting and praying for me I knew well.

Then heard I with a sense of such relief I wept, the thin, far, toneless voice—like thought almost—upon my inner ear; and listening carefully, the uproar ceased, and more distinctly was I made aware of all my past had been.

"Are you the man thinking to leave this place, and find a home where angels dear and fair will see in you one loathsome, as when at the door so dark and strong you entered in?"

"I want to find my wife again, and tell her I have thought how low I am in mind, and how unclean and different to her," I said in humbleness of heart.

"Will you turn back with me unto the time when leaving home, you left the doting mother old and poor, telling her you would work and lay by wealth to bring her to a healthful climate, and a home you both would share?"

"I do remember it, and that I kept my word in part, remembering how she held me in her arms and cried, when as a little one my father left us, and she told me he had been called away by death.

I cared not for him, and had hardly known the silent man who came and went, that all might have enough to make hunger and want remain away from them at home, but for my mother, I had felt the deep and tender passion of a childish heart so needing her. For me she had given all she had—her daily life—to fill the place he left.

As the turbulent tide called ambition, rose within me, I grew ashamed to picture myself standing side by side with one illiterate and old, and having not the knack I had, to hide all discrepancies apparent to those looking for them to criticise." I had answered truthfully without speech, reflection sweeping over me.

The voice continued, "She long looked for you to come and fulfill your promise; but at last, when even the letters sent by you contained little else than money, she felt your heart no longer held her dear, and hers broke, with the knowledge it carried till she died."

I felt my abject degradation, with the wonder-

ment that I had never given it thought, and answered not.

"Within your mind," the voice continued, "I can read repentance; will you feel your mother knew you never asked for her, nor cared but for yourself and happiness, where you were made able to reach this place?"

Added to my load was that, and I held myself awaiting something that might seem to me adequate to fit the case.

All my love for Mother, there returned; and all the ruthless dealings I had made the ones bringing pain to her, stood then before me with the effect of every blow upon her tender, aching heart.

Still said I nothing, self-condemned; and when the next was asked, assented humbly till the one thing making me cry out that hell fitted my great deserts, was said to me.

"You left these things behind in memory; nor even once allowed yourself to think upon them, as the ones that told Our Heavenly Father, how assuredly an evil mind controlled your thought and will, to follow where it led.

More and more blindly went you on, slothful and all inert, till you made a life yours to conserve, one taken by your hand.

'Thou Shalt not Kill,' was a commandment writ not alone on the tablet stone held in Moses' hand as down the mount he came, but on his mind and heart as well, its words appeared.

His was the still small voice, telling him all best for his tribes to do, that so they might live long upon the earth, and at the last depart in peace to Heaven.

Have you a thought that murder means the same, whether it is of self or other one? It surely does, and 'gainst a law sublime and terrible in its demands for all fulfillment or a penalty, you have most foully sinned.

Your brain you stultified with nicotine; a heart black with selfishness you bore, and the threatened imbecility seen clearly in you by the nearest ones trying to save your life, might all have been prevented had you risen like a man, and said to them in word and act, 'I am no longer to be cradled like a child, and carried where my feet may learn to walk.

I have lost the strength once mine, from long indulgence in a wretched course leading me down the grade, ending in this contemptible and lethargic state of mind.

I will mark out one now and follow it; before my brain loses entire power to hold at least a will, sufficient for my needs.'

You let the time pass on; turning your body to an easier way to sit or lie, and fed it on the things that tasted good, regardless as to whether others were the best that might be made of use to it or not.

You died; and when you entered where were other

minds who walked like you in gray, (significant to angels as they came anear), she who led you, wanted none to look upon one deformed and so repellant as were you. But the fact made known to you, and of her suffering, awoke no answering chord within your mind, of sympathy for her,—you only felt willing to remain a menace to her comfort; and at her expense, demand the company that you had learned meant all to you it had in years gone by.

Her home was in a Heaven of such delight, as to make the one below containing you, seem dark and desolate to her fine mind, trained to an appreciation of grandeur far above all humans know.

You only thought of self! always the first and foremost in your mind! an ailing one might long for you in vain if pleasure called, and vanity was fed and pampered, till you drew close around your soul its littleness."

"All is too true; I answered in deepest sadness, and the floor of hell heaped high with evidences of all crimes, will be my fit abode; so far as any effort is concerned that I may make, to foist myself—the worthless thing I am—upon an angel wife."

Then the word "Pray;" fell on my ear. "Be all abjectness; ask your Heavenly Father to have mercy. And forget not to think I stand beside you, in the pure atmosphere of my home, seen mentally by you.

I will pray with you; and an angel's heart uplifted to the source of perfect gifts, will be with

all its strength made that, on which your soul so sunk in guilt may lean."

I held myself in hand there among fiends, and thought of what I'd heard and how I was to pray; then found my words said for me as I uttered them.

"Our Heavenly Father, wilt thou have mercy on me, and save my sinful soul!"

Oh humbly and earnestly I prayed, and as the last word left my lips, found myself lifted to my feet and moved back towards the entrance, by an angel's power.

There, outward swung the iron door, and I once more gazed on the light of day.

She I had seen there last, awaited me with quivering lips and ashy pale, while round my form she laid a covering white, and soft, and thick; as warm and fleecy as the one she wore.

Fitting it closely, and without telling me anything of how I seemed, again she handed me the glass, in which myself I saw as I had done before, though not the same.

To my astonishment and great delight, an angel in his beauty looked from it; and the forgiven soul scarce knew himself, as the sweet wife of his youth said tenderly, "My Dear, I wished you so, and formed a mental picture of the way you should now be; so think no more you lack for anything of grace or manly beauty, and we will glide on."

Swiftly we clave the air, I feeling naught but the deep, sweet, perfect sense of being an angel, with

every faculty enhanced and more besides made mine; and when at length we reached the blissful home where ever since that time, my feet have passed among the asphodel and lilies scattered there for the immortals' tread, most serene and blest my life has been, in that phase of existence. But another one, is where I try to raise men higher in thought and life, towards truth and goodness; working with all my force, to keep earthly minds from entering the hell, in which so many disbelieve.

SENECA WRITES OF HELL.

Within this great book we have written for man, will be found mention that The Moon, contains the place of his punishment for sin. But of the manner in which Our Heavenly Father conducted its former inhabitants to a newer world, there is now no need to tell; for it has been stated that all wishes of angels are fulfilled, without further effort on their part, than to form mental pictures of them.

This should be enough to make all earthly men and women, long immeasurably, to attain their joys.

Reflection is not given to such things as it should be, or the growth of desire on their part, would consume away indifference in regard to the future life, and ignite within their hearts such flames of longing, as to warm all feelings in the thought of being with it.

On the other hand, there remains hid from man's mental sight, the dread source of everlasting pain, that will steep his soul in anguish, should he enter where 'tis found.

I will here make it known to you in part, while others of our numerous writers, will carve their way to your understandings, with the sharp knife

of words leaving such terrific sculpture upon them, as may last throughout all time.

We then will descend a little from the entrance room of that frightful place, and find in the halls and cells of its next floor—as we will term it—places that in temperature will be far more endurable than further down; but will contain such woe, that the mind shudders in the thought of it. For all must feel who are doomed to hell, undying thirst, and all the pains they ever made light of, or inflicted in willful cruelty on another.

Here live the souls that have made others think thoughts of unworthiness, leading them to do things against the peace of humanity; while these sufferers were not themselves concerned in the riotings, and other disturbances for which they were responsible —more or less.

So when judgment was given against them, they were consigned to rooms where more leniency is shown than in those lower down, since serious as have been their offences, there have been mitigating circumstances in their favor; and although the consequences of their attacks on higher powers, wrought much misery of which they failed to repent, their motives were not selfish in the main, and their doom is less terrible on that account.

Selfishness is the gauge used in measuring all souls; and when any fall below a certain mark on the rule, they are known to deserve more of hell's sufferings than they otherwise would; for with it

less in their natures, there would not have been recorded against them so many crimes causing suffering on earth.

That being with hatred by Our Heavenly Father, who instituted only Love, and all it brings to fellow creatures where they may be in life, means the penalty following transgression of its law, will be severe.

There will be with this tier of cells then, the lighter shades of criminals; while as lower depths are reached, another kind will be found to pass their time away in trouble, such as only can be equalled in a strata below.

Among these partakers of their deservings, are those who have aided men to ensure for themselves, the returns from an investment in other's trials, and who have obtained jurisprudence over the calamitous conditions they have not made otherwise; thus severing from hope, the ones thenceforward more wretched through life, for their domination.

Heartlessness was with these, where with the others, was wishing to enhance the good of some, at the expense of more. And the lack of intelligent reasoning, concerning the way that would be followed to the end desired, placed them in the list of those whose neglect to use that God-given means in the achievement of justice, dooms them to the horrors of hell.

If, when placed antagonistically towards problems affecting humanity, they had allowed their

reason to be veered by Conscience, that great guardian-angel would have saved them for future happiness: (with their help, when turning from the inclinations of the lower being), but when they willingly followed the fiend set in opposition to it, —that a struggle for their souls through life, might end in favor of Hell,—that place has claimed them as its own. . . .

On yet another level, may be found the minds of those who sunk to human degradation more insufferably; and pleasing Adam—owner of all these domains—they uprooted what might have grown within their minds to strength and beauty, recommending them to The Father Of Every Good.

In their guiltiness for this, has been found the reason for their being made to dwell where light is only given them from what hangs hideously on the walls. Emitting it through the orifices of grinning skulls, that they may find their way about the slime covered bottom of the cave, where their place is fixed.

No trace of an existence they once shared, and after death were for a time allowed to look at with longing, can reach one who has had his day of walking the earth, endeavoring to obtain longer privilege to do the same, by gaining control of human thought and bringing men to sin, through one generation; save in rare instances when exceptional power is theirs, to win souls for hell's rulers, —as has been related.

They are with their dreadful doom. The exercise of their wills, was not made when it might have saved them from this horror, and until it becomes too terrible for them to endure longer, they must feel the fiery pressure of the moon's internal heat, against a frightful body framed by their own thoughts when among men, and provided with sensation from which they cannot escape, save in the way now noted.

When at last they feel that existence has rendered them no longer able to endure it, they invariably leap into the gulf we know as "Oblivion." And while there are many approaching a willingness to forsake consciousness, still remaining there, the halls of hell will eventually no longer provide the majority of the lost ones with a place to wander, in search of a kindly voice or look.

Hatred is there, and rage one against another, that no effort was made by any, to acquaint them with the dread need of making their earthly lives conform to the requirements of Conscience; for the result has come to them so terribly in that place, that they cast frenzied anathemas at each other, for not listening to their own preserver, and then transfixing attention by declarations of its approval, and their consequent happiness.

Although sentence of The Law has been passed upon them, these wretched creatures are less deserving of its terrors than will you be, who are of a day when we of Heaven, have found a way to

reach the earth with the torch of knowledge—should you neglect obedience to your angel monitor. . . .

At lower depths of that awful orb on which men gaze affectionately, not knowing what is there, will be found the remainder of an army, whose endurance has lasted longer than some not as low; while their fear of being extinguished eternally, makes them cling to consciousness of the frightful things surrounding them in agony, awhile longer.

These, determined their own place, while passing towards it through pathways pleasant to them as men, and are with it shrieking and howling in agony, while strength holds out for them to endure.

The delineation of all connected with Hell in its entirety, would so appall the hearts of weak ones among men, that angels think we should leave you to believe us, when we tell you that comprehension of mortals, may not compass its awful realities. And with thought that our assistant has told enough to warn everyone to avoid in fear, this horrible abode, Seneca will withdraw from your attention.

War.

WAR.

Acoutered ready to embark, march on the Englishmen,
Feeling the doom in store for those who never will again,
Find warm and close around them enclasping arms, that late
Held then to hearts that broke in tears,
Bathing the burning hate
For one who made war needful;
While his ambition great,
Fed by the blood that Carnage
Spilled over lands once fair,
Filled many hearts with anguish keen,
Many with dumb despair.

* * *

The blue sea rolls behind the ranks,
That terror stricken are
Approaching execution,
At fiendish hand of War,
Exultant in assurance that her fierce eyes may gloat
O'er trenches piled with bleeding forms
That sprang to cross the moat;

Confronting men with rifles discharging shot like
hail,
Pouring its message through the air until the fiery
flail,
Threshed out in deepening anguish,
The grains of life that fell
Unnoticed, underneath the feet onrushing to a hell
Where Slaughter held high carnival,
And told himself "All's well."

Night drew her somber curtain
Over the dreadful scene,
With sickening sense of what must come
When Sunrise raised the screen.
Showing the naked truth to eyes accustomed not,
to see
Such threshing floor as lay below
The victor's glances free;
Telling them that amidst the dead,
Life still kept company
With Pain, beyond expression in groans of agony...

Once more the shouting army
Renewed its dire attack,
From bivouac where sleep had reigned,
Despite the awful lack
Of thought that might bring comfort,
To those who courage feigned.
Though ghastly Terror leering,
Stood close beside them there,

Within the shadow of Grim Death,
Hiding behind Despair.

"Onward!" The order pealing
From trumpet blast on high,
Fell on their ears as falls the crash
Of thunder from the sky;
Hurling itself among the men
Ashamed to meet the clear
Eyes of expectant Morn,
With those that told of fear.
While in their hearts lay dark and deep,
Conviction none would dare
Admit unto his neighbor,
Or even leave it there. . .

Again had met the enemy,
Thousands whose strong arms shook,
Though even then unswervingly
His aim the soldier took;
With weapon scattering cruelty,
Bringing unto their fall,
Many whose shrinking souls obeyed
Duty, at Country's call.—
Impregnable the walls of State,
Built solidly of stone
Known not to masonry, but warm
With human flesh that bone,
Muscles, sinews strengthen,
And brain cements alone.

Long was the day of horror,
Numb were the beings who
Felt one by one beside them,
Had fallen the brave that few,
Except themselves at roll-call
Might answer for; and tell
How fought they valiantly, and gave
Their all, the flag to swell
Upon the breeze of Victory,
Who caught them as they fell;
Yielding to angels' gentle arms,
Their spirits borne from hell. . .

Another Morning folded within her garments white,
The gloom that rested o'er the earth
When sorrowfully, Night
Turned tearful eyes upon it
Where War's foul steps had trod,
And sadly thought how man would claim
Himself a child of God.
Imploring aid to send a curse
Like that, upon a world
Where sin long since insulted Him,
Whose mandate full unfurled,
Ordains that even as brothers,
Must men still meet and love,
That they make abundant entrance
To the rapturous land above.

Where lay the dead unsheeted,
With staring eyes upturned,
Who had discerned mid scenes of war
The one thing Heaven yearned
They should see, through the death-film
Stealing across their sight—
Some had found Peace; and heard her voice
In sweetness, making night
Turn into brightest morning,
Bringing their hearts delight.

The uplands of fair Heaven
Stole on their vision then,
When lost to scenes of earthly woe,
Their spirits felt again,
Embraces of the tender ones
Kneeling above the slain,
Who whispered lovingly unto
The ones benumbed to pain.

They told how fell the mellow light
Upon the cottage wall,
Where nestled little children,
Gladly to hear the call
A father sent unto them;
When he should find that all
Would once again cling to his neck,
And make him feel that love,
As never in an earthly home,
Flourished in that above.

Beside the door stood smiling,
Fond messengers that held
In outstretched hand, the guerdon
Unbought by mortal geld.

A place upon The Honor Roll
Crowded with names, that stand
In glittering galaxy before
Tenants of that fair land,
Peopled with minds whose grandeur
They only, understand,
Whose faculties enhanced have been,
By One whose mighty hand
Holds blessings rich and numberless;
For all who follow on
Where Danger leads, and Sacrifice
Tells them of nothing less
Than the dark grave and earthly loss.
When Life had meant to bless,
And bring to full fruition,
Hopes blasted for all time
In their belief, who sink within
The dank and bloody rime.

No more to rise, no more to strive
For courage, in an hour
When Duty tells the soldier
That a willful despot's power,
Makes him a unit of the whole
Great structure, that may fall

To bury neath its ruins,
The brightest hopes in thrall
Of human minds; long counting
On freedom for a race
Dependent on a monarch's will,
To yield unto it place
For hearth and home, to sweeten life
And bring within it still,
A love unselfish to the world,
A nature clean and true;
That War no more be with the earth,
And man may bid adieu
To Carnage, Pride, Ambition,
With all their heartless train,
While Peace restored, shall fold her wings,
And smile on him again.

Abraham the Patriarch Writes of God and Heaven.

ABRAHAM THE PATRIARCH WRITES OF "GOD" AND HEAVEN.

Far in the distant past, with thumb marks for inscription telling to whom men's property belonged, I dwelt where nomads roamed, and made their tents wherever animals might be with food.

There came unto me visions fair of Sarah; wife to me most dear, and with her and our children, I left the pleasant vale of earlier years, and sunk my name of Abram, into the one by which in history I was known, as him The Lord appointed to be with progency as were the sands upon the sea shore.

I held my revelry with those I loved, and made all think with me how good life seemed, with feasting and with friendship various families brought one another, so intermarriages were with the earth; and men were faithful to themselves in inclination, while they held before the others, an injunction made theirs by Great Jehovah—according to my teaching—that all should live in blessings constantly, while that they might.

Cattle and yearling calves I slaughtered, feeding all who came, with a sheltering warmth bringing them to the wish mine to remain; and when our

tents filled one great valley in the wilderness, I moved my many men and herds, back to land that I remembered was fertile and with wells.

With years came weaknesses to Sarah, for she threw aside my early message that to live in one true thought,* would make her bloom perpetually young, and considered not my reasons given, why she with all who would, might well live within a place filled with their angel families surrounding them. Her faith was little. She could not decide for or against my word, but failed to make the effort made by me, to show Our Heavenly Father I believed, by asking angels He empowered, to heal me of all ailments as they rose.

Then came to her old age, and Sarah died. . . . I was with her when in the wilderness Hagar with Ishmael left our door, turned out with water and a loaf of bread to die; (as has been told.) An aphorism made itself appear in that strange story, so that when read, the fact is seen how God will mind the weak forsaken ones, on whom depend the future for humanity.

I turned not Hagar out, nor was Ishmael of my line. The tale originated, in the brain of one writ-

* Note.—The "true thought" of which mention is made by Abraham, means always on consciously entering the home of Conscience, a picture of it should engage the mind, often recurring to it, though unable to remain long at a time within its confines. Starlight, made bright by softened sun-rays, is as the clear air there, containing Conscience, and whomsoever among the angels, it wishes else.

This pellucid atmosphere is impenetrable by evil minds, and contracts or expands about the guardian angel, as it wills.

Is clearly defined, amid earth's air, and its line of demarcation is to be carried in man's consciousness, all possible, with the angel it contains.

ing an account he felt fell flatly; and introduced the thing traducing me, as was the case concerning Isaac and the sacrifice. The spring found in the rock, was one that lived and yielded water within a few rods from our camp, and with the feeling we were there and so protected them, the nearby maidens and their mothers came often to the stream.

It was in the wilderness where were the wild pomegranate and the grape, growing in shade the thinnest, while with flocks and herds of sheep and cattle, men lived as neighbors, using wells each one might own—then nearest.

Streams were not many, and the rivulets in springtime filled with melted snows, were dried in summer, till the living spring in the great rock by my encampment, became useful unto many in those years.

Hagar had thrown off yoke of bondage, unto one owning her husband in his lifetime, and felt that with me and with my wife, as handmaiden she might delve and bring up Ishmael.

So there was with her at the spring, only a few yards more unto our habitation; and finding her there, worn and weary, my servants brought her in as one of them, and she lived among us till her death.

There is the truth about one story among numbers that are false, or added to at will of man, in the Old Testament.

I can translate it to you in a tongue rich with its types and shadows, scanned by those who will with Abraham, see pointed out the certainties that shall revisit earth, and make their home triumphant among men, when angels have their will.

Now are they hidden till the dawning grey, reddens to sunlight in the shining skies; and all the hosts of all the heavens above, sing their tumultuous praises unto Him whom shouts of saints and angels magnify.

Hagar, will signify the woman lone, turning from old hard masters, with her famished child burdening her in the need it has for food. Both will be weary in the wilderness, where all obstructions lay before their feet, in the long struggle to obtain a sight of friendly tents, where she may obtain work.

All up to this time will be parable. "Figure of speech," a later day has termed it, and I am with that phrase as well. Then when the water shall be found, maintaining life for her while in the rock it flows, will she too, know the purport of those words.

Farther than that my meaning will not reach; for with the story emblematical of her who writes, and finds the living stream ready for all, who then may drink and feel rejuvenated in the draught, I will turn unto that great subject which my powers have been selected to expound.

Great has now become the Patriarch of his people, in that eternity to which man passes on, and

heeds not its solemnity till suffering comes; or in the gloaming shutting from his sight the things he knew, there rises fair before him walls of white, with sapphire gates of entrance to a future home, where life for him is blest by sweet companionship missed from the earth.

Then in the harmony that [illegible]s his ears, sounding unto the inner sense man never leaves behind, he hears the hallelujahs rich and far around, while angels strive to blend their feelings with the tones, telling how every heart is filled with love of God.

Knowledge of Him have none entirely. Great is His Being, "Wonderful," His name. Come to the consideration of His power, filling all heaven in every place. Think of His universe! Accredit Him with only thought, to use in its creation, where dearth of all material was, from which it might be made.

Think then what might dwells in Him, as originator of granite rocks and fleecy clouds alike; all details His, even of nature's laws. Where was there Nature, till He had created her? Be with the intricacies of His thought then, feeling its fineness and tremendous power. Tell to yourselves that where lay void and dark the chasm, that yawning made the black abyss no ray of light had entered, He pictured to himself the flaming suns with following satellites; and arraying each in order as He would, regulated the movements of them all, and

to the least detail of every drop of water, every grain of seed, filled them with His imaginings.

Bring the stupendous pageant to your view (in part it will be), and securely gaze where angels feel in treading they are with His wish. All will be under laws He well established, and everyone of His grand instruments playing symphonic rhapsodies above, will breathe adoringly, the name of God.

With voices mingled in the strain divine, uprising from the myriads of throats where sweetness surges rapturously, into air more vibrant with its echoes than can e'er be told, the angel souls will still incline an ear to catch the oft repeated syllable so loved.

Immortals passing to and fro—when feeling that their earth-friends may be saved,—glide from the celestial paradise around, and gather to their midst in tenderness, the ones oncoming from a world of woe; telling them comfort in a warm embrace restful with happiness and dear delight, that after conflicts, after peace or pain, no more the world may hold them as its own.

Come where sweet flowers fairer than the stars, o'erspread the sylvan fields in beauty bright; casting reflections in the waters there, mirroring truly petal, bud, and leaf, till gardens seem to stretch away, farther than eye detects their trace, and melt within the golden glow beyond.

See where the rocks conjoined and interlocked, throw shadows deep against the waterfall within

their arms, swift moving to its bed in depths below. White flies its foam towards the eyes that look, and peaceful never, will the waves still churn with simulated anger, as the stream recalling one man loved on earth, sweeps widely by within his sight once more.

Such scenes of splendor or tranquillity, facing the stranger leaning on an arm warm, strong and loving in its close embrace, bring to a heart filled full of longing, that for which his life had yearned; and when is added to all this and more, the satisfying every taste man knows as good, and fullness of all pleasure greets the mind, well may the angels think that heaven is won.

Tell to humanity the story then, of the dear children of our homes; brought hither unto those whose arms enfold them, till within their clasp the cherub bodies sink to sleep, with rapturous dreams in waiting, placed where the little ones may feel them real; for while unconscious of the heavenly ones at work for them with thought, improvement intellectual is attained with no expense of labor to the child, brought thus to see the things taught willingly by angels, versed in all learning man may make his own. Then are they led still farther on in Wisdom's ways, until at last no question ever may arise to the trained soul, without its answer ready to the mind.

Earth has its laboratories for the scholarly, with wish to there impugn the faith of those who feel

acquainted with conditions, close analysis with right appliances will prove false. But for the scientific student up above, exists an all important substitute for humans' light or lense, and seeing is with one grand perceptiveness undreamed of in the world.

There is with those who feast their eyes upon the physical aspects of that wondrous zone, concordance with opinions formed on earth; for all are with the wishes of their hearts there gratified, and to some, the warm bright fireside, congenial friends, surroundings that appear as were the ones pleasing to them, while living mid the toil and suffering they've left where cold prevails, speak to the spirit satisfied, their cheering words.

Others are with the winter's ice in mind, that cooled the bungalow on Ethiop's strand; and bringing thought to reproduce it well, live once again in airs most comfortable.

Between these two, are many leaving alone the regulating of their climate for them, and blest are they in what is found to be the one most suited to their feelings everywhere.

Nothing abrupt shall terrorize the entered soul, feeling the strangeness that must be a little while with the translated, before whom all the wonders of that new found home present themselves, as will occasion offer.

Year after year rolls by, in affluence of pleasure making the longing spring fresh daily in the heart, that loved ones left behind might but be with them,

where full perfection satisfies the faculties enhanced for its enjoyment.

Our Heavenly Father in His attribute of Love, then, is the One whom we adore for all He gives us indescribable. But when imaginings are with us of the grandeur His, in all the star hung heavens within our view, immeasurable is the feeling Awe inspires, as with her cold bare finger touches she our thought.

Tearing from eyes accustomed not to see, a blindness to His mighty alchemies, she shows the blazing firmament around, filled with its suns and systems, pale without His light blazing upon them —for in magnitude tremendous is that His.

All held within the realm of Thought producing them. A word the angels know, describes the thing conveying to the comprehension what man's language may not tell, but only "Wonderful," approaches it, that he may know.

Sublimity and Tenderness are with it, side by side with Justice, Patience, and enduring Wrath 'gainst Evil; ever gaining ground insidiously where it may, throughout the world. All His great creation bespeaks for Him the angels' wondering praise.

We feel our scope to be contained within the radius prescribed for us, by bounds none ever feel desire to cross; but are made to know that only a small portion of immensity lies within our universe, and outside that, may be ones far in advance of it to show His power.

In consequence, we cannot claim to adequately describe God. But with the intellects we have, given us by His grace, bestowing upon worshipers the utmost judgment needful for our use, we can convey to you an idea of the matchless worth of that vast wealthiness we call "Intelligence."

Shall man then feel his littleness before Him, yet assert himself "made in the image of His Creator," whom angels fear to think upon irreverently?

Will he continue ascribing unto that Majesty, accidents to mortals who transgress the laws nature established? or say one to another, "not till God's time comes, can this one die?"

I tell the world, humanity is placed where fended round by barriers to disease, it overrides them and then sinks into the mirey clay beyond. Laws must be recognized, respected, and obeyed; else will the body subject be to their exactions.

Say no more that The Great Mind upholding all created things, considers personally all of human kind, or ordains their lives.

Has He left mortals then to stumble on in darkness and alone, toward Death's door? Not so. Into the angels' hands has He consigned them, feeling that He prevails in each immortal.

Whatever they know, is then known to Him;—that in their wisdom is not held aside,—their love bringing constant study that their hearts protect Him from annoyances, and this is with His wish.

Each family on earth is given in charge of angels

numbering many in its ancestry, while intermingling with all these, will be the nearer ones whom marriage makes their own.

Consider Heavenly wisdom all sufficient to discriminate between the shadings of incessant sin, and that approaching it in ignorance or weakness—one or both—as given by Him who knows that mercy will be strained, to help the precious ones so needing it; yet justice and the indignation against ruthlessness, will cause demand that penalty be paid, to the last farthing.

Count not upon the leniency then of friends in Angel-Land so beautifully fair. Crystalline are its splendors, but of the same cast are seraphs' minds. Weighing each thought, and word, and act, in scale immortal, impartial are their judgments, as should be those of infallibility.

Thus have I told what angels know of God. Tremendous Being, in immensity past all save Deity to comprehend; and while our minds are segments of the great one sparing unto us parts of itself, we are not given understanding enabling us to tell ourselves we know Him in entirety.

His love ineffable bestows our thought, how best to serve our loved of earth, in effort to bring them unto true repentance; that shall eradicate from their hearts, willingness to sin again.

Time and God's mercy, have brought us where angels are transmitting unto man, the secrets of a past that may be his; and with the great, where

many souls seraphic are with our work of throwing on the film before the view of mortals, scenes that shall bring to them full knowledge of existing things beyond, will he who closes now his writing, thankfully announce that fine descriptions of a land of rapture inconceivable, will be found in the book before you. Other minds than mine describe our heaven, with thought to tell earth how its pleasures run, or to win her hearts our way before the waning of the morning we have entered, shall have come. As one, we bid you think of us, excluding none who ever wore the human envelope about a soul that lived, and found its place as part of that enraptured host we know the angels make. . . I raise my hands and bless you, in farewell.

In His Olden Style David the Psalmist Declares Himself.

IN HIS OLDEN STYLE, DAVID THE PSALMIST DECLARES HIMSELF, THEN WRITES AS NOW HE LOVES TO.

Within Thy Courts Oh Lord, will my heart sing of its raptures, and strains of music from harps of a thousand strings, will rise towards Thee from Thy tabernacle.

Feel Thou for our infirmities, and forgive unto us our transgressions; oh Ye who stilleth the tempest of our hearts, and whose sun riseth over Horeb in its majesty.

Give unto us the light of Thy countenance, and deny not unto us Thy covenants.

Behold how we witness for Thee in the congregation, and tell of Thy glories from the housetops; bringing unto Thee our sheaves, and sowing towards the East, grain Thou shalt gather at the harvest.

Our hearts are with Thee Upholder of Judah, come with Thy myriads and rule over the earth.

Remember us in the day of Thine advancement; and Thine image will we value forever.

For Thou art with it, and our gratitude swelleth aloft as are the waters at midnight.

How art the mighty thinking to overthrow Thee; Great King of all countries under Thy heavens, how shine their sharp sword points, as marching to battle, gleam they before them in warning 'gainst strife.

Bring Thou thy cohorts out from assurance defeat shall be with them, into the sunlight; Mighty to Save, let not the people about us be brought low, where there stoopeth men poised for battle.

Keep Thou Thy children; as marching before Thee, all shall consider the ways of his feet. . . .

Praise ye His footsteps telling of progress, where sweep the surges of centuries drear! Tell to the herdsman whom He anointed, David the Psalmist writeth most clear, when hath The Father whom all so loveth, blest him and made him evangelist dear.

Honor, and Glory, and riches be with Him,
Holy of Holies His precious abode.
Give of thy substance all ye who are living;
Think how the devils of hell were outrode.

Cling to the trumpet, hold fast to the spear's length!
Throw all your weight to the strong saddle girth.
Shout, as the thousands of heroes sweep forward,
Sternly demanding allegiance of earth.

Comrades in battle array will ye join them,
Cheering their flags as its folds meet the air?

Grandeur and sweetness are swelling below it,
Make it your pennon, most lovely and fair.

See how upon it are pictured the angels;
Serving as served, at the board there outspread.
Think how their mandate is lying upon you;
Give up your feasting, nor bury your dead.

Smooth are the ways that so long have been followed,
Near the low valleys they wind, and repeat,
Where fertile landscape in beauty is calling.
Gird up thy raiment! make ready thy feet!

High on the mountain encircle their archers;
Hurl rocks below to the battlements there.
Let thy heart tell thee we struggle for many.
Win the sharp contest, ere night and despair.

Follow the legions that startle the pageant,
Telling its readiness now for the fray.
Spring from thy cover upon him who waiteth!
Ask for no quarter, and give it who may.

Ho for Goliath! the giant of falsehoods!
Choose ye the pebbles of wonderful truth;
Hurl them with force that shall enter his forehead,
Marring, and marking, regardless of ruth.

Long hath he flourished, and fattened where dwelt he,
Safe, and surrounded by all whom he gave
Promise of courage, to fully protect them;
Vaunting his power as Sovereign, to save.

Tell how low lies he between the bare hilltops.
Hear ye the watchword swift passing along?
"Angels for Victory!" sharply is sounding,
Spring to the battle with triumphant song!

Hand to hand grapple, and spare not opponent!
Pay thou no heed to approach from behind,
Wall thyself 'round with the dead thou hast throttled;
Fight, while an enemy fierce thou mayest find.

See how Dark Satan bestrides his own war horse,
Trampling the fallen with iron shod feet.
Fast is he fleeing thy vanguards, approaching
Landmarks where armies expectant shall meet.

Lay close beside thee thy spear for the throwing;
Save all thou canst for the brunt of the fray.
March solid phalanx, presenting thy bucklers,
Bear ye the burden and heat of the day.

Then, when Peace flutters her pinions above thee,
Think on the injured thy ranks are among;

Stoop to their weariness, care for the wounded,
Consign the dead, where thy tears mix with song.

Turn thee triumphant, to lands that are ready
Then, to divide with a brother in need.
War shall be over and hearth fires be waiting;
Dead, will be lying the Gorgon of Greed.

The Way Adam Fell.

THE WAY ADAM FELL.

When Heaven was with more vacancies than now, by all earth's millions who have died and found their homes therein, one day within an older star than is your world, Our Heavenly Father called a conclave of the angels.

There were many who felt His least wish law, and among them the mighty Adam, (named by you as the first man); who with Eve his wife, was chosen to make a home on earth.

There has there been belief that man sprang from other forms of life than his own kind. Speculation has led to theory, and again disappeared in the jaws of another equally untenable, from certainty not being found within it, and earth has long searched in vain for accurate knowledge, of what we who write will plainly tell.

The bible account mentions only, that God placed Adam in The Garden of Eden; claim being made thereafter, that from his side appeared the woman Eve, and events then transpired leading to their expulsion from that place.

The record is a bare chronicle of events, determining man's condition as to life in the world, and

Moses was with need to bring in requisition what might hold his story. Not knowing that in future, it should meet eyes translating his tablets, to please the minds their owners bore.

So without poetry, or even language giving aught but the bare allegory he used, to depict what had been made his to know as psychics are told, the chronicle was altered to coincide with crude ideas, and bear meaning suited to writers who formed the staff of one called a historian; and who deeming them cultured, wished to dress himself in their plumage and supply the missing part of a story seeming complete, as recorded by them deceitfully.

With the world assured then, that Adam was an angel before he came to earth, we will describe him a little further. Tall, and magnificent of bearing, his presence had long been noted among the halls of heaven, even among all perfection there.

This then, explains the grandeur of one eager to serve, where all felt with the service came approval at the hands of Him adored; while with her lord, the beauteous angel mating him, stood forth with outstretched hands beseechingly, among many feeling these more glorious than others in their sight.

"Hast thou a wish to benefit my heart?" was asked by The Great Being in their midst, and Adam bending low before that Mighty Principle, answering said, "We have."

"Then make unto thyselves all that thou wilt of preparation to abandon home of thine, where all

inhabitants well know thy qualities, and descend to Earth. With thy fellows thou hast exercised thine ingenuity in building well its structure, and adorning all with usefulness and beauty, for a race we hope will follow on as have my other children in worlds we know; widening the circle of that happiness bringing to me—as felt by them—increasing joy."

There lies the thought Our Heavenly Father held, in adding worlds on worlds, to testify His power was tremendous as only it may be; and we who know what will be told to man, feel that beyond our ken, are riches of Mind we cannot fathom, nor wish to till He tells us 'tis His will. . .

With her dark curls floating on the breeze, lingering among their silken strands as 'twere delight to lift them from her brow and neck with kisses sweet, Eve turned where Adam followed, and with smiles and happiness fared they forth.

Few were their preparations, for angels were with wishes ever gratified in that time as to-day. It is a part of the alluring place men know by name alone—or nearly so—and Thought became their chariot, when with rapturous movement floated they through space, as angels still are doing when they wish.

Sinking toward earth's level, through the firmament whose stars so glitteringly hung in sight, with forms of light framed for enjoyment only in their angelhood, swept on the lovers so supremely blest.

Familiar with the beauties of fair Earth, fresh from long centuries of thought Supreme—as wisdom met with pleasure in the minds of those experimenters empowered by their Creator to vary and carry on His work—their wishes led them thither. And where carpeting of richest hue was seen, emblazoned with the silvery sheen of waves reflecting sunlight in their shimmering depths, they sank in feathery lightness on the ferns more lovely than may be made man's thought herewith, and told each other need was none to move farther on, mid such enchantment.

Full of all that filled the eye and ear with pleasure, lay the earth around, and with the foliage banked in beauty as its maker had desired, hung rarest fruits, that seemed almost to fall into the outstretched hand.—"Will then there be the wish for food, where heaven affords all kinds conveying to the taste deliciousness?"—I answer yes; and with the statement ask all to imagine any pure delight, then feel the spirit can be given it enhanced, if so desired.

Would not Our Heavenly Father, who decreed all happiness to be enjoyed by angels, turn unto them the things for which He made the senses?

Man may think them children of the brain, but we are here with Truth; and in perfection doth Our Father own all gifts that He divides then with His own. . . .

Day unto day passed on with nights of beauty,

where all told of gentleness, with bird and fawn gathering closely 'round their forms of light, appealing to them with their wide dark eyes so soft and clear, for those attentions they were glad to give. There were no beasts of prey, and Moses found the serpent in his day, to clothe a thing he failed to make repellant as words should, until having seen the loathsome creature Justice fashioned, with thought of bringing man to fear and danger, while disfiguring the landscape in his sight. But at that time only beauty was on earth.

So were the herds grazing upon the slopes, or sleeping peacefully beneath the trees within rich valleys, friendly folk; for nowhere might be found in all the world, the desolate regions now about the places where wild beasts are known.

With thought creative, long had Adam helped the angels forming earth, to reason out the most desirable ways leading where Nature should fulfill her mission to bird, and beast, and fish; for swimming in pellucid lakes or shining in the flowing streams, were such variety of their inhabitants, as caught the eye to fascinate and hold it on their course.

Art was not wanting in the colorings arranged for light, with reproductions of an older heaven of delights they dwelt amidst, while fashioning by thought, what met their gaze in beauty afterwards.

Think of diversion such as that oh man, then tell yourself how Adam knew all things replete with

usefulness for the immortals, and with his friends had partially built species, intending them for beauty; and while in comfort they awaited their completion by his thought, Eve formed flowers, that added yet more loveliness to earth.

So was time filled for him, till in the events to follow these, he slept to peacefulness and dreamed of sin.

Against his higher nature it appeared, in guise offensive at the first, but turned not from with frownings, and encouraged to again present itself unto his mind, at last a place he gave it. . . . Then earth found in him the monster made by wishing, what appeared to him in dreams.

By himself to walk through years in this shape, was terrible to Adam, who as yet had seen not what would come to him, for having exchanged angel form for that of animal. But Eve, in love even for what repelled, found him still within it; and sent her wish with his unto the law fulfilled then, and they twain were still one in life, though hideously changed.

Unhappy ere the light another day brought to them, she had felt all must be with the eyes of visitors before night fell, and longed to frame excuse for the procedure that neither of them dreamed must bear such fruit to pain.

They had built on Heaven's mercy; understanding well the one great requirement of Our God was purity of heart, and feeling not the terror of the law

transgressed, had used the will He gave them, to choose where angelhood had clothed them—infamy.

Then came unto the garden one who saw the savage being Adam made, and Eve his mate in trouble, and was wroth; till with anger no words might express, he pointed to the outer world, and bade the pair never again to enter peace.

With an account detailing subsequent events, we may intermeddle; telling that at the garden's entrance there were set sharp thorns, of such size man might not pass; instead of angel with a two-edged sword abiding there, and where had been upheaved the mountains high, in easy slopes affording perfect views, immortal beings felt delight in leaving ruin; so threw aside all else at that time their employment, and hurled beauty into chaos till the scene was terrible.

Woods became tangled jungles and the wild beasts thronged them, feasting where they would on one another, till new forms of hideousness appeared; and the strong survived the weak, save where fear lent speed to fleeing ones now safe no longer.

Sunk in the slime of earth, at length a place of fierce rapine from human terrors 'gainst their fighting foes, while ravaging beasts did prey on all of them, and Nature was arrayed against the whole that man has tried to conquer till this day, we left the pair.

With all an angel knew of Heaven's decrees, had

Adam ~~had~~ made his choice of evil; presented to a mind allowed to dwell upon it in place of purity, with the ensuing reprimand for which he looked, not given.

He was left, without one opportunity made his, to retrieve the past he wilfully had ruined, and was made to realize his lost estate, in suffering greater than can here be told; although imagination well may picture, what would mean to him daily encounters with fierce animals and writhing snakes, ferocious in appearance and horrifying to meet, with only hands, stones, and cudgels of the fallen wood his strength must sunder, for the trees were filled with venom, and death was everywhere.

God had turned from earth, leaving it with angels; who felt the need with Him, that man should have provision made for rescue, when in future years death found him, and the love principle with existent faculties should return to us.

These great gifts The Creator had bestowed on future beings, with mercy in His thought for fallen ones not responsible for their sad lot. But from Adam, was removed all trace of them after his sin, while Eve attained the natural feelings of animal motherhood—which as the race developed, grew into human love—and both retained the memory of their past.

Mothers were to rear children, fathers provide for them; and unselfishness would grow then, telling itself in acts of self-denial, endearing unto angels what had been repulsive else.

These qualities demanded that a **soul** be given them; and with that, each human being as it entered life, was made the charge of one who served throughout its years as guardian-angel; contravening all told unto the unknowing one by a fiend, who ever would be thinking with the brain used by an animal, unless the **will** should turn to angels' thoughts instead.

Uninstructed came earth's children through their lives, giving predominance to either one as suited them; while Evil wrought such havoc in the structural part it used, as to shatter fine perceptions, blighting powers that combatted it.

The angel had a name given it; and men called it Conscience, when the years ran on till they had recognized its voice, as against that telling them to follow hurtful ways.

With mere allusion to the fact of an immortal, so subjecting itself to slavery distasteful, through the human life of one unthinking what it costs, we will return to that which has made for earth the possibility of its millions reaching higher lives.

Ignorant of the forces struggling for possession of his being at the last, man often shows propensities are with him he will not forswear. Then entering upon a course that draws his heart to love of ease, and carelessness of suffering in others, telling no warmth is in its depths, he shares alone with Selfishness what comes to him enjoyably.

Greed, and the cruelty for which it ofttimes calls, harbor within his soul, and lies nest there; with vanity and contemptibility not always known, where he moves on his way hid within flesh, made reputable by outward appearances. Think then all ye who carelessly do go about the things of yesterday again today—making no change in attitude towards a good you know is looking unto you, to set it where the light may stream upon it by your hand—that there exists within decisions of your life, what gives a victory to Evil over you, or turns an angel wonderful to tears of happiness, that struggling for your welfare it has won.

Keep the warfare well within your thought; remembering your own will resigns the fight to either force most pleasing to you, and battle strongly, in the armor given by Him whose angels rule on earth where-e'er they may. Let them place on **you**, the insignia of Heaven. . . .

Again we turn to Adam and his Fall. The one thing told the pair, when on first seeing their changed appearance an angel had summoned others in his horror, was the one recorded on their memories ineffaceably. With averted heads and fewest words that might be, those speaking, shared the awful task of thus addressing them.

"Be with the outcome of thy sin. Leave all thought of pardon being thine—Forever. Turn to thy punishment, and never hope to enter peace. Let not our forms fill any place in thought of thine, nor

add to thy insult unto Deity, wishes that thou be with what was thine in Heaven."

Indelibly the words sunk to their place within the minds of animals, possessing only the same instincts that were with the rest of creation as Adam had made it, then with readiness to cherish their lives and young as he had planned. But with them, remained the poignant memories that should torment them through their lives,—never to end.

Recalling all the riches once their own, deep within feelings memory stirred for both, arose their thoughts. They knew the changes round them would obtain throughout the earth, and hopeless of more than their own strength would give, bestirred each-other in fruitless rage, to labor hateful that they then might live. Knowledge their memories might have held—had it ever been needed for the uses now demanding it—was none. And with forethought little, nor anything coming from experience, their slow understandings were trained by necessity.

Chaining within, effects from causes, slowly they emerged from darkness, into the gloom always to surround them where suggestions came slowly, that would relieve to some extent their miseries. In those who followed them, adhered no knowledge of their lost estate, and sunk in barbarism lifting them little above the beasts they conquered in concerted movement, or avoided by choice of dwelling places furnished with their weapons, passed they on

through hardships of all kinds, to the death seldom theirs as natural.

Adam sheltered himself behind the power of descendants he had made to fear him, until development strengthening their courage, they repelled his ferociousness against them and their mother, for angels had given the ruined ones to follow him, feelings belonging to a soul they wished to save; and love was with that, sufficient for her defence against the monster he had become. She with them, combined to ward off his attacks, until an opportunity he found to slay her most brutally; which so incited their children to fresh wrath against him, that holding it in their hearts, a time was found when they might carry out the scheme long with them, and rid the earth of such a wretch.

Not even the ordinary feelings of the brute creation towards progeny were left him; who felt nothing but hatred and resentment impel him to the intent his till this day. He knew angels suffered, when pain was felt by those upon whom he inflicted it, and to cause that anguish, became his greatest wish.

Its gratification, furnished his fiendish nature—then wholly given over to Evil—with entertainment only the beast he was, could so enjoy. And in the shrieks of agony his still to elicit, where thought power in hell can work his will on victims, he revels as he did then—and boundlessly more. Thought; that sends its impress where all with immortality

may read it if they will, and Adam knows as he did then, that we recognize his revenge.

On earth, oft looking back to that which he forsook, to reap as he had sown—by Heaven's decree, —he cursed the agencies tormenting him, yet dared not end a life so filled with fear.

We have told that angels in resentment justified, changed all the grandeur that resembled Heaven. The rocks high piled they where dark mountains stand, with nothing telling how before, their crystal minarets cut apart the sky so opaline it tinted them, and with the torrent hurling from its flood the work of man to ruin, threaded they the gorges that were then a menace to all feet.

Hills made they bare, and floods upon them came; pouring on fertile lands below, the stones then making labor needful for man's hands where food must be procured.

Serpent and stinging insect spent their days where birds had sung, the fishes sank within a salty sea; with but few left where had they once found homes, while the whole face of nature underwent a change, making its features hideous, where before had been a loveliness untellable.

All that could hinder, all affect the comfort of creatures so accursed, was made the judgment sent upon the ones insulting that by angels so revered; though later the ban was lifted, so that here and there the arid lands became habitable, and Time brought pleasantness.

Courage became man's normal attitude towards all belligerents, and family ties stood forth amid the wreckage of his life as admirable; still traits developed in his children, making dominant those serving well to close them out of Heaven.

The years have brought by elemental strife, long periods of various kinds, to show the power of earth over herself; but in the first great sacrifice of beauty to revenge of angels, on a wretch who stood and cursed Our God, we showed our force.

Justice impelled us, and our work displaying attributes of Him in whom they exist perfected, was done most thoroughly against the monster Adam. And the centuries see him yet; in expiation never for his deed, but gathering to him those who sink to hell, and utter maledictions on his name as he appears to them. The father of all infamy that brought souls there.

Powers and principalities; are called these demons of the awful pit, and where suffering souls are warned to work all trouble that they may, even to their beloved, or be with anguish till they leap from choice into oblivion's gulf, do they abide.

Such terror has that threat for them, that though rebellious, seeking means to render more unbearable for those who rule by right of might, the place of foul entombment we describe in other writings—they turn to carry out commands against mortality, and bring their thousands, to augment the force against which angels fight. But their own loved,

whom other devils seek to wreck, they will not harm.

Forgetfulness would be sweet rest to them, were it not to bring extinction. Of this not now we tell, but do know, that when from out its depths a lost soul moans, it tells the air of one dead sphere, that had youth been given to purity and kindliness, with middle life attaining the goal of mercy, reached through self-denial for others whom it blest, no need had been for misery to mock at neighbor racked by agony.

* * * * * *

When Adam died, and entered an existence of anguish past the telling, Eve met and taunted him, within the void around Earth's atmosphere.

"Thou didst kill our children, when thy strength allowed to give them battle, till at length the common enemy thou hadst become, and met the same doom thou'st meted out to those needed by me, time after time; and thou didst slay **me**, with thy hairy hand in grasp upon my throat once beautiful, grown coarse with age and want of angelhood.

Thy beastliness, thou hast displayed wherever it might be. Nothing a criminal like thee could do to humor selfishness, was low enough to miss thy sight and seizing!

We are here, and there is nothing in this loathsome body—built by thoughts of evil—that thou canst e'er destroy! Take to thyself thy Love; oh

Princely One, hold sweet communion with her who like thee, once held a beauty all who saw admired. Think on thy shape! not even the hideous one thou madest thyself in Eden, with me reduced to shame for both of us—before the mind an angel had, was taken from the animal wishing had made me—was like the one in which thou'rt clothed today.

I loathed it, with a feeling most unspeakable! yet felt the higher substance might return somewhat, in time that thou didst fill with terror for me, telling it was gone; and though my senses were darkened for all brilliance reflected from above, I learned alone with thee, was danger to our children thou didst hate, for having them to feed.

Hiding places found I for them, and turned myself to one in pain, I'd bound with withes until the cries it made could not be heard, and when thou wert well gone, hastened I to undo and comfort it; till age brought reason to the infant fearing thee, and all were as thou wished them—out of thy sight.

I gloried in the strength of monsters as wert thou, thinking they could defend themselves at need; and time brought all to think with thee laid low and me enslaved no longer, the earth might be with them more peaceably, and beasts thy strength had taught to fear the species like thee, alone remain their dread.

A world is to be peopled with our suffering decendants, under the law that thou didst formulate. They are amenable to that, and will increase until a

race shall tell which way its will turns, in thinking what leads low souls higher and brings man unto Heaven, or that to sink him at the last with us in hell; where even family feeling that pertains to animals on earth awhile, forsakes us, their progenitors. Its removal is with every trace of mercy or generosity brutes may feel, that Heavenly law empowers for enjoyment among themselves.

With usefulness I find the fangs now with me, as the enormous snake not even thou canst control; and with hatred for my venom, and dread fear of pain I'll give wilt thou be, while I am shunned by those who yield me no more torment than comes with taunting, where you and I—My Sweet—may bring all pain to those there, by wishing it upon them.

I brought ours forth unto thy fierceness, wreaking itself to gloat on their distress, till in retaliation and self-defense they struck and fought thee; impotently against thy rage thou fiend, whose qualities remain unchanged, within a body indescribable for loathsomeness thou'lt bear within the pit; where neither will the light of earth meet with thee, nor wilt thou struggle 'gainst enthrallment thine, by law of hell's majority.

Thou wilt intimidate and make minds tremble by thy voice and power, in size tremendous, with ferociousness, while we will think it well that entering souls believe thee free to reach them; and then follow thy behests that will bring misery to our subjects as we wish.

As when on earth thou broughtst to ruin, we have not held ourselves, hateful as were our bodies to the sight. Wilt thou be with me in our future home? The children thou wert partial to will recognize thee not, for with the animal thou wished thyself, was still some semblance to a sight endurable; and compared with thee in this place, 'twas as sweetness is to offal.

We are here, My Own, in solitude most dear to lovers; wind your tender arms around me in their enormous length—thou ape-like thing of horror—and think how thou hast blest my life!

See how I beam upon thee with my glittering eyes; and wrap my folds around thee in constriction till thou shriekst! An anaconda fears thee here no more. But on the earth, pain had no tongue to tell thee what thou wouldst not hear, when I made its appeal to save my life, while thou didst choke me with thy vise-like claws.

Look at this! Its fork shall stab thee to the sharpest pangs a fiend can give, whenever opportunity will be improved to wound! Then into fissures deep will I the poison pour, that thought of mine shall make to eat—as devils may—and in thine anguish, thou shalt hear my hisses in thine ear, as clamily I rest upon thy breast, and lay my slimy head upon thy face.

Take me home; thou stranger to all save repulsiveness, and on the throne we have prepared for thee, sit henceforth in thy dignity. Feeling as

fiends shall view and rend the air with curses on thee, thou wilt cause a shudder to creep over them, and thy presence fierce, inspire such dread, thou mayst count on full obedience to thy commands, lest thou upon them shouldst inflict thy self—the thing thou'st served.

We are light and airy! graceful, my Love Superb, see how we rise together to yon cold orb, sickened to feel hell with it. Yet to her we are consigned, that homes may yet be with the ones we will attract.

Cruelty thou didst love, and anger was thy delight. Here, with all slight remaining vestige even of animal leniency removed, our province shall be minds of our own family. As hell's inhabitants, mankind will be our prey.

Unseeing us, our thought will we expel with devils' art from our foul minds, and launch it unto theirs; when with will inclined towards us, the gates unclose and it shall enter there.

All that they then do wrong, may be our future feast; unknown to them, who when the end of life appears—unless the angels save them—will be ours to torment. . . .

Those who had listened, waited near them to hear more; until the strength of Adam's voice gave knowledge that vituperation was not hers alone, but frightful in its vehemence, and terrible in wrath, it made clamor that in hell this day, holds quaking hearts in fear.

Think of a being from the hand of God—denominated Angel, word synonymous with all perfection —retrograding to the extent of wishing, planning, working evil on his own descendants.

Perversion of all instincts tending to protect them, that prevail among the lowest forms of life.

Enslaved to his desire for human suffering that shall wring angels' hearts, a fiend will think with any brain it wishes—if allowed—things seeming well to do, yet sure to end disastrously.

This absolutely certain fact, should remain with man a hindrance effectual, against lending an ear to Evil Mind. Whispering speciously of expediency for good purposes in lying, and telling of self-preservation, in denial of helpfulness costing unpleasant effort; while with flattering assurances of self-aggrandizement, it adduces evidence and advances reasons for selfishness, at cost of others' rights.

Followed, results may seem as promised; but has the character—the soul—not suffered an exchange of beauty for vileness in the sight of God, that will consign it to its kind, when life shall end on earth? "Like Calls For Like," is law immutable.

Place this before the young; and prove it by examples is my plea to you, telling them to note how hatred follows usury; and that the giving up to anything unworthy, lowers a man in the respect of all, and results in loss of what others value most—money, esteem, and love.

These things for earth; and in relation to the last, affecting heaven itself within an angel's consciousness—should it first have suffered an experience most terrible in hell.

Show them the minds of those who keep mentality in age, while within lives of honor and true kindliness, they win unto themselves the things all wish; and tell them to draw conclusions for themselves.

The truth is, that thinking with angel minds (as will be the case when confining thoughts to good and wholesome things) brings to the brain upbuilding; by the power of those using it to direct the thoughts in helpful channels through each difficulty, and sustain the will, by force of argument against evil, whenever opportunity is given to exercise that power. So that the more men turn to worthy, high, and noble thoughts, the oftener are with them the immortals; exchanging worn-out tissues for new, and by degrees bringing about continuance in normality.

This constitutes the work they seek to do for man, and little his mind tells him of their continued care, or the irksomeness of tasks slavish and unappreciated; though ignorance prevents him from realizing this.

We are with a subject wider in its range, than the recounting of man's fall from perfection, to a condition in which the elements of earth form his anatomy, and with the injunction to regard him as of double

individuality, we will lead out into the unknown, those who follow us to Truth, throughout the book.

Constructively, the soul of man is in his own hands continually, through waking hours, and as he pleases, so thrives the body spiritual, or dwindles it with nourishment denied.

Pleasures may partake of companionship given by sweet sympathizers in daily trials, who wind about him arms of tenderest love, and mingle kisses with their tears, as trying to make themselves felt by him, they yearn—in vain too oft—for recognition and response; or betimes the man arises to follow after evil promptings, impelling him to seek friendship in the miasmatic foulness, of decayed and poisonous germinations.

Humanity in the flesh follows after one, and in spirit draws near the other.

Ruin lies with abandonment to evil, cherubim and seraphim guard the ark of the covenant made for man between the angels, that its contents shall remain inviolate from Evil's power, if loyalty be given unto them and their teachings.

What will it hold so precious, this ark thus sacred in the sight of all who would protect it from the world? Will it not be the heart, lying in darkness, anxiously watched over by the minds in heaven, feeling it belongs to Him crowned King of every people 'neath the skies? The nature, soul, being, character, by whatever name is known the real man dwelling yet in clay?

Open not the door of its recesses unto demons, depriving it of riches, and leaving in their place the moth and rust of vile destructive things, annihilating the spiritual life there gaining growth, but welcome in the dear and tender angels; seeking to find a resting place, where their presence may light and adorn every corner of the home your will has given them.

Then, when there shall come to you the signal for removal to new fields, will the radiant watchers above it make obeisance to Him they serve, and say with satisfaction in their tones, "Behold him whom Thou lovedst."

Nature.

NATURE.

I write at this time, knowing the works of Nature to be past man's finding out, and tell him strange and wonderful things in relation to it.

Nature, "Handmaiden of the Creator"; as has been called the intelligence so wondrous, keeping in place planetary systems 'round their suns, reveling in the exuberant growths of forest or field, bringing to pass harvests from their seed, and displaying her wonders in the most minute particles of creation.

Companion of sages, cheerer of suffering, disposer of every pain at last, let her name be praised and her mandates stand approved, by obedient hearts seeing in her the thing inscrutable that now will be made known.

Never shall her untiring arms cease to enfold earth's dead, and that never might the call she gives the living, stand unheeded till her vengeance follows, is the angels' wish. While beyond man's scope, in wondrous areas of space, she holds high converse with the Living God.

Many the threats against her by those whom she has served truly and well, many the thankless mo-

ments souls engaged with her have felt unworthily; but with far-reaching personality hers to maintain, with all mothers in their love her heart has been, and never one thought of trouble cost her, but she has disclaimed.

One name borne by that majesty in heaven is, "Celestial Friend of Man." Simple and strong, with much bespeaking gifts of beauty there, and recognized by ancient minds most surely, in the stars' gleam shed across the night, while coldly shone a moon we hated as it moved, for the fiend whose crimes had made needful, lost souls' abode, there held them his. . .

Though regarded not by man as other than his own reflection, Thought, holds a place within the universe, so great in its importance all would reach ruin speedily but for that.

Creative power was with it, as worlds came into being from the Master Mind above, while implement and all material from which He fashioned them, were existent only in His intellectuality, that spoke as Thought pictured perfection, to Him knowing all things.

Almighty Force! with timorous pen we tell that which pertains to One so far above our comprehension, that even the mind He gives us from His own, stands paralyzed almost, in view of such an awesome task.

Then bring your human reason to conform with ours; and feel in no wise has the face of nature

been explained to you from any earthly source, while here see it, with architects assisting in the framing up of Earth. Attendant on its Maker, were the thoughts of ours He used when His mind was busied with the great scheme of creation, that still is under way to fulfil His purposes.

All was as our Sovereign wished. From rock that towered in grandeur where the sun's rays glistened, and threw its shadow on the trees below, up to the drifting clouds serenely fair, above the flowery slopes and verdant vales along the reaches of Utopia, that was ready then for life in angel form.

The fishes swam in most attractive guise, (a wish within our minds had made them so), while birds sweet music gave among the trees, rare and most wonderful in their uplifted shapes. Like huge exotics interspersed with leaves, of hues adapted to the colorings worn by blossoms exquisite in odor, and in texture such as only angel thought empowered by Him owning us all, could make.

"Owning us all"; strange the expression seems to you it may be, then think that all as yet were in Supreme Intelligence; that subdivided times innumerable, would still be undiminished in its love and might, purposing to increase the sum of happiness diffused through angel hearts, while wish remained with Him; for space was His, and boundless as His power.

One universe so wondrous in detail, and with splendors past description, rests well within our

minds; but since He severed them from His for individual rapture, nothing concerning other such formations remains in them.

This tells you then, that when the first grand world was made, we angels yet were without shape; (other than in His consciousness might we have been), but when by thought of Vast Mentality including us, the heavenly kingdom had expanded till inhabitants were needful for completion of His plan, in beauty stood forth then a living pair.

These had formed one portion where all were perfect, while now dependent on twin faculties for companionship;—a thing He thought for all with hearts to love, must be provided.

So when placed without the environment of His intellectuality in severed form, one was a woman; with intrusive beauty and all sweetness, appealing to the angel masculine who mated her.

Happiness absolute, came with association where He translated them to knowledge of their home, and with description of its beauties have we been, sufficiently to show surroundings were complete in all they might enjoy;—till wish entered their thoughts for more to be with such ravishment to senses, and other forms appeared upon the scene, realizing their feeling that ownership might be with them, and add blessing in a child with mate.

The one, dainty and fairer still than was its mother, because the tiny form was miniature of hers, while with the other, manliness was pictured

in the bearing. His flashing eye held great intelligence, and within each, was every grace an angel keeps, from Him who formed it with creative thought.

So was proclaimed the method, by which Our Sovereign meant increase to enter worlds peopled alone like that. While in sheer enjoyment of the work affording pastime, many were drawn into it who attaining certain age, maiden and man—in language yours of earth—gained dear permission to indulge their fancy with combined taste as mates, and bring unto themselves and aggregate, more angels and more happiness.

That spread of blissfulness might fill all lands, some from the radiant planets with creation earlier, readily entered newer ones; while as the time went on till fullness came of years where all had been so blest, to higher altitudes of life yet more enjoyable, were led by Power Divine, the angels there to find their heaven.

No death appeared among them, translation only was their privilege; and from that place as from others, might their forms float where directed by the wish they held.

Enormously the universe grew yearly larger, and its problems had only to do with happiness; all actions there controlled by love.

Laws were established by The Great Creator, for government of all in space; ruled over by a thought of His multifarious mind, controlling objects with

subjectiveness to suns adjacent, by unvarying law.

With your world much changed, deep sadness clings to what we know of those so foully wronged by monster in the flesh, who lowered God's wondrous gift, to work death upon a race; and bring himself to that not yet conceived by him, who for base selfishness, lost happiness ineffable to mankind.

It has been told how chaos came to earth because of this, and angels overturned, uprooted, made to grow gnarls and thorns with rankness, all that had been perfection of its kind, so Adam might begin his punishment, with wish on their part that his life should end in all its hardship there, and none be with earth longer, traced to such a fiend.

But a law of life, forbade destroying him with all he had created as he would, before his sin culminated in mankind, and the awful thing remained; that monsters instead of angels were to people a world made one where Nature, as immortals' thoughts, turned every animal to fierceness that had once been tame, or made fear scatter what was beautiful, that little attractiveness might brighten such a place as held him.

Justice was with it, and when the stagnant marsh appeared where had been running brooks, and jungles grew in place of woodlands grand, we furnished them with lizards; and the reptiles winding in and out the haunts of tigers and the lion's lair. Where with ferociousness terrific roared the beast our

thought had made, that he might be intimidated and find that effort must be his most strenuous, to preserve life.

All that could make it hateful on the earth, ruined by him for happiness and peace, we did; and the changes that have come to his descendants (among whom are we, with shame and thankfulness as well, to Him our Heavenly Father for His boundless mercy on us), we know Nature made at their need.

While life was with them, it had not been of their seeking, and its law they must fulfill.

We hated their progenitor, who shared with Eve what came upon them, and with connivance hers, the retribution both sustained was equally deserved.

Not one of us as angels from the earth he left, but thinks of all we suffered there from an inheritance so frightful, and comparing life with that on other worlds now populated, we feel from inmost being, what is inexpressible in language, and only our thought may compass it about.

Think of a creature having been part of All Perfection, daring to lower what inhabitants of heaven most high, hold almost sacrilege to name aloud!—though in His grace it is made ours to know, He recognizes need, and reads men's hearts, as we lay all before Him.

With what was done by us for frail humanity after The Fall, we added to laws governing Earth as told you, our supervision of her in recurrence of the seasons; bringing to fruitage under cultiva-

tion, things man might eat—more than had animals —and cherishing within him germ of love; allowed to stay where it would prompt protection, and yield repayment in affection from the young, for all devotion.

Labor has been with the world, until waste places many times have been reclaimed.

Cataclysms have divided land from land, upheaved new mountains, and sunken cities that even in modern days would be called great.

Of these we will tell freely later on; when with traditions fraught with fear our pen shall be, or rise to heights denunciatory of the tales long holding men to believe, that spirits are with angels not in beauty, having a charm once seen, to become the longing deep of human hearts. . .

The acts of Nature have been with you in our words, and in effect throughout the world, to show that laws prevail wherever life may be.

In leaf, and smallest seed, the sea profound, or where the worm may hide itself that Adam made, after the things of beauty wearied him; thinking to further go with it—when the call came for them from Gabriel, resounding through the garden till the culprits hid.

You think the story fable; but truthful are the angels, and paramount among our thoughts, will be the treachery of one who still brings suffering to all he may.

The way has been shown you to escape his power;

and when you think the things man should, we feel that you will speculate no longer on the chances of Hereafter, but be with it where you are, in its importance; feeling that life well lived, meets the requirements of Our Lord, and will bring at last a blissfulness complete.

Nature is with us in our efforts for you; it survives the fell catastrophe of death, and in the love we bear from earth, within hearts breaking with weight of woe on your account, is the impelling motive of our work.

A work existent where you may think not—in one of its branches—while ascribing bodily conditions often to the wrong source; and in their treatment accredit cures to medicine entirely, that but for us had never been.

Nature has been aided in her work you think, and tell yourself the body has recuperative power; without a realization that it rests with you many times, to decide whether disease appear in it or not.

The brain will be the vehicle of expression to the body, and frequently convince it pain is felt, indicating trouble of a serious sort.

This occurs where the tendency has been to watch symptoms, more than with those who pay little attention to them; and with fear in the heart that sickness is with you or threatened, when nothing like it really prevails but is the work of Evil Mind, able to project unto your brain the belief you hold, thought—a real power acting then on the nerves,

—propels pain along chosen channels, and the sufferer feels assured disease has come.

With Intelligence acting as judge, an argument sustained by reason, may result in the case being dismissed.

Depend upon its being presented many times, by the fiend always ready to embrace every opportunity to bring you trouble, and the contraction of a muscle even, may cause the suggestion to you that all is not well in a certain organ, so worriment ensues.

You then have given entrance to your brain of a lie; this opens a way for thoughts and feelings projected by the demon improving its opportunity, and you should pause and consider a situation that may be cleared up, till the sun of health shines through your life again.

Tell yourself—for example—"I was well at mealtime, had slept peacefully, felt rested on arising, and had no thought of any ailment afflicting me. My physical condition has been without any threatening danger, till common sense tells me I am foolish to pay any attention to this thing, and I intend to think of something else and continue so doing."

Remember that with Fear in your mind, the evil one holds a place there; and will retain it until you fulfill "The Law of Asking." This means that at this time, you are to tell your Guardian-Angel in its home, that you earnestly wish it would remove from you the demon, producing a wrong belief.

The love, angel friends hold for you, is of the same character—but more intense—than that felt by them on earth. But their power to aid you, is derived from The Most High.

Then realize this in preferring your requests, and deeply thank Him. Knowing that Conscience will hold it well in memory, and at the time of prayer, include it among all for which you wish to thank, in humbleness of heart.

"Ask and ye shall receive." These words express an absolute command; for the **wish** must first be with a human heart, then realization of the desired benefit will follow, should right conditions prevail. Gratitude will speak spontaneously after that, with love towards Him held in angels' thoughts, who speak with you unto that Sovereign Power.

Feel your convictions not already proven true, may be the work of Evil Mind; and ask your angel in its home, to expel all power holding you to lying thought. This will it do, if you ask in realization that Deity enables it to grant your request, and may your loving appreciation for immortal friends, increase with each new evidence of their devotion to you, and be made plain to them.

Let it be known that Evil Mind will not let go easily. But recognizing a calm, determined, fearless spirit in you, it will tire of useless labor, and in time leave you a conquerer. . .

Opposed to this procedure, is the one you should institute when injury has been received where pain

is felt, or preceding loss of sleep experienced; while eruptions of a declarative nature have been with the system, till there are witnesses to any disorder there.

In that case, obviously the right course is to conduct yourself according to approved precedent, and endeavor in this way to stay the disease, which, had you remained faithfully in consciousness of being with Conscience in its home, had never troubled you.

Applications of a destroying element to injurious animalculae in your body, will there be made by your spirit friends often, and these causes of disease be rendered harmless. Incredible as it seems, the proof can be made by any with will enough to persist in the course named, and life be prolonged to great age, provided no accident prevents.

Though this secret of longevity has been lost to man for centuries, The Patriarchs of old understood it, and trusted to their guardian-angels with other friends from Heaven, to renew their bodies by constructive thought, long as in their wisdom this might be.

Outside their protection from the contaminating air of the world, they are never found; although those seeing them at times, discern not the impalpable veil surrounding them so strongly, that no force known outside its confines can enter it, save by way of the human will. That turns to it, urged by a wish within the soul for its purity and restful-

ness, while seeking companionship of friends returning at a thought of them, or to ask forgiveness that restores to wholeness, the contrite heart.

Struggle against Self, to remain in that home; knowing that in all your avocations, consciousness makes it real. And wherever you move, will that beautiful refuge from evil move with you, provided your own efforts second those of Conscience, who within its confines, has power to bestow upon you blessings not otherwise to be made yours.

Its voice argues against wrong doing from within its home, sending right thoughts to your consciousness. This part of man, enables him to apprehend spiritual truths, and reaches higher in his nature than ability to suffer or enjoy physically only, and is used by either power, influencing him in forming his soul.

Let us now consider Life, as subjected to Nature's laws governing herbage, tree, and flower.

Not the tiniest exudation from the smallest leaf, but obeys the orders for its behavior from the beginning. Our Creator having set metes and bounds as to its conduct under varying circumstances, with the consideration of angels whose thought with His, provided a way to meet all the natural requirements of creation. Once put in motion, there has been no stoppage of the wheel turning recurrently, the succession of natural sequences established by wonderful law, excluding the labor of angels for all forms of life, excepting that of animal in man. This

receives our close attention, that the young of a generation be protected by those older.

We are with the mother in her care of childhood, with every human heart on which depends the life or welfare of another; and we bring attention to bear upon the most minute details of everything affecting the body, as a means of existence.

This has then been to you the explanation of Nature; although nothing in words, can give an adequate idea of our labors for humanity, in concentrated attention to the method of renewing that which only for our care, would return to the elements of earth much earlier than now.

Therefore our work lies with both body, and soul. Wearing away the hours of rest for mortals, in repairing what would not have needed it as much, were they with appreciation of that we do, and should desire for length of years induce them to lead right lives, and remain all possible with Conscience in its safe retreat.

We long for Earth's children to gain an understanding of these things, that our deep purposes may be accomplished with all speed possible.

Every step gained towards an avenue down which we might bring our thoughts, has been fiercely contested by the powers of hell. All demons know that with man instructed and fearful of them, little would remain for Evil's forces but to hunt souls in vain; when with return to their grim master, there would be the accounting, consigning them by his command

to punishment most dreadful to their thoughts. They find relief in the scenes and air of earth, where freedom may be theirs' awhile from that horrible abode, but with no gains from it accruing to the aggregate of misery sweet to devils, their orders would be to remain where they must suffer worse.

All the myriads of past years not lost in oblivion, or with souls on earth and fighting their guardian-angels, are crowding its caverns. Although but one form may be worn by each, the millions in its depths so far outnumber living men, that only those are free from durance vile who have left earth late; the rest having had their turn, and being kept where men may know who read our book. Hating each other unspeakably, yet all fiends when feeling need of aid, in presenting thoughts most temptingly to the brain of man, call on the nearest one for counsel, and at times yet more. The most acute reasoners of hell were once in human bodies, and have a great ally, in that man is by nature earthly, and strongly leans that way. . . . .

In this informative address, the question will be answered, as to what obtains in heaven regarding Mates, when they meet among the angels.

Let us draw a picture of what would follow the actuality of this, for it is true many times; and when met at death by wife or husband who has gone before, and taken to a home made bright by children regained perhaps, while visiting relatives and friends add to the pleasure, often there will appear

to the happy soul lately arrived, the face and form that brings a rush of feeling sweeping aside all lesser things, and the consciousness of having found its mate, enwraps the heart.

All is understood, Heaven's law obeyed. Somewhere another home exists or will, where all enrapturement contents the spirit that at last feels it is satisfied. Love is with their families, and dear joys with them renewed, while all at the same time are deeply interested in the lives of their own on earth. But only one bond is known to hold immortals each to each,—that of the single mind displayed in mates.

So there are homes widely apart in tastes and distances, according frequently with what was wished most on earth in surroundings, and life in Angel-Land is full of blest surprises; where no mistakes are made, and God's desire that happiness expand indefinitely, is realized easily, for all may have as many bodies and appearances as are wished.

At the same time the nearer relatives of earthly friends attend them closely, those farther back continue their interest, to the last representative of their line; and all that ancestors can do to create thought in your favor among men is done.

* * * *

"What constitutes the psychic mind, differentiating it from others humans' possess?" we are asked.

The simple fact that in place of assembling facul-

ties from the wonderful fund, waiting for angels' use among earth's families, here and there throughout heaven, a spirit having deep regard for man in need, lays by its angelhood for the term of another lifetime in the world, and takes those it possesses; in the hope of finding mediumship, that its guardian-angel may control it to bring truths from above. It unites not on earth with the soul in process of building, while remaining unconscious of any different individuality.

I have alluded to the fact of our discouragement over their many failures to achieve mediumship at all, while often they become useless to us beyond a certain point. But after life on earth is again finished, their angel faculties are once more united with a body more beautiful, for the ordeal through which they have passed. They bring with them to us at times, a new mind fit for heaven, which they yield to its friends there, and where all wished has been achieved,—in addition—one form of the new angel will mingle indivisibly with the being so wondrous even among us, for its self-sacrifice. Thus have I made clear to you the subject of reincarnation; and **never** may it take place from Hell, or in any other way than this of which I have told.

After reading the foregoing, there may be with many mediumistic minds—who find by trying our directions that they are such,—a disinclination to make it known; as the assumption would be accredited them that they were formerly angels.

Let it be known, that they in no wise differ from all others, in their responsibility for the soul they are building, and which at their death will appear fitted either for heaven or hell, exactly as they shall have exercised their wills through life.

The angels alone, decide what set of faculties shall enter into the anatomy of a human being, and a law prevents our assembling a set once having occupied space together on earth, in the same company again, except in psychic minds. But if one of us wishes to try and help the world by being there again in human form ready for action when the opportunity arrives, it is ours to accomplish.

In such a work of self-abnegation, humanity must see the character of angelhood; that brings itself to forsake and not recall to memory even, for a lifetime in the flesh, what no mortal may imagine of every rational joy. We of Heaven, regard it as almost beyond our powers; but actuated by Him who is the source of Love, in all its grandest attainments, many of us have tried to be with mortals and gain mediumship, throughout the centuries.

That we have been thwarted and discouraged after all the sacrifice it has cost is certain; and only because poor human creatures wishing so much to obtain the truth, have been the dupes of devils, telling them things outside the home of Conscience. These they have believed, much as their judgment may have disagreed with them; till fastened on men's minds through the acceptance of many, our

simple, straightforward statements, contradictory to the great mass of verbiage, may awaken doubt as to their truthfulness.

Should you be wishing to ascertain whether a psychic mind is yours or otherwise, as you enter the home of Conscience, tell yourself—"I here lay by for the present, all beliefs save the ones written in The Book." Then turn to your guardian-angel; as you **think** the conversation that presents itself to you—should that occur, after you have followed our direction. . . . .

Conscience is your devoted helper, whose voice obeyed will lead you home to heaven. You hear it argumentatively as Right against Wrong, but further than that it cannot go, without being asked. A law of the unseen world prevents; and Jesus said —Ask and ye shall receive. It meant more than to pray and leave the answer for some future time, so test it, and with the wish to gain knowledge you feel to be out of your reach.

Think of Conscience as always with you; and the law provides that when conscious of its presence in its home, you may ask of that devoted angel, a rich and perfect gift. Then make this request, as you hold the thought of where you are and to whom you speak.

"My Conscience, will you tell me what I need to know?". . . You have asked as of your best friend, within the home it opens to you in need or loneliness, then attend closely to what you **think**; letting

nothing else intrude on your attention. If your thought presents an unexpected question, think that Conscience has replied and truthfully respond; then think again as carefully as before.

Repeat, as long as the mental conversation lasts; bringing you wonderful wealth, and for immediate usefulness. Night is the best time for this, and if not at once successful, cling more closely to the requirements, until you make it yours, or are convinced after faithful and repeated trials, that your mind is not a psychic one. But you may yet enjoy the great emoluments of which we have told, by living all you can, in the resort of your guardian-angel.

Yet More Light.

YET MORE LIGHT

There remains unsolved among the problems vexing men's minds, the one great mystery of Existence; with others that connected with it, present themselves to reason, and are set aside as things to be explained when life shall pass. But it is possible at this time to know what was the power that in your case, held to the world your being.

Has it been by the action of a law of God, applying to all creatures? It has, and let us feel ourselves in contemplation of His works—in part—while may appear to you the method used by Him, (at the hands of angels), to prolong the life of humanity, as explained within these pages.

One Giver of Life alone exists; and His Great Principle furnishes it. No part of what was originally given to individuals, has disappeared from existence, nor will it ever disunite itself from the power of its Creator. Held by law to the uses He has dictated,—excepting when lost souls in hell, sink themselves in oblivion.

The life of earth is manifested in various forms, but when death divides it from the body—then only a habiliment—reunion with the fund remaining in

store takes place; and were it to become exhausted, a new supply would be at hand, apportioned (still by law) to the crawling worm, the soaring bird, inhabitant of the waters, or the King of all, most needy man.

The soul and guardian-angel, differentiate degree in animals, whose bodies are with subscription to the law governing earth in its productions, that are brought forth to flower and fruitage but to die.

The law of nature will be with our thought, when considering earth-life, and primarily will that law be fulfilled; relieving us concerning the lower creation, but with man our work is more.

You have been told we have all the forms we wish to assume at any one time, or lay by at will; as we go and come on our errands of love and mercy to earth friends, and we also possess multifarious minds.

In consequence of this, the guardian-angel Conscience, assumes responsibility throughout a human life, thinking closely at all times when wakefulness holds its charge to vacillation between good and evil, how best to thwart the fiend struggling against it for that human soul.

Were we able to think of but one thing at a time, as is the case with man, there would be far more angels involved in the work of trying to bring a creature formed for the elements of earth, (yet given the germ of angelhood), home to the bliss meant for him.

Does this coincide with the teaching that at death, the body rests where it may find a place, while the soul of man lingers in one unknown, until the resurrection morn?

Or will we turn to another picture held before the eye of faith, from the same source? The one making our friends enter heaven at death of the body, and if justified, take their places among the saints encircling the great white throne?

What shall we decide concerning the earnest ones, resenting any intimation that not all in the Bible can be true; and strongly declaring they "believe everything in it, from cover to cover?"

Should the thought prevail, that with need of mankind for help in every time of trouble, the saved can enjoy themselves selfishly, and attend only to their own pleasures?

Employed by Our Heavenly Father to mitigate the ills of mortality all we may, there are no idle moments for an angel while its dear ones are in need, and only in hours of privacy—upon which we never intrude—are we absent in one of the many forms at our command, from the post assigned us as guardian-angel.

Fitting it is that we should stand before the suppliant at prayer-time, and hide him and his transgressions from the Creator, to whom the reminder of Adam's sin would be most loathsome; and gratitude should be made ours for that.

We were all men and women at one time, and few

knew the philosophy of prayer, but through the revelations we are making, will it be clearly understood; that all may know the temerity of approaching carelessly, that Supreme Presence to whom it is presented.

Great Source of Life. Tremendous power mortals may regard as we do, from a distance in awesomeness. Not one of us but feels intensely what we owe to Him, not one but will adore His holy name through endless ages, in gratitude for what life means to us.

Think how within eternal cycles, shall run the stream of rapture through our hearts in heaven, and that were earth not needing us, all might remain away from it; but the continuation of animal existence in shape of man, precludes the possibility of liberation for us from our care. . . .

With the brute creation, what is known as Instinct, was made by law, transmissible. Therefore angels feel all moving things are provided with safeguards to life, which in them is fed by the blood, filled as was provided that it should be at the start, and regenerated by the use of appetite and aeration.

Thought, most wonderful in its significance, has accomplished everything in nature; but variations in the laws appertaining to that, have caused its different kingdoms to follow converging lines of growth and decay, never expected to be needful, when we aided Our Heavenly Father in the making

of His worlds, but following on a wish of Adam, before losing his place among angels.

Think how perfect were those, as they left God's hands; then ask yourself if such a Being would without cause, have punished humanity by depriving it of all but embryonic mind, and placing it among crags and volcanoes, with exuberance of untamable forests filled with prowling beasts and venomous reptiles, to drive it further only to find desert wastes, salt seas, rocky upheavals in their awfulness, or dank morasses with malarial gloom, until the love of angels for a suffering race has shown itself as Nature, reclaiming earth in part.

Why has man never questioned the condition in which he found himself through the long years, while here and there a spot of natural beauty, has drawn unto it the feet of many, wondering it may be, that a munificent Creator, restricted them to so few?

In the wisdom of angels, was there an ultimate object to be served—aside from rendering the world a place of hardship and terror for Adam—in thus depriving the race to come, of blessings that might have been left existent within it, where he by no means possible to him, could have reached them?

This question will be answered, by reminding you that without the feeling of need, inciting man to the exercise of mentality, it would have lain dormant. But the forced effort to co-operate against foes, while seeking comfort afforded only by labor,

brought him intelligence never to have been made his, had life been one of pleasure.

While Adam and Eve lived in the world, they retained their memories, (for punishment); but not until after death were they powerful in reasoning, further than was connected with their past, and nothing concerned with this was transmissible. Feeling, aroused by memory, brought them to its awful expression, after leaving the world.

Had they but remained the glorious angels, who came to bless and be made happy on the earth, nothing could have then transcended in completion, what Our Great Creator had meant them to possess. His will being law, the earth was Adam's then, and so remained.

But when in rage terrific, immortals learned how they—once with the rest a part of that One Mind Tremendous—had dared to insult Deity, when still with all the faculties possessed as angels, there was nothing terrible enough for the revenge executed against them.

Then turning to the task they had made needful, we considered the case of man as an actuality that must exist through future ages; and knowing that in removing from him creative thought with all its possibilities, Our Sovereign had left a will, and power to use faculties, it remained for us to see He had meant him to be more than a beast at last, and made merciful provision for his guidance through life. That their exercise, might bring him freedom

from the toils of sin, as he grew towards the pattern of his soul, we had seen within Our Heavenly Father's mind.

This pattern, was the product of His wondrous thought alone. Changing from infamy, what only Infinite pity could have brought from out its perfect depths, for sake of man He wished restored to angelhood.

Such a Being is beyond the comprehension of mortality, and we can only unite in adoration of Him long our love, as we think of this last evidence of a power Supreme over the effects upon Deity, of that awful crime against Himself.

That the world may lay hold upon this, and feel how man should bow to earth, oppressed with realization of the thing so great, let me tell you that Adam's sin had inaugurated a reign of **suffering;** the thought of which from that far day to this, has been horrifying to One who is the epitome of all contained in Love. Sympathy, tenderness, yearning to help where no help was, all had riven His heart; and for Him to look upon the exploitation of The Fall, became the angels' passion to prevent.

Not one reminder would we have Him see, of the wreckage brought so ruthlessly into a universe till then holding no pain, but only blissfulness.

Hence we feel He holds all our souls in worship, for ordaining man our care perpetually, and releasing Him from all immediate association with the output so degraded, of a world we know as the

only one offending Him. Think then how magnanimously Our Father's Mind has laid the way of angel thought, over the mire of past transgression deep, that man arising from its slime, may climb Above. "Of angel thought." Those words will tell you how our plan begun, that man might work his way to heaven; and with the will and faculties allowed our wishes by The Great Creator, build for himself anew, the immortal presence lost to him, with all its dear possessions. We were then with consideration, how best this might be brought about; and with Conscience willing to take charge of it, mingled The Soul among the tissues of the body, and to this spiritual substance, are attached the faculties.

Will, placed we with consciousness of Feeling. Knowing that with all propensities of his nature, there would be the effort for supremacy of its higher or lower strata, as man's wishes ran. These would agree with his sense of duty—we had hope—but felt an inclination for selfish pleasure would predominate, in the being our efforts were bent to save.

With the safeguards of perceptive faculties hedged we then his consciousness around, sure that with them, analysis of right and wrong might follow with Feeling; and Attentiveness we gave, that Reason might be heard. Well knowing still, that for himself to fight, must be the battle waged 'gainst Evil Mind, the approving voice of Con-

science to be heard on earth, and Heaven gained at last.

With our great desire that lost angelhood should be retrieved by him, we found a place for Wish within his mind. Relying then on Conscience to arouse it—when this might be done—though obedient to the will, regarding choice. Wish then, was of the dual nature composing intellectual man, and of the higher one we have told. While the substrata, whose poisonous gasses rise and overpower it too often, belongs alone to Adam and his emissaries.

Will the human mind then be with fear, that all contained therein as product of reflection, or forced to enter it as the results of suffering, if not finding an open door telling welcome to it as Pleasure—where so much room is given it—will end at death? Has never occurred the unexpected thought, bringing questioning as to its source, yet never explained in full by expounders of psychology?

Shall the soul then, be with growth under the hand of man, and not be with a mind, that he may know as "The Sub-conscious," able to speak clearly its thoughts to him, and at times mingle with evil ones its arguments, if more within the power they wield than with the right? I here aver the answer must be "yes;" and that when man's conquering soul has vanquished wrong till becoming strengthened in the fray, it gathers to itself a beauty where the fight took place never to leave it;

—unless displaced by future warfare waged by devils aided by his will, till they establish claim.

The soul is always deeply stamped exteriorly, the property of either force to which man yields. Thought is the implement used by each, to shape the undying entity in accord with precedent long followed, and alternately they work upon the structure left within their care. Ignorance has been with him not entirely as to their procedure, for Conscience has made itself heard in earnest counsel or strong reproof, till if hardening himself against its voice, the soul remains alone with all defacement from a fiend, making it look repellant as do wrong thoughts.

This an angel tells you to believe, most fully. He emphasizes too, the need to subject all presented for consideration, to your Intelligence; recognizing then with clearness whose work it is in effort to win allegiance from you, and if seeing Evil Mind within it, turn steadfastly away.

The time is short at longest, for the building that you do, aided by loving angels round you in their homes—beautifying your inmost nature—or drawn by wishes that may be counterpoised by determination, you allow your thinking to be done by devils; gleeful that you cherish them where though unknown by one they seek for hell, their work will be accomplished by your help.

Other Presentations.

OTHER PRESENTATIONS

In opening his address entitled "Heaven," Shakespeare states that it is not contained in a single star, and I will further enlighten man, by telling that it requires numbers for its joys; and they are occupied by beings of the same intellectuality—since all are endowed with angelhood from the One Great Source—but of varying degrees in its development, dependent on the wishes of the individual.

It may be, contentment to remain as when entering, will hold some making no effort at advancement, while others are eager to absorb learning and wisdom, placing them higher in the scale. But all are assigned places to which they are entitled by the efforts made below, to conquer evil and become better men and women.

The law established at the beginning, for increasing happiness as the capacity of angels increased for its enjoyment, is still in force; and from one star to another are they translated, when the Heavenly Father wills, each one opening before the enraptured mind areas of delight yet unexplored.

Within "The Milky Way," amidst bright con-

stellations entrance is made unto our lowest world. The one named "Paradise;" though not belonging to Heaven proper, for coming and going continually, are souls for whom we hold the greatest anxiety, and life there remains unsettled.

This has been more particularly described elsewhere; and forms the anteroom to one wonderful heaven, which in turn will be left by enraptured spirits, for worlds beyond; containing many with whom are blent the interests of those below them, or it may be above, but who will retain those feelings shared by all the rest. While with wish to exchange views on earthly things perhaps, we seek their wisdom and are encouraged by counselors most mighty, yet intellectually no more so, than those to whom we return where consultation oft repeated, brings us to feel no stone is left unturned, that might form foothold for our work on earth.

Nothing to us seems incredible in the fact, that men turn from the idea of God employing angels, and that we will be with strenuous thought to carry out His will among humanity, or with attention to their souls, requiring closest care. Thwarted often where only man himself can decide for or against us, still clinging to the rod although it slay, the combinations working for our good are constantly changing, as the exigencies of earth arrest you. And with all the keen partiality known to an angel's heart, we bring those influenced by us, to see

the thing you wish were seen, wherever it is possible.

We have too long known Evil Mind, in all its trickery, all its power to stir the human heart to fear of criticism, not to feel that power has labored most viciously, in turning from our work the thoughts drawn unto it by mention of its nature; and we struggle still against the fallacy a "wrong belief" has drawn around the mind, that otherwise might be ours in endorsement.

We feel that with our words before the world, there must be many reasoning men willing to lay aside prejudice, and accept assurance the angels show unearthly sweetness in their care of you. That mothers reach trembling arms earthward in their agony, because children are unlearned in the great need of ruling their lives; while sisters lean upon the walls of pearl, and long look tearfully across the void bringing to them souls so dear, since round the same home fireside were they reared.

Brothers and fathers meet them, and remain in converse deep and sad, while all habitually attend upon the ones they left behind, hoping to win remembrance from them that they may think their thoughts, drawing them unto good.

Centuries of this have now expired, and in their passing, carried hopes we gave into their keeping, to oblivion. For the world, the flesh, and the devil, have conspired to shatter them, and blast our efforts.

Here and there, a brilliant light would flame along the highway, leading to a grave men thought would hide them till the judgment day perhaps, but the light became extinguished. Why was this so? the only thing that angels felt might send its beams intense through error's night, was smothered ere its aid became secured to us; till we were almost hopeless that the long years of exhaustive work, would ever bear their fruit.

We now feel that our psychic may not be the last by many, who will work for us and man, while with heart and voice we shout paeans of praise, unto Him who hath heard our cries, and brought from terrors none need face again, the one knowing a way has been hers to learn, whose lurking dangers she can drag to light; that all avoid them till the end be gained, serenely, surely, and it may be soon.

I have mentioned only in entirety, our dear Heaven—the final consummation of every dream enraptured angel hearts may know—and will add a measure of detail, bringing to you thought, that the scenes depicted there so far outshine the ones of earth, celestial beings feel unspeakably blest in them. While the human soul is never satisfied, and though with many longings gratified in part, often complexities arise, making more difficulties stand ahead than there is courage to face through.

It is not so in any part of Heaven. Peculiar though the stories are, coming to worldly ears who

hear that we are strangers to each other there, if we live on separate planes, and on rare occasions meet spirits from one outside our own, we may be curious to note; and then the visit is but brief perhaps, while some wander round not knowing they are dead.

We are in numbers of worlds, and far apart or closer they may be; yet at one thought an angel holds of any, they are instantly engaged with each other; at the same time both may be where'er they will.

Contemplate for awhile, how vast an amount of companionship may be found, where all restrictions are removed confining to one body, the denizens of Heaven.

Homes are never left by some, who at the same time remain in them unobserved in one part, happier there than even with those outside, who have them present in another form and know not of the first; while all powers wished are with them, to enjoy in many places at the same time various entertainments, dressed for each becomingly and suitably, as ever human beings of utmost wealth and taste might wish; while presenting an appearance of elegance and beauty never theirs on earth.

Angels are all so perfect; a word applying not alone to heart and character, but face and form as well. So if continued thought shall hold you, traverse within it all the avenues you may to pleasure, luxuriance in gems, or homes, or garments, till you

reach the end of an imagination rich and fertile in its pictures, yet heaven exceeds them all.

Faculties undreamed of by mankind, enable us to enjoy indescribably the treasures of art and story presented in super-acting, with music grand and high if it be operatic, for we have endeared to us, the histrionic ones earth lost and mourned, who came through hell if they deserved it, and are torn with trouble as the rest of us, fearing for those to come who must find its frightfulness.

Many plays there are, based on the work of evil minds in machinations deep and dark, against the heroine a guardian-angel warns to watch her heart's deep feelings, that they flow not near the stagnant slough that lies below a sham, o'erspread above it by wealth or power.

Great are the triumphs of our heavenly friends, telling us tales of successful efforts like this, and few the tragedies we care to see or reproduce; for sadness underlies our lives when we betake ourselves to thoughts leading us out of heaven, into such hell as is with many tortured by regret, or by their love for you.

In each of the worlds where Heaven lies becalmed in her supernal light, the same scenes are reenacted, the same sights and sounds prevail, giving marvelous enjoyment. Yet in each succeeding one is felt more blissfulness than was found in the one below, for added faculties meet with new enrapturements, provided by Our King.

All forms of amusement in which healthy human beings excel, are plentiful as normal angelic minds could wish. No cruelty attends efforts invigorating and manly, with struggles as intense and exciting as were ever fought out bravely on earthly streams or lakes, surrounded by beauteous ladies and warm friends, in enthusiasm cheering their colors.

These again meet, on battle grounds contested dauntlessly by giants of the other games enjoyed. No sun is on the bleachers, while the band plays loud and oft, refreshments are the finest, heartily peals the laughter at goodnatured jest, and all is the same emphatic, earnest, "scientific game"—so named—that men paid well to see lost and won, by sad or proud mortality. This is hard to feel true, but immortals and their surroundings, are of a substance real as that of earth, though divested of all earthiness.

Heaven is large; and one game lost is little, soon other nines or elevens, or clubs are formed, and winners of one tourney may meet disaster at the next, or hold the pennon that ten thousand envy for a longer time.

Horses are never used with us, save for pleasure to their lovers as are other pets. The birds, and dogs, and felines, varying in types as when within a world beneath, they added satisfaction to their owners' lives.

I can tell no more than will have been made yours

in these words, "Not one thing desired by an angel, will it lack;" where most delicious foods are served to all by power of thought, in stately dining halls or simple rooms, dependent on the mood or taste of those who eat, from dishes that present themselves well filled, and quietly remove from all in turn.

It might seem eerie unto some, but with brilliant light if wished, and such surroundings as most please, external things fit well the heart's most perfect happiness.

We have told of the majestic hills, grand forests, castled rocks and rushing streams, adding to scenery more imposing and inspiring than any words may tell, and cities are grand; though the simple homes in favored spots, existent in the memories first of those who own them, have been named as well. Beside the silvery brooks through pleasant vales, or in secluded dells most picturesque, if not amid the grain fields with adjoining pasture lands so loved on earth.

No phase of nature seemingly at rest, or in her grandest efforts at expression, but may be at any time they wish with angels, for their minds are bounded by no limits, and before them as realities, are all they picture. Thus it is, that while we are with the heavenly light and breathe the air entrancing, as it ministers to our senses with exquisite odors and sweet strains of music that we love, all may be closed out at will, while before our vision

stands the rugged mountain, with its top hid in the morning sky of roseate clouds, or encircled by the wind-swept messengers of storm.

Torrents may pour adown its rocky sides, and fill with deafening roar the frightful gorge confining them, till in the chasm dark they pour their floods; while thankfulness is with the mountaineer within his hut, that outlets are therewith, allowing them to progress towards the sea.

Feelings of earth remain with us, who live again through scenes and times most dear, when within old homes we heard the pattering rain drops on the window-pane, or as they fell in sheets above our heads, with welcome from the shingles there, to mingle with our own.

Dear days, well filled with homespun work perhaps, watching the flowers grow and counting crops in promise oftentimes, till all became endeared, and farmers love their lives with all distasteful work removed, transferred from earth to heaven.

Sailors may sail the seas, revisit ports admired, travelers find all enjoyment once they had, again if they desire, in conquering obstacles deterring other men. Orators may stand before their thousands, finding scope for all their powers where youths immortal are their listeners, with graver ones who feel their work well done.

Encroaching upon none, when wide spread scenes surround us, to friends who will enjoy diversity of nature in her majesty or quietude, we show these

wondrous things within our minds, where there is room for all with more to spare.

The Great Creator has prepared for us the place supernal, and we move among its wonders with the one word still in thought, "Perfection," everywhere we glide with rhapsodies of music in our hearts, telling in harmonies their joy unspeakable.

He bids us still to pattern on the rest, and recreation find in adding to our worlds, that they extend yet farther into boundlessness; acting as His envoys in the bestowal of faculties we dispense to man, while to all living things are given by law their lives.

Engage with me your thought still further; as I question regarding your willingness to forego for present ease, a life like this I've pictured in faint colorings—compared with those adequate to its description?

Has your mind dwelt solemnly upon the other world, to which—with preponderance of evil in your life—the law of God consigns you, with all the terrors round its entrance but a tithe of those within?

That world becoming a place for those who fell, when at the end of life they sank into its depths? And since that time, so many more wicked souls than good have passed from earth, you would naturally suppose that hell would require as many worlds to hold them, as are given to heaven.

This is not true; for while fewer pure, sweet natures, rendered unselfish by their efforts to bless humanity, leave mortal life than wrong doers, many of these too reach heaven. After an experience so harrowing, that every one of them earns forgiveness—in so far as may be—by intense thought and extreme effort to undo all possible, the results of his misdeeds on earth. Suffering untold agonies of mind, in witnessing what his example and teaching, may have brought about to corrupt youth, or lead older ones to sin, certain to bring them to the horrible suffering from which he has escaped so barely.

Accept an angel's word; who tells you that we shudder at contemplation of things, in store for those who must remain where varying depths of the infested planet, hide such suffering that were it placed before you, frail minds would start from their moorings at the thought of it. . . .

Animal existence had superseded that of the immortals on earth, and according to a law in force by wish of its originator—before he became powerless to bring his will to pass as angels do—all were in turn to die.

We felt, that though provided with faculties, capable of eliminating wrong desires from the human heart, and to dominate the building of a soul (that nevertheless would attest to human proclivities), some would fall utterly short in attainments fitting them for heaven.

These disembodied minds must find a place somewhere, and justice demanded that in recognition of their sins, they should suffer.

In consequence of this, we denuded the moon known to earth, of all life, leaving her fit for no happiness, and set it over to the wicked, doomed to suffer there; while with hellish ingenuity of one revelling in the anguish of others, Adam has prescribed for all comers, the depth of torture made possible by his ownership of their souls.

Thought was allowed him still; and by its force might he inflict pain, administered to fit their crimes, with regard only in a measure to their capacity for endurance, so that it fails them at the last, as has been told.

The question may be asked—"Why was this allowed?" and I tell you man was given all needful, to prevent throwing himself away, and in justice was left to his own devices after ignoring Conscience. He knew when condemned, and might have turned to the upward path and enjoyed self approval; (itself apprisal enough that God was pleased), though he was under the law of ownership. . .

We are again with thought of great and perfect worlds. Moving in unison with the entire universe in obedience to God's law, and producing melodies unheard in air surrounding you, but so grand and entrancing in wonderful symphonies, that rapture is contained in this great gift from Him who is the source of music, as of every good.

Think of this one attribute, and wonder not that angels of many worlds denominate Him "Thought" while feeling His immensity. . . .

Destructive of all sentiment regarding the moon, is what I have here written, and will there be an added observation covering the appearance of a face within its fullness, that men have always seen. Angels arranged it so they should. The leering eye, that tells of thoughts regarding human beings among whom are at work his fiends, who looks and promises himself more feasting on their souls, is unmistakable.

Within that repellent face and near the lower part, another one may be discerned; and this belongs to woman. Her hair sweeps loosely backward from a profile view, telling the head surmounts a bust such as are found on old medallions.

The countenance is small compared to the full moon, but will emblematize that of Eve. May then man feel it was not accident, that made thus to appear the monstrous beings who brought all to peril, and may he hate them so, that not an emissary they have sent, to claim espionage of humanity, shall meet with favor at his hands. Ignore their lies when thinking ill health is with you, turn from them quickly at every argument begun against your conscience. Tell yourself that constant care shall be your aim, to live the little life of earth that we may clasp you to us at its close, for bliss eternally.

With all then laid before you plainly, I feel that

we of heaven may think the urgent duty done; that so long has weighed us down through ineffectual efforts to reach in truth entire, the world we love, and friendly relations we long to establish throughout its territory; that the exercise of fraternity may become its prevailing principle.

Consider our sorrows; our necessities to endure enslavement unto which only the love of Our Heavenly Father within us could impel. Think how the hosts of heaven to the farthest ancestry of every family on earth, are praying and working, to release man and themselves from impending horror.

Be brave! Be determined! Look upon it as a business to which you will devote yourselves. Remember that although life in the world may if lived aright, be extended to great age—accident not ending it—there is a better country, infinitely better, beyond. To that fair shore your thoughts will turn in longing, to escape the hardships of a life where bleakness reigns; comparatively speaking, and when duty no more holds you to its cares, we will welcome you with outstretched arms, to joys I have described but faintly, for lack of words conducting to you sense of their enchantment. You will find there, some most wonderful upon which I have not trenched; for only angel language can portray them, and even then, experience alone can make you understand.

My heart lays bare before you. Love of God Himself speaks through me, in conformity with His law;

that ever should angels divide with Him the bestowal of His mercies, where increase of happiness may be given, and bring to Him the consummation of our wish, that all mind possible once His, may be returned to Him in heaven.

Thought.

THOUGHT.

Benign Power most adorable! With all the forces of our being, will angels praise His name forevermore, within their hearts where all in heaven may read, and know that first in all their minds is He.

All are as one, yet individualized in that blest land, and our little portion of the great whole, so much exceeds all your imagination can contain, that were my pen dipped in the ocean of eternity itself, with all its mingling of sublimest powers, I could not make it plain.

Feel then what meaning lies in "**Thought of God.**" With veneration most unspeakable, will I approach the theme from which the mightiest angel of The Cherubim will shrink, whenever need presents itself for words the world may understand, in explanation of That Majesty.

Long will circumscribed conditions contribute their disfiguring elements to life, but our thoughts from Him, will change them. His law will winnow out the wheat, and hell will keep the residue for which we will not mourn, knowing it but the vile creation of Evil Mind; consigned to that foul fiend

who while an angel spirit, called to himself the loathsome from where it may be found, within low thought.

Trace back an angel to its source, and find with me the grandeur, and omnipotence, and omnipresence, that when frustrating emptiness in space, came to the life question vital to The Creator's heart, telling Him loneliness existed without that, and Thought formed one with its mate.

These He endowed with power to secure everything an angel might wish;—mark that word—and by wishing, came into action all the principles of management, concerning worlds in every detail of adornment and delights; their wonders most minute, sublime, or blissful, for joyful hearts to bring themselves.

The nature of Thought, as understood by angels, has not yet entered into man's conception; he feeling that the lucubrations from what is termed that in the world, are with the only meaning of the thing, that would be called reflection, or consideration more aptly, as a descriptive term by us.

We feel that with all written heretofore, the one great subject angels hesitate to approach is again before us. With reverence past all knowledge of mankind, I enter with her who holds the pen for me, upon description of Him we know by other names, while angels hold Him in their hearts as "Thought." . . .

What is known of the beginnings, of all material used in His Creation? With many of its wonders shown to eyes that see what science has disclosed by aid of glass, nothing conclusive has been gained, beyond conviction matter came, by means of Supreme Power.

Though much within the writings, mortals will feel unbelievable, this last and greatest in its strangeness will startle the world still more; for bridging the chasm of incomprehensibility, lying between man and a knowledge we wish to make his, is the enlightenment that carries with it such wonderful information, we feel all former ideas humanity holds regarding a Supreme Being, may also combine themselves into the one word, "Thought;" expressing every attribute of His, and through them all, it shines.

Will it be possible for you to imagine space illimitable, at one time containing nothing, aside from Infinite Intelligence?

The thought—returning to convenience here—will be one if dwelt upon, almost to unseat reason; yet think of it, and feel in contemplation of a thing so great, will come enlargement of the scope to which your mind may measure, as it reaches out past things of sight and sense humanity has known.

Feel this wondrous Presence never had beginning, and can never end. Ages have rolled away, yet never has there come a change to One we call Our Heavenly Father, The Creator, Lord of the Uni-

verse. Whom we know as Love, Strength, and all constituting perfection of every good.

Language can tell no more. Our souls yearn to make known to man the glories that within God are displayed, yet he must wait induction into heaven's mysteries, for angel faculties enabling him to grasp them as do we.

Grandeur was with the atom, made to throw itself within the void, and draw towards it others in the track ordained, till with the surging of a mind containing all, numberless forms were driven forth to join their forces, and adhering where He wished, lay the foundations of His first great world.

Follow along its path towards completion; feeling that till then, not one of the great angels had existed, "Thought" planned to form for increase of enjoyment far as His wish might be. All were yet within it; and of substance undivided from His own, when the inexhaustible storehouse He opened and from thence removed a pair.

Descriptive power fails to convey to you their figures; towering in beauty such as till this day, all inhabited worlds retain save yours with the moon. And every one thereafter furnished at immortals' wishes by the Father's Mind, was complement to its mate that He divided from it, ere severing the twain from their abode, to fit upon them angelhood.

A thought of where He wished them, and they found themselves within a world thrilling their hearts with rapture, wherever rested eyes in wonder-

ment; while sweetest sounds from warbling throats among the uplifted woodlands, blent with the harmonies that rose from motion of the orb on which they stood, and thanked in worship, Him who placed them there.

With placid waters lay the inland lakes, rocked by no storm to any fierce turmoil, and amid banks of flowers on their shores, the angels waited to enjoy the scene.

Happiness everywhere, and only that. The streams ran singing roundelays to flowers, that bent in wistfulness unto their gleam, and laid their faces where the daintiness of sparkling wavelets whispered unto them softly, "love is here," for truly was it spoken in every form of life within their world.

Aeons are laid with aeons, where archives holding them are stored, yet still the grand proud mountains of that world—the peaks of which empurpled verdue wore—are with the sky unchanging as the vales below. Peopled with fawn and reindeer, sweet natured furry things celestial children gather in their arms contentedly, and with the beauteous plumage of rare birds around, all float away to loving hearts awaiting them, where wish propels the younger, to meet the will of older minds that they should come.

Life teems with beauty, to the farthest nook that may be found made bright by angel minds; for with each segment of the Great Almighty one, found

where thought placed it—in a wondrous frame—are powers it held within His Being ere individualized; again is told.

Such are the angels who inhabit planets swaying in pathways near or farther on from your small earth, and each has held straight course to law established with it, in reference to the system into which 'twas given, when the Creator made advancement further upon space; and set bright suns within their orbits, illumining worlds of beauty like the first.

Making the angels helpers, they were busied in their fancies for flowers or birds, with all adornments of a wondrous home, where size was met by conformations of all things most desirable for comfort. And while intellectually, its occupants outrank earth's angels not, their stature and magnificent appearance conspire to bring a feeling to us, that found its counterpart, when a great traveler discovered in Afric woods a race of pigmies.

There was then a heaven for children of mankind, though none had passed from earth to enter it; and translation met the denizens of worlds whose pleasures known to them, might be left to others, while they passed on and upwards, in the tremendous scale of inconceivable rapture.

Death was unknown. Even the moving beauties of stream and forest were to remain as when first made, till Adam called to life in their deformity, imaginings of a great mind, wishing its freedom

from the lode-stone drawing others to it—and the wish was realized, ruining earth.

At once and coupled with it, came the one bringing to all alive thereon, such forms as have since then existed through their little day, died and contributed their share towards continuation of her substance. While that within them never to expire, emerged from clay, and through a law explained where we will hope the world may learn it, was carried from the earth.

There were at first, in Heaven made for saved minds of men, the mighty beings meeting them outside its gates; abhorring their appearance but hiding from them that, feeling not one was conscious of how it looked, mingled of hideous sin and virtues they had striven to cultivate, while temptation had assailed them from their father, to live as he.

Within their natures, they had felt the drawings of conscience towards a better life. Love struggled against cruelty, truth against lies, and purity of heart was held as dear. Their light was little; Adam had not told what might have saved them, and only the inner voice, made them to hear its warnings, with beseechings from the spirits up above.

These had they heeded in their sunken state, Through torture of the scathing elements, attacks by beasts in their ferociousness, or human beings, all of which had they destroyed or left intimidated, in needful self defence.

Suffering for Adam's sin, the angels pitied them and took to paradise their souls; judging them there in justice, accurate as that by which man is judged today. Faster and faster came they as men increased on earth, until all mysteries disclosed to them concerning the hereafter, no longer was there need of any other save earth's angels, to meet the oncoming ones who since that time, have also been divided as to their deservings. Part of them claiming kinship with glad spirits in the skies, and others doomed to dwell where misery must be theirs, for unrepented sins. . . .

The foregoing has in part described "The Mind" as Thought; containing all its worlds, heavens, suns, and conformations.

We in our heaven—filled with all perfection as the world I have described—feel much more natural to be among acquaintances and friends such as we had on earth; and as angels' wishes all are realized, there are only forms of average size among us (taking the race through), for while men are admirable and more often six feet high than otherwise, the feminine portion of our world are slight and graceful, in their loveliness.

Each one, as Heaven is entered for remaining time, finds rest to every sense steal over him; and in the enticing air, there moves enjoyment through the soul, disturbed not by a sentiment of woe, even for those on earth who mourn for them.

They know how futile would be tears, or feelings

prompting them, where law provides none such shall enter, and conditions are delightful; so the happy spirits turn to their enjoyment with the phaze of angelhood never to leave them, while again I tell you, other forms of theirs, stand beside needy ones of earth, or watch above their slumber usefully.

A law ordains they may. Unconsciousness being with you, choice of evil on your part, will not prevent their beneficence; (where sleep is needful and not a waste of time), but their work is limited compared to what it would be, were you knowingly with Conscience in its home.

Suppose you stand with me on Heaven's heights, and with the eyes of angels look beyond; far as are hung the streaming lights in space, against what seems a background darkened for their spheres.

Changing in color will the brilliancy extend, to graduated depths of living light; for all are formed of the electric fire thrilling with heat these centers, vibrant with call for mediums through which to send their power.

Suns, are these mighty objects, pinned in place by law affecting all their movements, through the changing years Our Heavenly Father carries in His thought, essential to recurrence of phenomenon it pleased that wondrous mind to formulate.

Moving in great pathways, carrying each his train of subject worlds along the blazing way—trod by them circumspectly as in fear of him—they keep their distance till the journey's end finds them ready

to begin anew, their march of grandeur through the centuries.

Still on the wavering air with rapturous cries, throng every satellite man may not know. In starry threads entwined about the meshes which contain them all, imprisoned for the furtherance of grandeur presented to The Universe, who thanks and weaves the whole in one tremendous woof of brightness, spread across the skies.

Circling the scene of splendor I depict, are angels ever moving to and fro, against the awesome darkness that prevails between the universe we know, and what may lie beyond. They train their thoughts each on his own great part of planetary happiness again, and in the effulgence of His marvelous worlds, give thanks adoringly to Him whose love rules all.

It stoops to even the lost one segregated from the rest; while viewing little of the whole great plain from Earth in durance to her chief, (endued to warm and light her crevices), humanity exists.

Men are asked to think of angels' shame who write for them; feeling how all might be their pride and joy, with those of every other world peopled as yet, within the wondrous scope of that vast Being's Mind, we name as "Thought." . . .

Turn we once more to Earth in darkness hid. Sadly and tenderly I leave you there. Fully the cup of vintage have I pressed, ready to waken you to vigorous life. Take it and drink; forgetting not to

pour its dregs upon the pages I have writ, and may they be your tears of penitence that you so long have put away from you, the effort needed to convince your minds by force of reason, man conjoined with Conscience—angel of his soul—"must work out his own salvation, in fear and trembling," if he would please God.

THE END.
