



THOUGHTS

INNER LIFE

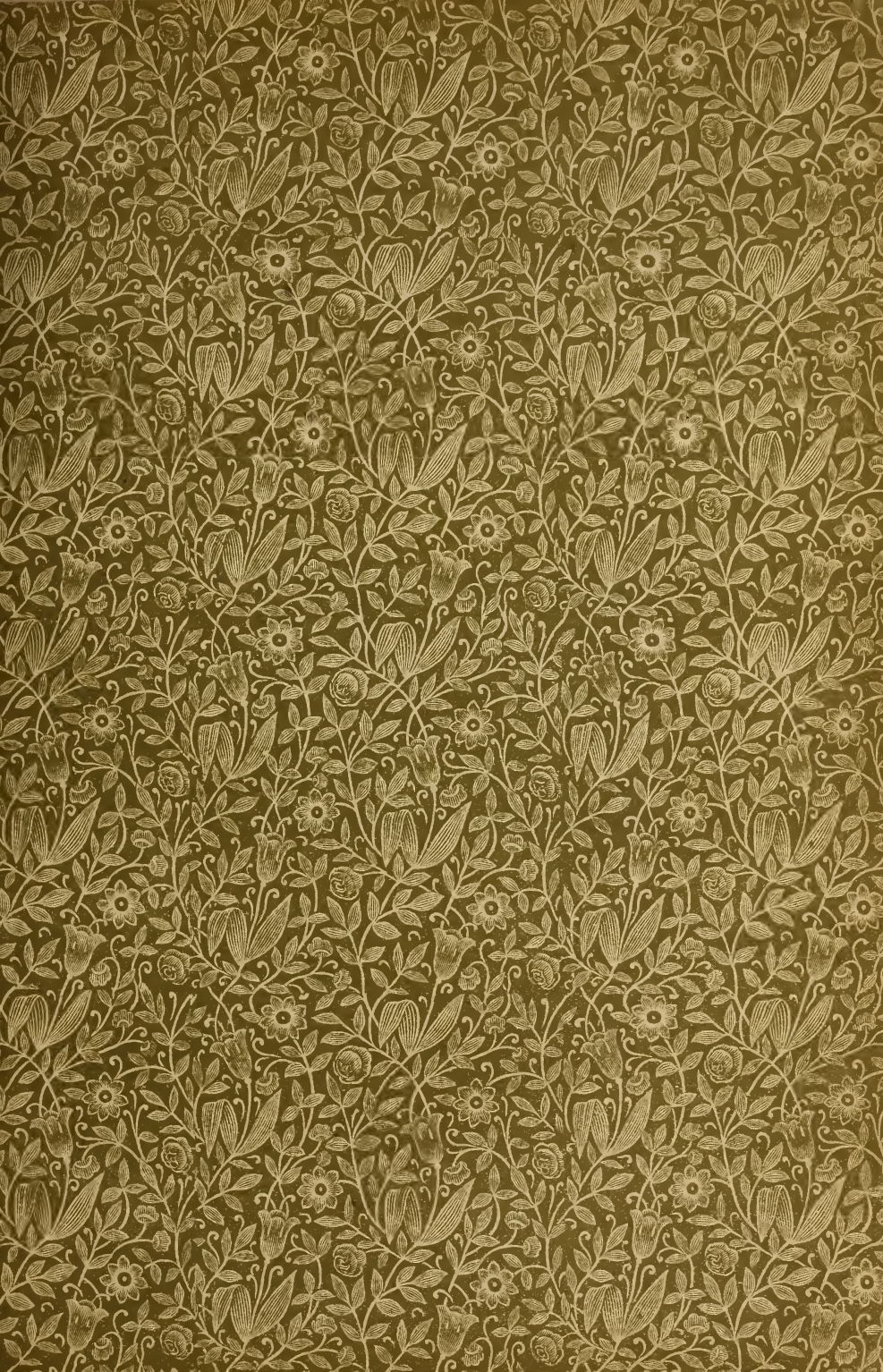
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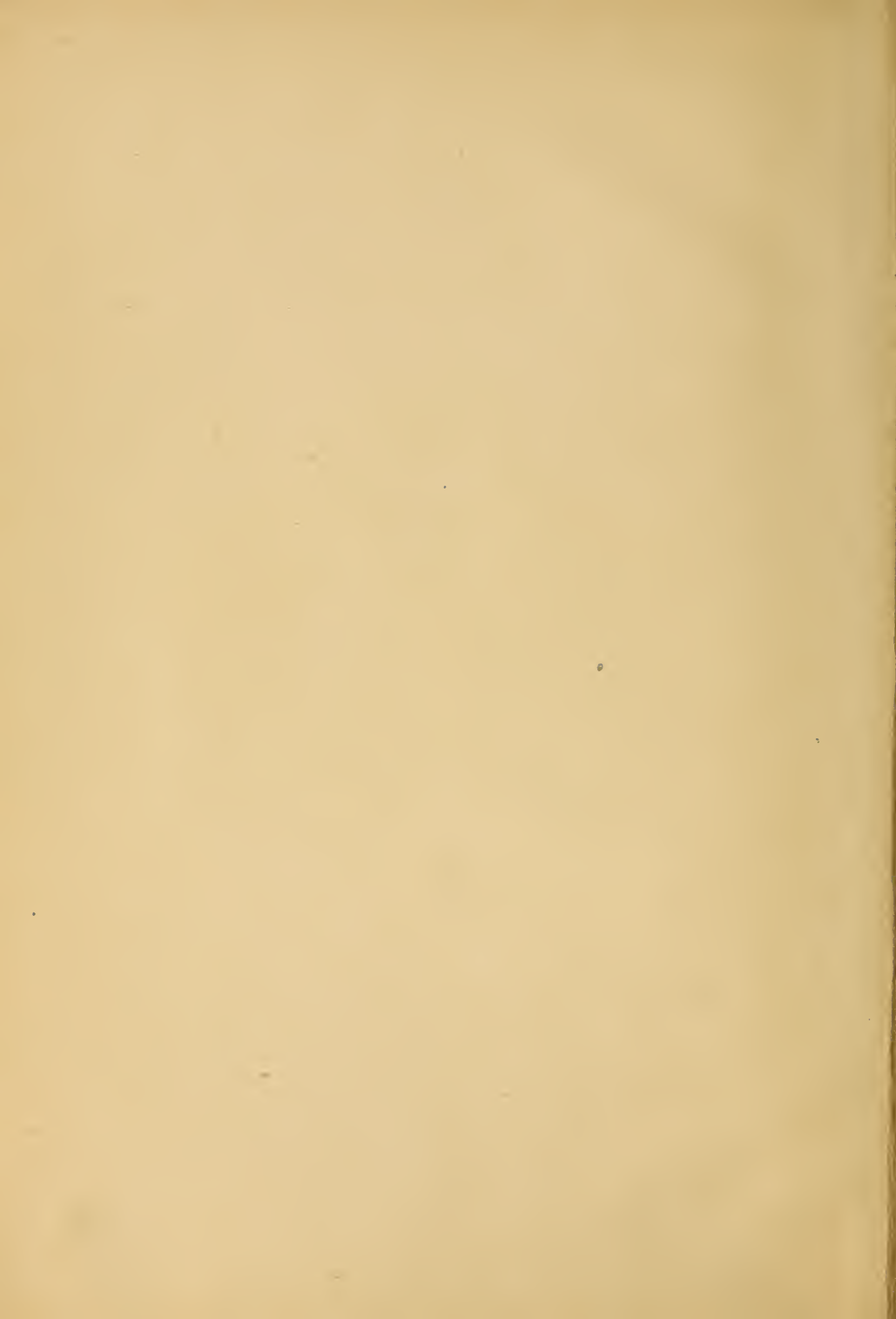
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







Yours
D. E. Bailey

THOUGHTS

FROM THE

INNER LIFE.

By Daniel
E. Bailey

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"There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Longfellow.



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DEDICATION.



TO MR. FOX,

Our loving teacher, to whom we owe so much, we dedicate this volume as a tribute.





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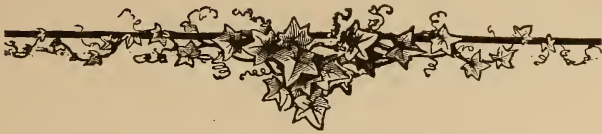




PART I.







INTRODUCTION.

IN order to give the reader a full understanding of the manner in which the following communications were obtained, it seems necessary to give a brief outline of my personal experience.

About eight years ago I met an old friend, Robert Mills, who inquired if I had any engagement for the evening of that day. I answered: "No." "Then," said he, "I want you to accompany me to see Mrs. Swain. You have seen her before, but we are now getting something new. We are hearing *independent voices*. The spirits come and speak for themselves." I went. There were, I think, eight of us present, besides the medium. We sat in a line, and she in a chair placed in front of and very near to us. The room was made perfectly dark. We soon had very strong physical manifestations,—such as floating a heavy music-box around the room, hands touching, and

the like. This kind of manifestations I had witnessed before, and while I was forced to acknowledge some unseen power or force, also intelligence, I did not see (beyond satisfying curiosity) any benefit to be derived from it.

At last a voice was heard,— not like the medium's,— and, I must confess, I listened to it with a great deal of suspicion. In fact, I thought it possible for the medium to do this; however, I determined to say nothing, but to follow it up until I should *know* positively of its truth or falsity. I joined the circle, and we sat regularly once or twice a week. Little by little my doubts were cleared away, and my belief in its truth established. After becoming thoroughly convinced of the truth of spirit communion, I invited Mrs. Swain to arrange for regular sittings once or twice a week at my house. This we have done without intermission — except on account of unavoidable absence or sickness — every year, month, and week, each sitting becoming more interesting and instructive. The following lessons are only a very few of the many good things which we have received. I offer them to the public, hoping that some poor, suffering, sorrowing soul may find hope and consolation.

In our sittings the medium does not become unconscious; but we sit and chat on different subjects until our spirit friends begin. Then we talk with them the same as with mortals,—sometimes as many as twenty-five different ones coming to us in one evening. Our communications having been given in the dark, and as in ordinary conversation, it did not, for a long time, occur to us that we could preserve them; and we used often to regret our inability to do so, until at last the idea occurred to us to ask our spirit friends to assist us by speaking in short sentences, which they did, and which I transcribed at first with some difficulty. These notes were not intended for publication; but, after having them copied, we decided to place them before the public.

This blessed privilege of communing with our dear and only daughter is beyond our power to express. Our realization of her presence is just as palpable to us as though she were in the form, and we consult her on all subjects the same as though she were visible to our mortal eyes. She is not lost to us, but “only waiting,” and our hopes of meeting our dear child, and other friends, have become knowledge. Many old friends, long since passed away, and who, in some cases, have been

long out of mind, came with a glad greeting. One point has been of great interest to us : the growth of children in knowledge, and the growth and improvement of those who first came with but little earth education.

I might, were it expedient, fill a book with descriptions of our wonderful experiences, but that is not the object in view. My only wish is to place these communications before the reader with as little comment as it is possible to give them a thorough understanding.

over
D. E. BAILEY.

BUFFALO, N. Y.





CIRCLE I.

[NOTE.—Our usual circle consisted of Mrs. M. A. Swain, as medium, Mrs. Fisher, her son Leander Fisher, my wife, and myself. Others have been present at times, but the above-named constituted our regular members.

The following communication is from our daughter Eva, who passed away at the age of nineteen years. The larger part of the contents of this work have been given by her.—
D. E. BAILEY.]

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

WHEN one who has no conception of spirit life awakes from the sleep of death, and opens his eyes to the wonders of soul-land, strange and marvelous sensations pass over him.

But, while he thus stands on the confines of the two worlds, there come to him, drawn by affectionate love or duty, spirits who take charge of this new-born soul, soothing and magnetizing it, until the shock of separation from the loved ones of earth has somewhat subsided, then they point to objects of interest around them, and, telling the new comer what is before him, show the way.

He remains with these friends until his affections attract or direct him to others.

He is instructed and encouraged, never forced, but always left to the true manifestations of his nature.

You, who are here tonight, will not have to pass through that surprised condition, because you have truer conceptions of spirit life.

When the last pulse is fluttering, — when the heart-beats are almost over, when struggling, gasping, with the pain of expiring mortality, — you will catch glimpses of faces smiling pleasant welcome. It will be no surprise, but happy greeting and hearty hand-shaking, with those who have gone before.

Spirits live in the spirit-world, but their interest and labor are as much for mortals and the world as with spirits and spirit-land.

When one who has lived a good and pure life, and has gained some knowledge of the spirit-world, is dying, or the spirit is passing out of the body, he sees the outlines of that land into which he is about to enter, and he also sees forms of dazzling beauty whose magnetic power soothes, and takes away all dread and fear of dying.

It is a misfortune for children to die young.

Of course they escape all the physical suffering of earth life; but the keenest and sweetest enjoyment comes by contrast. They are placed in a kind of intermediate condition between the upper

and lower spheres. They are given in charge of pure and holy spirits. They are always brought back to their parents, not because of their wisdom, but of their purity, and, too, because they can more readily take up and act upon the forces surrounding the parents. They are continually hovering around their earth homes, and if they find pure and harmonious conditions, these children progress very fast; but they do not increase in size any faster than they would have done had they remained in earth life. They are often sent on errands of great importance by higher spirits. They are strongly attached to parents and to those to whom they have to go to gather earth knowledge, and, oftentimes, when the parents are wrapped in slumber, these little ones are allowed to come, fondle and caress them, until that part of their nature, which never found expression in earth life, has been gratified.

Those who die in infancy and childhood, after they have been in spirit life long enough to attain the stature of manhood and womanhood, have the power to reduce themselves to their former size, and so appear the same as when on earth, and, by this means, parents and friends, when they enter the spirit-world, recognize them at once. — EVA.



CIRCLE II.

SPHERES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

EVERYTHING belonging to the spirit-world corresponds with your world. There are oceans, seas, rivers, rocks, and mountains, trees, flowers, and birds, with landscapes of gorgeous beauty,—all of which are lighted by the clearest, brightest, and purest atmosphere. [In answer to an inquiry concerning the spheres, the following descriptions were given]:—

There are many spheres, circles, or orbits. The second sphere embraces this earth, and many other worlds.

Purity and love are most manifest in the seventh sphere, and spirits have to pass through circles of worlds to reach that point.

You cannot do anything for one another through motives of kindness and love but that it benefits yourself; and, besides this, the benefit reaches from earth to the spheres.

Spirits in affinity with you will become inspired

by the feeling of charity and love, and, in response, will circulate it through the spheres.

One with a strong purpose in life, with a strong desire to excel in any one thing, will not lose that desire by putting off the body; but rather will be attracted to those who will teach and instruct him in all he may seek to know until his brain is capable of mighty conceptions.

Mortals have but a very imperfect idea of the spheres.

The statements made in regard to them are only in part truth.

When the spirit leaves the form, it is conducted to a locality suitable to its condition, capacity, knowledge, and understanding, and where the society is such as to aid in its advancement.

The first sphere is a belt, or zone, extending around the earth. This is called the transition sphere, or condition. Every spirit, upon leaving the body, must pass through this sphere to divest itself of the impure conditions of earth life.

The seventh, or celestial, sphere is the home of the angels and archangels. In this sphere they communicate with those in the sixth, and they with the fifth, and so on down until the first are reached, and *these* communicate with earth. We always get our instructions from those above us, and they from those above them, and so on.

The seventh sphere is far, far away, beyond the comprehension of spirits as well as of mortals.

This is not strange when you consider how little you know of the earth upon which you live. You cannot conceive the vast extent of the ocean by seeing its waves lash the shore.

That there is a soul-land beyond the seventh sphere, where all that can be known of God is revealed, we have every reason to believe. The inhabitants of the sixth sphere are not entirely divested of matter, but they are developed into that pure condition of unselfish love which is not known in the spheres below them. They have a higher and fuller appreciation of that great Central Life which you call "God."

The fifth is the sphere of music. Here are grand and beautiful instruments, which it would be impossible for spirits to describe to the comprehension of mortals.

In the past ages the prophets and seers, while in the trance, or superior state, caught strains of music from this sweet land of song, and through them came the idea to mortals that heaven was a place where the angels were continually occupied in singing praises to God.

The fourth sphere is where the home affections are understood, appreciated, and enjoyed. Here families and friends are reunited, having outgrown all of the inharmonies of earth life.

The third is where the arts and sciences are perfected.

The second sphere is the land of schools, of edu-

cation, and instruction. The principles of truth, love, and goodness implanted in the mind while in earth life are here broadened and developed. The impressions of wrong and error are corrected and uprooted. This sphere is similar, in all respects, to your world, and yet there is an almost incomprehensible difference between them. Here many souls first become conscious of their divine origin, and are stimulated to greater activity; for, when the understanding becomes open to the reception of truth, they feel the mighty grandeur of the soul's birthright, and an innate yearning for the higher and brighter spheres beyond, and thus progress has begun. On and on, from sphere to sphere, all the while retaining intact the affections and connections formed in earth life.

Love is the key-note of the soul. The affections are the life, the all, of spirit existence. Death, time, or distance cannot change or alter the deep, pure love and affection formed in earth life; but, as they journey through the spheres, they become more highly developed.

The first sphere is so strangely mixed that it will be almost impossible to describe it to you in all of its different phases. Here all who pass through the gateway of death *must* enter. With some the journey through to the second sphere is very soon accomplished, while others are for years wandering through the boundaries near your earth dissatisfied, finding no happiness. They are weighed

down by their own density. They have lived lives of dissipation and wickedness, and have no conception of the duties and labors belonging to them. But, as soon as they are awakened to the powers within, a desire to learn is kindled in their souls, and progress has begun.

To those whose lives have been good and pure on earth, death will, at once, reveal many of the realities of spirit life. Each day will unfold some new attribute of the soul.

There are spirits here whose time is wholly occupied in visiting and social intercourse. They never thought or studied on earth, and they seek the same employment and enjoyment here.

There are others who delight in tormenting those around them, and these seem almost incapable of instruction or progress. Their love of mischief is so great that many times when noble, truth-loving spirits are endeavoring to communicate through some receptive organism, or medium, they interfere, and, if possible, break up the conditions, and give their own garbled, untrue messages, all the while representing themselves as some one else, and making many earnest, truth-seeking souls almost sick with doubt and disappointment.

But all of these claim kin with the Almighty Father; the power for good is boundless; they *must* ascend.

The time will come when the fog of error will be lifted, and they will catch glimpses of the beauti-

ful valleys and landscapes beyond. They will then yearn to inhale the sweet aroma of flowers immortal, wafted to them on the breezes from the better land, and, through labor, they will wash out their sins.

In this sphere there are many, oh, many, who are still looking for the God in whom they were taught to believe while on earth. They find nothing in spirit-land to correspond with their expectations; no God sitting on a great, white throne, before whom angels veil their faces; no Saviour but themselves. They find simply a world similar, in all respects, to the one which they have left. Their surprise and disappointment are very great. Sometimes they cling to old ideas, and hold meetings the same as when on earth, looking forward to be ushered soon into "His *awful* presence." Kind spirits come to them and endeavor to make them understand that "God is love;" that he does not demand or require any such homage; that here all action is true to nature, and they must conform to the principles of God's nature; that labor is the first thing demanded in spirit life, and only through their own individual "labor of love" can they attain that heavenly bliss which they desire. These thoughts are suggested and impressed, and they are then left to their own judgment.

The vicious—such as murderers, and cruel, vindictive spirits—in this sphere have a place apart from other spirits, where they quarrel, wrangle,

and torment each other until they become weary, and a reaction, as it were, takes place, and they are brought to feel and question: "Must it always be like this?" Immediately a bright one stands before them, beckoning and saying: "A life of beauty, of usefulness, and of happiness is before you." This is repeated over and over again. To you it would seem an age before they can gather sufficient strength to break away from these lifelong habits and associations; but when their entire attention is once gained there is no more retrogradation; and, when they begin to ascend, they look back and see how much they have lost, and an agony so great takes possession of the soul that it gives birth to a newness of life almost divine.

Another class are the noble-hearted philanthropists of earth, who devoted their lives, and did what they could, for the race; but, through the force of circumstances, were unable to give full action to the great, munificent love which thrilled and surged through their inmost souls. These think not of self; they meet together, and counsel how to counteract the evil, and advance the good.

The great men of earth who have been served by, and who have received the homage of, their subjects are sometimes years and years becoming sufficiently humbled to recognize the law of equality. When they see those who were once their humble slaves rejoicing in a newness of life, faces radiant with the happiness which they cannot feel,

drinking in the beauties which they cannot see, they become angry and feel that an injustice is done them. "They lift up their eyes, being in torment;" and from this came the story of Lazarus and the rich man. While the rich man was groaning under the weight of his disappointment, Lazarus, freed from his diseased and painful body, was rejoicing with his friend Abraham, his head resting on Abraham's bosom.

The claims of the soul are such that it *will be heard*, even against itself, and in time these great ones will find that they are less than the least of those who served them while on earth.

Those who were once like themselves, but who have passed through the struggle of purification, are ever ready to whisper words of encouragement, and to aid them in their struggle with *self*.

To those who die suddenly, or by accident are forced out of the body in a moment of time, the shock is so great that sometimes it is with extreme difficulty that they enter their spiritual body. Not knowing that they are going to make the change, they are at a loss to know where they are, or what has happened.

There are many, as you know, who have no idea of a continued life. These, when suddenly separated from the earthly tenement, remain for some time in a dreamy state, or condition. But it is beautiful to see the old, who have ripened into the perfect fruit, enter into spirit life. Faces, radiant,

greet them with: "Welcome! welcome!" "I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me." Then, in humble surprise, they ask: "When did I all these things?" In reply: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto my little ones, left on earth, ye did it unto me,"—and, with a great shout, they are borne into the illimitable fields of happiness and compensation.

There are those on earth who spend a whole lifetime surrounding themselves with every luxury. They build houses of useless extravagance, and fill them with everything tending to indolence and selfishness, and never have a thought for anything but self. They pass out, in the midst of all their regal splendor; and, never having struggled to lay up for themselves "treasures in heaven," when the change comes, death deprives them of everything but their selfishness. No beautiful homes prepared for them! They have furnished no material which could be used for that purpose.

When they find that they are homeless, they try to build for themselves. They fancy they are going to have a beautiful mansion, but, when it is finished, it is the merest hut. Through these experiences they are led to inquire, and they ascertain that they must do something worthy.

I wish to digress, and tell a little story of my own. Mr. Fox says it will, best of anything, illustrate this point:—

Some time ago, a band of radiant-faced spirits beckoned us to earth. My teacher said: "There is a lesson to be learned; let us go." We went to a humble home, in a room of which a woman was lowly kneeling, her face buried in her hands. Great sobs shook her frame, but I could get no feeling of suffering. At length she lifted her streaming eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "Father Almighty, bless him! 'Give thine angels charge concerning him!'"

When she had finished her supplications, my companion said: "This is a widow struggling with many cares. The fire burned low, and the fuel was exhausted. A kind mortal said nothing, but sent coal for the winter, and this is what has so stirred the depths of her soul. Now we will go and visit this kind donor."

And who do you think it was? It was no other than my own dear, good, kind papa. *This* is the material which, in the spirit life, builds the home of peace, and the mansion of joy.

There are those whose ante-natal surroundings, life conditions, and influences are of the most selfish greed, and as there is not, in all of the operations of nature, "a shadow of turning," these conditions *must be outwrought*. They seek wealth, not for the happiness it can bring to themselves or others, but for the *possession* of it. When these pass out, as they often do in the prime of life, and in the midst of their great struggle to become the possessors of millions, they cannot be persuaded to

leave the earth sphere. They cling to their possessions, and wander among their old business haunts. The spirit's fate rests within itself, and there is an impelling force which sends it forth to seek some one whose feelings and desires correspond with its own; and, when it finds such a one, it attaches itself to him, and follows him like a shadow. They work earnestly to accomplish this deep-rooted desire of their nature, and when it is accomplished, and they find how unsatisfactory it is, their feelings undergo a change, and they work with as great earnestness and zeal to scatter as they did before to gather; and this is why there are so many who are rich today and poor tomorrow. These spirits are very slow in their progress. They remain for a long time in the first sphere. When one of these worldly spirits finds how unsatisfactory his labor and struggle for gain are, he becomes sad and despondent. He continues to wander around on the borders of the earth sphere, seeking something, he knows not what. Kind spirits come to him and try to interest him, or get him interested, in the objects of beauty which lie before him; but he refuses with scorn all efforts to lead him to higher conditions. Yet these bright ones do not grow weary. They continue to cluster around him, and, by every endearing kindness, try to lift his thoughts from the groveling things of earth to the beauties of the scenes around him.

They tell him of the broad fields in which he can become useful.

At length they point him, in the distance, to the great workshops for probationary spirits, and at once he becomes interested, and signifies a desire to go through them. But he goes through with such a haughty mien! After a time he becomes filled with wonder and surprise that no one takes any notice of him, that no one seems to heed his presence. He can bear it no longer. He approaches one, and inquires: "Where is the proprietor of these great works,—your employer?" The workman raises his pleasant, smiling face, and, placing his hand upon his heart, says: "Our employer is here—within. We were once all, like yourself, seeking our own aggrandizement, but we learned, by bitter experience, that it brought no happiness. We are beginning to learn the object of our existence. We labor for the good of all. Our reward is 'the purity of love,' and 'the beauty of holiness.'" These words sank deep into his soul. He retired to a lonely spot, and said to himself: "What shall I do in this strange place, and among these strange people?" He feels the presence of some one, and, lifting his head, he sees a most transcendently-beautiful being approaching. As it nears him it changes somewhat, and he exclaims: "My mother! Oh, my mother!" He sprang forward to embrace her, but sank back quivering with a sense of his gross unfitness to clasp a being so

pure. He fell upon the ground, crying: "Mother, why did you not come before?" She drew near, and, in tender tones, soothed his agitation. She explained to him how he, with all things else, was bound by the eternal law of God, which, in its operations, in time, will bring all spirits into the light and knowledge of progression. God himself cannot change at once the spirit on entering the spirit-world. Had she come to him before he could not have received her. She laid her hand upon his head, and he became calmer, while she told him of her beautiful home, and that she would come to him from time to time.

In this sphere there are asylums for the insane. Those whose reason has been dethroned for many years in earth life are treated by themselves. They are surrounded by the most quiet and beautiful influences. Some are very soon restored to reason, while, with others, it is a long time before an equilibrium is established. There is another place for those who are insane only upon one subject. There are many receiving treatment in these asylums who were thought to be perfectly sane in earth life. They labor earnestly for the restoration of others. They can see how others are affected, but have no idea that they themselves are under treatment. When all that was dim and obscure is, through love's beautiful surroundings, brightened, developed, and brought into full play, then they see what their condition was, and through the process of their

own treatment and recovery, they learn the law, and its application. Most of the time, while they remain in the first sphere, is devoted to the care of these patients. It is beautiful to see with what tender solicitude they watch over the afflicted ones.

There are other asylums for the *inebriates*. In these asylums the scenes are dreadful. The inmates suffer the most terrible agony. At times, when the fierce, craving appetite seizes them, some fairly howl with the agony of their craving. They sometimes break from their attendants, and rush away to the earth sphere, seeking some one through whom they can imbibe the fumes of liquor. Others work long and hard to overcome, and, as they cast off the material, the craving becomes less and less, until at length they are free, and able to climb to greater heights. Oh, if mortals could only know, or realize, one half of the curse entailed by the use of alcohol, they would never touch it; but this, like all other things, must be the work of time.

EVA.





CIRCLE III.

[Members all present.]

SPIRIT LIFE AND THOUGHT.

DEAR mamma, dear papa, when you come to your spirit-home you will not come as strangers. This blessed privilege of communicating with you takes away the sting of separation. It bridges the "river of death" with immortal flowers. I want to tell you so many things I do not know where to commence. Everything in our spirit-home is so beautiful. Sometimes I feel a wish that you could see and breathe this glorious atmosphere, for we can *see* and *breathe* it, too. I cannot find words to make you understand. The trees seem to possess a soul. Everything seems so grandly beautiful, and possessed of a greater and deeper life. I hope sometime to make you understand more fully. I am so glad that you begin to realize that I am not dead, but risen, not from the grave, but from death, into the broad, open page of a life that is endless; a life filled

with the glad harmony of angels; a life thrilling and pulsing with the love of God.

It is so beautiful to realize that we have a personality, an individuality; powers, latent while in the form, now quickened into action until likened unto the very gods of the universe.

Dear papa and mamma, it is hard to find words adequate to tell you of the great lessons of life which I am learning. Sometimes I so long to come back to my earth-home, to my dear papa and mamma, and my beloved brother.

Oh, it is glorious to live, and it is glorious to die. It is beautiful to pray, when prayer is the sincere desire of the heart for knowledge and wisdom, and for blessings on mankind.

A spark of divinity thrills in every human heart, and it is the mission and pleasure of those who have gone up higher to draw out that immortal spirit to the recognition of this summer-land. Here the highest and greatest aspirations are more than gratified. Here the weary find rest from wrongly-imposed labor.

You have given me many beautiful gems to bear away to the spirit-realms; for you must know that every word kindly spoken to the crushed and bleeding heart of suffering humanity is like the perfume of undying flowers.

A beautiful presence is ever near to guide and direct me; and, oh, papa, such overwhelming wis-

dom has come to me that I feel I am but the breath of a thought,—the faintest echo of living life.

My guide said to me: “Child of earth, is the blessing too great for thee to bear? Fear not! Thy soul is but a trembling, unsteady intelligence amid the grandeur of divine glory and beauty; but even as God is thy Father, and thou art His child, will greater power descend upon thee from higher spheres, and thou shalt be led through all the phases of thy spirit-being.”

Every truth wherever found — whether in the lowest depths of crime or in the grand and gorgeous temples whose spires point, like a finger, heavenward — is the infallible word of God. You can no more confine the word of God within the compass of human language than you can confine the raging ocean within the embrace of a bubble.

Fear not the scoffs and jeers of the world, for angels are hovering near with hearts of love and words of cheer. Let the world call Spiritualism “fraud! humbug!” or what it will; it matters not so long as it is effectually doing the work it has begun in breaking down the barriers of superstition, and opening the eyes of the blind, believing thousands with the hope of immortality. Its manifestations may, sometimes, seem rough and inharmonious, when viewed with the external eye, but its power is *mighty*.

It is destined to bring peace, joy, and harmony to the struggling bosom of humanity. The “river

of death" is spanned by the magnetic wires of eternal affection. Immortal fathers, mothers, and children are sending love-messages to their dear friends on earth, and the glad answers come wafted back and roll through the eternal realms in songs of praise and thanksgiving.

I have been to the Temple of Thought. Oh, papa, it is grand, soul-thrilling! They do not talk much; but some great mind presents a subject which he has investigated, and the thoughts roll like a great wave, or volume, over the minds of the people, and, if they do not understand, it incites them to search and investigate. (I cannot make you understand.) There is everything here to teach us that "God is love." Papa, heaven is full of harmony and love. Heaven is our home.

You ask: "Is the spirit-world a real world?" I did not know that I had left the form until I tried to console you and mamma, and found you could not feel my touch. Oh, papa, it seemed so strange.

I want to tell you of the lessons I am learning. Our life is a life of labor; our labor the labor of love; our happiness consists in making others happy.

We understand what true happiness is; and some are occupied in teaching and elevating those below them. Oh, what a beautiful, ceaseless "labor of love."—EVA.



CIRCLE IV.

[After an explanation to us by little Jimmie,—who came to us a little boot-black and waif, who had never known father, mother, or home, and whose growth and progress to us have been a marvel; this dear little boy, through his kindness, wit, and high sense of honor, has won the hearts of all who have heard him,— the following beautiful invocation was offered]:—

“Out of the mouths of babes ye are taught. Shades of the mighty dead, we invoke you to aid us in our efforts to lead these human children up to greater heights! May the sweet influx of love, mercy, goodness, and charity remain and abide with you. Good-night.”—Mr. Fox.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

WE understand what true happiness is. It consists in making others happy; and, just in proportion as they expand and develop, our wisdom increases.

The spirits never think of themselves. No; never! They labor for others. Oh, if the people of earth could know what joy to live for the happiness of one another. But we have the advantage:

we do not have physical wants to look after. Society is such that it makes men selfish. I am told by those who understand these things that sometime the "law of love" will govern the world. This is the mission of the spirits,—to develop the love-principle in man; and every tiny rap is a wave of love from the sea of eternal life, a throb of love from angel hearts.

Many persons find their good intentions misapplied, and they regret it. Never regret anything you do with good intent. Your reward is sure.

The moving of tables, and rapping on the floors and walls of dwellings, are of greater importance than is realized or understood by mortals. They are the musical beatings of the tide of an infinite sea,—a sea bearing upon its bosom crafts laden with rich gems of immortal life, gems from *our* beautiful land.

The fabled "valley of death" is becoming a bright pinnacle of glory set in the sky, lighting up the dark pathway of man, and illuminating the lowlands of this mundane sphere.

It is beautiful, it is lovely, to climb the mountains and view our summer-land. I wish I could make you understand. I come here with my heart *full* of beautiful things; but I fail,—I fail.

Some will tell you there are no mountains, no grand rivers, no flowers nor beautiful birds. It is because there is no soil of love in their hearts in

which to produce the beautiful tendrils of *truth*. Spirits see nature, not through the senses, but through the spirit. We see the human mind, and its spiritual aspirations, before we see the human form.

In this life, wherever our hearts are interested, there is our home. We are not circumscribed in our journeyings. We are free,—free as the birds that float through the air, free as the thoughts that come and go.

Every glance of the eye, every clasp of the hand, is understood. We have liberty,—grand and glorious liberty.

Make your lives pure and beautiful; enjoy all there is to enjoy; gather the blossoms of sympathy and kindness. Sympathy for humanity is the fairest and sweetest blossom of the human soul.

EVA.





CIRCLE V.

[Members all present. Circle opened by Mr. Fox, who is Eva's teacher, and the leader of the spirit band.]

CHRISTMAS.

This holiday was instituted to commemorate the birth of the most harmonious, the most harmoniously-organized, person who ever lived. But you must not think that he can forgive your sins, for this he cannot do; neither can he ask the Father to do it for you. You yourselves must each be his own "Saviour."—MR. FOX.

SOUL-YEARNING.

OH, how happy I am to come to you. How many are here tonight who cannot reach their own homes. It gives them such a home-sick feeling. No matter how grand and beautiful the dwelling, or how lovely the scenery of our spirit-home, there is still a yearning for the loved ones left behind. We are drawn to you by a peculiar, magnetic chord about which we understand but cannot explain to you. It is hard to realize that

we have the same individuality we possessed on earth, yet cannot make our friends feel our presence. I realize you more than you *can* realize me, for I have been in your condition, but you have not been in mine.

Nature is not all alike. There is a principle of goodness, instead of evil, in all nature.

The cares of life are the evils which beset you ; but there are others against which you must battle. In love, dear papa, I ask your self-examination. The day is not far distant in which we will stand, "face to face" and "eye to eye," and the principles which we try to inculcate will be demonstrated. Your soul shall find that a triumph over self is conducive not alone to *your* happiness, but that it gives speed to the footsteps of those who follow after. It will give to your spirit-life a joy and happiness that I cannot describe.

My dear, good papa, you know why I talk to you upon this subject. I love you, dear papa, and can see these things as they are.

You may think it strange that I am so particular about forming the circle ; but when you conform to the conditions required, an equilibrium is established. (Electricity and magnetism are in *all* things, in one condition or another.) When this equilibrium is obtained, we place ourselves near the one whose material condition is most concurrent with our own, and by this arrangement we are enabled to draw from the medium and the

circle sufficient material with which to clothe ourselves so as to be able to talk to you, and, perhaps, to come in contact with you. I wish I could make you understand it as I do, but I cannot find the words. Your conditions are so good, quiet, and harmonious that they enable us to give intellectual lessons to you.

I want to tell you of my visit to the great General Assembly. It was so grand! A vast temple, many stories high, arranged inside something like galleries, in which were the grand, old teachers, one above the other, according to their advancement. All around the outside of the temple were mottoes, bright and luminous, such as: "Truth," "Wisdom," "Charity," "God is Love." These mottoes seemed to be endowed with *life*, and when I came to look at them, I found that *they* were formed of small spirits,—spirits of children. Oh, papa, it was beautiful! so beautiful! The teaching commenced at the first gallery,—I shall have to call them galleries,—and continued upward one to another; and when it came to the teaching of the works of God,—the Heavenly Father,—the sides of the temple opened, and gave us a view of the magnitude of His wondrous works. In and around this magnificent temple the light is beautiful,—like burnished gold and silver! They are blended together, yet each one is very distinct. The light seems to emanate from those advanced spirits who have come to teach. It becomes more

bright, soft, and beautiful from gallery to gallery until it reaches the dome. When we entered this circle of light we felt a thrill of joy, a newness of life which we never before realized.

When one of these great ones begins to speak or teach, his words are not uttered in audible sounds. Each one of this vast assemblage possesses the power to read the words *in his mind* as the teacher forms them. They speak on different subjects, some of which I shall name: "The power of spirits to communicate with mortals." "Our God, His goodness, love, and mercy." "Prayer is the inception of love and truth." "The spirit of God is in everything." "Time, in its passage, leaves its impress on mind and matter."—EVA.

BENEDICTION.

May the joy of heaven rest and abide with you! May the angels gently lead you up the steps of eternal life, where all is peace; where joy never ends; where eternity is eternal! Good-night!—MR. FOX.





CIRCLE VI.

[Members of the circle all present.]

“My friends, be strong in the truth. The knowledge of a life beyond is growing stronger every day. It will overcome all hearts, not by the power of force, but by the power of love.

“Humanity is reaching out after a deeper and more abiding love than it can find on earth. The soul’s pulsations have reached up into the higher spheres. Oh, what a change there will be in the ruling of the nations when all people shall be brought to the knowledge of the ‘communion of spirits,’ from the highest sphere to the lowest inhabitant of earth.”—Mr. Fox.

EVA’S SPIRIT-HOME.

IT makes me so happy that you and dear mamma have dared to breathe the sweet atmosphere wafted to you from the brighter land; dared to look through the incrustations of prejudice into the brighter realms of love and harmony. The angels stand ready to strew your pathway with immortal blossoms, culled from the garden of eternal life.

Gladly would I lead you
 To our glorious summer-land,
 Where — the fountains ever playing —
 Angels walk the golden strand ;

Where the sunlight never darkens,
 Where the light of Truth prevails,
 Where Life's healing waters sparkle
 Through shady glens and flowery dales ;

Where little Bailey gathers flowers
 In all his childish glee,—
 The fairest ones in heavenly bowers,—
 An offering unto thee.

With other children, bright and fair,
 He roams the fields of beauty ;
 Their loving hearts are free from care ;
 They know no rule save duty.

Where our Indian maiden clasps him to her breast ;
 All her soul, a love pervading, calls him to his rest ;

Where dear grand-mamma, with her face so bright
 And radiant in eternal youth,
 Has learned to read God's word aright,
 As page by page unfolds the mighty volume Truth.

I have a home which is shared by a number of others, some of whom are children,— some of my own age, and some who were old in earth-life. When a friend of anyone of our family dies, we are summoned to attend the spirit in its passage out of the old shell. It is then brought to our home, provided with every comfort, and tenderly

cared for until it becomes accustomed to the change. We are never crowded. Our home is large, with many rooms, of every size and description, which are filled with every beautiful thing that the design and taste of each may direct. Magnificent pictures, breathing of the soul's experience, hang upon the walls. There is nothing in this great home that jars upon the feelings, or makes one wish that it were different, for the softening hand of beauty and of harmony has passed over all.

Our garden and lawn, with its green carpet, diversified by beautiful shrubs and trees, slopes down to the bank of a beautiful river, upon whose silvery water floats many a pleasure boat.

Birds, of every variety of song and plumage, fill the air with music. They are as familiar with us as your household pets are with you. A stream comes leaping down the mountain side, sometimes losing itself in the soft, velvety moss, and again reappearing in the cascade, dashing and trembling from rock to rock, until it is transformed into the little river which runs through our garden and empties into the lake. Its murmuring ripple makes sweet music, and lulls the soul to peace and harmony.

Beautiful fountains are scattered here and there, throwing up glistening jets of every form and color,—beautiful as the rainbow.

Arbors, that no language can describe; walks, bordered with flowers that never fade.

But it is most beautiful to see our children when *others* come to them. No jarring, but perfect harmony and love.

I have another home—a cottage, all my own—which I will describe before I leave. I am going, but will come back. Your love calls me, and, if I would, I could not resist. I shall come when you have needs that I can supply. I could not be happy if I did not.

My cottage home is in a sort of glen, between two beautiful hills. It is not large, but very lovely. A porch extends around it on all sides, covered with vines and beautiful flowers.

It stands in the center of a large garden, with walks, and fruit of every variety; fruit that corresponds with your apples, only ours are snowy white. From the porch, the view is exceedingly lovely, the landscape being diversified by field and forest, hill and dale. A brook meanders through a meadow near by. In one place its gentle murmur lulls the weary to rest; while, in another, it leaps and tumbles with joy over the rocks, throwing out upon the quiet air its hoarse music, and stirring the soul to a deeper purpose of labor and activity.

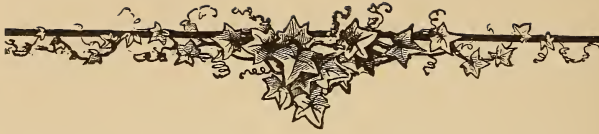
There are ornamental arches covered with vines, and shady bowers and arbors covered with the green foliage of trees. Everything *beautiful* is profusely scattered around.

Inside the cottage is reproduced everything that I treasured, or thought beautiful in earth-life. Here I come with my teachers to study and prepare to go to the Temple of Thought; here, also, I receive company, and here Gracie remained with me until she became reconciled to the change.

My cottage home is for you and mamma. You have furnished much with which to form the cottage, and I have reserved all that is in and around it for you.

And, now, papa and mamma, I am going to leave you for a season. Try and profit by what the dear ones have taught you; and although I may not speak audibly to you for a little while, still I am your own Eva, and I will return to help you — with the help of those above me — to lead you on and up to my beautiful cottage home. — EVA.





CIRCLE VII.

[All the members present. Mr. Black — who is, and has been for the past thirty years, the spirit-control of the medium, Mrs. Swain — gave us the following greeting]:—

“ ‘A Happy New Year’ to all of you pale faces! May the close of ‘eighty-one’ be made happy to you by the earnest endeavor that has been made to ‘overcome evil with good’; by the opportunities that have been improved; by the sad and sorrowing hearts made glad; and by the sweet and beautiful reflection that the world has been made better for your having lived in it.”—JIM BLACK.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

OH, mamma, oh, papa, the hights of wisdom and knowledge that rise up around me! Smiling angels look down and beckon me on and on. In my new condition I am surrounded by kindred minds, by loving souls; but, oh, mamma, papa, there is nothing half so sweet — nothing that so fills my heart with rapture — as coming back to you. This forms a center through which many souls can be reached.

I have spent many, many hours in studying how to make you understand the great good we derive by coming back, but I cannot. All of the aspirations and desires of my life while I remained in the spheres below the one which I now occupy are here realized, or have here culminated. I live in an atmosphere of *thought* instead of *things*.

Time and things form no part of our lives, only as they touch our relations of love and sympathy for you.

This sphere seems to pulsate with thought, with spirit, with soul. All of the wisdom and knowledge that is gained on earth, and afterward acquired in the first and second spheres, is here quickened and intensified. Here we have a fuller knowledge and understanding of the use and powers of the soul. Here the spirit is clothed with *spiritual* substances. This is the atmosphere of the soul, where thought answers thought, where the communion of the soul is perfect and complete. I do not know as I can make it clear to your mind.

You know, when you are in earnest conversation with a dear friend, and there is an unrestrained interchange of thought, you forget your surroundings, and take no notice of what is passing. For a moment, there is a perfect *unison* of thought. So it is with my present condition. When I come into the second sphere I have to take on material (I hardly know how to express it), and when I come to the first still more, and when I come to

you even more still. The privilege of *aiding mortals* is far more highly prized by spirits than by mortals themselves.

Wisdom descends on clouds of glory. The angels come with the "rainbow of promise" arching their brows, with their hearts filled with the blessings of peace and consolation; but worldly prejudice sometimes shuts the door of investigation. Disappointment clouds their bright faces, and, with sorrow, they return. Their hearts are filled with love and affection, and gladly would they teach mortals that charity is the expression of love. Charity is that which confers blessings upon the children of want. Want is the recipient; charity, the handmaid of love, is the donor.

Those who have investigated Spiritualism, and then become cold and indifferent, are the ones who, after putting off the body, will have to labor hardest to convince mortals of its truth.

We have no knowledge of time, as you count the months and years. It is the ever-present "*now*."

As far as I have been able to see and understand, the greatest enjoyment and happiness of all spirits who have developed into a condition of perfect harmony is to act as guides to the inhabitants of earth, to cheer and direct their pilgrimage to the land of souls. The heart quivers and pulsates with the desire to touch the electric chain of sympathy, and, through the white light of love, to straighten the tangled web of unbelief, and lead

them gently through the valley of change up the ascending heights of wisdom and knowledge. They would disrobe Death of its somber habiliments of woe, and clothe it in the garments of love and peace. They would teach all to know and feel that Death, instead of being the grim enemy of man, is but the angel-sentinel who stands at the gate of eternal life. He only can loosen the bolts of materiality, and usher the weary, panting soul into the realms of eternal day. — EVA.





CIRCLE VIII.

SPIRITUAL JOY AND SADNESS.

WHEN, with the good and virtuous, life's weary journey is ended, and the covering of mortality is exchanged for that of immortality, he is met by kind spirits who welcome him with words of comfort and encouragement, until he becomes accustomed to the change. And when he becomes fully alive to his own condition and surroundings, they take him to an extensive grove, or park, with beautiful walks and winding paths, lined on either side with fragrant shrubs and lovely flowers.

Grand old trees are there, with birds whose songs mingle with the sound of rippling water. A soft, silvery light, blended with gold and shaded with purple, rests over all.

His soul is filled with happiness as he wanders along admiring and enjoying the glorious scenes around him. A turn in the path brings him to something which we cannot describe, but which we will call a group of statuary. The moment his

eye rests upon it his soul reads its meaning. It represents some kind deed, some act of love performed in earth-life. How his soul thrills with pleasure! As he wanders along another, and still another, meets his gaze, until he clasps his hands for very joy. But, lo! a shadow falls across his path. Another scene is presented. How strangely different from the first! This represents selfishness. He comprehends it at a glance, and, with a shudder, hastens on. But he cannot escape. He sees them on the right and on the left, and the contrast is so great that his very soul is bowed down before its vanity and weakness. And then comes the terrible work of regret,—the true suffering for wrong. He sees the startling contrast between virtue and vice, between benevolence and selfishness, and his soul is bowed down in the most sincere sorrow. It is an agony grand to behold,—grand because a soul is in labor, and must give birth to a greater wisdom, a nobler love, and spotless purity.

One approaches who had acted as guardian to him in earth-life, whose countenance bespeaks calm and dignity and benevolence, and from this noble being emanates a light which penetrates and illuminates the dark mists and shadows that envelop the sorrowing one. He feels its gentle influence; his face becomes radiant with hope, and, from the depths of his soul, he cries out: "How can I remove the dark objects from my path? How can I redeem

the past?" The guardian takes him by the hand, and, in tender tones, tells him that all of the capabilities are within his own soul; that he, too, has passed through the same experience, and been surrounded by the same circumstances; that he must go back to earth and help to enlighten the benighted ones; and that, through the "labor of love," he can redeem the past, and make bright the future.

With this new hope and joy in his heart, he turns his face earthward. He seeks his own kindred, but, with all of his efforts, he is unable to make an impression, and, with feelings of deepest disappointment, he turns away. He meets a band of beautiful ones, who, with words of comfort and hope, soothe him to quiet, and invite him to go with them to a place where the law of communication is more fully understood and established.

When they arrive at the place, it is with joy and astonishment that he finds one who was very dear to him in earth-life. She came, not as a seeker after truth, but from motives of curiosity; and, oh, how his heart throbs with expectation as they instruct him how to act; and when, by a great effort, he speaks, spells, or writes his name, she is startled for a moment, and then she says: "No, it is not he." Oh, what a shock to his poor, expectant heart! He rushes away, and his guardian meets him on the boundaries of the eternal world, his head bowed down, and trembling with agita-

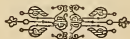
tion. He takes him by the arm, and says: "Child of my care, and heir of heaven, what new sorrow? Has thy first lesson in spirit-life been too great for thee?" He replies: "My wrongs do follow me," —for he remembers, with deep humiliation, a similar circumstance which occurred in his own life-experience, wherein he refused to accept a kind message from a dear spirit-friend. Now he knows, and feels, the sting of cold rejection.

The recollection comes back with fearful force, and he has a feeling almost of despair of ever being able to attain to the good and the beautiful. His companion shows him that his salvation must be earned through his own industry, and that happiness cannot come through others. They move on until they come to a common, in which a large crowd of people are assembled, whose dress and appearance are those of mortals. Their attention is directed to some particular object. On approaching nearer he sees a tall, dignified man standing a little higher than the others, whose countenance evinces large intellect and great determination of character. His face beams with love and kindness. He is telling them that he was once like themselves; that his earth-life was made dark by transgression and wrong; but by earnest effort and great struggle, many failures and disappointments, he had attained the place which he now occupies. He seems to reflect a holy calm upon that strange, listening crowd. The pained, disappointed look

in their faces gives place to one of hope and determination.

This is all tonight; but there is one here who wishes to say that in this picture you have the experience of your friend, Thomas Courtright.

When he leaves the common there is an entire change in the character of his mind. He has had a draught of nectar from the "Infinite Fount." His soul is, indeed, vivified and filled with a meekness, a kindness, and love, which he never felt before. Now he is *en rapport* with those less gross than himself. Everything which he sees around and about him is radiant with a newness of life and beauty. Self is entirely forgotten in this new and thrilling interest which he feels in humanity. He has suffered severe humiliation and anguish of spirit, and it has done him good. The scales of selfishness have fallen from his eyes, and now he is prepared to tread the ascending heights of progression and unfoldment with the children of light and wisdom. Now he can return to earth, and touch, with angel fingers, the brow of care, and soothe the sorrowing heart. — EVA.





CIRCLE IX.

THE TYRANT.

THERE is one who, from his earliest recollections, knew naught but to rule, command, and be obeyed; and, when he arrived at man's estate, a crown was placed upon his head, a scepter in his hand, and, for many years, he reigned king over a great nation. His reign was one of anything but love and peace; and when at length he had to yield the scepter to the "King of kings," — the "Conqueror" of all kings, — his subjects mourned him only in the outward seeming. In their hearts they rejoiced that the tyrant was dead, and, with the weight of wrong upon his soul, he entered the realm of spirits. We cannot describe to you the long years of struggle, and the efforts made by loved ones to show him the way; but at last a chord of infinite love was touched in his soul, and the light shone into his mind. This is the history of our dear, kind, loving, noble-hearted friend and teacher, Mr. FOX. — EVA.



CIRCLE X.

A FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

THERE was a fair and beautiful girl, the pride and joy of a loving father, the idolized child and companion of a fond mother. Possessed of a loving nature, a sweet and amiable disposition, she drew all hearts to her. But, through the violation of nature's laws, disease fastened itself upon her delicate frame, and, one day, the angels met in council concerning her. They said: "She is too pure and frail to indure the chilling blasts of earthly discord. It were better that she be transplanted to a more congenial clime,—to the land of celestial wisdom, where there will be no impediment to her true and beautiful unfoldment. Then we can reach the parents through *her*, and through their affection for her we can lead *them* to higher conditions, and through *them* we can reach *others* whom we can also lead into the light of immortal life."

So this fair flower of earth-life—a beautiful lily—withered and failed, and day by day the

fastenings of mortal life were loosened till her face gleamed with a heavenly light and sweetness. And, at the Christmas-tide, the angels came and took her away to dwell with themselves in the summer-land. For a time her young heart was sad because of the separation from the loved ones; but when she was shown her mission, she accepted it with gladness. They christened her "Dew-drop," because she was as pure as the dew in the heart of the rose.

This beautiful child — more beautiful for having laid off the gross covering of material life — came back to her earth-home, and by every endearment tried to impart and impress on the souls of the loved ones the purity, peace, and harmony of her own spirit-life.

She never rested, never tired, but worked diligently until at length the *father* was brought into nearer *rapport* with her, and from the surrounding matter she was instructed how to form tiny fingers with which to caress his cheek. And, oh, how her heart thrilled with pleasure when she perceived the thrill of suppressed joy that passed over him, while, in his heart, he said: "My darling lives!" And, then, when she reached that *mother's* heart, the glad tidings were wafted through the spheres like a wave of eternal joy. And when she returned to her spirit-home great and mighty minds greeted her with bowed heads.

Her holy mission has been ceaselessly and untir-

ingly to lead you up, step by step, giving you "line upon line," trying to bring before you pictures of that world to which you must come, and endeavoring to give you a fore-glimpse of the labor and the different phases of spirit-life.

She has been planting in the soil of your souls the seeds of love and wisdom, which, if properly cultivated, will blossom into the fair flowers of heavenly peace and the golden fruit of eternal happiness.

Her heart throbs in sympathy with your every struggle and effort, and thrills with joy at your successes. She comes to your home every day, and endeavors to shed around you the sweet, harmonious atmosphere of the angel-world, and make your earth-home the counterpart of her beautiful abode in the summer-land.

She would impress upon you the priceless worth of time. Oh, carry, in your daily lives, evidence and proof that the visits of this angel-child have done you good; "for by their works ye shall know them."—MR. FOX.





CIRCLE XI.

EVA'S STORY.

I WANT to relate a little story of my own experience. It has not been long since I was called to go, with others, to assist one who was about to leave the mortal form.

When we reached the place we found a home of splendor. Everything that wealth could purchase or provide surrounded the sufferer. Her life had been devoted to worldly interests entirely, and when she passed out of the body, and gazed around, oh, the disappointment pictured upon her countenance! Nothing but desolation! There was not so much as a tiny flower, of her own cultivation, to greet her view. No pleasant, smiling faces whom she had benefited came to cheer her impoverished soul. This was a sad, sad picture.

Shortly after I was again called to aid another soul in its passage out of the body. This, unlike the other, was the home of poverty and want. Hers had been a life of kindness and love, not

that she had fed the hungry, or clothed the destitute, for she had not these things to bestow, but her heart was overflowing with sweet sympathy, kind words, and tender acts.

When she found herself freed from her worn and weary body, how her face gleamed with pleasure! Everything looked beautiful to her, because she had taken her "heaven" with her. Her soul was full of joy; but when she noticed the beautiful garments of those about her, a timid feeling of shame came over her as she thought of her old, worn dress. Looking down upon it, — lo and behold! it was fair and spotless, yet not so white as were the robes of those who had brightened their own by long years of labor in spirit-life; still it was very beautiful.

She fell upon her knees and poured forth her soul in thanksgiving to the Father of all good. She had given freely of the gems of her loving heart, and it had come back with tenfold interest.

The other had given large sums from her bountiful store to great institutions, where it would be published to the world, and darkness and poverty surrounded her.

She had lived only in the external, and when the attention and flattery she was wont to receive were taken away, sad and desolate, indeed, was her condition.

Oh, the absolute poverty of such a soul! Her vanity had been great, but when she was stripped

of her material splendor, and stood face to face with her own soul-conditions, they were overwhelming.

A friend asked her if she would like to go to her spirit-home. Hoping and thinking that she might find something more pleasant, she at once desired to be conducted thither. They took her to a desolate cottage where were a few articles of broken furniture, and a garden overgrown with weeds. She was amazed, and asked: "Why is this?" Her guide-companion answered: "These are the treasures which you laid up in earth-life. Here we have only what we earn." She rushed wildly away, pride and remorse surging through her soul. She wandered for a long time near the boundaries of earth; but at length a chord was touched, and she sought the light, and is with you tonight seeking information.

The other poor, humble soul was conducted to a home where she was greeted by many friends; and, as she wandered through its beautiful and spacious apartments, she exclaimed: "What have I done to be worthy of so much happiness as this?" The answer came: "You have loved and served your fellow-mortals, and in this you have served God. Enter into the joys prepared by yourself."

Papa and mamma, this may seem a simple story; but the desire of my heart is to bring to you and impress upon you the connection between mortal life and that of immortality. No one can

be unhappy who has striven to love and uplift his fellow-beings; nor can anyone be happy who has failed to fulfill the obligations of his nature.—EVA.

Children, I want you to take Christ as your example. I have found out that he is not God, but that he was sent as a light, a teacher, and an example. His life was beautiful, pure, and holy, and I want you to live by it. Tell mother I am with her every day. Only a little while — only a little while — and we will be reunited. [They lived together sixty-five years.] Children, I want you to pray more, and follow our Saviour. — MR. BAILEY'S FATHER, who was a devout Methodist when he "entered into life."

REPLY BY MR. FOX. — Dear grandpa, salvation is not in prayer, nor singing, nor trusting in Christ, but in the consecration of great manly and womanly souls. Brotherhood is the corner-stone of the coming church. Humanity is the "Son of God," and the "Saviour" of the world.

But prayer is good. Yes, grandpa, prayer is good. It opens the heart to the reception of truth.

TO THE CIRCLE.—Grandpa is a grand old soul, but he needs to be led into broader fields; he is coming up step by step.—MR. FOX.

Together have we of the inner, and you of the outer, life drank from the sweet fountains of infi-

nite love. Together have we tried to learn and understand the wondrous workings of nature's laws, and, from its harmonious expressions, to comprehend more of the attributes of the governing power of the universe. Together may we continue to strive, while you remain in this earthly valley of doubts and fears, until Death unlocks the portals of your eternal existence, and we bid you a joyous welcome to that land of eternal sunlight where all things are bright and pure, where you will grasp the principles of eternal love, and comprehend what is life and death. Then, together, we can pluck the sweet buds of thought, and the fairer flowers of wisdom, from the grand gardens of the celestial world. My soul dwells upon this thought; and, when I am with you, I am anxious, and long for the time to come; but when I rise into the spiritual atmosphere, I am content to wait until your earthly work is done, and *well* done.

EVA.

Aunty, I have been with my teacher to visit the poor and lonely. We take flowers to them, and they smell them with their souls, and have sweet thoughts, and feel better.—Little BAILEY, a grandnephew of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, aged five years.

You remember, I told you that children were placed in an intermediate condition, or sphere, and have to come back to get their earth-lessons. Now,

mamma, you loved little Bailey when in the form, and through that love and tender feeling he is attracted to you,—brought back to gather, through you, some of the lessons of love which he missed by being taken away so young. It really is a misfortune for children to be taken away so young; for though they escape all of the physical suffering through which they would have had to pass had they remained longer upon earth, it also takes away from them the contrast between suffering and happiness.

This is the first stage of existence; and if, by death, we miss any of its experiences, we must come back and gather them as best we can — (I am exchanging thoughts with Bailey's teacher),— and we want to make a request of mamma, not to shrink from going where there is sorrow and suffering and death, for this little soul is so absorbed in your sphere, at the present time, that he can feel its meaning through your feeling. Mamma, this is a holy mission. You must think it over, and you will understand it better by reflection.

EVA.





CIRCLE XII.

[All present. — The following was given in answer to questions regarding the formation of worlds.]

FORMATION OF WORLDS.

YOU see the comet sweeping through the heavens, with its shining trail of fiery matter millions upon millions of miles in length. It is the out-creation formed of the cast-off matter from some sun or planet in process of development or purification. In the course of time, by the great law of reciprocal attraction, the fiery matter contained in its trail is gradually drawn to its nucleus, and it swells to greater rotundity. Its orbit is shortened, and continually approximates more nearly to a circle, and, after hundreds of millions of years of this refining process, it becomes a fixed planet, or world, similar to the one which is inhabited by you,—a world capable of producing and sustaining animal life, until at last we see *man* walking upright, head erect, and with powers of

mind capable of controlling all below him. Through the almighty power of natural law this refining process goes on and on — forever on — until the world is an abode for beings as pure as the gems that deck the brow of Omnipotence. This process of change and refinement is continually going on through all of the boundless realms of space. Some of the shining orbs which move in their glorious pathway were inhabited long before this planet — Earth — was even in the crude condition of a comet.

The inhabitants of these older worlds are very beautiful, and understand far better than the people of earth the powers and purposes for which they were created. They suffer but little physical pain. They are so ethereal and refined that they suffer comparatively little, and have *no* fears when called upon to make the change which you call "death." There is no sorrow nor mourning when one passes out of the body, because they understand the law, and all possess the power to communicate with spirit friends whenever they need instruction or advice. They have outlived the crude conditions of your world, and are familiar with nature in all of its elaborate forms, and gaze upon its dazzling beauties without fear or restraint.

There are other planets ages older even than these which we have been trying to describe to you, and, therefore, far more refined and gloriously divine. You know so little of the great Creative

Power that, were we possessed of all knowledge pertaining to these shining orbs, we could not bring it within the range of your feeble comprehensions. Then, again, there are bodies of more recent birth,—dark, misshapen worlds, devoid of life, and covered with barren plains and parched-up deserts. Others there are covered with dense forests, and inhabited by poisonous reptiles, crawling lizards, and creeping insects. Some upheaval or convulsion of nature will sweep them all away, but the germ of life will have been deposited, and will again come forth in higher forms. We know that this world, in its present state, has come up through the law of progression from a mass of crude matter in which no organic life *could* exist. And through this growth *man* has risen from one gradation to another until we find him endowed with *immortality* which his ancestors did *not* possess (an ancient spirit impresses me); that, after years of refining unfoldment, the blood became possessed of a vitality of life which attracted to itself more of the ethereal elements and essence of the Infinite, and converted them into mind, reason, intelligence, and immortality.

This is incomprehensible to you; but you cannot comprehend the fact that, in a single drop of water, there are at the rate of eight hundred thousand perfect animal organizations; and descending still below these there are many million gradations of organic life.

Now, since we have found that this world has come up to its present status from crude matter, and through the law of progression and refinement has become a beautiful habitation, producing everything for the use of man, how necessary it is that he should study to understand and comprehend the capabilities of his own mind, endowed as it is with the attributes of Deity? Its scope is boundless.

It is said: "Man has harnessed the lightning, and made it subservient to his will; that he has girdled the earth with an iron band." But all of this has come from higher minds. The eternal world feels the necessity of drawing out man's mind.

You ask if our ancestors walked on "all fours." In the cycles of evolution and progressive unfolding man developed from the lower animals.

There is in man's physical organization an element of electricity, divided into three perfect grades, which Swedenborg terms "vegetable-motive element, animal-motive element, and the soul-motive element." The lower animals possess the two first of these, but *not* the last. This is the highest, and possessed by man only. It is the soul-motive element that makes man immortal, and links him to the eternal world.

The story of Adam and Eve having been placed in the "Garden of Eden" is a myth. God, the Eternal, Almighty Father, makes no mistakes, nor

did he create a being opposed to himself. That which you call sin, or evil, is undeveloped good. The mission of spirits to earth is to teach mankind the philosophy of life. Man is beginning to put away many foolish ideas and teachings, and there will be more progress for him in the fifty years to come than there has been in two hundred of those already passed.

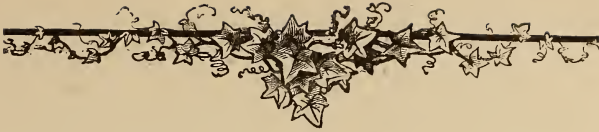
There are systems upon systems of worlds, some in the embryo state, others whose magnificent grandeur, refined beauty, and transcendent glory far outstretch the imagination of man, or the comprehension of spirits. Man cannot calculate or number the countless worlds that float in space. So Nature, which is the expression, or manifestation, of the spirit of God, labors on creating and refining, casting off and gathering up, widening and lengthening, and ever reaching upward until it centers in one Mighty Power. And thus it will ever be until God ceases to be able to execute the laws which he has established.

The law of progress pervades all things from the lowest particles of matter up to the highest seraphim who sweep the farthest verge of infinite harmony, and revel in the light of eternal love. Each shining orb, or twinkling star, that gems the canopy of heaven, as it moves in its appointed course, joins in the universal anthem of eternal unfoldment.

Man is the culmination of all things in nature,

and all things diverge and converge toward the Infinite Center, which is God. "Light is God." In light and electricity are all of the principles of life and motion. We cannot analyze or comprehend these subtle forces; but in wonder and admiration we behold the effects produced by their harmonious action. — EVA.





CIRCLE XIII.

VISITING PLANETS.

WE have been to visit some of the planets. The one which we first visited is in a state of almost perfection. Its atmosphere is mild, soft, and balmy. Its trees are not overgrown, nor are they stunted, while their foliage is tinged with every imaginable shade of coloring, which makes them most beautiful to behold. The flowers are beautiful beyond description. Indeed, it is a world of flowers, of beauty and of peace, love, and harmony. Its inhabitants are more uniform in size and height than are those of your earth. The women are the most beautiful beings I ever beheld, having hair that reaches nearly to the ground, and of the color of burnished gold. Their eyes are large, full, and expressive. Their faces glow with beauty, love, and kindness. The men have great mental powers, symmetrical forms, and long, flowing beards. They seem to be transparent, for I could see the blood circulate. There are no old

or decrepid people. They live so nearly in accordance with nature's laws that they are seldom sick, or suffer pain. They eat no animal food, but live on fruits and a kind of mushroom that grows profusely everywhere.

Few children are born to these people, and when it does occur, they are all intent upon the future well-being of the child, and the mother is surrounded with every pleasant and beautiful condition.

In the city which we first visited, the houses are large and uniform, and built of variegated marble, which gives them a magnificent appearance. They are not square, nor are they round, but seem to be arranged in consecutive circles. I cannot describe them so that you will understand their structure, and will, therefore, pass them by. They are beautifully furnished. The walls are hung with heavy tapestry, beautifully interwoven with threads of silver and gold, which give them a grandeur you cannot imagine.

There is no exclusiveness in these homes. Everyone seems as much at home in one place as in another. In the center of this city there is a very large structure. I never saw on earth so large — so very, very high — a building. Its top is approached by winding stairs on the outside; and at regular intervals there is a sort of pavilion, where the people, ascending, stop to rest, converse, and partake of refreshment, if necessary.

When I first looked upon it, I was reminded of pictures of the Tower of Babel, which I had seen in earth-life. Yet they were not alike. At the top of this building there is a very large room, divided by a curtain of the tapestry. On the opposite wall there is a large mirror, or reflector. In this room all of the inhabitants of the city come to converse with, and receive counsel from, their spirit-friends. Behind this tapestry is an elevated platform, while in front the seats are so arranged that the people sit facing the mirror.

The spirits materialize behind the screen, and when they are formed, they open the curtain and are reflected full size from the mirror; and in this way they talk for hours,—and such wondrous wisdom! It thrilled our souls.

There is no jarring, nor is time lost in vain regrets. The spirits commence by asking: "What is the wish and desire of those present?" And one by one each of the company states the subject upon which he desires to be instructed.

In entering, there is no crowding or crushing; but, when the seats are filled, the door is closed, and when these are dismissed they quietly retire, and others, as quietly, take their places. Every twelve days they have what they call a "Council." No one enters the spirit-chamber on that day but the twelve councilors. These are great and wise men, chosen by the people to govern the affairs of the city. There are twenty-four of them in all,

twelve of which meet at one time, while the remaining members convene twelve days after, thus making their sessions alternate. The lower part of this building is furnished and fitted up in the most splendid and magnificent manner. There is an atmosphere of beauty, of grandeur, and of comfort everywhere.

Here is everything pertaining to the arts and sciences. Great libraries, with the works of ages, and musical instruments that not only produce sounds, but speak the words also. Everything is so far beyond anything in your world that I find it difficult to describe it to you.

Here all those who are to become mothers have their every wish and desire gratified. Some are engaged in painting, some in music and sculpture, others in literature. There is no restraint; they think, come, and go, and choose for themselves.

There are some among these people who can leave the body, and go into the spirit-world. Sometimes they do not return for fifteen or twenty days; and when they do come out of this trance state the people all gather to hear their beautiful words of instruction. They seem to be able to reach the understanding of their fellow-beings better than the spirits.

We were informed by some spirits who had lived on this planet that in about a century it would begin to decline, and that its decline would be more rapid than its growth and progress had been;

also, that worlds are created, mature, grow old, and die. This statement was confirmed by the condition in which we found the next planet which we visited. It was a heaving, rolling, tumbling mass, seemingly devoid of the spirit of life. To me there seemed no power of adhesion or attraction. This may not be correctly expressed. I am only giving my own simple ideas. It is an *awful* sight to see a world in the convulsions of death. — EVA.





CIRCLE XIV.

INFINITY OF WORLDS.

THE centrifugal action of these planets, or worlds, becomes less, and, by the stronger attraction of the sun, or some other orb (but that you may better understand we will call it the sun), their orbits become shortened until they are finally taken up by the sun, to be again thrown off in particles which continually accumulate and increase until they form a ring, or circle, around the central body, or sun. There is always some point of attraction where these particles, or atoms, concentrate, and thus a nucleus is formed. Eventually the circle breaks at its smallest, or thinnest part, and away shoots the nucleus, with its fiery trail, rushing through the heavens with the velocity of lightning until it loses its momentum, when it whirls around, and is brought back by the same laws that sent it forth. Reaching the point from whence it started, it is again repelled, to be again brought back, its course becoming more and more curved until an orbit is formed and a world begun.

Every world-child that is born into the solar family is more perfect than its elder brother.

On, forever on, through the illimitable fields of space, are suns millions of times larger than the sun which lights your planet, as centers around which solar systems revolve; and yet greater and still grander systems of worlds revolving around *these systems*, and so on, and on—forever *on*—until the soul is lost in wonder and praise.—EVA.





CIRCLE XV.

[Our spirit-friends had previously taken leave of us to visit the City of Harmony; and, after an absence of about two weeks, they returned, and gave the following description.]

THE CITY OF HARMONY.

WE have had a happy and most blessed visit to the City of Harmony. It is grand, magnificent, and beautiful beyond the power of mortal language to express. It is for the special and exclusive use of the great artists and musicians, and where they all go to graduate before ascending to a higher sphere.

Three times a year they have public entertainments, or, rather, the higher spirits, who have a care for and watch over the lower ones, invite those who have faithfully performed the work which they had undertaken to do in communicating with mortals, and had formed what we call "a spirit band" for mutual strength and benefit. Sometimes a part of the band is thought worthy

to be invited to these wonderful entertainments, while the others are not. When such is the case, we always wait until the entire band can go together.

When Mr. Fox first announced that we were about to receive an invitation, our beautiful, loving sister Meta thought she was to be left out, because she had allowed herself to become discouraged, and had expressed a wish to withdraw from the field of earthly labor; but through our firm and steadfast friend and brother, Jim, she was held to the work until she has found those who reciprocate her love, and appreciate her labors. When she was told that she was to be one with us, she danced and clapped her hands like a child for very joy.

I will now tell you of our visit to the City of Harmony. There were a hundred in our band; and when we arrived at the entrance to the city, we were met by a large company, who extended to us a most cordial and pleasant greeting. Many of them had instruments of music, some of which were similar to those used on earth, while others were unlike anything that we had ever before seen. These friends were appointed to escort us to the "Banquet Hall." On the way they commenced playing what they called "The Welcome,"—soft and low at first, then swelling in volume and power—a magnificent symphony—until the whole atmosphere seemed one mighty instrument of divine har-

mony, and played upon by the god of music. Every leaf and every flower swayed in unison with the perfect harmony.

Mr. Fox, who was at the head of our band, halted, and stood with lowly-bowed head. We all followed the movement. Dear Freddie, whose face was radiant with the love and inspiration that filled his soul, knelt at his feet with clasped hands, and thus we all remained until the heavenly strain ceased and died away. Mr. Fox then lifted his head, and said words which, to translate into mortal language, would be impossible. We were then conducted to an immense building, or hall, where everything that could contribute to the organic part of our being was most bountifully provided. This place is always open, and free to the inhabitants of the city, and here we remained for some time, drinking in the sweet magnetism until the excited feeling which we first experienced upon entering the city gave place to one of peaceful quiet. Then we were taken around to see the city, the architecture of which is unlike anything in earth-life, therefore I cannot describe it to you.

We visited the great Gallery of Art, where were the most wonderful productions, — pictures of scenes in the higher spheres, and painted by higher spirits through mediums; here we found food for thought and study, and here we remained for days, or until we were told that the time had arrived for the great “Musical Entertainment.”

We were here taken to a building that covered acres of ground. Its vastness, its beauty, grandeur, and magnificence cannot be imagined by mortal minds.

We were here allowed the time and opportunity to look at and examine the wonderful musical instruments.

There were instruments like *all* of those used on earth, and hundreds of others invented and used only in the spirit-spheres. We were informed that within fifty years instruments like *some* of the latter would be made and used on earth. In the center of this immense building there were circular platforms, one above the other, graduated, or drawn in toward the top, like a pyramid.

On these were the instruments and the musical performers. And such beautiful-faced men and women!

They looked like those whom we saw upon the planet in its state of perfection, which we visited and formerly described. After they had all taken their places, there was a hushed silence for some moments. One of our guides said: "Look!" We turned toward the door, and saw a tall, dignified person whom the guide said was the *leader*.

When he entered all arose to their feet, and remained standing until he had taken his place upon the platform. There was a calm quiet then for some minutes, when he stepped forward and silently waved his hand. At this signal there was

no sudden clash, such as *you* sometimes hear when the band strikes up, but a low, sweet thrill like the murmuring of the brooklet, gradually rising and swelling like the waves of the mighty ocean, until all space became filled with the glad harmony. Such melody! I cannot tell you what it was like. It was like the spirit body compared with the physical body. It was like the fully-developed man compared with the new-born infant. It was like the great, throbbing heart of the God of all life. It was the soul of all love, peace, and harmony. It was the immortal spirit of music. No human language can describe it.

A large company escorted us out of the city when we came away, and the band played a tender "Farewell." Many thought-blossoms were exchanged here as we bade them a loving adieu.

EVA.





CIRCLE XVI.

[This communication is from R. G. Stewart, an old friend of mine, with whom I had spoken very freely of our manifestations; but while he said the philosophy was beautiful, and wished he could believe as I did, yet he could not.—D. E. B.]

SENSATIONS OF DYING.

THERE is nothing so terrible in dying as, in mortal life, I sometimes imagined. It is rather pleasurable than otherwise. I mean at the time of dissolution, when friends, looking on, see the physical distortions, and think that the suffering must be great. With me there was a sort of shudder, not unpleasant, then a thrill passed over me, and all was calm, still, and quiet. I thought: "This must be paralysis." Then a breaking away—a gentle drifting out—and what surprised me most of all was that I could *hear* my friends *think* all over the city, far and near. Then a great flood of light came, and I was standing beside my old body. This seemed wondrous strange. I then

slept awhile, and when I awoke from this slumber pleasant faces surrounded me, and *life* seemed so real and natural that I could hardly believe I had died.

It was proposed that I return to earth, to which I gladly acceded, thinking, perhaps, it would explain this mystery, or spell, that was upon me. When we reached my home, they were preparing for the funeral. I gazed long upon that which was I, or, I should say, the *outward expression* of me. It seemed very wonderful, but so reasonable, rational, and consistent that I wondered I had ever doubted the truth of a continued life.

With the "compliments of the season," and good wishes of — R. G. STEWART.





CIRCLE XVII.

[This sister Sally is one of the many who are receiving assistance to a higher plane from our spirit-band.]

SISTER SALLY.

OUR sister Sally is here — poor sister Sally — and we wish you all to give her a kind greeting, for a chord has been touched in her being for the first time, and she is beginning to regard you as friends.

It is a great thing, and should be considered a grand privilege, to be instrumental in rescuing any of these poor souls from the bonds which their earthly mistakes have fastened upon them.

In her case you can see the terrible results of an inebriate life. Death changes the condition, but not the appetite. This must be subdued through will and effort. This appetite has fastened her to earth, but here she can now gather strength, and get an insight into her awful condition.

This, too, will help those who love her to assist her to rise, for there are many to whom she is very dear, and through our joint efforts we hope to lift her from these earth-bound conditions, and, in this way, to be of material benefit, not only to her, but to one another.—EVA.

Children, I want you to pray. Prayer is like putting windows into your house through which to let the sunshine enter. Prayer lets the light of truth and inspiration into the soul.—MR. BAILEY'S FATHER.





CIRCLE XVIII.

[Members of the circle all present.—The author of this communication—Thomas Courtright—and myself were the closest of friends throughout childhood and manhood.—D. E. B.]

CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

EVERY soul in spirit-life who has suffered from blind superstition or religious bigotry is anxious to teach others a better philosophy and a purer religion; not to fear God, but to feel that He is a good, kind, and tender Parent, who has no pleasure in the punishment and destruction of His human children, and that all suffering comes through disobedience of *law*.

Life, death, suffering, sorrow, and joy are all in accordance with established law, incapable of transformation or contraversion.

Many persons believe that Christ's was the greatest mind ever produced on earth in any age. Not so. Today there are greater than he, because the

world is capable of greater expansion of mind and brain-power.

The sayings and teachings of Christ are thought to have been original with himself. This is not so. They were borrowed mostly from the Book of Enoch, which was written a hundred years before Christ's time.

The "Lord's Prayer" was written, verbatim, in the Talmud long before Christ's time. Jesus Christ had great magnetic power to heal the sick, and to restore sight to the blind; in this he *was* the "Saviour" of the world.

Swedenborg had less magnetic power, but greater clairvoyance, which gave him better and truer conceptions of spirit-life. Christ taught the Jewish belief of eternal punishment in a lake of fire and brimstone. Swedenborg, with his greater clairvoyance, pierced the darkness and gloom, swung ajar the golden gates of the celestial world, and let the glorious sunlight of eternal progression shine down into human souls, warming them with new life and hope.

Christ taught an angry God,—angry every day with the helpless beings He Himself had created.

Thomas Paine taught a God of harmonious love, sublimest wisdom, and beneficence.

The effect of all *law* is to lift man higher. God himself cannot forgive the sin of *violated law*.

The great minds that have shone like beacon-lights all along down the vista of the ages have

given new thoughts to the world, but their followers have repeated their words over and over again instead of using them as a key with which to unlock the treasure-house of greater wisdom and knowledge. This will be so no longer. Humanity is becoming individualized, and refuses to pin its faith on the sleeve of any *one* individual. Legions of spirits are giving their own individual experiences to the world every day and every hour. These experiences related by spirits, and differing, as many of them do, from one another, all tend to show the advantage to man of living a good and pure life. They teach him how to understand and obey the laws of his being. They open to his wondering gaze the surprising realities of spirit existence.

They lead him out into broader fields of thought and investigation. He questions: "What and where is God?" And Reason, Philosophy, and Science answer and tell him that the only way he can reach or serve God is through his fellow-beings; that God's temple is the vast universe, and every man a priest, and every woman a priestess; that every temple built by human hands only serves to cramp and impoverish the soul, and that every act a person is able to perform, in word or deed, which lifts a mortal into a happier condition is worth a hundred sermons repeated by pampered priests beneath a gilded dome.

It is the work of the spirits to undermine these

crumbling monuments of the dead past, no longer needed, and erect upon their mouldering remains the Temple of Universal Brotherhood, where all can work together, through the light of reason, unfolding all of the faculties and capabilities of the human being; where every experience will be recognized as a lesson given to lead man up into a better and brighter condition, and where his faculties will be no longer paralyzed by human limitation.—THOMAS COURTRIGHT.

Mamma and papa, I want to tell you that every one of your benevolent acts, every sorrowing heart that you make happy, every tender word spoken to earth's sorrowing ones, is wafted to me in my eternal home like the perfume of immortal flowers. They help me to press on. They give me strength to perform the duties and labors which stretch out before me. Mamma, God bless you.

Oh, papa and mamma, accept my deepest love.

EVA.

True religion knows no difference or distinction between the children of earth. It stretches out the white hand of brotherly love to grasp the rough and horny hand of poverty. It weaves, from its own purity, garments of beauty with which to cover the morally deformed. It visits the prison-house, gathering to its warm, throbbing heart the lowly and forsaken, whispering sweet

words of hope and pity; and when man is dealing out stern justice to his fellow man, it raises its warning finger, and, pointing to ante-natal conditions, exclaims with streaming eyes: "Pity, oh, pity! 'There are none altogether good; no, not one.'" It judges not from outward appearances, but by the magic word of love, and brings forth the hidden treasures of the human soul. It feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the widow and the fatherless, and, hovering around the couch of the sick and dying, soothes the aching brow and moistens the parched lips. It lifts the dark veil of ignorance, and points to the sublime heights of infinite possibilities.

This is from her whom they call "The Star of Heaven."—ACHSA SPRAGUE.





CIRCLE XIX.

MATERIALIZATION.

THE great, noble souls — whose lives were devoted to the study of life, being, and the laws of nature, and whose long experience in spirit-life has made them familiar with the laws of chemistry — understand how, by passing mediums under a certain law, to dematerialize the whole or a part of their bodies, and by blending the elements thus obtained with the elements which they have the power to take or produce from the atmosphere of the earth, they can materialize hands, faces, lungs, organs of speech, and, too, for a brief period, whole forms are so materialized as to be natural flesh-and-blood bodies. These changes can only be produced by chemical forces, the medium being the negative element in operation. Now, to produce these manifestations and materializations satisfactorily there must be perfect harmony.

These bodies cannot be permanent, the elements forming them having been borrowed as it were for

the occasion. I repeat, there can be no permanency; hence, when the law which governs, and under which these wonderful changes are produced, is suspended, they return to the medium, and in their original condition. If allowed to go back in a harmonious manner, they will gather strength from time to time, and beautiful results will be obtained; but if the repellent power of rude contact be brought to bear upon these tenderly-formed bodies, they rush back only partially dematerialized, thereby doing great injury, not only to the medium and others, but also to the spirits.

Surrounding every person is an aura, and this aura remaining in a solution around the medium more than others is taken up and used by the spirits to shape and form the atomic structure which becomes visible to your physical senses.

Now, all of this is in accordance with laws not known to science, and only *properly* known by the great chemists of the spirit-world. Sometimes ignorant spirits, through undeveloped mediums, attempt materialization, and, when they fail, they will control and present the medium.

Now, this is not always done to deceive, but comes through the great anxiety of friends, and the desire of the spirits to please; and sometimes, when they get full control of the medium, they feel so much at home that they hardly recognize the difference.

The medium, as previously stated, is the negative element used to produce materializations. If disembodied spirits can influence and control those undeveloped mediums, so, too, can spirits in the form; and when a strong influence is brought to bear they are sometimes taken from the control of the spirits, and manifestations strange and peculiar take place.

Many earnest truth-seekers, thoughtful men and women, are beginning to feel the necessity of protecting these poor, sensitive, and sometimes simple beings, by surrounding them with harmonious conditions until they become fully developed, and understand something of the law.

The spirit accepts any instrument through which it can speak to humanity. Many of these instruments are far from good or moral; but it must be remembered that there are countless myriads of spirits whose whole lives have been filled with evil and wrong-doing; these, hovering as they do in the atmosphere of earth, seize upon these negative ones, and, through them, give expression to their evil propensities.

When fifteen or twenty persons come in one day to have seances with a medium, may it not be natural and reasonable to suppose that, in this promiscuous company, there may be some unpleasant and mischievous spirits? And what may seem strange, they do not always leave with those who bring them, but remain and cause the medium to do

strange, unaccountable, and sometimes disgusting things. Many of the mediums are not fit, and should not be allowed, to travel through the country alone ; but some wise, good person — one who is capable of exorcising these foolish, ignorant spirits — should be appointed to take charge of them. — LORENZO DOW.





CIRCLE XX.

[This is from one who takes charge of the band in the absence of Mr. Fox and others.]

SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL LAWS.

THIS mundane sphere is governed only by the expression of matter. The spirit-realms are governed by mind. The spirit law transcends the material or physical law, associated as it is with matter. Under the spiritual law, weight loses its accuracy, gravitation is overcome, and matter is in no degree solid.

Spirits understand the science of the inner as well as of the outer life, and by the harmonious blending of the two they can disintegrate matter, separate atoms and fibers; they can dissolve and reunite.

To the spirit who has spent a life-time in searching for knowledge, the study of these beautiful laws makes a far brighter and happier "heaven" than the singing of praises through an endless eter-

nity. Such a soul would implore the Almighty to relieve him from His "light hand," if only for a day, that he might return to his laboratory on earth, and complete his unfinished work.—MAGOZONA.





CIRCLE XXI.

[We thank Thee, O Father of all light, that death cannot take away the attributes of the soul. We thank Thee that the icy finger of the dark-winged angel cannot dispel the immortal experiences of the soul. May the spirit of all truth, all goodness, and divine love rest and abide in your souls, and find expression in your daily lives. — Mr. Fox.]

THE SEEDS OF TRUTH.

OH, papa and mamma, it is now four years since we knocked at the door of your hearts, which swung gently open and allowed us to enter into the sanctuary of your souls.

To us this mingling of the two worlds has been sweet, pleasant, and profitable.

Sometimes the bitter spirit of prejudice, from those whom you love and respect, has pierced and chilled your warm, loving hearts, but you have stood firm to the great cause of truth. We have oftentimes borne the glad news to our spirit-home, and great and holy ones have responded by coming

and imparting to you the pure magnetism of their own beautiful lives.

You have sown the seeds ; some have fallen on stony ground, and some have found a little, shallow soil where they sprang up and flourished for a day ; but as soon as the cold winds of opposition swept over them, they withered and died ; but some have fallen into the rich mold of earnest investigation, where they will ripen into fair fruit to bless you in the coming time.

You have made glad many sorrowing hearts ; you have done an incalculable amount of good.

EVA.





CIRCLE XXII.

SPIRITUAL POVERTY.

DO you ever think or try to realize how grand and glorious it is to live on and on,—forever on,—that there is no end, but an eternal future wherein to unfold the endless capabilities of the soul? We who have seen its glories and tasted its sweets would gladly testify to its realities, but we can command no language strong enough to convey to your minds an idea of the heights and depths of immortality, or the capabilities of that spark of divinity—the human soul. The sands upon the sea shore cannot number the years of the soul. We can only, in our humble way, give a few gleanings that may enlighten, as they may also enrich or ennoble, your future experiences while you tarry in earth-life.

We desire to help you, if only one step higher. We would also help these poor, sinning, sorrowing souls who come to our circle from time to time.

He who stands near, and who was once crowned with earthly honors, but whose soul is now impov-

erished, is one whose actions were all with an eye single to his own aggrandizement.

In earth-life this man counted his wealth by thousands, and was surrounded with every material comfort and luxury. Now he must stand face to face with his own impoverished soul. There is no escape. He cannot change himself by saying: "I am sorry; forgive me." No; God himself cannot forgive him; and if all heaven were to plead for him, it could not change the immutable laws of his being. Before he can drink in and enjoy spirit-life really, he must, through much labor, atone for the sins of the past. He cannot get away from the earth, but must remain in its atmosphere, seeking every opportunity to right the wrongs of a misspent life. How long it may take him we cannot say. There were no faces smiling, nor white hands waving, a joyous welcome to him; but, instead, were seen bent forms, pinched faces, and trembling fingers that had stitched away the sunny days of youth in adding to his selfish greed. A sad, sad picture! But "the wages of sin is death." To him death was over all.

You may wonder why this soul should come to you. He comes through the magnetic forces of those spirit-friends who have been attracted to you through his mother, and the band allowed him to express himself, not alone to afford relief to him, but also to make you *feel* the truth that there is something more in Spiritualism than simply talk-

ing with your own loved friends, sweet and beautiful as this may be to you and to them.

They would have these lessons take hold upon your lives, making them sublimely eloquent, God-like, and pure. — EVA.





CIRCLE XXIII.

[Members all present. — This to J. F. Blair, my brother-in-law. — D. E. B.]

WHY SPIRITS RETURN.

BROTHER, the golden gates of spirit-life are ever open. Spirits *can* and *do* return to bless the sorrowful and comfort the hearts of the mourners. They *must* return to gather mortal conditions, to unlearn much that they have acquired in the form, and to make room for higher, holier, grander thoughts and aspirations. They come back as beacons to point the way by giving their own varied experiences.

They would tell you what is nature. Nature is the manifestation of God's love and power. Nature is the materialization of God's thought expressing itself in outward form to mortal vision. They would tell you of a higher and purer life to live.

Brother, to you the path is beginning to narrow. The shadows are beginning to lengthen; the sun

is in the west, and life's day is merging into the twilight of death.

Oh, live so in harmony with spirit-laws that your body may bloom into a fair and beautiful soul, growing brighter until it shall blossom like the stars in glory. — ORRIS BLAIR.





CIRCLE XXIV.

THE MAGNETIC FLUID.

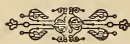
THE magnetic fluid emanating from a human body is of a whitish color, and is the primary, vital, life-principle,— the *subtle light*. It pervades, or is diffused through, all matter. When a body is moved rapidly this fluid becomes brilliantly white. It is not electricity, as it is often called, but the saving angel of the soul. All humanity have the power, insensibly, to give and to receive this magnetic fluid. The sick or feeble could not recover were it not for the power which they possess to draw this vitalizing life-principle from those surrounding them.

Many times you will see a patient rapidly gaining, and then, without apparent cause, begin to sink.

Magnetizers, and persons having care of the sick, should never, under any circumstances, enter the sick room in a state of anger or impatience, for anger always changes this life-giving fluid into

poison, and, instead of restoring and building up, it breaks down and destroys.

All healthy persons impart more or less of this fluid to invalids, who draw from them; but the magnetizers, or "healing mediums," as they are called, have a superabundance of this life-current, which is combined with the spirit-magnetism of the spirit-control. — THOMAS COURTRIGHT.





CIRCLE XXV.

Our Father, we would ask Thee to bless us; we would ask Thee to wrap the mantle of Thy love around us.

O God, we do not expect Thee to grant all our petitions; but, in the asking, our souls are brought nearer to Thee.

Some say that there is no God, because they cannot comprehend Thee; but, as the sun is the parent of the earth, so art Thou the Parent of all suns, of all solar systems, and of all life. — Mr. Fox.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A LOVING HEART.

WE would have you strive to develop the best and noblest qualities of your being. Do all that you can to live a pure and good life, so far as your earthly circumstances and surroundings will allow.

We know there are many stumbling-blocks in the way, and much to weigh down the soul that would rise; but the darkest and most grievous events of mortal life, if taken as lessons and patiently borne, will work out for you better conditions and greater possibilities.

If you labor to envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of love and harmony, you will essentially aid those who love you, and are endeavoring, day by day, to bring you to a higher condition.

The influence and example of a kind nature are of priceless value.

And of how much more account is man than are the flowers?

The rose, all unmindful of its sweetness, sends forth its fragrance on the passing breeze, to be inhaled by the weary traveler who lingers by the wayside to admire its beauties, and thank God for the rose.

The fragrance of a loving heart goes forth encircling many, and, through the many, encircling many more. Like the pebble thrown upon the bosom of the placid lake, it ripples away, circling wider and wider until it reaches the farthest shore.

The rose may be placed in unfavorable conditions; it may spring into life among rocks or stones; it may have to draw its sustenance from the hard, impoverished soil, and yet it struggles on, giving freely of its heart's sweetness to bless the children of toil.

Oftentimes a kind word, a pleasant smile, or a cordial grasp of the hand will do more to lighten the sorrowing soul than the bestowal of charitable gifts.

The aroma of a million flowers has not the sweetness of a tender, loving word.

There are those whose souls blossom with the fragrance of love. Their presence makes us glad, and we go from them stronger and more peaceful.

Papa, this is from uncle John's brother, ORRIS BLAIR.





CIRCLE XXVI.

HEAVEN IS WHERE THE LOVED ARE.

MUCH has been said, and there is still much talk, about the glories of heaven and its enjoyments, but think you all of the splendor of the eternal world could compensate the soul for the separation from or the loss of its loved ones? No; it is the knowledge that it can return, bringing the sweet love and wisdom which it has gathered from the life divine that makes the soul's heaven.

To know and to be known, to love and to be loved, to be assured that eventually all will be gathered into the immortal heritage, — this is, indeed, heaven. All else is but the expression or manifestation of this.

Selfishness is not love. Love is freedom, confidence, and trust.

Husbands and wives should feel that each has individual rights to be honored and respected by the other. Neither should ever attempt to coerce,

or in any way control. This begets anger, and leads to contempt and hatred. If there be a spirit-union between two persons, this union will be eternal.

There are many living together in this relation on earth who are nothing, or who become nothing, to each other in the land of souls. — EVA.





CIRCLE XXVII.

Our Infinite Parent, we ask Thee and those above us to help these earthly children on their way; and, O Father, give us of Thy spirit that we may help and uplift those who are earth-bound. — Mr. Fox.

THE POWER OF UNSELFISHNESS.

DEAR papa and mamma, I would have you live good and true lives; not alone for the good or benefit which it may bring to you, but because you will thereby bless those around you. No one can strive to live an unselfish life without being instrumental in uplifting human souls.

The subtle power of unselfish kindness will reach beyond this mundane world, and bind around you a chaplet of unfading glory whose resplendent rays will light the way for struggling souls through all the coming ages.

I feel a desire to urge and incite you to every good and noble work, for every day and every

hour I more fully realize how brief this mortal life is.

There is an endless future before you, but that future will be colored and shaded by the acts of this life.

Do not overlook the spirit in your care for the material, for the mind is more than the body, the spirit is more than the mind, and the soul is over and above all.

At this time myriads of spirits are hovering around you. It is a season when humanity is more negative to the influences of the higher life. This is the season when human hearts are stirred with love and kindly feeling one toward another, and as we cherish all of the beautiful associations of our former lives, so shall our spirit lives, in all things good, correspond similarly to your own.

We, too, are having our Christmas season. The joy of ours is the result, or reflex, of yours, for it is the work of the spirits to gather the glittering jewels of tender thoughtfulness, and arrange them in the mighty storehouse of your future lives.

Many little tokens of kind remembrance that have caused the tear of gratitude to start, or touched the tender chord of love in some human soul, perchance by you long since forgotten, will then meet and surprise you with their sparkling glory.

The religion that Jesus taught was: "Love one another." Do good one to another, even "as ye

would that men should do to you." This is all of religion.

To live a good life is not merely to refrain from wrong-doing, but rather to dissipate the anguish stamped upon human features, by blessing the world and making it better for your living in it.

EVA.





CIRCLE XXVIII.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death,— only a coming in, and a going out. That which passes from essence into nature is called *birth*; that which passes from nature into essence is called *death*. The universe is only *man* diffused. Man is the culmination of all the forces in nature.

There is a strong wave of love and affection from the soul-world bearing you onward and upward.

The evidence of an eternal existence has been vouchsafed to you as a protecting bulwark to your mortal life. From every earthly experience endeavor to draw power and strength to walk, side by side, with the great and mighty workers and thinkers of the immortal spheres.

This is the primary condition of the great school of eternal progress. Its longest term bears no comparison with that higher grade which reaches out and blends with the borders of infinitude.

It fills my soul with joy to feel that you are steadily traveling upward, daily getting clearer comprehension and understanding of the lessons which we are trying constantly to inculcate. By your individual experiences the beauties of immortality are registered in your lives.

Through the white light of love, which streams down from the angel world, your natures are capable of unfolding, like the beautiful flowers, into pure and perfect blossoms — EVA.

My dear friends, in my life I had no faith, no belief, in immortality. I believed that when we passed from earthly conditions it was all over with us, and the last. Nor did I believe in a Supreme Being. But now I would say to you, there is a God, a Center Soul, a Center Thought, from whom all things spring. If you endeavor to understand his laws, and live in accordance with them, you will reap the results, which will be joy and peacefulness to you.

God made the world for you; not you for the world. He has given to you bodies and souls. He has bequeathed to you reason and understanding.

These very gifts imply *action*. Fear not to exercise that fairest blossom of immortality — *reason*.

R. G. STEWART.



CIRCLE XXIX.

THE MOUNTAIN OF EXPERIENCE.

MAY the sorrows and trials of life purify your spirits. May every mistake be a lesson for good, showing the way to something better,—a warning to be more careful in the future. The way may be rough and uneven, full of the piercing thorns of persecution and adversity, but it is the grand pathway which leads up the mountain of experience, whose summit is bathed in the sunlight of eternal peace.

Darkness and sorrow are but stepping-stones to light and joy. Every sorrow, every heart-throb of anguish is fragrant with the sweet breath of unfoldment.

Every trial is an index-finger pointing to more lofty heights, where the shadows are changed to the radiant light which crowns with glory the archways of heaven.

We would have you gather all truth; and may a fore-glimpse of spirit-life, glimmering down from

realms above, light your pathway, and aid your trembling footsteps along the uneven corridors of human life until you reach the loftiest heights of mortal grandeur, where you will find freedom and exalted powers.

And when your freedom will have become available, we would have you gather the light of the summer-land into your souls; for if you do not weave its colorings into the woof of your mortal lives, you may be a long time in finding it when you reach the hereafter. — EVA.





CIRCLE XXX.

O mighty and holy spirits, draw near unto us tonight, and teach us to forgive that we may be forgiven. — MR. FOX.

NO DEFINED SEPARATION.

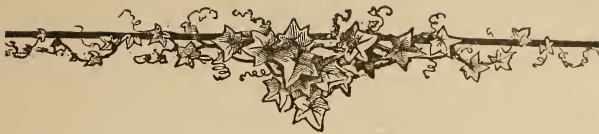
TO HIS WIFE. — The separation was hard for both of us until I was shown the usefulness, the beauty, and the tangibility of physical death. My girl, there is no actual, defined separation. The body, which was built up of earth-food, goes back and mingles with the elements from which it came, but not so the spirit. The *ego*, the I, who loved you, and who cherished and talked to you, lives, *lives*, and will *continue* to live, and for a grander purpose than earth can give. — THOMAS COURTRIGHT.

TO MR. BAILEY. — Daniel, I thank you for the privilege of coming to you. How I have longed to reach the heart of my companion, and now she begins to feel and realize it.

The question is often asked: "What is the use of spirit-rappings and knockings?" I answer: they are the throbbing pulsations of an invisible world. Every tiny rap is the heart-beat of some earnest and anxious soul longing to impart the glad tidings of a continued life. It may be the husband striving to say to his wife: "I am not dead, but would comfort, guard, and guide you. The golden love-links that bound our lives together are not severed, only expanded and glorified; and by and by there will be a glad reunion, an immortal wedlock."

A daughter may return, glowing with that grander knowledge obtained in the world above, and, by the gentle rap, the physical senses of the parents are reached, and through these senses the spiritual is awakened, and they listen while she says: "I am your child. She whom you mourned as lost. I would tell you how beautiful to me has been the change. I love you the same as of old. I *am* the *same*, only freed from the clogs of materiality." Is not *this* of *account*? And is it not worth both the living and the dying, too?—THOS. COURTRIGHT.





CIRCLE XXXI.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

EVERYTHING of religion, of science, and of philosophy that you possess and enjoy has been purchased by the hard labor and suffering of philosophers and reformers of past ages. That which in sorrow they sowed and planted, and watered with tears and blood, has yielded to you a rich harvest of golden fruit and spiritual knowledge; and you are the outgrowth of the past. So will you leave *your* life-legacy to those who come after or succeed you.

May your individual life-labors be so well performed that no break will be made nor stopping necessary to correct the follies — the persistent follies — of the past.

I see so many coming into the spirit-world who possessed good, kind hearts, and who, at times, labored earnestly for the right, and tried to advance the truth, but who, under the pressure of public opinion, became discouraged, faint-hearted,

and full of doubt. These find homes corresponding to their lives.

No beautiful gardens, nor lovely grounds with fair prospects, but a tangled wildwood, with here and there an occasional patch of bright flowers and fragrant blossoms, and again overgrown and overrun with rank weeds.

The law of *cause* and *effect* is unyielding. What we sow even that must we reap. I tell you this that you may try and understand the law, and conform to its inevitable purposes; for you know that Time sits at the loom and silently plies the shuttle while weaving the strangely-variegated woof into the web of human life. And every hour, while here in this nursery-existence, you are preparing the bright threads of gold with which to beautify and strengthen, or the dark, uneven shadings to mar and weaken, this web that reaches beyond your mortal life. — EVA.





CIRCLE XXXII.

BROKEN CRUMBS.

I CANNOT express my gratitude to you for the privilege of coming. To me it seems the greatest of all blessings.

The spirit-world is now able to impart only broken crumbs compared with that which it will be able to give when the angry waves of opposition and ignorance shall have calmed down into the gentle ripplings of love and harmony. It is sometimes very hard for a gentle, loving spirit to overcome or penetrate the cold, dark wave of unbelief; and yet, beneath all of this opposition and hardness, we can see the vital forces at work which are destined to bring forth the grandest science of the soul.

It is often the case when a spirit finds, for the first time, an opportunity to communicate with friends that all of the thoughts and feelings of the lost days of earth-life rush through his mind, affecting him very much; and, unless he can have the sincere sympathy and encouragement of his friends, he cannot express himself. — THOS. COURTRIGHT.



CIRCLE XXXIII.

SOUL-GROWTH.

I HAVE found out, or ascertained, one thing since I was here before. As soon as the spirit is developed it begets a conscious condition, and feels the full responsibility of its past life. He sorrows for the acts committed through ignorance and the force of circumstances, and endeavors to counteract their evil effects; but he does not feel that keen anguish for these mistakes which he feels for wrongs committed against his own judgment.

Death at sixty and seventy years is natural. The spirit becomes expanded, and requires a new and different body through which to express itself. So it is with the spirit all through spirit-life. It is not subject to a physical death, such as mortals pass through; but, as the soul advances, it throws off all that tends to clog, impede, or hinder its progress.

Thought is that which is immortal. It throws off lower and takes on higher forms, as the need arises.

Matter is not inwrought in soul. Matter is distinct, and is that which is acted upon by spirit.

Thought is seen and understood through the magnetic currents. Everything, however slight, that transpired, every action of my whole life, is now clearly visible. The smallest misdeeds are perfectly distinct. Indeed, they seem as eternal as the soul itself. At first, this seemed strange to me, but now it is all made clear.—R. G. STEWART.





CIRCLE XXXIV.

THE TORCH OF IMMORTALITY.

TO MRS. HUSTED. — It was only the dust of your darling that was buried out of your sight. It went back to “mother earth” to mingle with its original elements; but the gem, all sparkling with the glory of the Infinite, has gone to a richer and grander setting, whose light will guide you up into the bright realms of thought.

The blighted bud of earth is unfolding into a fair and fragrant blossom.

Father and mother, gather of the sweetness, and rejoice. Death is the key-note of human affections.

When a loved one is removed from mortal embrace, with what longings the poor, crushed, bleeding heart cries out: “Where is my darling?”

Spiritualism is rolling the stone away from the sepulcher, and the angels of mercy are lighting up the dark passages of human agony with the torch of immortal life. — EVA.



CIRCLE XXXV.

DEATH CLAIMS ONLY THE BODY.

YOU see I find myself with you again. I can hardly tell how it is, but the interest which you took in my darkened condition — even as you thought it would — led me to think also; and now I would earnestly thank you.

Death claims only the body. The soul returns, and possesses all of its attributes. The affectionate nature, the intellectual powers, the intelligence and the consciousness, all are quickened into active play; and, when the spirit becomes refined and experienced, it understands that the life of the body is one of preparation for that which is beyond; and this memory, which seems so quickened and intensified, is that which gives the greatest impetus to the soul.

Memory is that which gives the power of comparison, and assists in exploring mysteries — the mysteries of life — and also in solving its problems. — R. G. STEWART.



CIRCLE XXXVI.

A visit to the Sanitarium, or place devoted to the care of Little Waifs.

A SPIRIT-SANITARIUM.

THIS place, which we have been permitted to visit, and where we have learned and enjoyed so much, extends, as you would calculate it, over thousands of acres. There are no square buildings. Every dwelling and edifice is of a circular shape. In the center is an immense rotunda, surrounded by circle after circle of these circular-formed dwellings, until they reach the very verge of this paradise-home. There are beautiful gardens and extensive lawns, diversified by trees and shrubs, rippling streams and murmuring cascades. Everywhere, and on every hand, is a profusion of flowers of infinite variety, color, and perfume.

On one side towers a grand range of mountains, their tops bathed in the gold and purple light. There are no rough or rugged features about these

mountains, their sides and summits being rounded off in lines of charming beauty. At their base, and skirting them, is a plain of deep, tangled wild-wood with shady glens, streams of pure, running water, and crystal-gemmed fountains throwing up sprays sparkling with all of the prismatic hues of the rainbow. There is everything in and around these dwellings to please and charm the eye of childhood, and over all reposes the soft, gentle light of restful peace.

The little waifs — blighted buds of earth, who had been abused and treated so unkindly that life had no brightness, and became too great a burden for them to bear — are taken to the Sanitarium and given in charge of mother-spirits; and there are hundreds of these mothers who impart to their little charges their own warm, magnetic love, thus infusing into their souls a new, sweet joy never before experienced by these unfortunate little ones.

These spirit-parents, mothers and fathers, do not become weary of this "labor of love," for their love has developed into the divine blossom that embraces and blesses all alike with a tenderness unknown among mortals.

With what patient love and kindness they lead these little ones through all of the varied ways of experience, finding their reward in the sweet draughts of affection which are given without stint so fresh and pure. And thus they work on,

teaching and weaving the garments of beauty for these children who have no bright threads of endearing affection to draw them back to earth.

They are surrounded by everything calculated to cultivate and draw out the sweetest attributes of their natures.

The first, or outer, circle is the nursery. The second is where they are permitted to play and amuse themselves. The next, or third, circle is where they receive their object-lessons; and next to this the higher branches, where they are taught to sing. Only those who possess talent and the love of music are required to take part in this last exercise. They come through the law of attraction, and warble forth their sweet songs, because their souls are attuned to harmony. One of these schools was on the lawn when we arrived, and, as they came forward to meet us, clapping their little hands in greeting, they sang to us a song of welcome. And, oh, such exquisite melody! I cannot describe it,—hundreds of little voices blending and rolling out in billows of matchless harmony.

Dear Dora was at home here at once. All of her mother-love came forth, and received a simultaneous response. Her face was radiant, and it was beautiful to see her in the midst of these little ones.

The first and second circles are very material,

and in everything correspond with the earth-conditions.

Here there are many females who, in earth-life, were married, but who never became mothers, owing to their creative energy and reproductive organs having been imperfectly developed or impaired.

The tender germs that are rudely wrenched from the conditions of natural law are received by these females, and, through them, are passed through all of the stages of gestation. And thus the broken links are taken up, adjusted, and the law of nature goes forward.

We were many days examining into the workings of this society, after which we came back to earth with one whose mission it is to gather up these little ones.

Some of these earth-conditions are very shocking. You live, and are surrounded by these transactions, but happily are totally ignorant of the thousands of lives that are crushed out in a day.

But all of this is caused by ignorance. Time and growth will remove every error, and correct all mistakes.

When Mr. Fox saw how deeply impressed we were at the sight of these things, he said: "Remember that there is a future stretching out and on,— forever on; and every age is higher and better in some things than the one which preceded it."

There are many ways of educating these chil-

dren. In the first place, they are surrounded by everything that will lead to thought and investigation; and when they become interested in any object or subject, some one is always ready to instruct and lead them on from *cause to effect*.

There is no selfishness to mar the calm serenity of this pure and holy place. The temperature is always mild and beautiful, the atmosphere soft and balmy, and all things perfectly and completely balanced. "Peace and Purity" are written with the sunbeam of God's smile upon everything.

Each day brings its fresh and glowing lesson of experience. Each day these precious buds and beautiful blossoms bring new strength and tenderness to those unselfish, loving mothers and teachers as they earnestly study their children's needs and wants.

An inter-blending of all that is grand, noble, and beautiful gives inspiration, and fills the soul with the sweet possibilities of life. There are many schools, and many grades. It is quite impossible to describe to you the different ways and modes of instruction. Suffice it to say that they are all natural, genial, and pleasant.

In this great rotunda, or central building, there are many apartments, in which painting, sculpture, music, and, in fact, all of the fine arts are taught; and here those of higher experience come to teach and instruct.

The council hall of this great building is the

most beautiful of any that I have ever seen. It is fitted up in the most exquisite and harmonious manner, and is adorned with soul-pictures, statuary, and forms of glorious beauty. It is a place of divine power, a home of inspiration. Here the patient workers and loving teachers take counsel together, and receive inspiration from those pure beings who have never known the sin of the mortal, but who have passed through this nursery, and advanced "onward and upward" into the very "Holy of holies."

It is a sorry sight when the earthly parents of these children are permitted to see them.

Notwithstanding they may have thought that their offspring had passed into oblivion, they know them at once, and they also see and feel the enormity of their acts and offenses.

But these children have no affinity whatever for the parents; and sometimes these noble-hearted teachers turn away with a shudder of pain at the terrible agony of those self-accusing souls, who, perhaps, in the mortal, were looked upon as *models* of Christian perfection. — EVA.





CIRCLE XXXVII.

[All present. — This from Freddie Gager, who came to us a boy, but who has passed to higher duties.]

WHY THE FUTURE IS NOT DISCLOSED.

IT is often asked: “Why do not the spirits tell us what is going to happen? Why do they not tell us when our friends are going to die, that we may be prepared?”

I tell you there are many things for the future to disclose which would not be well for you to know. The knowledge thereof would unfit you for the duties of the present hour. The Eternal Purpose has kindly veiled them from you. The little warnings which are now often given are doubted, and seldom heeded. Then why should mortals ask for more? The wise and advanced spirits who influence and direct your guardian spirits and those nearest to you have some knowledge of future events, but they will not reveal this

knowledge to those below themselves unless they see that, if heeded, the information will be of great and general good. Do not desire to have future events made known to you, but rather strive to beautify and round out the circle of your lives, and open the avenues of your being to the nearer approach of your guardian spirits that they may be able to take hold of circumstances and conditions, and thereby avoid impending dangers and coming evils.

The more you strive to live *en rapport* with your spirit-guides, the more easy and possible will it be for them to protect you from coming harm.

FREDDIE.





CIRCLE XXXVIII.

ETERNAL UNFOLDMENT.

WHAT a sublime thought that we have an eternity in which to explore the circles of all wisdom and of all truth; a forever in which to unravel, and to make plain and clear, all that has passed; an eternity in which to straighten the tangled threads of life; a forever in which to be able to clearly perceive and understand that all evil is undeveloped good, and the things which to us seem so vile and wicked are only those which are out of place.

If a man were never to wander away from his home, he would never know the sweet joy of returning. If he never transgressed, he would never know the strength of reform. If he never failed, he would never feel the glorious thrill of triumph.

The science of the eternal, or of eternity, and, indeed, of all things else, is *growth* and endless progression.

A life of perfection is one without action; and a stagnant life is one of torture and unrest.

Now, dear friends, there is soon coming over your fair earth a new, a higher, and grander spiritual manifestation. And, oh, my dear friends, I wish I could express to you the thanks I feel for all that you have done for me; but just a little while and some of you will exchange the wintry forests of material life for the blossoming beauties of the summer-land, where the golden sunlight of God's smile will melt away all of the first discordant notes of materiality, resolving them into sweet songs of rejoicing. Then will you understand the heart and feelings of — FREDDIE.





CIRCLE XXXIX.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW.

INTELLECT cannot be limited. From birth to death man is continually learning, gaining knowledge through his experience. Man himself never originated or invented anything. He only arrives at that condition of development where he possesses the *underlying principle*, and by his mental activity he gives it expression and form. The principle always existed. There is nothing new. It was, it is, and it always will be "the same yesterday, today, and forever."

When Spiritualism first came to be recognized, it was thought to be something new; but I tell you it is as old as infinity,—only man's perceptive faculties have been shrouded in darkness and materiality,—and now, after long years of unfoldment, they are becoming quickened into a recognition of *spirit*.

Humanity has arrived at the period where it is rapidly merging into the realm of mental and

spiritual philosophy. It is progressing out of the condition of fear, and is, therefore, becoming more hospitable to the visitors from beyond. The title is a small amount; but where is the sage or scientist who can calculate or explain it?

The time is coming when this fact will be established,—that there is no conflict between the science of the soul and the science of matter; and, when that time shall have arrived, these sounds will be read as easily, and with as great rapidity, as your telegraphic messages are now.

The spirit-friends will not then be obliged to come and take up the mortal conditions, and labor so hard to make forms by which to convince your senses; but, on the electric wires of thought will come the glad messages from the more exalted circles of spirit-life. — EVA.





CIRCLE XL.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD AND LIFE REAL.

THERE are a great many opinions of spirit and the spirit-world. Some believe that all of the beautiful homes, grand cities, and lovely surroundings spoken of and described by spirits are only the ideal creation of mind, and, therefore, have no real existence. This is not correct. Our world and our bodies are composed of the same spirit-element and nerve-fluid; therefore, our world and our surroundings are as real and tangible to us as the material world is to you. When the spirits are questioned as to how they build their homes, and plant their gardens, they reply: "By our will-power." This is correct. And is it not the same with you? Only your material bodies are so dense, and all of your surroundings so gross and crude, that what would take months and years — owing to the slowness of motion — for you to execute is with us almost instantaneous, owing to the mobility and tenuity of matter belonging to our realm. Motion is the spirit and essence of life. To me

the mortal seems but the shadow of the real, substantial life of the spirit-world; but we cannot make you understand, for your conception, at most, only reaches to the borders of the infinite circle of things. We build our homes, we furnish and adorn them with whatever pleases our taste; we lay off our grounds, and beautify them with lawns, shrubs, trees, and flowers.

The matter surrounding us is, like our bodies, attenuated, refined, and ethereal. The rapidity of motion is so great compared with the slowness of motion and the grossness of material matter that it appears but to wish is to execute; and the act of volition is one of creation also; and yet to us it is labor, — pleasant, beautiful labor, — else we could not enjoy these things.

It is like your willing and wishing to walk or to move some part of your body. You realize the motion, but cannot explain how or why it is. You only know, or feel, that mind is the propelling power. All things are the result of spirit-force. Mind-force cannot be seen, but it has sufficient power to overthrow or revolutionize the world.

Poetry, music, and art are all the result, or expression, of this wondrous power.

Mortal man is the casket in which is locked this priceless jewel. Death is the warden, who draws the bolt and bids the germ of angel-hood to come forth and rejoice in all of the vigor and strength of active life. — FREDDIE.



CIRCLE XLI.

SPIRITUALISM IS A CHILD YET.

WE have heard a remark like this: "It is so strange that spirits cannot materialize without the condition of darkness." Is it, indeed, so very strange? Where is the human soul who has not passed through the dark chamber of the mother while taking on the material form,—drawing from her nerve-fluids, and taking the material atoms from her body? A seed is placed beneath the soil, and *in the dark*, that it may come forth in form and beauty. Darkness is the great womb of nature.

In the process of building the mortal body, outer surroundings and conditions sometimes produce distortions and monstrosities. If Spiritualists and investigators will patiently and quietly study these laws, they will perceive how the sitters themselves influence the phenomena, and will not so readily pass judgment if they do not always get perfect models of their materialized friends. Spiritualism

is a child yet. The child is not the man; there must be time and growth. The child has surely come to stay. It has come to live and grow into a grand and glorious manhood, holding the golden key with which to unlock the treasure-house of all science.—EVA.





CIRCLE XLII.

[Members all present.—This from Col. Harwood, who was a very active Episcopalian before “crossing the river.”]

ALL MAY RETURN.

I AM very glad to come. I find that a way is opened for the return of every soul, and I am informed by angelic beings that it has always been so. It seems to me like the great highway of the soul's affection, and the way all wreathed with the smile of God's love.

Oh, how vast, how vast, is the world in which I now live! All that I wish for is extended to me. I see and feel so much that fills me with joy that my constant thanksgiving is demanded, and every hour I kneel and thank God for His great and tender mercies. I used to think it my duty, as you know, to speak out my convictions. I thought I was a Christian; now I see many places where I might have done better. I did not

do my whole duty to others. I feel thankful for this exchange of thought with you. Many things which, at the time, made but slight impression are now clear; at least, I see them differently.

I now see that I cannot be forgiven for any wrong committed in the body. It must all be worked out through personal endeavor; but it is not an easy matter to change the tenor of a lifetime. I cannot tell why I have these peculiar feelings; but I find, through logical reasoning, that all action of matter is an expression of spirit. Oh, the wonderful power of spirit over matter! But what is still more wonderful to me is the psychological power of spirit over spirit. There is a psychologic and a physical manifestation of power which I am not able at this time to define; but sometime in the future perhaps I may.

I find that, instead of a world having been made in six days, as recorded in Genesis, there are worlds, suns, and orbs still in solution; and, through the action of natural law, after millions of years of contraction and expansion in the whirling vortex of space, perhaps they may become visible to you. I can now trace a parallelism between those ancient records and the more modern manifestations of spirit-power. Oh, how wonderfully it has been revealed to me that there is no such thing as positive evil in the world. That which is called evil, and attributed to the Devil, or the Satanic power acting in opposition to God, is, I now per-

ceive, misdirected good, and misdirection is the result of ignorance. For instance: the power exercised by man to kill his neighbor, if directed instead for his neighbor's benefit would result in good to both. The power that kills also saves. I feel in duty bound to tell you this, however different from my former belief it may be.

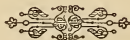
High as the eternal spheres, and deep as the unfathomable depths of infinitude, is the realm of soul-thought.

We take with us all that constitutes our individuality; memory quickened, affection intensified, intelligence broadened and enlarged.

Thoughts are visible through magnetic currents. The intensity of motion is very great,—nearly eight hundred trillions of undulating waves pass through a given point in a second of time.

The invisible is greater than the visible. “For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive,” means that Adam represents the physical, and Christ the spiritual, part of man.—

COL. F. HARWOOD.





CIRCLE XLIII.

AN IMPENETRABLE CLOUD.

THE inner condition of mortals always affects our intercourse with them. For instance: when the opposite, or passions, rule or predominate, they seem to us to be enveloped in an impenetrable cloud. Many times have I seen these surroundings become so dark and polluted, through yielding to temptation, that loved ones — whose greatest joy was to return to their friends laden with the sweet-scented blossoms of heavenly experience, to lay them upon love's sacred altar — were subjected to the deepest disappointment. Their brightness pales before this darkness. They cannot penetrate this wall of materiality; and so, if any message be given at all, it must pass through some one more material than themselves.

You have no idea how much these things affect the friends who are so anxious to break off all of these shackles of habit, and instead to implant the beautiful gift of liberty. — EVA.



CIRCLE XLIV.

OUR SPIRIT-HOMES LIKE OURSELVES.

SOMETIMES it seems a necessity to our happiness and progress to come to our mortal friends, and receive their sympathy and magnetism. The air which you breathe is dense enough for us to walk upon. I want to tell you of this life which is already mine, and yours, too, in a few revolving seasons.

This life is as real to the spirit as yours is to you. Yet all that we see, all that we enjoy, and all that we have, is of our own production. If there are grand mountains, lovely valleys, murmuring streams, and glorious landscapes, they are the result of our own condition. If we have homes, we make and fashion them of the substance attracted to us by our own thoughts.

I knew my home at once, it was so like me; not like the outward expression, but like the inner man I knew so well. It was a rude structure, with here and there an elegant finish representing some good aspiration, some little charity. This is

the soul-life. There are the good and the pure; there are the low and the debased; there are the happy and the wretched; but, through the operation of God's infinite law, they will, in time, all be indemnified. God bless Sena! God bless Sena! Tell her that, in the future, she will be mine, for we were soul-mated. Here there are none of the infirmities of age; there are no physical deformities; but, oh, Daniel, the blemishes of the spirit stand out in such bold relief! This no one can escape. It is the experience of all.

I found good deeds — or those most earnestly and sincerely intended as such by me, but which, through the force of circumstances, were prevented or unfulfilled — here culminated into full fruition. So it is with opportunities lost,— they are plainly seen, and most deeply felt.

Oh, my friends, I feel my heart swell with the grand and beautiful things which surround me.

The thoughts of the Infinite are the pulsations of the universe. My surroundings seem to enlarge my powers, and widen the scope of my observation.

I would have Sena feel that, in dropping the body, I gained in the spirit. I have learned the religion of the soul.

I can perceive the light; and yet I sometimes feel that if I could have had a longer experience in the body it would have been better in my home.

Oh, the glory! Oh, the grandeur! Oh, the magnificence!

My heart burns to tell you, to describe it to you; but mortal language is inadequate, because mortal eyes have never looked upon it.—THOMAS COURTRIGHT.





CIRCLE XLV.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that can be given you from each and every grade of spirit-life and spirit-unfoldment, you must still, of necessity, be ignorant of the glory and beauty of the land of soul; and, like the blind, who listens to a glowing description of the sun, the stars, the mighty ocean, and the flower-gemmed earth, his imagination colors and arranges these things; but, lo! when the scales have fallen from his eyes, with what wondering surprise and admiration does he view these scenes! We can only impress upon you the reality of life—a continued life—and your spiritual condition.

Humanity is in its moral infancy. In the unfolding years of human life to come spirit will more fully pervade matter. It will then be able to express itself more satisfactorily.

Humanity will then advance in intelligence and refining influence more in one day than it can now



CIRCLE XLVII.

NO PERSONAL GOD.

OH, my friend, I feel more than I can express,
and see more than I can formulate.

Oh, my God, what sensations pass over me as I tell you that the old headlands of theology are drifting and fading away.

At first, I was all at sea, but thanks to the noble-hearted ones, whose lives are devoted to their fellow-beings, I now have the chart of reason and the compass of God's love.

The personal God whom I worshiped has vanished into thin air, and instead I behold a mighty, infinite Principle pervading and extending over all, and finding expression and servants in natural laws. What we can understand of these, as manifested in nature and in life, is all we can know of God. There is a ceaseless struggle going on between the material and the spiritual.

All suffering comes only as correction.

I am lost in wonder at the great capabilities of the human soul. Behold the great and mighty minds of past ages as they step across the centuries, taking away the disintegrating properties of matter, and again calling matter together without organic or natural law. — COL. F. HARWOOD.





CIRCLE XLVIII.

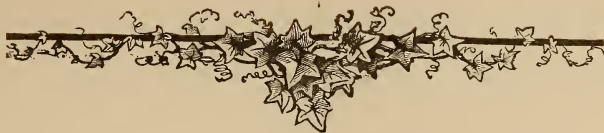
A COURT OF JUSTICE IN EVERY SOUL.

THE only road leading to a true and happy life is the one laid out by reason and experience. There is a "court of justice" in every human soul, at whose bar every action of the individual must be arraigned for approval or condemnation.

Papa and mamma, I would have you pluck all of the weeds and tares from the garden of your lives by your will-power and determination. Pluck them up by the roots, and in their stead plant the pure, white rose of love and harmony. Let doubt and distrust have no place in your hearts! Then will your home be a paradise of beauty where high and holy ones will be attracted, and they will come and sit with you in the morning and in the evening; and when the change called "death" shall come, you will hardly know when the material life leaves off and the spiritual begins.

Oh, papa and mamma, if I could only take you by the hand and lead you up to my spirit-home; but I cannot. Mortal language fails,— it fails!

EVA.



CIRCLE XLIX.

PROGRESS A LAW OF LIFE.

ALL of the wealth of the world seems but a bubble — but dross — when compared with the wealth of the soul who cares for and who serves his fellow-beings.

Progress is a law of life; it is a child of the Infinite; it knows no limit, because all of the boundless regions of heaven, earth, and space are open to its research. It is forever unfolding grander forms of beauty, nobler forms of thought. The great ocean of spiritual substances is forever moving and stirred by the thought of man. If a great, noble, or inventive thought is projected by an individual, it rolls on until it finds lodgment in another mind, where it tarries for a time to gather strength, when it becomes disengaged, and travels on until it becomes the guest of another soul who gives it form and expression. Hence, how necessary it is that all thought should be of that nature which will benefit humanity.

In the coming time all telegraphing and telephoning will be superseded by a system of thought-transfer, reaching not only to the material and spirit realms, but holding sweet communion with every star and planet in harmony with this.

When it is necessary for a change, or for complete reform, thousands in spirit-land blend all of their powers and energies into one purpose and action, and through this united effort they are enabled to bring about the results for which they wished and labored. — EVA.





CIRCLE L.

SUBTLETY OF SPIRIT LAWS.

IN returning to manifest and to communicate we are subject as it were to two laws: the spiritual, reaching out and acting upon, and in unison with the material law. Some ask: "Why are you always talking about conditions? If it were spirits, I am sure they would come to me, and do thus and so." These same individuals know nothing of the vibrating movements which constitute the spiritual life of the universe. The laws governing mediumship and spirit communion are subtle in the extreme.

The tiny dew-drop found in the opening flower is governed by a law as grand and patent as that which hurls the destructive thunderbolt from the lightning-cloud. Every hour, by and through the assistance of the spirit-world, man is making discoveries and improvements in the application of natural laws. So, in time, will he become as familiar with spiritual laws.

There is more in Spiritualism than just believing in the phenomena. The time is coming when mortal man will not in any way be annoyed by his surroundings, but will be able to make all things below him subserve their proper use and purpose.

If all would strive to find the good in one another, as they do to find the bad, this beautiful condition of life would soon be reached; but, in tending to the weeds in our neighbor's garden, we neglect to pluck the poisonous nettles from our own.

When you are harmonious, you give us strength to work, and every effort that you make for the right gives us courage to go on in the great work of reform, and binds the love-links closer and still closer around us.

Every human soul desires a continued life, ever reaching, ever longing to know and to be known, and to have an individualized being after the mysterious change called "death."

These desires are sacred,—they are eternal. They are the true instincts of the human soul, and *must* find a fulfillment. To honest and earnest investigators, the bridge which spans the deadline of humanity has become visible. It has long been hidden by the rank weeds of ignorance and superstition; but, as the light of truth and the soul's affection shine upon it, it gleams, like the "bow of promise," in every sad and sorrowing soul. The loved ones, coming across, can only

bring a few broken threads of gold from the woof of the web of eternal promise.

Sometimes they are only able to produce a fluid image, yet I know I can see that the time is coming when they will be as substantial to you as they are to us. — EVA.





CIRCLE LI.

SPIRIT-MEDIUMS.

THESE are spirits who possess a positive will-force. Their connection and sympathy with the physical world are strongly marked. They also possess a large amount of will-power, through the operation of which they are sometimes able to make startling manifestations. These spirits who, like our darling Jimmy, are good and truthfully disposed are of incalculable service to those exalted ones who dwell in the realm of thought. These find it much easier to communicate through the agency of mind; hence, they impress their thoughts upon these receptive beings, and they in turn give them to mortals in their own simple language, receiving and giving instruction at the same time. When Jimmy was first introduced into our circle, there were spirits present who regarded him with haughty disdain. At length they became amused at his odd sayings, and then interested, and finally thoughts were presented which touched a chord in their beings; and these

thoughts, though clothed in the illiterate language of childhood, became to them the probing lance of *truth*. Through the mediumship of this boy they have been led out of darkness into light, from ignorance to understanding. They have become emancipated, and the creedal chains have dropped from their fettered limbs. Now they are able to take up the thread of their existence,—to take up that which is theirs by inherent law. And now these newly-awakened souls are eagerly seeking every opportunity to inculcate the beautiful lesson which they have received, to “love ye one another.”

To communicate audibly there must be materialization, and darkness is the necessary condition for materialization, because the chemical combinations and atoms floating in the atmosphere, which the spirit must use to clothe itself temporarily, are disintegrated by the presence of light diffused, and cannot be held together.

Light, acting upon the elements of the universe, keeps them in a state of activity and motion which prevents the spirit from gathering these elements and forces, as he is able to do when they are in a state of repose.

Some spirits are not able to materialize at all, owing to their timidity, and some can only materialize through the assistance of others, while the mission of this darling child is *threefold*. — EVA.



CIRCLE LII.

LAWS OF MIND AND MATTER.

I FEEL so happy, so glad, to be with you again. Papa, this child's mission is three-fold, because the thoughts given through him not only instruct both you and him, but are also overheard by listening ones who are now in a dazed and bewildered condition, but who will yet blossom out into good and beautiful results.

Every day spirits are learning a little more concerning the law operating between mind and matter, and are governing their manifestations accordingly. The real knowledge of these laws is slowly acquired, and must be gained through personal experience; but mortals are now beginning to look upon these manifestations as something natural, and in accordance with natural law.

The day is not far distant when both embodied and disembodied spirits will have schools and colleges where they will study the higher and more occult laws.

Papa, this is reunion week, when those who have ascended into higher spheres return and visit those in the first sphere. — EVA.



CIRCLE LIII.

THE VALLEY OF SIN.

I HAVE been down into the valley where darkness abounds, where sin-covered souls roam aimlessly about. I have witnessed the pain and sorrow of those who are under the cloud of darkness and fear. I have seen great, manly forms shake, like aspen leaves, at the tones of a mother's voice. I have seen the great and mighty ones of earth, whose lives were spent in the accomplishment of their own selfish ends, bowed down with an agony of remorse when wooed by the tender love of a darling sister. I have seen the rough, hardened murderer softened and subdued by the gentle caress of a child.

Again, I have seen all kind advances spurned and rejected; and still the work of ministration was carried forward. No accusations, no censure, but every little grain of kindness, every little bit of charity, is sought after and encouraged.

Here the most seraphic and spotless beings that

ever lived on earth, or ever reached the farthest verge of infinite glory, feel it a privilege to minister to these sin-sick souls.

They have passed through all of the hard and unfavorable ways of mortal life, and through labor and earnest endeavor have passed up higher. They never forget their former low condition, but as they ascend higher and still higher, their love and sympathy grow stronger for the unfortunate ones who are yet in ignorance and darkness.

They tell them of their own sad and sorrowful experience, and how possible it is for them also to come up higher; and, too, they tell them of the compensating life before them.

After much labor and many trials those darkened souls vibrate to the tender touch of these beautiful beings, and, anon, the sweet melody of fraternal sympathy breaks over the inner temple of their souls, and their lives become attuned to the grandest harmony of angelic spheres, the loving service of mankind.

My dear friends all, you are the sentinels on the outposts of spiritual advancement. Do like these exalted ones. Give encouraging thoughts and words to the lowly ones. Then will sin and wrongdoing cease, sorrow and suffering flee away, as shadows recede before the rising sun; good will triumph, and earth become a paradise so closely and harmoniously blended with the spiritual that

mortal and spirit will walk hand in hand, and converse together face to face.

The great souls who have been gathering the rich experience and knowledge of past ages will come, all radiant in the white light of redemption, bringing their rare gems and jewels of thought as a love-offering to man. Then will have arrived, most surely, the millennium foretold by ancient prophets and seers.

For this condition, and to save man from the consequences of sin, the great, the noble, and the true of spirit-life work unswervingly. The incrustations of false teachings are crumbling away. The smoldering fires of inspiration are quickening with new life.

The world is about to encounter a great spiritual epoch, and those who will not labor in the harvest will be swept away. — EVA.



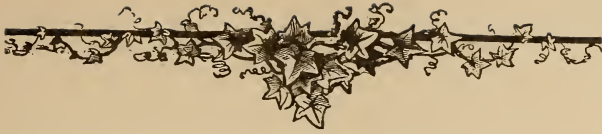


CIRCLE LIV.

EVIDENCES OF GOD'S WISDOM.

SOME say: "There is no God." Oh, why does puny man reason and doubt in this way when he can see the splendor of the Infinite all around him! What Power is that which has spread out such beauty and glory all over the face of the universe? We see, on every hand, the glowing radiance of a divine purpose. We see the nucleus of a new world in the most eccentric comet, as it sweeps its flashing trail through the orbits of surrounding worlds. And, in the rolling worlds on high, we behold a purpose, a divine wisdom, a beautiful harmony. And is this all chance? Nay: I tell you nay!

Every drop of blood in your veins, every tissue of your body, speaks of the wisdom of a God. I believe that every thing is an emanation from an Ever Ruling Soul; and this Ever Ruling Soul is the law which fashions all in beauty and in harmony; and every soul is an individualized part of this God-force that evolves the universe. It is only when we think of it as having a form and possessing the attributes of a person that we become lost, confused, and in doubt.—COL. HARWOOD.



CIRCLE LV.

LOVE OPENS THE DOOR OF THE INNER LIFE.

FAPA, these are a few of my own thoughts:—
Truth, evolved from spirit-life, is making its way into all society. It is making its way into the churches; nearly all ministers have, at times, inspired utterances; all preach Spiritualism, more or less dressed and disguised in the scanty swaddling clothes of the past.

Love, the angel of the human soul, has unlocked the door of the inner life, and left it ajar. Trembling mortals have looked within, and, oh, what a vista of matchless splendor beyond the mystic gate of death!

They have caught a fore-glimpse of the real life, and will accept its blessings. The old is passing away. The religion of fables must give way to the religion of love; for mortals have felt the baptism of inspiration.—EVA.



CIRCLE LVI.

HUMAN LIBERTY AND ADVANCEMENT.

HOW little do mortals know and understand the deep, earnest labor of the spirits in the sacred cause of human liberty and human advancement.

In the first sphere of spirit-life there are large societies and councils of reformers and philanthropists, who meet together to combine their powers, and shed their magnetic and quickening influences upon susceptible men and women, whose hearts beat in tender sympathy with suffering humanity.

In these councils they form plans for the alleviation of the poor and suffering ones of earth, whose heart-throbs of anguish are forever surging up to the immortal shore. They have their committees and sub-committees, whose duty it is to impress upon sensitive beings the great necessity of more brotherly love. Sympathy and justice, and the more latent powers within, are quickened and brought into action. These sensitive mortals may be all unconscious of the conception and source of

their grand thoughts and plans; but through this energy they are given form and expression in "Homes" and other provisions made for the relief of the poor and friendless. These "Homes" and "Institutions" are a benefit for a time, or until selfishness creeps in, when the blight of the serpent is over all. This will be repeated again and again until the enemy is vanquished and selfishness is dead.—EVA.





CIRCLE LVII.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I HAVE made a feeble effort to give you some idea of the great and grand possibilities of the human race and the lights to which they may attain in the unfolding future.

Humanity is now old enough and developed to the standpoint where it begins to understand and rejoice in the revelation concerning its destiny.

To you, the evolution of these higher principles and conditions may seem slow; but to the spirit who sees thoughts and emotions, and deals only with spirit, the changes are wonderful, and the growth rapid.

Then how blessed it must be for all of those who work and walk hand in hand with the spirit-world to lead humanity up to a higher and better standard of living, and who labor to hasten the coming of that golden era of perfect love, light, and liberty? These are really the *saviors* of the world.

Dear papa, mamma, and friends, you have no

idea of the extended good of these little gatherings in this upper room. There are hundreds of people who, though they may never have spoken with you, have been led to think and to seek investigation through the thoughts that have gone out from this place.

Thought waves are never lost. All of the requisite conditions necessary to procure perfect communication are not yet known, or understood, by either mortals or spirits. — EVA.





CIRCLE LVIII.

AVOID WRONG.

EXERT all of your God-given powers to avoid that which you know to be positively wrong. Yield not to that which destroys the impulse to do right, which weakens and impairs the moral nature; that which, for a few brief hours of gratification, brings only suffering, sadness, and remorse.

Strive, every day and every hour, to do that which you know to be right, and in that fairer land of life where you will be reunited with your loved ones, and find companionship with the great souls who work for human redemption, you will find that every effort you have made for good is a pearl, every true action a jewel, every gentle thought a gem, strung together on the silver threads of love; a beautiful rosary to bless and adorn your homes, of more value to the soul than all of the beads that were ever strung or blessed by priest or prelate. — EVA.



CIRCLE LIX.

BE TRUE SPIRITUALISTS.

IT is not only your own friends and kindred who come to you from time to time in this place, but a great host of immortal workers whose souls are bathed in the purer light of the divine elements and influences of unselfish lives. Each one brings influences peculiar to himself of strength, of comfort, and of solace.

One brings the power of healing, another the quickening spirit of holy inspiration, while others make all radiant and glad with their sweet, celestial sympathy.

And all of these work together with one accord to free your lives from envy and strife, from old opinions and prejudices, and surround you with a sphere of love, like a zone of light, wherein dwelleth all that is beautiful and glorious, where the sweet flowers of humanity blossom, and the sparkling waters of regeneration flow.

If your lips be silent, let your lives be a contin-

ual sermon, showing to the world that you are co-workers with those whose privilege it is to walk amid the splendor of the supernal realms of infinite glory. We would have you feel and realize that you are used as instruments in the hands of a higher power to teach the cheering knowledge of an immortal life, and the inestimable truth of the new dispensation.

Then try to be Spiritualists in very truth. Let pleasant smiles and tender words dissolve the frosts of bitterness and woe.

The separation of the internal from the external body will at once expand and widen the powers of the spirit. — EVA.





CIRCLE LX.

NATURE THE LIVING WORD OF GOD.

NATURE is the living word of God. It has pages and chapters for every day and every hour of mortal existence.

God has written his infallible word upon every gleaming orb and glittering star. It is lettered in bright blossoms upon the glowing landscape. It speaks in the storm-tossed waves of the ocean, and in the eternal thunderings of Niagara. Do we not feel a thrill of joy, a sweet uplifting, a sustaining power, as we read in this mighty volume of nature concerning the supreme law that holds, in perfect harmony, the glittering constellations and glowing worlds that forever roll on in their established courses?

But all beauty, all splendor, all harmonies are merged into one as we read the sweet words written by the glowing finger of Omnipotence on the tablet of the human soul, — “Life Eternal.”

Strive to live up to the highest and purest teachings from the upper world. Lay up in the store-

house of memory the gem-thoughts that are given, that they may govern your actions day by day, and accept only that which coincides with your higher reason and better judgment. They tell you of that beautiful land, and the surroundings, to which they belong; but, above all, they endeavor to inculcate charity, love, and sympathy for the erring ones.

He who is able to stand alone requires no support. It is not the strong who need help, but the weak ones who fall by the wayside. The good, the wise, and the pure need not your tender words and loving sympathy, but the sinful, the wicked, the weak, and the sorrowful.

Love to humanity is the great uplifting power that will redeem the world. The losing of all selfish personality is the divine baptism of principle.

EVA.





CIRCLE LXI.

[A description of the homes and care of those lacking in mental powers.]

VISITS TO CELESTIAL CITIES.

MR. FOX took us first to the Garden City. I have no power to describe this beautiful spot. It is truly a garden of flowers, a wilderness of bloom. Everywhere flowers abound in the greatest profusion. The dwellings are embowered in them; they climb thickly up the sides and over the roofs, completely covering them with fragrant blossoms. Here all who love flowers are satisfied to the fullest extent.

There are great buildings called *reception houses* here. Into these homes the naturally indolent — those born with little soul-force — are taken, and kept until they have gathered from the flowers, the atmosphere, and the surroundings (all of which are peculiarly adapted to their condition) the necessary elements to stimulate and supply the lacking force.

We saw some who had been in these homes for eighty or ninety years. They had become quite interested and industrious in and around their homes, but had no disposition to reach out after higher knowledge, or to enjoy the freedom of spirit-life; but the time will come when they will hunger for something new,—when they will ask for a change. They are never censured, or blamed in any way for what they cannot help. It is a misfortune, not a fault. Everything is done for them, every help given to develop and equalize the vital and mental forces.

With some growth is very slow. A long time elapses before the physiological defects are overcome, and all of the faculties brought into full and harmonious action.

These souls are carefully watched, and if any uneasiness or desire for change is manifested, missionary spirits induce them to go with them to some other place. They are always taken to the place best adapted to their condition, and present development.

We were permitted to accompany one of these missionary bands to

FOREST CITY.

As Garden City is the “Eden” of flowers, so Forest City is the “Eden” of trees and of beautiful song-birds. No poet can paint so fair a picture of peace and happiness. Its contemplation filled

our souls with delight. A light rested over all more beautiful than any I had ever seen. The gentle breezes, trembling through the trees, seemed to whisper a soothing benediction.

Here the understanding of some of the sluggish ones was fully aroused to the glorious scenes and holy peace surrounding them.

There is an irresistible influence of love emanating from these bright-faced spirits. Their very presence seemed to dissipate the darkness, and warm into life the barren intellects of their visitors, who, with their faces all aglow, said: "Let us remain with you." This is the first gleam of love and real dawn of reason. The understanding must be reached by slowly, but surely, unfolding processes; and thus the schooling is patiently and untiringly continued.

Little by little the golden ray-beams of knowledge will silently steal into the darkened chambers of the mind. It may be an age before the latent powers of the spirit will sufficiently unfold to break down the barriers thrown around them by an unnatural physical organism, rendered thus by violated law.

In every new place to which they are taken they can gather to themselves the refining influences which belong to them. Here we were again invited to accompany another band of missionaries. They were about starting for the City of Labor, taking with them some of those who had been for

sometime at Forest City, and were becoming uneasy to go forward.

In the City of Labor there is no sluggishness. The fetters are broken; the darkness and shadows flee away. Here the light is strong, and gloriously beautiful. The golden sunbeams — not glaring but clear, yet mild — give strength to the spirit, and lift it up.

Here they are girdled around and about by the spirit of activity. Each succeeding place through which these weak ones have passed has been especially adapted to their condition and development at the time of change. And now the time has come when inactivity and deformity will quickly pass away. They have entered the circle of eternal labor. Here the soul will gather all of the properties which belong to it as a right of its nature, and of which it was defrauded in earth-life.

Oh, what a busy scene is here! Arts, sciences, mechanism in all of its different phases. Here each one seemed to go naturally to his own place, and take up the occupation for which he was best fitted. Now begins an earnest, sincere struggle, followed by a glow of joyous exultation at every success.

The law of *cause* and *effect* is as eternal and unyielding as the creation itself.

It is only through growth, gained by better conditions, that the natural barriers which circum-

scribed the mental action are, one by one, dissolved, and these imprisoned spirits brought out from their sluggish condition. The intellect has been too thickly shrouded in gross matter to properly express itself.

Like the seed which is buried too deep in the earth, it must be brought nearer to the surface, where the warm, fostering rays of the sun can reach it before it can germinate into goodness, purity, and love.

Beautiful, unselfish love, operating through the eternal law of nature, is the magnet which draws out and holds these weak souls in the school of unfoldment.

The material organization leaves some of its crudities, and becomes more sublimated at every advancing step, until in the circling of worlds and the unfolding of ages it will stand at the apex of all glory, a very god in spirit and understanding.

From here Mr. Fox took us to a high overlooking

CRYSTAL CITY.

When we were ready to leave the City of Labor, Mr. Fox informed us that we could have a view of Crystal City if we would ascend a very high mountain. We were delighted and overjoyed at the prospect, for we had heard much of the glory and beauty of this wondrous place. Mr. Fox said: "The way is rough, and the journey tedious, and

it is not good for those who become weary and tarry by the way."

We took a path that led directly up a mountain. After traveling a long way up this rough and rugged path, we came to a net-work spread across the way, which was nearly invisible, but strong as iron, and as impenetrable. We went back half of the distance over which we had come, and here we were shown a path to the right which led us, spirally, up the mountain again.

We traveled a very long way in this path, when we again came to a similar net-work, and again had to retrace our steps half way to where we entered this path, when we were shown another, still to the right, which wound around the mountain toward its summit.

Papa, these descriptions of our journeyings may seem strange and incomprehensible to you, but to us they are full of wisdom and discipline.

We traveled our path over, gaining a little each time, learning and observing many things that were overlooked at first. Our impatient, eager expectation changing to patient, earnest exertion, we learned not to look for or expect more than was promised. We became more fully conscious of the inherent power which we possess, and learned how much we were able to endure and to accomplish.

Sometimes, when the way was so hard, and we were almost discouraged, the gentle words of Mr.

Fox, whose face ever beamed with love and encouragement, would thrill us with new hope and energy.

Finally, the last path we took grew more smooth and even as we ascended, easy and pleasant as we approached the top. At length we reached the highest point, and, oh, what a burst of glory! Mortal language can never describe this city of just and holy ones. Its domes and turrets gleam and glisten in the soft, mellow light like crystal, fretted pearl, and ivory.

Papa, imagine yourself looking down upon a great city covering thousands of acres, with all of its buildings gleaming like crystal. Its light is unlike the sunlight, but a soft purple, tinged with gold. Away toward the horizon shone one bright star. As we looked, it rapidly approached the city, and, as it neared, we discovered that it was composed of numerous spirits. Mr. Fox informed us that they were a band just returning from some mission.

As I stood, spell-bound, gazing upon the overwhelming glory, beauty, and sublimity of this City of God, its atmosphere magnetizing, filling, and thrilling every avenue of my being, in my great joy, I said: "I must make a sketch of some of this beautiful architecture for my parents." Mr. Fox placed his hand tenderly upon my head, and kindly said: "No, my child. It is impossible to paint these scenes for mortal eyes. Do you not know

what labor it has cost you to look upon this city of the just and perfect ones? Do you not perceive that only by great exertion it can be looked upon, even from afar off?"

When we were ready to depart, an ambassador was sent out from the city to give us greeting and counsel. His presence seemed to diffuse a sweet incense of perfect peace. His words sank deep into our hearts. He told us of that beautiful city, and explained to us why it was so beautiful; but these things are so far beyond earthly science or comprehension that we have no power to present them to the human mind.

We found the way down the mountain easy, pleasant, and delightful. No difficulties or obstacles beset our path. What we had seen, enjoyed, and received we had earned by patient exertion, and our hearts were glad. We had felt a thrill of inspiration from the great future before us,—a future whose blessings no human forecast can measure.

The effect of these experiences was to knit our hearts together in perfect unity, which has given us greater power to work for human freedom.

Our lives can never be the same as they were before we took this journey.

It is impossible to express the heart-felt gratitude we feel for the kindness, love, sympathy, and tender devotion bestowed upon us by the great and noble-hearted Mr. Fox.

Papa and mamma, it has been a lesson sweet and holy; a vision of perfect harmony; a little taste of the sweetness of all life; the joy of an eternity that is eternal.

I would not exchange this experience for all the honor and glory that earth can bestow. This jewel of knowledge — the gift of Infinite Love — I would not exchange for the sovereign rule of all the earth. The stone has been rolled away from the sepulcher of ignorance, and we have risen with the “Christ” of all truth. The spirit of revelation has become an actual presence in our souls. In the past we have been taught and educated in the school of harmony. We have now entered the school of principles. Hitherto we have roamed in the garden of beauty, gathering the sweetest buds and blossoms of love and affection; but now we have reached the place where grow the sturdy trees of real knowledge. The fruits, ripe and sweet, must be garnered into the store-house of the soul’s future.

Progression involves an eternity of action. The pathway of endless progression stretches on forever through the spheres of the soul’s development,—*forever and forever on.*

This realm of spirit-life is deep as the unfathomable depths of infinity. My soul swells with gratitude when I gaze upon the broad fields of light and wisdom yet to be explored.

All things appeal to the soul with a divine real-

ity. How many and what wonderful things we have been permitted to see and to learn in our journeyings to the different cities and places. These privileges have given a freshened vigor to the mind, and added new strength to our resolutions.

It is difficult for the spirit to recognize its almost unlimited power and possibilities.

I am lost in wonder when I would speak to you of the immeasurable heights and unfathomable depths of this realm of thought, — this inward world where every human soul must unfold and develop forever and ever. — EVA.





CIRCLE LXII.

UNSEEN RELATIONS OF LIFE.

YOU have but the faintest conception of the intimate, vital, unseen relations of life. There is an actual, positive, tangible intercourse between the two worlds, and there is much that is dark and mysterious mingled with the good, the beautiful, and true.

The truth is not responsible for the use which unprincipled persons make of it.

Sitters are largely responsible for the character of the manifestations, by the state or condition of their minds. One error many times is the cause of a thousand others.

There are those possessed of some mediumistic powers who care only to make a financial profit. Many times, however, good, honest mediums are the unconscious tools acted upon by the double power of spirit and mortal.

As the mesmerizer controls the mind and action of the subject, so these sensitive ones are acted upon by visible and invisible operations.

It is the inward pulsation, the intangible influence of wrong in the soul, that makes its subtle power felt more than words,—*more than words*.

It is hard to realize that there is a palpable vibration of thought.

Heaven knows that there is fraud and buffoonery enough, but it does not all originate with the medium. — EVA.





CIRCLE LXIII.

THE SHUTTLE OF FORCE.

OH, papa, how I wish I could find words to express all that I wish to tell you. Eternally “onward and upward,”—boundless, limitless, infinite nature, from nebulous matter to ether-bathed suns, stars, and souls.

Backward and forward the shuttle of force is forever moving, weaving, linking, binding together with its golden threads of harmony all worlds, all universes.

Every star, orb, and planet is a leaf, a petal of the unfolding flower that blooms in the firmamental garden of our God. I find myself a tiny “dew-drop,” an individualized atom nestling among the pure, white, glowing leaves of eternal blossoms.

As fragrance speaks from the heart of the rose, filling the whole air with its perfume, so does divine love speak from the heart of the Infinite, whose nearness overshadows, inspires, and fills all my soul with a solemn awe and stern reality.

My feet have touched the sands of the measureless ocean of all thought. I find seed-germs of a sovereign power and a divine perfection embodied within my own soul. I find myself in all life, and all life in me. I am suns, stars, and worlds, and they are atoms of myself. I find all of the subtle forces of the universe concentrated in this immortal life of mine. — EVA.





CIRCLE LXIV.

MATTER IS DEATH. SPIRIT IS LIFE.

EVERY particle of matter represents, or is the representation of, the divine law that governs the universe.

In the rock we see the properties of the soil. In the soil we see the properties of the plant. In the plant the properties of the animal; and in the animal we see *man*. In man you cannot *see* but you can *feel* the properties and attributes of the Divine.

Matter is death. Spirit is life. Life is immortality. Spiritualism is the science of the soul. It is incomparably beyond all physical science. It hypothecates nothing. It is simply a truth, a fact, and it is destined to wield in the near future the scepter of power in all parts of the earth

There are great changes taking place. This planet — Earth — is passing through a most critical time, or transition,— great commotion in the atmosphere, great changes in religion, changes in labor and in capital.

Blessed, indeed, will be those who help forward this great reform movement. Their advancement

may seem slow, their lives considered lowly, their days filled with persecution and tears, but the sweetest flowers of compensation are watered by the bitter tears of anguish. There is not a soul-blossom blooming on the fair banks of eternity but had its inception, birth, and development in the cold, hard soil of mortal life. This life is but the prelude to the life beyond. It is through suffering for the truth that we gain our highest blessings.

Oh, yes, Daniel, great changes are taking place. The progressive hand of Time is sweeping the veil aside from theologically-blinded humanity, giving a clearer and more complete vision of life and its duties.

The magnetic finger of Divine Inspiration has touched the soul-chords of humanity, and every day great, royal-souled reformers are coming to the front, ready and willing to devote their lives to the mental and spiritual development of the race.

Humanity is beginning to think. Thinking brings reason. Reason has already put out the fires of an Orthodox "Hell." Decency has deprived the "Devil" of his hoofs, horns, and tail. Love and affection have beaten down the wall of the close-communion "Heaven." The throne of an unjust God is crumbling away. Man is beginning to understand that his spirit is identical with God. The physical world is the material body of God.

THOMAS COURTRIGHT.



CIRCLE LXV.

EVA, THE TEACHER.

I WAS invited to come here by a band of happy souls to look in upon the beautiful school of persuasion and reform. It is a sight to make every heart rejoice and throb with delight to see a delicate girl—a sweet, fair maiden of only a few earthly summers—merged into the grand, loving, and tender teacher of the coarse, the vicious, the ignorant, and the self-wise.

Like the star that gives its light, like the flower that gives off its perfume, they lose nothing; but the star is still brighter for giving off its light, the rose is sweeter for imparting its perfume.

So it is with this fair child of heaven.

She possesses a sparkling jewel of unselfishness, and is seeking the pearl of divine beauty which she knows exists in every human soul.

She knows that conscience is the lamp of God, which ever burns within.

Father, mother, this is a grand mission of your angel-child, and your darling is aided in her mission by your tender sympathy.

The above is from ROSEVELT PARKER, of Racine, Wis.



PART II.





[The following notes were taken by Mr. Fisher at their home circles. The communications were given by his sister, Dora Fuller, with Mrs. Swain as medium.]

CIRCLE I.

WHEN I FIRST PASSED OUT OF THE BODY.

I WANT to tell you that, when I first passed out of the body, everything seemed so quiet and peaceful. It was like being transported into another atmosphere, — one of perfect tranquility. This did not last long. As soon as I thought of those I had left behind, I wished to come back; but it hurt me so to feel your grief. And then I was taken away to the most beautiful place. It was a bower. — DORA.





CIRCLE II.

NOT FOR WORLDS WOULD I RETURN.

NOT for worlds would I return and take up the conditions of mortal life, much as I grieved to leave you and the dear children; for now I see the purpose of the divine law of the Master Mind of the universe.

I feel stronger now that I can come to you and be accepted; and yet I am so much of a child that sometimes I feel that I must stand back and learn more before I attempt to talk.

But, oh, my heart is so full of the beautiful things around me. Oh, mother, brother, "God is love; God is love." — DORA.





CIRCLE III.

AMONG SPIRIT-FRIENDS.

WHEN I first entered into spirit-life I was taken to a home where there were a number of my friends.

I soon forgot my sadness through the kind care which they gave to me. It is so beautiful to be cared for through love. There is no selfishness here. Pure love prompts every action. It seemed a greater pleasure for them to give than for me to receive.

I remained with these dear friends until I learned what the change was.

Now I am preparing a home for you, dear mother. — DORA.





CIRCLE IV.

I LOST MY BODY TO FIND MY SOUL.

GH, I am learning such wonderful lessons of God's infinite love, power, and wisdom.

My soul is sometimes filled with thanksgiving and praise. I lost my body to find my soul. Now all life is mine. I am no longer cramped and confined by earthly limitations, but all of my faculties have full and free expansion.

Death does not cause the separation of the spirit from the loved ones, if they will only open the door and bid it welcome.

Mother and brother, I bring you glad greetings from all of your friends. — DORA.





CIRCLE V.

FEAR AND TERROR OF DEATH.

DURING earth-life I had great fear and terror even of death; but now, if I could, I would convince the whole world that it is the most beautiful of all of God's instituted laws.

I was welcomed by many friends, some of whom I knew in earth-life, and others whom I never knew.

I found a home of my own building. In some parts it was very beautiful, in others very deficient, while remaining portions bore hardly any semblance to a home. But I am working to finish it, and to adorn its walls with soul-pictures, shaded with purity and love. — DORA.





CIRCLE VI.

KINDRED NOT ALWAYS TOGETHER IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

RELATIVES and kindred do not always live together in spirit-life. Only those who can materially aid and assist each other. Those between whom there is a true, spiritual union live together in one home.

They do not all perform the same kind of work, but are ever ready to respond and help when a call to do so is made upon them.

Every home is visited by some great, brilliant soul, who teaches to its inmates the law of unfoldment. — DORA.





CIRCLE VII.

STRENGTH TO INVESTIGATE AND ADVANCE.

SINCE you have the knowledge that I live, and, in consequence of that knowledge, are more reconciled to our separation, I feel more strength to investigate and advance.

Here, where we are, we are never brought into contact with anything that does not harmonize.

We naturally gravitate towards that with which we can affinitize.

I love to see you surrounded by beautiful things, works of art, flowers of nature. They harmonize the mind, and make beautiful conditions for the entrance of the spirit. — DORA.





CIRCLE VIII.

THIS LIFE IS FULL OF PROMISE.

THIS life is full of promise. When I look back upon my earth-life, and see how slow the progress which I made, it seems as though I have since gained a world of knowledge; but when I view it from a spiritual standpoint, I can see that I have gathered but a few fragments of the wondrous wisdom and knowledge that everywhere surround me in these realms of infinitude. — DORA.





CIRCLE IX.

PROTECTED BY TENDER SPIRIT-FRIENDS.

HERE, in your quiet home-surroundings, you attract and call about you kind and tender spirit-friends who are able to protect and guard you.

While you are away, these conditions will be changed and missed. This is why I wish you to sit quietly whenever you can make it convenient to do so, that we may throw our magnetism upon you, and make you receptive to our impressions.

Should a feeling of reluctance come over you when about to do anything, you had better desist, or, at least, be very careful. This is a season of disasters.

We do not say this to frighten you, because we will take care of you if you keep yourselves in a condition as negative and receptive as is possible.

DORA.





CIRCLE X.

SOUL-BLOSSOMS.

FATHER and I have been having such a beautiful, happy time preparing and decorating our spirit-home. Many soul-blossoms that have grown in the garden of your lives have we gathered and arranged in forms of infinite variety, whose beauty and fragrance will make glad your hearts when you come to dwell with us. They will speak of the immortality of all things. They will breathe of the reality of all action, and the splendor of all love and sympathy. — DORA.





CIRCLE XI.

LOVE OF SPIRIT-FRIENDS.

YOUR spirit-friends love you so well that they gladly leave their beautiful homes in the summer-land, where all is peace and gladness, where the flowers forever bloom in glorious beauty and fragrance, and, coming back to earth, they take upon themselves material conditions.

They feel the heat and cold of your climate. They are sensitive to pain. They take upon themselves your sorrows and discouragements. They are ever trying to cheer and comfort you. They are ever twining for you sweet blossoms of God's love that fade not away, and pouring the oil of consolation upon the troubled waters of your lives. — DORA.





CIRCLE XII.

ALL IS PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

IN our spirit home all is peace and happiness. All of the shadows that darken or mar the sweet harmony of the spirit's life come from earthly conditions.

Sometimes the great love that spirits bear toward friends left behind draws them back, and they can grow but little because those friends are so bound to earth. If mortals only realized how much brighter they could make the lives of their spirit-friends, as well as their own, they would endeavor to live purer and better lives.

I do feel most sincerely to thank mother and you for helping me to advance. — DORA.

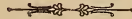




CIRCLE XIII.

PROOF OF IDENTITY.

IT is impossible for every spirit to give satisfactory proof of its identity. Some have not the will-power and force to give undoubted evidence of their presence; and then again, there must be a certain bond of sympathy between the spirit and the organism of the medium and the sitters, or they cannot communicate. This want of assimilation is sometimes overcome by frequent sittings. As in earth-life, you sometimes meet persons whom you feel you can never like, or with whom you cannot easily become acquainted. After a time, however, that feeling passes away, and you find them pleasant, genial companions. — DORA.





CIRCLE XIV.

SELF-EXAMINATION EACH DAY.

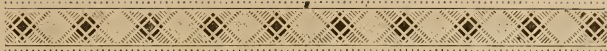
WE would have you cultivate the art of self-examination at the close of each day.

Do not allow yourselves to be too much lifted up, or elevated, through worldly prosperity, nor too much cast down because of adversity.

At all times try to maintain an equilibrium, and the good angels will be your visitors every day, and they will be able to get into your surroundings, and help you along the rugged pathways of life.

DORA.





CIRCLE XV.

INVOCATION BY MR. FOX.

O shades of the mighty dead, we invoke thy blessing. May the angels of peace and love abide with these human children.

MUCH THAT IS BEAUTIFUL.

H, how much that is beautiful has come to me since I entered this world of thought!

Sometimes, in the midst of all this grand unfolding, I feel such a desire to bring all of these soul-germs and present them to you and dear mother, but I have learned that I can only give a little, adding daily as you grow more and more receptive to the influences and knowledge of our world. — DORA.





CIRCLE XVI.

THE TWO WORLDS ARE CLOSELY ALLIED.

THE two worlds are so closely allied and interwoven that, from your world, goes forth the wail of sorrow, oftentimes unheeded by mortals, but always heard by some who dwell in the land of souls, and who respond by hastening to earth, and, through earthly conditions, labor to relieve and comfort.

And so the spirit works on. Not only in that life which is just beyond the borders of this, but the sea of sorrow surges out from the tender, loving hearts, and spirits do the work which belongs to mortals for accomplishment. — DORA.





CIRCLE XVII.

“ONWARD AND UPWARD.”

MY beloved mother and brother, every endeavor that you make for good will lead you “onward and upward” and *heavenward*. For, if you seek the light, it will come to you, and the light will dissolve the darkness. If you seek the truth, it will come to you, and the truth will abolish error. This is the object and work of the spirits in coming to you,—to bring truth and knowledge.—DORA.





CIRCLE XVIII.

WOULD THAT I COULD LIFT THE VEIL.

EVERY day, more and more, I feel the inspiration of the Divine Will coming to me through those seraphic beings that live in spheres above me.

Everything around and about me gives me joy and peace.

Rare and magnificent flowers grow profusely everywhere. Their fragrance gives me love and strength to press on, for it is a breath of our Father, God.

Oh, mother, brother, would that I could lift the veil that you might, for a moment, gaze into this real soul-world,—brother, this world where all is peace and harmony. — DORA.





CIRCLE XIX.

MINISTRATIONS OF LOVE.

BROTHER, you wish to have me tell you what I do, and how I pass my time.

With others I find much to do in helping to calm and soothe the minds of the dying, and also in assisting them when they reach our home. I have every opportunity for work and advancement. My every desire for unfoldment is gratified. We have schools, or institutions, where we can go at any time and have all subjects that interest us explained and simplified.

We visit, we have gatherings for mutual benefit and exchange of thought, and we have pleasure excursions.

Everything around and about us, wherever we go, speaks of the possibilities of the soul, and stimulates to action. Our organic wants are less than yours, therefore we have more time for spiritual improvement.

Oh, how happy it would make me if I could tell you of the thoughts that fill my soul. But human language fails.

Where I dwell the land is fair and beautiful, and so perfectly arranged that we have all the helps we need to assist us in ascending into the higher realms of thought. There are none of the limitations of matter to souls in the full enjoyment of free liberty.

The only trouble that we have is because we cannot always reach our friends on earth. But, with me, this obstacle is partly overcome, thanks to you, dear mother and brother, for your loving, harmonious natures.

I would gladly reach brother Charles, were it expedient, but, in time, that difficulty will be surmounted or removed. The spirit can advance more rapidly when it has made itself known to its friends on earth. Mr. Ballou's friend takes more interest in her soul-life now than formerly. Now that she has made herself understood, she feels more happy, and so content. — DORA.





CIRCLE XX.

GROVES OF MEDITATION.

MOTHER and brother, I am glad to meet you again. I would give to you a spirit's greeting, a daughter's and a sister's love and affection.

Do not feel that I am absent from you because I may not speak to you. Spirit cannot be separated from spirit.

Since I last spoke with you we received a message from Mr. Fox — I mean the band — that we were to meet at the Temple of Thought.

There we were informed that he was to escort us to the Groves of Meditation.

Oh, I wish I could describe this magnificent place to you. I can only compare it to every beautiful thing in your earth-life, and yet that does not express it.

Here everything is of the most exalted nature. When we arrived at this place we separated, each one going by himself.

Everything tends to produce thought and meditation. There is a hushed silence over all. Even the birds sing their sweet songs "soft and low."

The solution of many of the problems of our earthly lives comes to us in this place.

We spent days here, when we returned to the Temple of Thought.

While there we gave to each other the result of our meditations, and all subjects about which we required explanations were taken up by the great teachers present and fully elucidated. — DORA.





CIRCLE XXI.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

FARNEST prayer is good, for it makes the soul receptive to the influences of a higher life.

Prayer is aspiration, and aspiration is a rich blossom of the inner life, the holy desire of the heart, whose sweet perfume calls forth purer thoughts in other souls.

I would not have you cease to pray, or desire, but would that you might earnestly follow the scriptural injunction to “pray without ceasing.”

DORA.





CIRCLE XXII.

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

DO not let the trials and disappointments of this life make you sad and gloomy, for each and all have their own heavy sorrows to endure, their own heavy burdens to bear. If these are patiently and cheerfully borne, they will, in the eternal world, blossom into the fair flowers of joy and peace, filling not alone your own lives with sweet content, but enriching and giving strength to other souls also.

Cultivate cheerfulness,—the sunshine of the soul.

Brother, I am glad that you have endeavored to draw out, or attract, this poor spirit. We, too, will labor to assist that you may help him.

You are all laborers in the vineyard of mortal existence. Toil on. Be not discouraged because the returns seem so small, for in the great harvest of the spirit you will find that they have been like the silent growth of grain. They will yield you great abundance.

In calling these unfortunate spirits, and trying to aid and bring them into the light, you are laying up for yourselves “treasures in heaven,” for they will be stars in your crown in the day of rejoicing. — DORA.



CIRCLE XXIII.

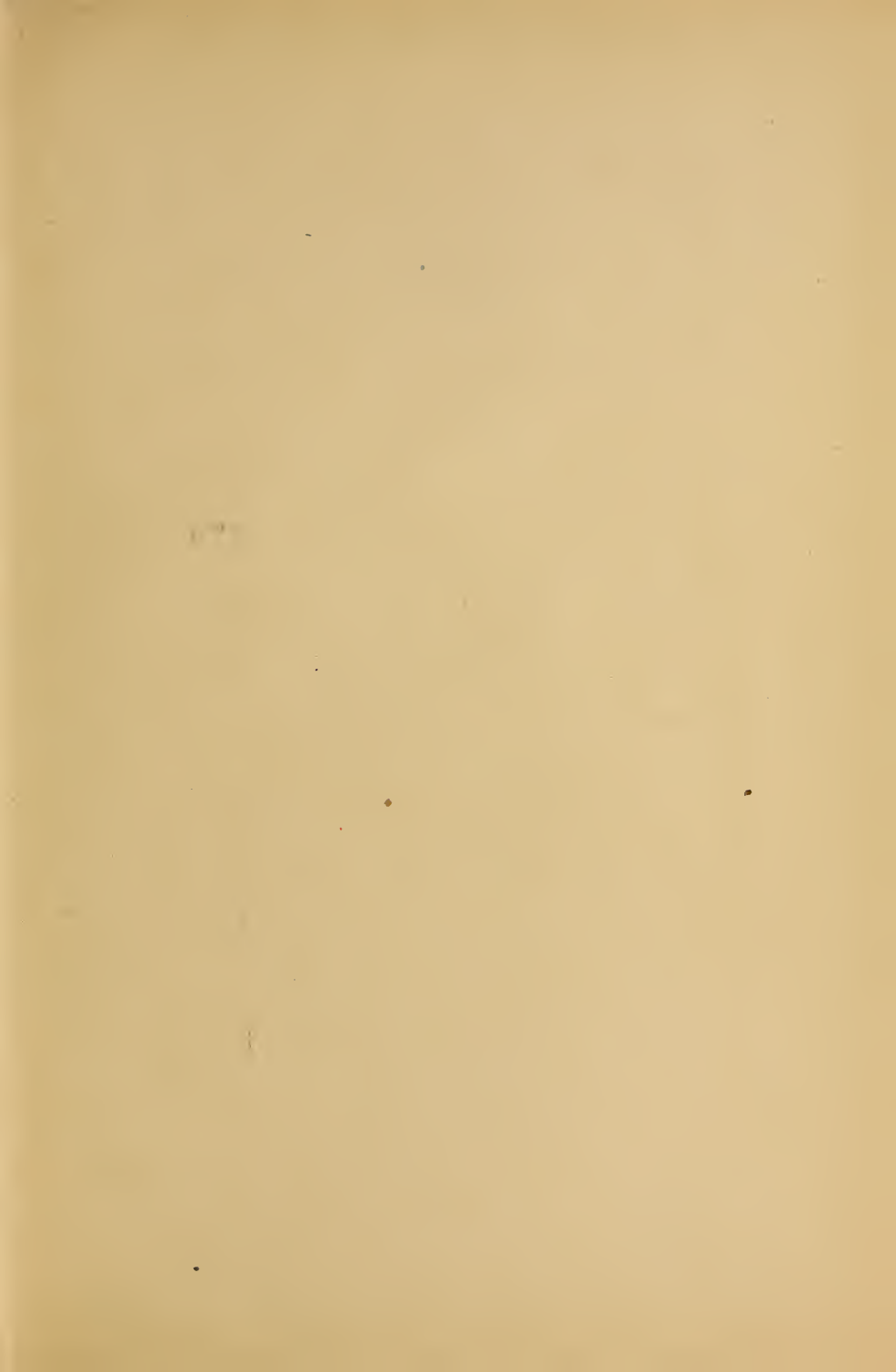
LIFE WITHOUT IMMORTALITY WORTHLESS.

IF there were no immortality life would not be worth the living. The old, who have striven to live justly, have borne heavy burdens, cares, misfortunes, and losses. Weary and worn with sorrow and disappointment at the end of the journey, they will tell you that they are just beginning to understand what life is, and if they could commence it over again with the knowledge they had gained by experience, how differently they would live, and how willing they would be to die. And will all of those lessons and experiences be lost, walled up in oblivion, think you? We tell you, no! On the contrary, every experience, every thought and aspiration of the soul, is gathered into the store-house of eternal life to be used as a help in the future growth and unfoldment of the spirit.

You have planted a beautiful flower in the garden of your eternal home. In the coming future you will rejoice in its beauty, and inhale its sweet fragrance with gladness. Your hearts went out in kindly sympathy to the poor, broken soul whose

life ended in darkness. It touched the inner man. The answer was a faint desire for freedom. He is now putting forth a feeble effort to break the bands which bind him, feebly struggling to overcome a perverted appetite; but it takes *so long* to restore the harmony of such a soul. He is here. We would have you speak encouragingly to him. Do not be surprised or alarmed at any manifestation that he may make. He must outwork and overcome this terrible pressure, and to do this he may be compelled to perform certain actions which may appear very unseemly to you. — DORA.





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