

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO THE INVISIBLE

*A Woman's Actual Experiences
in the Fourth Dimension*

By

M. GIFFORD SHINE

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THE KEY THAT UNLOCKED THE DOOR

THE FIRST JOURNEY

The Veil of Gold, and the Mysterious Visitor.

THE SECOND JOURNEY

A Trip to Southland, a Prophecy.

THE THIRD JOURNEY

*Raising the Life Vibrations to prepare for entrance into a
Higher Plane, and the White City, the Secret of
Health, Strength and Confidence, Youth and
Perpetual Life, and the Mystery of
Time and Place.*

THE FOURTH AND FOLLOWING JOURNEYS

Breaking the Spell, and a Healing Mission.

THE LAST JOURNEY

The Final Test of Love.

THE RESTORATION

CONSUMMATION ON THE EARTH
PLANE

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By M. GIFFORD SHINE

THE KEY THAT OPENED THE DOOR

We had recently moved from our old home in the country to a town residence, in order to afford my sisters a better opportunity to develop and make use of their talents. Alice was an artist, and did book illustrating; Stella was a pianist.

We came to E.—in September. Being alone the greater part of the day—I was the homekeeper—I improved the time by devoting all I could reserve from my housework to the practice of concentration. This I had long wished to do, and being in a new place where people had not yet begun to “run in” I had not the many interruptions that hindered me in my old home.

I had been reading a good deal in Mental Science magazines about the power of concentration for developing the higher faculties, and illumining the mind to the higher truths. Being a truth-seeker, it all appealed strongly to me, and I desired to test this science. My deepest desire was to understand life—God and his creation—man and nature, and this new science gave promise of unlocking all these truths to its devotees. And the work I wished most to do,

was to help people find happier ways of living. I was never happy until this science came to me, the world was so full of misery; misery from lack of knowledge; and I was so powerless to aid. Now I saw that I could help all I pleased, for all that is created in the mind plane is objectified in the physical plane. The practice proved so delightful that I desired more of it. It cleared, rested and strengthened my mind, and I did see and understand more than ever before. Do you see the meaning of this? My mind had been too full of thoughts, and in the silence of concentration I could see and hear and realize what was before impossible because of the din of thoughts.

My sisters were invited to spend the Christmas time with certain patrons, and it was arranged that I should go to stay with a friend whose acquaintance we had made since moving to this place, and where we all had a "standing invitation" to present ourselves at any time. This was my opportunity; instead of going away, I determined to have a precious experience of solitude and concentration. I thought wonderful revelations of truth might be the result of my mental development.

I did not know it but I was unprepared for such an undertaking. I did not understand the science of Mental Science, and could not explain what happened to me. For seven years I have wondered over the meanings of these little journeys that I took, sometimes thinking that they meant certain things and at other times seeing a different meaning, and never really clearly understanding until now.

I have a habit of walking for a short distance up and down the street, enjoying the moonlight and visiting the stars, or if it is cloudy, just listening and breathing. To-night it is cloudy, and the new moon has vanished in a cloud of mist and my mind is thronging with thoughts; I said, "I must let the thoughts go now and listen and rest," and suddenly this experience, which was not in my mind and has not been for so long a time that I cannot recall when, suddenly came to me and the meaning of it. And here I will give the meaning after each journey as it came to me to-night.

I will tell you now, that if you wish to take such a practice that your experiences will be of as high an order as your thoughts. And the usefulness of your experiences will be of the quality of your thoughts. I did not know it then, and did not know how safe I was. Secondly, you must understand enough to know what is taking place and not be afraid. Remember that thoughts, every one, take form, and thoughts of fear will create forms of fear. You must have pure thoughts and be able to believe whatever you experience is pure, and wait for the meaning if you do not see it at first. Unless you are sure of all this you will have unpleasant and perhaps what you think not good experiences. Now remember—you must have a high motive, a pure mind, and understand that you cannot see or experience anything but what corresponds to your thoughts. Unless you can do this do not attempt to develop your senses above the ordinary planes of consciousness.

THE FIRST JOURNEY.

THE VEIL OF GOLD AND THE ARRIVAL OF THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

My name is Lily Bell Westing. There is something in names; there is not so much chance as appears. At least in my own name I can trace my own nature. I was born with a natural love for the pure and the good, and there was never any attraction for me in anything of an opposite nature; nothing but distress and abhorrence. To see the opposite in others was pain and sorrow, and I could not rest for desire to have them see the miserableness of it and turn to the pure and good. (That does not mean that I had nothing to do for myself, I had enough to keep me busy.) What I have mentioned is the Lily part of my name. Bell suggests music; music of bells is solemn, sweet, glad, joyous, and all this was in my nature, and this was the kind of music I loved best; music that was uplifting. Then Westing; that suggests the west wind, clear, strong, refreshing, bringing brightness and that wonderful charm that makes the world look new and beautiful. Is not that a perfect symbology of truth? And I was a great lover and seeker of truth. And the whole name is suggestive of Nature and harmony, and I was a great lover of both; in fact, they were necessary to my health and happiness. That is why I need but little of human

society and a great deal of Nature and solitude. And that is why I love it so; it is both healing and happiness.

My sisters had been away a week and I had practiced concentration two hours a day for the whole of that time. It was my custom to sit in a large, easy chair, read the Bible for a few moments, then lean my head back and fix my gaze on a flower in the border of the wall paper. I was used to letting my thoughts ramble so freely that it was not easy to keep from thinking. At first the practice stirred up thoughts instead of quieting them, and before I was aware I would be following some train of thought or some memories of things experienced, read, heard or seen. But I stood to it and persisted in trying to hold my mind clear of all thoughts. Christmas Eve had arrived and nothing had resulted except a refreshing and strengthening of my mind. "That is all there ever will be for me in this," I said; "I haven't the kind of mind that can develop anything else." But I decided to improve all the time that this occasion offered me. My sisters would be away two weeks longer, and I continued the practice, increasing it to three hours a day and finding the time short and most delightful.

Part of this time was now used to fix my mind on some subject on which I wished light, and though nothing seemed to come of that at the time, I found that later new understanding illumined my mind. I was disappointed at the time, not knowing that the mind has to be trained in the higher plane as well as

in the physical. In after time the light came when I was meditating. Part of this was used to send healing currents to help the sick and unhappy. This practice filled me so full of vitality that I fairly ached to dispose of it; my hands throbbed and prickled, and I would stand up and reach out my hands while I sent my thought to people whom I knew, that needed help, and then to universal humanity.

On Christmas Eve I read the Christmas story and then took my practice, having fastened all the doors and all the windows except two in the room where I sat; these were lowered about two inches from the top for ventilation. There was a cheery wood fire on the hearth. By ten o'clock the noises in the street had died away, and there was no sound without, it being a wonderfully calm night. Within, the quiet ticking of the little clock on the mantel and the flickering of the hearth-fire like softest whisperings, with now and then a sudden snap and crackle was all that broke the restful silence.

I raised the shade and looked out; the stars were shining brightly, and the black boughs of the motionless trees just outside the window loomed twice their real size in the darkness. The midnight hour is my special delight; I love the hush and peace that broods over the earth when busy mortals have closed their eyes in sleep. I decided to give myself the rare treat of remaining up until midnight. At eleven, I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the charm of the hour and the time. Presently a brisk wind sprang up

and increased until the trees waved their branches wildly and dashed against the house. The elements seemed engaged in a midnight carousal.

The harder it blew and the louder it roared the deeper the silence seemed within; even the fire had died down and only sent up a tongue of flame now and then. I closed my eyes again and listened to the wild music without. Wilder and wilder the wind raved, but I was wrapt in a great calm.

Suddenly a strange feeling caused me to open my eyes. One side of the room where there were no windows was a moving mass of golden scintillating atoms; a sort of shadowed gold with bright particles shining out. I was greatly amazed and could not believe my eyes. I had previously removed the light to the dining-room and raised a shade that I might watch the writhing trees and the stars sparkling in rifts of the driving cloud wracks. I looked at the fire on the hearth—it was ashes; I looked toward the window, inky blackness. Where then, did the light come from that created the strange illusion?

I looked toward the wall again; still the moving mass scintillated with a sort of waving motion. Presently it began to arrange into geometrical forms. This was very curious and interesting. Next, beautiful flowers appeared, more beautiful than any earthly flowers; singly, in clusters, in garlands and in showers. Following these, beautiful faces looked out, children's and maiden's; they were tossing the flowers. Some of them looked at me with bright and loving countenances. Then it all dissolved.

I was sure I was awake. I got up, stirred the fire a little, stretched myself, took a look out of the window and resumed my comfortable position in the big chair, wondering if there would be anything more. I fixed my attention upon the wall, but nothing appeared. Then I dozed off and knew nothing more until I awoke with a start, hearing the clock strike one. Instantly a flash of white light revealed a tall figure coming swiftly toward me; like a flash it reached me and folded me closely in its arms. With a great sigh of happiness it said, "So long I have watched over you and waited; at last the time has come."

I sensed at that moment that I, too, had long watched and waited and as though this was no stranger, but a dear one who had always been with me, but invisible. I was filled with a great content; my whole being from inmost to outmost glowed and pulsated with light and love.

"We are one," this being said, "united forever."

The clock struck two. I was alone again; the moving wall had vanished; all was as usual. The fire was out, but I was not chilly. I closed the windows, took the lamp in the dining-room and went to my chamber and was soon asleep. I was not in the least disturbed by my strange experience; not the least excited, but was wrapt in a deep calm. I did not realize how very strange it all was until the next day, then marvelled over it much. The marvel of it was that I was awake. At last something had resulted from my practice. But what did

it mean? I was a good deal disturbed about it, for I did not want any person to come to me from the invisible. I was pleased with the golden wall and its figures and flowers; what I could see independent of myself pleased me, but not to be in it. I could not explain it then, but to-day this is what I see:

By my practice I had raised my consciousness to a higher plane of vibration, which means a higher plane of realization; the figures and flowers are the first things one sees on the threshold of that plane. All thoughts are in form; the geometrical figures were the orderly reasoning or putting together of different forms of truth. The flowers were the thought forms of the love of Nature, and the forms of loving thoughts; the faces the thought-forms of the love of the bright and pure and good and beautiful in humanity. And the figure was truth symbolized in human form. Truth symbolized as a whole is always in a human form; in parts it is symbolized by the variety of things that go to make up the world and humanity. Through my concentration the time had come when truth could be revealed to me; my mind had been opened in an inner way into a higher plane. This as I see it now is the meaning of the first journey.

SECOND JOURNEY.

A TRIP TO SOUTHLAND—A PROPHECY.

I practiced concentration the next night out of curiosity to see if anything would happen again; I had a feeling that the experience was a happening and that nothing more would come. Nothing came, and I went quietly and serenely to bed, and to sleep. I do not know how long I slept when I was suddenly awakened by something. I opened my eyes; there was the moving golden wall at the side of the room next the bed. The figures came and the flowers came, and then figures of animals; cattle, more beautiful than I could have imagined it possible for cattle to be. They passed from left to right and looked at me as they passed by. Such fine, strong, gentle, intelligent faces. It did me good to look at them. They were followed by horses, splendid creatures beyond words to describe. They passed by in perfect order and quietly, and returned swiftly. The cattle did not return.

Farther to the right I all at once espied a most striking spectacle, a row of venerable gray beards, reaching from my right hand down into the background of my vision. Silent and motionless, each with lowered eyes, yet I felt as though the gaze of every one of them was fixed intently upon me. They

looked so thoughtful that it seemed that they were suggesting some thought to me. The nearest looked the oldest and the wisest. Some power floated me toward them, yet no one moved or spoke.

I was greatly impressed by these figures and studied them closely, wondering what they were going to do, or what they were doing. "They are my protectors," was my thought, "my guardians." (They were my wisest thoughts.) There was a feeling of security in their presence. Then the moving wall parted softly as though blown back by a zephyr, and I was beyond it in a beautiful summer country.

But the next instant the bright landscape became dim—because of my displeasure in being there. Afraid to venture beyond the veil of gold, the wise old men were forgotten and everything except that I did not wish for any experiences personally, in the invisible. While standing there not knowing how to get back and feeling impelled onward, a figure approached. I knew that it was my friend of the previous night. I was still more disturbed. Instantly he was beside me; not like a flash of light as before, but indistinct like the country about me. I sensed that he had come to take me into this country. I did not want to see it, and only desired to get back to the other side of the veil.

"Come with me," said my friend in the gentlest of voices; "It is a beautiful country." He could sense my love for the beautiful.

Though reading a good deal about people who travelled in the invisible, both imaginary and real

experiences, I had no desire to explore the higher planes of thought. My desire was for revelation, not phenomena. "I do not like this," was my complaint, "and have no wish to go anywhere, or to see visions; I did not know concentration would do anything like this."

"You will like pleasant experiences," my friend said quietly, and quietly we moved on.

"I will not be forced to go anywhere," was my declaration, "and people do not have all pleasant experiences." That was really the cause of my fears.

"You will have only pleasant ones," said my companion; "see, there is nothing to disturb you."

"Nothing in sight, but I may come to something."

"There is nothing to fear, and we are going to see this beautiful country," was the reply.

Then discovering that we were in a carriage driving along a dim country road, I cried, "You must not take me away in this fashion."

The carriage stopped. My friend did not speak, but let me sense his grief over my behavior. I did not like to leave him so. He sat there, sad and silent, and much disturbed me. "If you could only trust me," he sighed after a time.

"I will go," was my decision at last, "and trust that you mean to take good care of me and know all about this strange country, and I will trust to God to get me out of it all right."

We proceeded quietly after that; it was a long drive, all country road. Sometimes I could see a

horse, and sometimes no horse was visible. My companion talked little; pointing out special places of interest or beauty. Only once he said, "You see, there is nothing to harm or frighten you."

"Not yet," was my reply, fearing momentarily there might something appear, finally becoming interested in the country which grew more beautiful, and at last tropical. "Why," I exclaimed, we are down south somewhere! It looks like pictures of Florida."

"Yes," my friend said, "it is Florida."

We stopped at the entrance of a fine estate, alighted and entered, walking through the most beautiful grounds, all luxuriously ornamented with tropical tress, shrubbery and flowers. I was full of interest now, waiting to see what would come next. Was this my friend's place?

A very old man, in a broad-brimmed panama hat and carrying a sunshade, came up the walk and without a trace of surprise greeted us, shaking hands with each one. He showed us about the grounds, and told us about the different things growing there, my thought was, that we would go to the house and see the rest of the family, and have lunch and may be visit there a day or two, but after a little rest on the piazza my friend took leave of the old man. "Must we go so soon?" I asked, the place so charmed me.

The old man seemed to hear what I said; "You will come again," he said with a parting handshake. Then he seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer and to melt into the shrubbery. "That's queer," I re-

marked, "the way he went out of sight. And it is queer to come away down here for such a short time."

My companion was silent. Do you see where my mistake was all the way through? I should have been silent and attentive that my mind might be receptive to receive the lessons being given me. Instead of that I was fretting and worrying and rebelling; my mind was not pure enough to trust. I had not the knowledge that it was not possible for anything to happen to me except what was created by my thoughts and what my thoughts attracted from others' thoughts of like kind. My companion's silence was a suggestion to me, but my mind was so occupied that it could not get the impression.

As soon as we started on the return trip my mind was busy again fearing something unpleasant; "Before we get through there will be something unpleasant, may be something hideous," I thought, and could only half enjoy the country, because the conditions were not right. While watching sharply, trying to see ahead, not to be surprised by any unfavorable change, and yet trying not to see, because if there was anything unpleasant I did not wish to see it. We were at the top of a hill with a beautiful landscape before us, but my eyes were peering into the shadows. "There it is!" I exclaimed; "I knew we should see something bad before we got back."

On the ground, in the road there was a dark looking object; some kind of a creature; like indistinct horrors we see in dreams. I expected it would rise up and attack us when we reached it. We kept going

on and no word was spoken to me. It was like a nightmare. As we came quite near, the object rolled over into the grass in the clear light and there was revealed not a hob-goblin, but the sweetest and most beautiful laughing little child I had ever looked upon.

My companion turned toward me and smiled quietly, "You see," he said.

I was immensely relieved, but still not convinced. "This may be done just to quiet me," I said to myself. It was so strongly impressed on my mind that this psychic realm was a dangerous place and filled with hob-goblins and delusions that I dared not trust my companion. He, too, might be a delusion and appear later in some dreadful guise. Now you see what I mean when I tell you to beware of attempting to enter this realm unless you have a pure mind, free from belief in evil, and with faith or knowledge enough to trust to the good only. I was afraid because I did not understand. There are a certain class of teachers who tell their pupils all about the various kinds of creatures inhabiting this realm, and the dangers associated with them, but what they neglect to tell them, either because they do not know, themselves, or for some other reason, is, that there is nothing there but your own thoughts and like thoughts of others, and that nothing has any power except what you give it. These creatures have no life of their own. Think with how many images your mind is filled, for every thought is in a form corresponding to it, ugly or beautiful. And when the mind is disordered these forms become exaggerated and com-

bined in strange ways. Inebriates and sick people are tormented by them, and all conditions of disordered minds are open to these visitants. If it was known what they were they might be gotten rid of. You do not know they are yourself, but think you are taken possession of by some super-natural thing or things.

Now as to the meaning of this second journey, there is a great deal to it, and not one whit of it did I get at the time; it was all lost on me. It would have told me so much of my future life if my mind have received the lesson. In the first place this whole experience was a lesson that taught me the power of concentration, but not being able to see it I only tried to get away from the conditions of my own creation. Now this is how things were: I wished simply to open my mind to receive truth; a little concentration would have done that, but I made the mistake of concentrating too much, thinking the more the better, and the more my mind would be developed. But my mind was raised into the consciousness of the thought realm, or psychic world or "plane" as we say. States of vibration develop consciousness and I had developed consciousness of the objective thought-world. This earth is also the objective thought-world, the first conscious plane, but it is familiar and common to us; the next plane is almost unknown and strange and not understood, so we fear it or make wrong use of it.

Then this second experience was a double prophecy. Several years later I went to Florida and visited the

place seen in my vision. That explains the first prophecy; the second was that my life was changing to more harmonious conditions and that I was to be accompanied by a friend full of love and faith, sure that only good could come to us. This, too, soon came true. And when he came I had a like experience, and was possessed with the same spirit of distrust and doubt. I did not doubt his love or sincerity, but looked into the dim, near future and feared unpleasant experiences in my affairs. I did not understand enough to be confident and at rest. So I had to have the mixed experiences. And the most threatening thing that I met in my progress, did resolve itself into something as bright and beautiful as the little child.

THE THIRD JOURNEY.

RAISING THE LIFE VIBRATIONS TO PREPARE FOR
ENTRANCE INTO A HIGHER PLANE, AND THE
WHITE CITY.

I said to myself after the second experience, "If I am going to be taken in hand like this there will be not more concentration and practice. But I was deeply disappointed. I reasoned and reasoned about it: How could anything bad happen to any one practicing concentration, who looked to God to take care of them and fortified their mind by reading the Bible? This was the greatest problem that ever confronted me. I had been taught to believe that evil spirits could come to people and make themselves appear like angels of light, and though not believing it, since coming into Mental Science, yet that old belief was a foundation upon which to build my present fears, for in spite of my disbelief here I was in a strange case and not knowing the meaning or how to right things. I had concentrated too much physically and raised the physical vibrations, while my mind only, should have been concentrated. Instead of looking steadily at the wall paper or any object for an hour at a time I should simply have entered into the silence and waited there for revelation. This practice I have followed for years and it develops consciousness of the Divine and clear seeing of truth, with no objective accompaniments.

But now I reasoned and reasoned: "If meditating on God and the Bible develops such conditions what am I to think?" It never occurred to me to take into consideration the physical practice, so I missed the secret of it all. However, I could not let go of God and the Bible as they were my strongholds and without them I was lost. So I read and meditated and said, "There will be nothing." I retired at ten o'clock and was soon asleep, putting every thought of my strange experiences out of mind, as I had all the evening. I awoke at some time of the night with that uncanny feeling which I had learned to know presaged my strange experiences. In his swift and silent fashion my friend came. I sensed in his presence the greatest love and tenderness. This seemed to be meant to reassure me, but it on the contrary disturbed me the more; it seemed to me this was being used to persuade me against my judgment. I knew immediately there was some business on hand. I opened my eyes, looked about the room and out of the window, hoping to dissolve the spell. The clock struck one. I began to feel a deep sadness: "You will not go with me to-night," my friend said ever so gently.

"I do not like this," I replied; "you come whether wished for or not, and over-persuade me by making me feel that you feel dreadfully. I think that this is not good and you ought not to persuade me against my conscience."

"I have a great work to do to-night," he said, "and I need your help; a great work for humantiy."

"Yes," I said to myself, "he sees my great love for helping humanity and so he will persuade me that way." And yet, not being sure that I was right, and for fear that what he said was true and my unwillingness might prevent some great work in the invisible, and suspecting that I should find myself going anyway without being able to help it, I made no further protest. My consent was received with the sweetest thanks without words, just the sense of it, and then the work began. I could not see what this special work was and do not know to this day, but it needed our united life currents to send out in the world to do the work. I was directed to lie perfectly still and relaxed. Then began the sensation of the life currents the same as when practicing concentration, but stronger than I had ever experienced. The life essence speeds through the mind down to the solar plexus like a flash of light, and there enters the circulation and ebbs and flows up and down through the whole body in a strong tide. The tide grew stronger and stronger, and the up-going tide was so strong I was afraid the circulation would become unbalanced and something would happen to my head. My companion could read my thoughts and feelings without any help of words, and as soon as I had formulated this fear and said to myself, "I would not have anything happen to my head for worlds; I have always had a good head," my friend said, "Think of my love; keep your mind on that and fear nothing; all will be well. If you let your fears hinder, it will take so much longer."

"Yes," I said again to myself, "think of his love! he has so much love for what he wishes to do that he will not mind what happens to me, and if it is a failure and my head not strong enough I may be a mental wreck or maybe die."

"There is no danger of any harm," said my companion again, "keep perfectly relaxed and think of my love and nothing else."

It seemed to me that it was a long process and I tried to help it along. I found if my mind wandered the tides were slow; so I tried to obey orders and also to help go faster when the work was slow. Then when the currents were strong I was afraid again.

"Do not try to do anything," I was directed, "and do keep your mind on the thought of my love."

"We shall never get through if I do not keep my mind fixed," I thought, and made a special effort to do as directed. "I will keep to it and trust that my head will not burst," I said, as there seemed to be no choice, but to either keep on indefinitely or to get through by letting things go as they would. So I stood to it and just when I thought my head was going to burst, my companion said with a long, joyful sigh, "It is done."

Again the sweetest of thanks was given to me without words, and I was alone in my room. I slipped out of bed and stood on my feet to see if all was right with me, finding myself rather light-headed, and my feet seemed to have no weight. I felt strong and buoyant; such a physical vitality I had never enjoyed. But my feet seemed too light

to keep on the floor. I pressed hard with them and rubbed my head and felt more natural. I looked out of the window, walked about a little and returned to bed. I was almost asleep when the clock struck two and back came my strange friend, and we began to move out beyond the moving curtain on my wall. There were the horses, but they looked pale and weak and moved unsteadily; then they came back rushing and fiery and disorderly. There were the wise-looking men; they, too, had changed; they moved their heads restlessly up and down and looked troubled. "It is my fears and displeasures," I said to myself, "that have caused this," realizing that it all was a picture of my mind, and it made me sad to think I had been the means of it, yet I did not know how to help it. Passing by, the wise men raised their eyes and gave me a reproachful look. "I am so sorry," I cried. "What shall I do? What can I do?"

They did not speak. We passed from this vestibule over the threshold into that world which I had visited once before. We stood on the shore; on a white beach, and there was a white boat like a canoe anchored there. I knew instantly that it was waiting for myself and my companion.

I will say here that I never saw this being distinctly, and part of the time he was invisible, but I could sense his presence. Sometimes he appeared as a being of light, sometimes dim. Sometimes I was very conscious of his presence and of his thoughts and at other times I was not sure that he was with me

until he spoke. While he was working with the life tides he seemed to be at my head, but I could not see him; now, I could hardly sense his presence and could not see him. "Take hold of my hand," I said, "and do not leave me," becoming possessed of a fear of losing him in this strange country, and then he lost myself. I had lost God, and that was what made me afraid, and feel that things were not right. If I could have sensed God in all this, even if I had been afraid it would have been a different kind of fear. It seems that in some way I am to know every emotion that humanity is heir to, and may be my hold on God was so sure that this was the only way I could experience anything akin to despair; I had met want, failure and death, and that which is more bitter than death, the giving up of that which is dearest in one's earth life, but I had not lost God. Now I came the nearest to experiencing despair, for God did not answer, and could not be found in this strangeness. Twice I had seen faces among the beautiful ones in the gold curtain that aroused my suspicion inquiry, and when asked "Did God send you?" they vanished as though blown out like the blaze of a lamp, or a gas or electric light when the current is turned off. But when I tested my companion with this question he did not answer, and his silence troubled me. But he did not vanish like the heads.

"Take hold of my hand," I said as we stood on the beach, "and do not let me lose you."

"I am always beside you," he said.

Then I ventured, "I thought we were through for this night; it seems as though we have done enough."

My complaint was not answered. I sensed a new motion. It was like being on water. Yes, we were in the white boat and moving away from the beach. In the physical world I was very fond of boating, but here was more afraid than when journeying on land. "If I must go I would rather go as we did before," I said. My words were spoken into the air, for I could see no one, and no one was holding my hand. No one replied. "If you are here, do let me know in some way," I begged. "I cannot endure this alone."

Ever so indistinctly a figure was outlined in the bow of the boat, and then I saw nothing. Some one seemed to be beside me, and then there seemed to be no one there. The boat floated along the shore and it was very beautiful, like a river. It was shadowy where we were, but brighter ahead. "I want nothing to do with visions," I said.

"Only our own," was the quiet reply.

"I like to see beautiful things but not to go anywhere," I said. "It is so strange and I do not understand, and I am afraid something will happen and I shall not be able to get back."

"All will be well; you will go for my sake, and you will trust me," was the reply.

"I have read that if those who leave the earth forget, they can never return. I fear that I shall forget."

"You will not forget; you have only to think of my love and all will be well."

I tried to see if I still remembered. Yes, I was in my room, and could see every object in the dim light that came from the window. I heard the ticking of the clock, the wind in the trees, the stamping of the horses in a neighboring stable. How strange; here I was in my chamber, and there I was in a boat gliding through a summer country. A child in the next house cried out sharply as in affright, like one having the nightmare. It cried for some moments and then appeared to be soothed to sleep. "I must remember that in the morning to prove that I was not asleep," I said to myself. Then looking back to the river, the shadows had deepened. "I do not see you, but I know you are here," I said to break the silence and make sure I was not alone.

"Our work is one, and we must never be separated," said my invisible companion. I was comforted; we were not to be separated as I feared. There was a feeling that at any moment he might vanish and I be unable to find him. It was so beautiful there that I wished for more light, but instead it grew darker and the mirror-like surface of the river became ruffled and the boat began to rock a little. The shadows of the banks took strange shapes. Then a light began to grow high up on the left bank, the shadows parted either side of the light and I beheld the crucified Savior on the cross. Then the shadows closed again.

After a silence, oppressed with the sadness and solemnity of the vision, I asked, "Why do they have that up there in this beautiful place?"

"There is always the cross where love is," was the answer, "there is always sacrifice in love."

My fears all rose up in full force; what was I being taken to? It was so dark now and the water growing rougher; it was sad among the shadows, but now we seemed to have passed from the river to a wider and wilder expanse of water and waves loomed out of the darkness. A dreadful forboding took possession of me. Was it the valley of the shadow of death we had entered, and were we out on the ocean now where it was to grow wilder until we were wrecked?

The boat lurched dangerously, but no word was spoken by my companion and I did not speak again, I was beyond words, there we were and what was to be would be and no help for it. I never give up; whatever threatens I always feel that there is a way out, and though this was so uncanny and horrible, yet I was going to struggle as long as consciousness was left me; I was not going to give up mentally that I was to drown. In my mind was the question whether I was really to be drowned or to be taken out at the last moment. Hoping beyond hope that I was to be rescued, I tried to imagine that the next lurch would not upset the boat, nor the next, that the worst was over and the water beginning to calm, but the waves grew higher and higher and a great storm raged, and presently I found myself in the water and sinking down, down, down.

All through this dreadful experience I appeared to be alone; there was no consciousness of the presence of my companion. Now I wondered if I was actually to die or if something else was to happen to me at the last moment before I was quite gone. It appeared that I was really drowned and losing consciousness; I felt smothered and weak. Just at the instant I said to myself, "Yes, I am really to die. God save me!" there was a pause, and instead of losing consciousness I was relieved, and the storm ceased. Not knowing what was taking place I presently saw a little light and then sensed a motion as though I was again in a boat; it gleamed white like the canoe we had set out in. Dimly ahead were the outlines of birds like large swans that seemed to be towing the boat. Then a light opened beyond and there were great white swans gliding about and beautiful river scenery. "Now," I said to myself, "have I really died and is this heaven I am coming to, or am I still alive and this some more of the strange country?"

Oh, joy! there was my friend seated in the boat, calmly looking out over the river just as when we first started. And then I recalled his words given to me probably for my comfort almost at the beginning of the dark time, "We must never be separated." How quickly I had forgotten and imagined I was alone! And what did the experience mean to him? And did he think we were to be drowned?

The boat grazed on the white beach and we stepped out on to solid land. It was such a relief to find that the trial by water was over. I would have liked to

run away from the shore as fast as my feet would carry me, but this was a country where my own will could not be exercised, and I walked quietly beside my companion, and was much interested to discover whether I was alive or dead. We had landed at a beautiful place all robed in the living green of spring. The houses were surrounded with trees, shrubbery and flowers. "This is where I would like to live," I said, "let us find a house and stay here." It was such a natural looking place and so home-like, and just my ideal of a place to live. I forgot for the time my earth life.

There was no reply to my remarks, but my companion seemed to be looking attentively about the place. The people in the streets looked very bright and happy, and they looked at us in a friendly way. They were busy about their affairs, going to market, etc. Some fine cattle came that way; they looked so mild and were so beautiful that I exclaimed and stopped to admire them. People came along with baskets and fed them.

Presently we left this place. I asked no questions, but thought, "perhaps there are no vacant houses here," having a presentiment that we were seeking a place to live. There was nothing I so much dreaded as entering that boat, but we entered it and went a little farther along and visited another place. After looking at several places all similar, I noticed as we climbed the hill-slope from the beach to a new place, a house with closed shutters. "May be that house is vacant," I said, hoping earnestly that it was.

We went close to it and my companion tried the shutter,s but they would not open. "This is not the place," he said.

We walked away. Out in the green field my companion stopped, and seemed to be deeply thinking. Then he took my hands and holding them gently, but firmly said, "Look up now, and think of my love."

I obeyed, much wondering what was to come next. We began to rise; softly, gently. "Yes," I said to myself, "it is true we have died and are now going to heaven." I looked down to see if the earth we had left was still in sight; then with a gasp of fright that I had forgotten so long, I remembered my room and tried to see if I was still there. Yes, I was there in bed and could hear all the familiar sounds, and wondered that they seemed more distinct and noticeable than ordinarily. Daylight was beginning to come in at the window; some men were in a stable near by harnessing horses, and a heavy team came out and passed by. I heard the men making remarks about the cold and they struck their hands together to warm them.

Some one sighed, "If you would only look up; we shall never arrive if you do not look up."

Well, I should be very glad of that, but I must look up to please him. Then there seemed to be a long time that I was alternately looking up and looking down. The quiet monotony of looking up into space left my mind to drift downward and set me to

thinking and reasoning about various things, till recalled by my companion. At last becoming weary of it and wishing for rest. I said as much to my companion. "Is your body tired?" he asked me. Thinking about it, I replied, "No, my body is resting comfortably all this time, but my mind is tired."

"Then look up, keep looking up and we shall soon be there," he said.

"But I am afraid by looking up all the time I shall forget."

"Trust me; oh! trust me and let us go on," he begged.

"I will make a business of it, and get through with it," I said, "for I see that there is no other end to this performance." So I made a special effort to keep looking up, and so long as I continued to look up and to keep my mind on it we rose steadily, and when I looked down and let my thoughts descend we stood still. Realizing then why it was taking so long to get to wherever we were going, I made a desperate effort and at last we reached land. Awe-struck now and looking for strange things, for I thought we must be making a visit to heaven, even if we had not died, looked about with great interest. All that was visible was the dim outlines of what seemed to be gates in the distance.

It is odd that the first thing that came into my mind was St. Peter. Having found that thoughts came to me so often just as something was about to appear I expected to see St. Peter next, but no St.

Peter was visible. At first the gates looked like metal, then like stone and as we drew still nearer they appeared to be of wood, and then of old wood; and then one side dissolved from view and we entered a white, silent city.

I wondered if I would see God, and presently appeared what looked like a great white throne. I was over-powered with such a sense of awe at the thought that God might be seated on that throne, and could hardly approach it. There was a soft beautiful light radiating from the midst of the throne. I wished, yet feared to see. It seemed to me that I would not be able to behold the vision. Slowly drawing nearer, I was at once relieved and disappointed to see no one on the throne; only the soft, bright light. But I seemed to feel a great, grand presence, and thought perhaps God was there but veiled from my sight because of my inability to behold him. I stood there some moments hoping, and fearing every instant that I would discern something. But that was all, an invisible presence led me away from the place.

Then my friend was with me and we were moving through the wide entrance to the city. The houses, streets and all were purest white; the moving figures were in white; the atmosphere was white. The most striking thing was the silence; there was no sound of any voice or footfall or anything. My friend looked about carefully, and soon stopped at a tall house not far from the gate. The instant we stopped before the door of this house it opened and a young man stood there as though he was expecting

us. Over his arm were white garments, and in his hand he held a candle; a lighted candle. The man did not speak; he gave one garment to my companion and one to me.

The thought went through my mind. We ought to remove our garments before putting on these, but we can't out here," and it seemed that the man was waiting for us to put them on. I looked at my companion and he was already robed in his garment. I slipped mine over my head and found that as soon as it was on, the old garments had disappeared. The man now turned, still without a word and went into the house and we followed; he led the way up a flight of stairs; and then another, and then another. It seemed so much like a repetition of our experience in going up that I began to think this was another long seige. However, we did finally arrive at a stopping place; the man paused before a door, opened it, put the candle in my companion's hand, gently pushed us in, and the door closed.

There was nothing in the room but a small table and a couch. The room was all white. My companion placed the candle on the table and then led me to the couch; "Now rest," he said. We rested there in the silence; no word was spoken. To me it was a most grateful rest and a great relief. I felt that my trials were ended and I could rest in peace, and did not even wonder what would come after we left this place. I seemed to sleep and wake, and sleep and wake, opening my eyes from

time to time to see if my companion was still with me and contemplating his face which expressed the most perfect repose.

As I turned myself on the couch, bringing my face toward the wall I saw what I had not noticed before; a shaft of white marble as high as a man's head and flat at the top, quite near the head of the couch. As I looked a soft beam of light slanted down toward it from the ceiling, and while I wondered, a plate and cup silently glided down this beam of light and rested on the marble shaft. A hand was holding the plate as it came down.

There was bread on the plate and wine in the cup. The Sacrament! And it had come to us! Reverently I took the plate from its resting place and turned to my companion. He had opened his eyes, but made no comment. We partook of the bread and wine in silence, and I returned the cup and plate to the shaft. There was a moment's silence that seemed to me as though we were receiving a blessing, and then the hand appeared and drew the plate and cup up the beam of light and all disappeared.

Still no word was spoken; we rested again for a little time, the sweetest rest I ever experienced, and then the door opened, and the young man appeared and took the candle. My companion arose and raised me up and we followed our guide down, down, down, until we reached the street. There we passed out silently, and out of the city where I had supposed we were to travel about and remain for some time, out to the green hill-slope outside the gates. We

began to descend. Then I spoke: "Oh! dear, we have all that tedious journey to go over again." But all at once I found myself in my room.

"It never takes so long to return as to go," said my friend. Then he gave me his usual sweet thanks and departed.

This beautiful experience made me regret deeply my doubts, fears and complainings. I realized that something was being revealed to me, in regard to my future life, and the meaning of life, but was not able to understand it wholly. I could not tell whether it represented something taking place in the spiritual plane of my life or whether it represented trials in the physical plane. And I could not tell whether this friend was simply an appearance or a real being, or whether he was a spiritual friend or some one who was to appear in my life. And I could not tell whether the harmony and peace and rest was coming in this world or the next. But the real lesson of the experience was missed wholly: That this was a revelation of the power of the silence, and that looking up in the silence would carry me safely through every danger and trial, and that resting in the white silence would bring to me the deepest realization of God; that realization which so many seek and fail to find. I had revealed to me the city of Silence, and the white robe of purity put on every time I go, and my own white chamber where I go in the silence to commune with God.

And some one either in the spirit or the flesh was traveling the path of development in the silence with

me. I thought over it a good deal at the time and then forgot about it for long intervals. The odd thing about it is, that after it had all come true, for it did come true, I failed to recognize it as the fulfillment of my visions, but still continued to wonder what was the meaning of them. I had to wait until I had grown to the meaning of it.

And the meaning of the first experience of the night was a preparation that was to enable me to enter into the silence and see what was there, and also to give me power to work there, also the power to realize God's presence and the gift of life from him. And as the next journey will show, it enabled me to work with my friend, and evidently it was of great importance that I should co-operate with him.

During these practices I developed a wondrous vitality and joyousness which revealed to me the nature of normal life, and the secret of it; I was resting my mind from all devitalizing thoughts for hours at a time, and rising to a higher thought-plane.

I had never known what it was to be strong physically or confident mentally, now, I experienced both. I felt so strong on my feet, and courageous enough to face the whole world. Herein is the key to health and strength of mind and body, and the revelation of the quality of pure life unchanged by man.

I assure you that no abnormal pleasures coveted by man are worth the forfeiture of pure life; the sweetness, joyousness and freedom of it, and the thousand pleasures it brings which are all unknown to him who perverts life.

And mark the difference between the two—abnormal pleasures destroy and turn to torment, are ever dying, and losing their power to please. Normal pleasures vitalize and bestow ever increasing health and joy.

Here, too, is the gateway to youth and unlimited earth life: Perpetual vitalization in excess of devitalization.

Here was another lesson given to me objectively, which I failed to recognize. *It is the mind that tires, not the body.* And whatever the condition of mind, it is reflected in the body. It is the same with disease. To correct the condition of the mind is to correct the condition of the body. But it was years later before I grew to this knowledge.

As previously stated it did not occur to me that my experiences were a series of lessons in mind science; I simply thought of it as a psychic condition. Time and distance were also illustrated in this journey. Real time and distance are in the mind. We all know that it makes more difference to us whether time *seems* long or short, and distance near or far, than the artificial estimates that we use.

Still another revelation in this experience was, that *we do not have to go anywhere to be there*; we simply become conscious of a place; that is, our consciousness reaches to any place. I was conscious of my room and physical surroundings at the same time that I was traveling in the psychic plane. Of all the mind mysteries perhaps that is the least under-

stood. The sensation of moving through space simply directs our consciousness; extends to the desired place.

Few people are able at this day to believe in a personal infinite being. They are not able to comprehend how a being could be everywhere present. But when we consider what finite and but little developed human beings can do, we can conceive of the possibility of the infinite consciousness.

THE FOURTH JOURNEY.

BREAKING THE SPELL AND A HEALING MISSION.

After the second journey I was greatly relieved. "Now," I thought, "my experiences are finished and I shall be troubled no more by my strange visitor. Dreams sometimes come three times, and I have had three experiences and now it is complete."

I had one night's rest and the second night retired with an easy mind, but at two o'clock awaked to meet my strange friend. I objected to being taken off, but off we went. "This is different," he informed me.

It was different; we seemed to be traveling about a city, visiting the sick and distressed; and at last mounted to an attic in an old tenement house, where an old woman lay dying. My companion ministered to her and soothed her as he had others, and closed her eyes after she was gone. "This is perfectly horrible," I declared, when we had made our way out of the old tumble-down place; "and I am not going to be taken on such excursions as this; I should have the horrors all the time."

"This is our work," my companion said; "you always desired to help people."

"Yes, but not in this way; I am not equal to this way of working. If you want to help in this fashion, all right, but I am not going to," I told him, and my friend left me that night with the deepest feelings of sadness.

Again there was a night of freedom, and then my midnight visitant. He was so sad when I refused to go that I consented. The visits were not so dreadful as on the first night, but I could not endure it. Seeing that I would have to endure one of two things, this midnight visitor's grief over my refusals, or the continued visitations, I determined to get back to my natural self if there was any such thing possible. Too much concentration had brought the experience, then as less had no effect I would cease altogether, and make myself most material minded; it would be sweet to be just natural minded, rather than to be in this unnatural condition. It was not natural and not right, so I thought, to be in any condition where I was compelled or overpersuaded by appeals to my sympathy.

As the practice of putting all thoughts of the matter out of my mind did not suffice, I determined to lie awake the second night and see if it was possible to get through it without a visit from my unwelcome friend. I believed if a break could be made in the regularity of the visits that they could be banished altogether. So the first night I rested, and on the second a friend came in with tickets for the theatre. This diversion would have been welcome for the sake of its superficial influence, if the play had been a pleasant one, but though I had not seen it, I gathered from the little knowledge I had of it that it was a violent play, and I needed something soothing and strengthening instead of exciting and horrible. But I decided to take things as they came, for there is a

Providence in all things, and I still believed it. I am not sure, but it seems to me that the play was "The Prisoner of Zenda." I remembered but little of it; the hero suffers himself to be taken for another person, who assumes his name. He is strongly tempted at times while suffering and in prison, to make himself known, but for the sake of the other holds firm.

At one stage of his trials the curtain rises for a new scene, and there revealed to my astonished eyes were the words in large letters, "Thank God for the Power of Resistance."

I could hardly believe my eyes. The words burned into my brain and shone as plainly after they vanished and the play went on. I felt a new strength, and walked back to the house with the words going over and over in my mind. It was for this, then, that I was taken to the theatre. I could not reconcile it with my Mental Science principle of non-resistance, but as Mental Science did not help me out, I accepted this as a help sent to me in the extremity of my perplexity. "I determined to try it and wait for the understanding of it afterwards."

So I did not try to think of it, but let it stand as it was, and let it strengthen me, and planned what to do. I kept my light burning all night, and retired at twelve. I propped myself up with pillows and began my midnight vigil, not allowing my mind to become quiet, for it is the quiet time just before sleep comes when these visions appear. Any one who has tried keeping

awake, any one who is in the habit of falling asleep in about five minutes every night, can understand what it meant to me to keep awake.

I kept my mind busy thinking over the play, and many other ordinary affairs of every-day life, my own and other people's. Time is always so brief with me, because my mind is always so interestingly occupied, but now it seemed endless. I got up every little while and walked the room and looked out of the window, keeping myself awake until daybreak, when there were sounds of people about the street. I did not feel sure whether it was safe to go to sleep even then, but tried it, and slept until nine o'clock, as sweet and peaceful as an infant.

How rejoiced I was. I believed the charm was broken, for the regular night had passed without the visitation. The next night was the off-night, I wondered a little if possibly my change might not change the order of things, and my visitor appear on the nights when I was off guard. But all was well. With great interest I awaited the outcome of the second night, and did not try to keep awake this night, but went to sleep as usual, and slept soundly till morning. I was free once more. What a sensation! It was such a relief I wanted to run into the street and shout.

The next night was again off night and nothing happened. The next night I went to sleep happily, but, alas! I awoke hearing the clock strike one, and found myself drowned in a sea of deepest sorrow. I was not surprised after this to presently see my

tormentor approaching. But what had happened? He was a wreck of a being; old, wrinkled, decrepit, and appearing like one just out from a serious illness. By his looks I never should have recognized him, but his presence assured me it was he. I also realized that I had brought this change by refusing him.

He came up slowly, took my hand gently, but did not raise his eyes. "What has happened?" I cried out, "What has happened to you?"

No reply; the silence was more speaking than words. I called out again in great distress, and he said in a low voice, "Never mind; we will not speak about it."

"But I must speak about it." "Is it I that am the cause?"

He smiled a patient smile and answered, "I thought your love would free me, but you were always unwilling, and then you deserted me entirely. You could not trust me. Because you are a free spirit you could have freed me. There is a grand work for us when I am freed. But you are so afraid."

It seemed that my heart was broken. I fell to weeping. The more I wept the deeper the grief seemed to sink. "Do not weep," my friend said several times, but I wept more and more.

And presently I heard, "It is not too late."

Not too late? Then he was not ruined beyond repair. "What can I do?" I cried out; "only tell me, what can I do?"

"There is a great work to do," he said, "and so much time lost. The way back is long. There is only one way—to regain what has been lost and then go on. If your love is great enough, follow, and do not doubt."

I gave him my hand; "I do not understand why so much depends upon me, but I will follow you and will not fail, come what may."

"All will be well if you trust me," he said, and vanished.

The second night due, my visitor appeared again and took me away with him *after first asking my consent*. "If I could only go with you without seeing," I said, it would be easier to bear; "it is too dreadful for me."

A dimness came over my vision; objects turned to shadows. I was almost afraid of the shadows. But what was lost in sight was gained in realization, so that it was almost worse than seeing. The next night he came for me and asked me to accompany him, I consented on condition that I might not know what was taking place.

A deeper darkness settled over me and sight, hearing and touch were gone. I simply knew where we were and that he was doing something to help people.

A curious thing I have not thought to mention, was that in these visits the people never noticed my presence. They talked with him and blessed him, etc. I seemed to be invisible. I did not regret this and did not mention it. But there was something in this

deep darkness that was unbearable. I seemed to be sunk down in a deep pit. It seemed like being buried alive. It frightened me; "What if I get down too deep and never can get out?" My companion, who could always read my thoughts and feelings, after a time asked, "Do you still prefer to work without seeing, or knowing?"

Thinking it over, which was the most dreadful, my decision was to see and to know. If it was distressing it was natural; I abhorred the unnatural, the uncanny.

I was conscious of fingers gently removing something from my eyes and my face, like a layer of black velvet. Then another layer and another and another, while my eyes were straining all the while to catch a glimpse of light. But it did not grow light. "I buried you very deep," he said, "to save you pain. It will take a long time to bring you up."

The darkness suffocated me, and I could hardly keep from going distracted over it, and he worked so long! Just as the grey of dawn lighted my room window, I began to see a filmy light.

Several nights after this when our work was done, my companion spent the remainder of the time bringing me back to the light. It seemed as though I was gradually rising from a deep pit. My sight was finally recovered, but was not as clear as before; something was different.

I made no more complaints, but endured as best I could. I wondered whether this man really appeared in the flesh to people as he went about or whether he

came to them in an inner way and they sensed a healing and comforting presence. Whichever it was, it appeared that my super-conscious self accompanied him, and that I had unfortunately become conscious of my super-conscious self. I was willing for my other self to go about doing what good work it would, but did not wish to be conscious of it. One life was enough to live at a time. I wanted to rest, and wondered if my companion understood what had happened to me or if he knew only my super-conscious self. What a trouble would have been saved him, if I had not developed my senses in the super-conscious realm.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

THE FINAL TEST OF LOVE.

He had been growing happier and happier, and on this night he came singing. I wondered uneasily what it portended. Almost gaily he took me off, and sang softly all the way.

We soon came to a large house, and entered in our usual fashion, without any ceremony of knocking. We wandered from room to room without seeing any one. It was a pleasant house, and well furnished. "She is coming," said my companion, suddenly, "tell her you love me."

"Who is coming?" I asked, "and why should I tell her that I love you?" It seemed to me that it would be more in place for him to tell her that he loved me.

"Tell her you love me," he sang it, and repeated it over and over—"Tell her, tell my wife that you love me."

Shocked, horrified, I turned to him, but he was not beside me, he was receding; he passed out of the room, and still his voice came back to me, fainter and fainter as though he was leaving the house, "Tell her you love me."

This being whom I looked upon as an angel of light, more than a human being, this soul, whom I had believed was all that was good and pure and true, and whom I had loved and trusted implicitly!

I heard footsteps approaching, and hesitated, whether to flee or remain. The singing tones still echoed through the house; the utter guilelessness of the tones, the harmony they expressed, and the assurance, made me feel that he was sincere, but the fact that he could feel justified in the course he had taken under the conditions of which I had just learned, was too overwhelming for my philosophy. I could believe in his conscientiousness, but not in his course of conduct, or his theory of life whatever it was.

And then, how could I grieve the wife? It was so terribly cruel and brutal to face her and tell her I loved her husband. Between fearing to disobey his instructions, and sorrow for the wife, I was heart-broken. I collapsed and wept hopelessly. I had heard a good deal of spirits coming to this world and separating husbands and wives; telling them they were not for each other, and that they would be happier with some one else named. Indeed it seemed to be their principal business, and I had always thought of it with abhorrence, and had doubted whether spirits had anything to do with these separations, and if they were actually spirits, I had a very poor opinion of them. Now here I was, actually a party in a case of this kind. I was tempted to believe my companion was a bad spirit, but I could not believe it.

All this went through my mind in a flash while I was hearing the footsteps draw nearer and nearer.

I was crouching on the floor, my face hidden in my hands, and weeping harder and harder as the inevitable moment approached. The footsteps stopped. I did not look up or abate my tears. "Tell her you love me," came the singing voice once more, to my horror.

A merry laugh rang through the room; a jubilant laugh; and then some one said, "Silly, silly child! What do I care?"

I looked up in great amazement. I saw a woman a little distance from me, bright-faced, rosy, laughing. "What do I care?" she repeated, "I love Alton." And she passed out of the room laughing.

Though this episode revealed to me that the affairs of this man and wife were doubly miserable, yet I was immensely relieved; the great burden of another woman's sorrow was removed from me, and the still greater burden of fearing that her husband had left her to grieve and made himself happy with another. I rose to my feet with the thought of finding my way out of this strange house.

I wandered from room to room, but it was like a maze. At last I thought reproachfully of my companion, who had brought me here and left me to get out as best I could. Tired out, I sat down in one of the rooms and thought, surely he will come, he knows I cannot get out and he will come for me. I tried to wait patiently, listening for him to come. He came then. He seemed to know what I had experienced; "You should have called me sooner," he said.

I did not tell him that I had meant to get out alone and find my way home alone; that I wished to avoid him, but felt that he knew every thought of my heart. As he left me he said, "You see, all is well."

No, I did not see that all was well, but remained silent. And I did not see for years after, the meaning of this experience, and then wondered why the explanation was not given me at the time, and why other experiences were not explained. But I see now, that I was fearing and judging, and that we cannot see the truth until we seek and trust. We cannot grow by being told, any more than we can learn to walk by being carried; I thought of it all as a psychic experience, and did not think and seek for the meanings until long afterward. Then I discovered that it was all a revelation; a revelation of the laws that govern both the physical and mind worlds, and the revelation of my own life.

All the time now my midnight companion was growing happier and happier. One night when he was due he did not appear as usual, which I thought strange and wondered what was to take place, or had taken place.

I had not been growing happier; but had simply let things go on, waiting for something to help me out of my perplexities, and put an end to my experiences.

Suddenly I felt a great rush of joy. Simultaneously I saw him in the distance running down a hill-slope, toward me, his face glowing.

"He is free," I said, "he is free."

He came toward me, reached me, clasped me in his arms an instant as though to tell me the good news, and thank me for my part in it, and then vanished.

THE RESTORATION.

The following day I packed my grip and departed for a visit to an aunt who lived in a town a day's journey distant. When all was ready, I said, "Now my conscience is clear. You are freed; and I also am going to be freed. It is not right for me to be held as I have been; it is unnatural. I am going away and break it up if it is possible. I want to get back to my natural self. I have helped you and now you ought to help me. I am going to put you and all connected with you out of my mind and busy myself with all kinds of trivial things, such as other people do who live on the surface of life. That, with the change of place, will cure me if anything will. If it does not I shall be a miserable slave."

"I hope you will think of me sometimes," said the inner voice I knew so well.

"I will think of you for your success," was my reply.

I hope you will think of me for myself sometimes," came the voice again.

"I don't know; I shall not dare until my mind is normal, then perhaps I may a little. But I never again will do what I have been doing in the way of concentration, for it is a mistake, and developed me in a way not intended."

"Think of me sometimes."

I wondered if my aunt would notice anything different about me, and if I did appear different in any way. "I will assume that I appear as usual," I said to myself, "for to think I am different is the way to be different."

So I thought of myself as I was before I knew anything about concentration, and interested myself in every little thing about the house and my aunt's work. I did not read anything, but helped aunt about the house, crocheted and chatted and went shopping and made calls.

One thing I did which I feared aunt would speak about, kept my light burning all night. She would notice how low the oil was. "I have had a notion lately," I said to her, "that I cannot sleep well without a light."

I remained away three weeks, and had no trouble, gave up burning a light all night and all was well. I returned to my home; there were no more psychic experiences. And after a time I could think of my super-conscious self's companion without fear, but spent no time over it. And after a long vacation from concentration I returned to it, but only practiced it enough to illumine my mind and reveal truth to me.

CONSUMMATION ON THE EARTH PLANE.

One never-to-be-forgotten evening, as I was sitting quietly in our cosy living room, both my sisters being out, the door softly opened and the friend of my visions stood before me. Not a vision or psychic body this time, but a body of this earth plane, like my own.

There he stood, by the door, smiling, and waiting for a welcoming word. From utter amazement I was for a moment dumb, then it flashed into my mind—"Now I shall learn whether he was conscious of his psychic self as I was, or whether he knew nothing about it. I shall know by his manner and words, even if he does not mention it." Then I arose and walked calmly toward him and held out my hand; "You are—"

"Yes," he smiled, "I am the friend your uncle wrote to you about. I thought at first he had forgotten to mention the day I was to call."

As we seated ourselves opposite each other, with rather searching glances, I replied, "Uncle certainly did omit to name any day. You gave me a great surprise. I did not know you were in town." All the while I was speaking I was racking my brain to recall the contents of my uncle's letters. My thoughts flew; whom had he mentioned? I could recall no one that he had written anything special about.

The stranger drew from his pocket an envelope and proffered it. To my great relief it was a letter of introduction.

"This is to introduce to you the son of my old college chum, Carroll Stanley, he was the truest friend I ever had. The highest compliment I can pay his son is to say that he is like his father. You know how many times I have spoken of persuading him to come this way. By securing a good position for him at Cobbler's and Hills of your town, I have at last succeeded. My interest in that firm will insure his advancement. I have sent him to you girls. Make him as welcome as you can; don't let him get home-sick. He has never lived with strangers. Sorry I couldn't get away to-day to present him personally. I'll run out before long and see how you are getting on."

Looking up from the persual of the letter, I met his gaze of happy assurance. "Your uncle is so kind," he said. "He brings back the memory of my father. It is many years since he passed on."

He made a brief call and did not ask to see his room or inquire what were our terms for boarders; he simply remarked that he would send his trunk the next day and would take tea with us to-morrow evening. He paused at the door and raising his head as one taking a deep draught of delicious air, sent his glance about the room and then looked with a wondering expression into my face. "There is something very peculiar about this room, and about you," he said, with a meditative expression; it seems as

though I had been here before; the room is so familiar and home-like, and it has such a delightful atmosphere; I can't describe it. And you—"

He regarded me in the same slow, thoughtful way, "it seems as though I had always known you."

"That is very fortunate," I replied; "uncle is very solicitous about you. If it seems so home-like at the beginning I take it as a sign that you will not be homesick here."

He seemed hardly to hear my words, but stood thinking, and wondering a little about it. I wish I could describe him as he looked standing there, but he is the one person whom it seemed to be impossible to give another any correct idea of in words, because it was not the physical body, but the soul looking out and shining through that one saw when they looked at him. He was unusually tall and rather slender for his height, but the soul looking out and shining through gave substance to his body and caused him to appear to be a more substantial physical being than he really was. He had the grave, sweet smile of a soul at peace with himself, with God and with the world. This smile sparkled at times, over some pleasantry or special enjoyment.

My sisters were pleased with our new friend, principally because he was so quiet and unobtrusive, and always so sunny and thoughtful, but they told me privately that he was a little too serious, a little too quiet for their taste. This was well for their peace of mind and for his, because he singled me out from the other two from the first. Being the eldest

and plainest, I thought may be it was that I seemed more motherly and he felt freer with me, but it proved to be because our tastes were so much alike, our views of life, our aspirations. We seldom disagreed, and then only on very minor points.

He attended faithfully to business, but outside of business hours he was always planning what he could do for various people, and what he wanted to do in the way of helping along various reforms, and especially was he interested in helping people to live for physical and moral health. "If you could be exactly what you most desire to be, what would you be?" I asked him at one time, after one of our long conversations.

Instantly he replied, "I would be a great healer."

By questioning I discovered that he had practiced quite a little and with remarkable success. He had for several years been reading New Thought literature, and he said it had perfected all his ideals of life, and when he met me and found I had the same views and ideals, he was over-joyed.

Standing on the boundary line between the two worlds in which I had lived, I often trembled at his remarks and thought the hour of revelation had arrived, I never helped him, but on the contrary, turned his thoughts in other directions, away from the invisible, to the practical external world. I feared the awakening of the inner life to the consciousness of the higher world; I remembered. Yet I had a strong desire to know whether it was possible for him to know and to remember what I remembered.

If I had never met him on the physical plane it would always have been a question whether my experiences were purely within my self or whether I actually met a kindred soul. Having met him on the physical plane it would be a great comfort and verification to me if he also remembered.

One day when we had been unusually quiet and thoughtful, he began to relate as one who shrinks from making a confidence, yet longs to share it with another, peculiar experiences, or rather sensations. "Sometimes," he said, it seems as though I had been away when I really haven't. I can almost seem to remember about it. I can sense that I was in another place, and I can almost recall the people there, but it always eludes me. Had you ever anything like that in your consciousness?"

Instead of answering his question I laughed a little as though I thought it odd, and asked lightly, "Did you ever see me there?"

He gave me a long look; "I will tell you what I think," he said, "I think that wherever I am, you are there. I believe that our souls are so blended that no power on earth or in any other world can separate us."

At those words a great fright took possession of me; we were out in the garden seated under a giant catalpa tree. It was the sunset hour and the black shadow of the tree stretched far out across the lawn. It seemed to me that if I ran beyond that shadow I should escape from everything strange and uncanny.

But at the same time I should separate myself from my friend. I covered against the trunk of the tree and hid my face in my hands.

"Why, Lily Bell!" he exclaimed, "what is it that frightens you so? It cannot be that it is putting what is, into words. We have long recognized our kinship; it is no strange or sudden thought."

"It is that your heaven is so much higher than mine, your life so much grander. I am not equal to it; I could not live it."

It was his turn to look startled now; startled and puzzled. "But your heaven is mine and mine is yours, and our lives are one; that is what is so beautiful about it."

"You are only on the threshold of your real life," I answered him, "so far we have gone on together; beyond the threshold I am not equal to it. I know, for I have tried it."

He smiled then, "I shall travel no farther beyond the threshold than you can walk beside me."

"Your work will be first," I sighed, "and you will sacrifice yourself and me and everybody and everything for your work."

"You will always be my first and most precious work," he said taking both my hands in his and looking down at me. "Love begins at home, you know, and radiates. It is a great mistake to let the hearth fire die and go out with a torch to light the world. That is cold cheer. It is the happy hearth fire that warms and brighten this old world. Home, family, friends, and then beyond. That is the way."

What could I have the heart to say after that? But I did make one last appeal, "You will be a great healer, and you will go into dreadful places and you will want me to go with you, and it will make you so sad if I refuse, and it will be so terrible for me if I go. I can see how it will be. Some grander woman might glory in going, some woman as grand as you are."

Then he laughed and took me in his arms, and little rills of comfort and content stole all through me. "I shall always be a healer, though I may not be a great one, and wherever I go you will be there with me, for you are enthroned in my heart and I cannot go without you. Your love and your sympathy and your understanding will accompany me and strengthen me and sweeten every sad duty and help me to put joy into it. Do you understand?"

In a flash it came to me; my sub-conscious self would go with him, but I would know nothing of it except through my love and sympathy and what he chose to tell me. My sub-conscious self was now normal and would not trouble me.

Our honeymoon was a business trip to Florida. I recalled my vision and wondered if I was really to see the beautiful estate that had so charmed me. We were to go "over the road," stopping in the principal cities and towns.

We started with a horse and buggy, but the second morning I found an auto awaiting us. Then it came

to me why in my vision I had seen a horse when we started and after a while could not see it.

At our journey's end we passed into a long avenue of palms, and then, to my amazement and delight I found myself in the very place, and the same old man came out and greeted us. He proved to be Carroll's uncle. He had wished to give me a surprise, so had not told me about him.

We could remain here only a few hours, greatly to my regret, and the uncle seeing how loth I was to go said kindly, "You will come again."

"Yes," said Carroll, "another year we will plan to make a visit here." So it seemed that my visions were literal revelations of my life, as well as lessons for my instruction.

When we came out into the grand avenue of palms, there was no auto in sight. Carroll led me down the winding foot-path toward the river. I had made some objections to taking a long trip in an auto, but now was quite dismayed.

"Oh! I am more afraid of the water than the auto," I replied.

"I am used to boats, trust me, there is nothing to fear. And the sunset on the river will be magnificent."

The sunset was magnificent and the river as beautiful as a dream, but when the river widened and the shadows lengthened, and a sudden breeze sprang up and rocked the frail boat I recalled with terror my vision. "There is going to be a gale, can't we land somewhere?" I asked him.

"This is nothing," he said, "just a little puff. We want to reach M— to-night."

I arranged the cushions comfortably and settled down to make the best of it. I fell asleep after it grew so dark I could not see Carroll, and I dreamed the experiences of my vision. When I awoke Carroll said I would enjoy the evening better for my little siesta. I did not tell him how dreadful it was. We were floating through bright moonlight now and I could see the shores quite plainly. Each landing we came to I hoped was the one where we were to stop, but it was daylight before we landed. I was thankful to set foot on solid land, but my pleasure was short-lived, for we were there only about an hour. We made several landings. I wished we might rent some pretty furnished cottage instead of going to a hotel or boarding place, and we looked at a number at the places where we landed, but none of them suited Carroll, though I would have been glad to stop almost anywhere.

It was night again when we made our final landing. It was a dim, white, silent little city; I caught glimpses of several shadowy forms. Before we entered the city I noticed what looked like gates in the distance, but as we drew near, the gates resolved into piles of lumber. Carroll said that a bridge was being built across the river.

All the houses were closed, for it was midnight, but at last a door opened and a man looked out as though he expected some one. He held a lighted candle in his hand, and over his arm I saw something white.

It proved to be the home of a friend of Carroll's, and they were crowded in the tourist season and let every available nook in the house. They had hard work to save us a room, and it was on the top floor, as we started to ascend, the friend laughingly tossed a piece of the white drapery over Carroll's shoulder and another over mine. "Your suit-case did not come," he said, "so wife sent you these wearables."

I was so tired of moving about that I could hardly endure the thought of a long climb up flights of stairs, and was so thankful when we finally reached the top floor and the friend turned a key and let us into a room. I gave one glance and noted that it was immaculately white and then dropped onto the couch too weary even to think.

"Rest now," I heard Carroll say, faintly, for I was nearly asleep. It seemed to me that I slept a long time, a deep, most restful and sweet sleep. Then I awoke and wondered where I was; we had been changing about so much I could not recall immediately. I looked about the room and then turned to look at the opposite side. There was a white chiffonier beside the couch, and on it some light refreshments; a plate and cup.

I turned to look at Carroll, he was sleeping so peacefully I had not the heart to wake him, but while hesitating he opened his eyes. "How kind your friends are," I said, "they think of everything," and reaching up took down the cup and plate. "One cup and one plate," I remarked, "that is odd; I suppose it is all they could spare."

With a thrill I recalled my vision, and half expected to see a hand reach down and take away the plate and cup.

"More likely," said Carroll, this lunch was sent here for the person who occupied the room before we arrived."

However it was, we were very thankful for it, and we slept again until the friend knocked at the door in the morning. I sighed to myself to think of all the long journey we must take to return home, and was greatly relieved when I heard the friend say, "Sorry to hurry you off, but if you must take the first train, you will have to leave immediately."

I would have liked to see something of the little white city, but we hustled off in the dim daylight. When we go to visit Carroll's uncle, may be we can stop here again.

Thinking over this journey after reaching home, I realized that the only unpleasantness had been my fears. And I see now that the lesson of the journey was to teach me that the Infinite Father provides the good and the beautiful, and that what there is of the opposite we create ourselves. In those duplicate journeys it was shown to me objectively, but now I see the working of the law, and how we actually create conditions contrary to life and suffer from them. Carroll sees it too, but it is difficult to get others to see it, we have to grow to it. And first to seek it.

My husband did become a healer by profession at last. He had great power, and he always said that I was his inspiration and support. And he was true

to me; he was never too busy or too absorbed to remember me; my welfare, my comfort, my happiness, even my pleasure, was always uppermost in his mind. My weaknesses and faults were scarcely large enough to be taken account of. He laughed at me for making so much of them. And when I protested that he did too much for me, he said that his only regret was that he could never do half enough. "I owe everything to you," he said, "all that I am, all that I have accomplished, all that I have enjoyed."

"Why! how can that be," I cried in amazement, "when we have known each other such a short time?"

"I lived with my ideal wife in thought; I had her always in mind; I wanted to live so that I might be worthy of her. And she was always helping me in my ideal work. Why, I pictured her so distinctly at times, that it was almost as real as seeing you in the flesh when I met you.

"I really supposed that I should never meet you in this world, for my ideals were so different from the ordinary. I thought no woman would be willing to live them. Then I met you and discovered that you held the same ideals, and with as little hope of finding a kindred soul.

I used to say to you, in my mind, "Our love is one, our work is one, we shall never be separated. If you are in this world and are working with me as I am with you, we shall become visible to each other on the earth-plane some day. If you are not here, I shall meet you in the next plane of existence."

"Oh! I know now," I cried, "I know now why you came to me as you did. And I see what the work was that I was helping you to do; it was first to make us visible to each other on the earth plane and then to materialize the life on the earth that we had already lived on the soul plane. I have read that everything that takes place here, first takes place in the soul plane; now I understand how it is. And I see that God gives us happy lives, and that we create our own troubles. I could have had a delightful journey all the way to the White City, if it had not been for my doubts and fears."

He was so mystified and amazed that I had to tell him my experience. "I had no business knowing anything more about that than you had," I said, when he expressed regret that his super-conscious self had given me so much trouble "it was my own fault; you could not help it, and I knew no better, but I learned a great deal, and now that it is all over, and out-lived I would not have missed it for worlds."

"It has made some things real that I never could realize—space and time and presence and place, and the working laws of the higher thought world, and how thought creates, and how we prevent our real lives from coming in the beautiful ways God planned for us. Oh! what might I not have experienced if I had possessed understanding and faith!

"And all those lonely years—if I had understood, or lived as you lived, we might have met at that time."

"No," he said, "for I was married at that time. I had come to think, as I told you, that I should not meet my ideal here, and I married a very dear friend who was unhappily situated and needed me. We were happy together, though neither was the other's ideal. It is five years since she passed on to the higher plane."

So it was explained to me the meaning of my visit to the strange house and the woman I met there. I was seeing *what was then*, and *what would be* when I met him on the earth plane.

That is the way we all keep ourselves from realizing our ideal, our real life; our doubts and fears and unbeliefs, our false beliefs, superstitions and prejudices compel us to wander many years in the earth wilderness suffering many things, instead of marching straight to the promised land.

If we would be taught of God, instead of placing our faith entirely in man's teachings, if we would listen for the inner voice instead of man's, we might find the higher knowledge and wisdom and live such different lives.

To seek truth with a pure mind, for the purpose of living it, that is the Way. To ask for the meanings and to listen for the answer, instead of fearing and doubting and complaining. Everything that comes into our lives is a revelation; it is telling us something. Something that explains life, and something that will help us to live more wisely.

Few of us live to realize our real life in this world; by wrong thinking and living we put ourselves out of

the world before we have learned how to realize. Everything in the world is a revelation if we had eyes to see and ears to hear. We have no need to travel into the mind or soul plane. All we need is illumination, so that we may interpret what we see here.

I had always feared to tell my husband of my psychic experiences for fear (fear again) that he would want me to practice for more, which I never could do, but he was a true soul-mate, and had no interest in it; he thought as I did that mental illumination was preferable, and soul realization more desirable than psychic phenomena; understanding superior to object lessons.

We agreed not to tell anyone else of these experiences, thinking curious minds would be turned toward us, but at last it came to us that the narrative might be of much help to others, so many have become interested in higher thought planes, and so many by unwise practices have injured their minds and in some cases lost control of them.

I had written it all down at the time it occurred, and had always kept it hidden away, many a time taking it out thinking to burn it, fearing some one might find it in some unexpected way, but something always withheld me, a strong impression that the record should be kept. It will not excite the comment it once would, for so much is published these days of psychic experiences. So now it is brought to light and given into trusted hands, to be sent on its mission to comfort and instruct; to forewarn and forearm; to show how thoughts create; how wrong

thoughts create all our unhappy experiences—sickness, trouble, unsatisfactory lives—and how right thoughts co-operate with life, permitting our real life to come unhindered in its beauty and joy.

And from this record may be learned what and where is the Fourth Dimension. It is the dimension of the thought world, which is the creator of the physical world. It is the world which this physical world objectifies or pictures forth, as the human body objectifies or makes visible the human soul. Everything that is ^{at} first created in the thought world. The thought world has practically limitless dimensions, including all in the physical, and is limited only by the thought of the thinker. It is the over-soul, pervading, operating, surrounding and radiating to and from the physical world.

All is born first in this Fourth Dimension—vegetable, animal and human—and descends into the physical world to grow in this beginning place, in knowledge, and consciousness of Being and its world. Individual soul is created in the soul plane, descends into the Fourth Dimension and from there to the earth plane, and here finds itself by gaining consciousness of itself and the physical world little by little; first the physical, then the mental, then the soul world. We learn in a crude way by experience, but farther on we learn by illumination, insight and understanding.

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