AUTobiography

BEALS E LITCHFIELD

OR

FOrTY YEARS INTERCOURSE

WITH THE

DENIZENS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD,

AND

INSPIRATIONAL POEMS

BY

THE SAME AUTHOR

Published for
BEALS E LITCHFIELD
Ellicottville N Y
1893
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1893.
By BEALS E. LITCHFIELD.
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PRESS OF F. H. & W. A. WHITE, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
Roll on, ye waves of life eternal;
    And surge against earth's rocky shore.
Let us feel thy power supernal,
    And thy will to teach us more.
More of life's truths and duty;
    More of mankind's grand estate;
More of living fields of beauty;
    More of mankind's future state.
In presenting this book to the public, in justice to myself and the reader, I desire to say that it is not for the purpose of making money that I publish this work, for I think it is very doubtful if I receive enough from its sale to pay the cost of publishing, as I am too little known to expect a large sale, neither am I expecting to gain notoriety or public applause for my labor, indeed that would be of little use to me or humanity, however pleasing it would appear to a superficial observer. But I have prepared this work for the press mostly and mainly because some of my friends (on whom I can rely) in spirit life have for the past two years been urging me to do this, assuring me it will be useful to a portion of the people, and thus be a useful factor to help move on the car of progress here in earth life. For that reason, regardless whether it pays me financially or not, I have prepared this manuscript, and I believe it contains many truths that humanity in earth life at the present time needs to understand, and, hoping it may prove to be a blessing to many a poor and weary pilgrim journeying along the rugged and thorny pathways of earth life, I have concluded to present it to the public. It also contains a historical sketch scattered through the work which shows some of the disadvantages under which mediums were compelled to labor during the early years of modern Spiritualism.
The poems which this book contains have been caught by the mind of the author at various times from what sometimes seemed to him to be fragments of thoughts falling from above, and, as they fell upon the brain, I caught them and gave them expression through the silent pen; very few of them have ever appeared in print, but many of them were written expressly for some friend of the spirit who gave it to me, and to this friend it was faithfully sent. Through my organism has been given hundreds of poems that have been lost to the world except the few friends who were present at the time they were given. I think that among those thus lost were some of the richest and best that have been given through me, for, if I wish to save a poem, I must write it as, and when given, and that frequently breaks the chain of inspiration, and often mars the beauty and force of the thought expressed. Such as I have received I have given. I well know the poems are far from being perfect, yet I trust the critic will excuse their imperfections and ascribe their defects to my condition or my failure to catch correctly the inspiring thought from the spirit mind.

I am well aware that there is much throughout this whole volume that may justly be criticised, but I hope the critic will excuse whatever imperfections may be found, and judge of its merits as a volume by the truth it contains, and the intention and desire of the author to bless mankind. I here most sacredly affirm that whatever I have recorded in this book is true according to the best of my knowledge and belief, and if the perusal of the following pages shall awaken thought in any minds on earth, who are now groping their way in spiritual darkness, as thousands on earth are doing, and thus cause them to seek for light and truth in the natural and spiritual realms of being, where all
truth is to be found, I shall feel well rewarded for my labor in placing this work before the public. I well know that the time is short that I can remain in this material form, and what is appointed for me to do here I must do quickly or leave it undone. When I shall be called (as I expect soon to be) to meet the pale boatman and with him cross the mystic river, I shall feel that in this book I am leaving a legacy to all people upon earth, if they will candidly peruse its pages and heed its advice and warning admonitions, that will surely be a light to guide their weary footsteps along life's journey, and help prepare them for life's active duties here and hereafter.

Hoping and trusting that such may be the mission that this book will fulfil, and having not the least animosity towards any one, with pure love and good wishes for every one, and high and glorions hopes for all mankind, and with many thanks to my friends in spirit life who have so kindly aided me in this work, I hereby dedicate this book to the public.

Beals E. Litchfield.
CONTENTS.

Steel engraving of the Author. Frontispiece.


CHAPTER III. A poem—My father's sickness—My promise—My father's decease—My untiring labor—Dark days—Grandmother's death—Her return and my fear—Closing my school days—Attend a revival meeting—My reason a bar to my conversion—I speak in conference—A mystery to me—The preacher's advice—The devil theory.
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IV. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 53

CHAPTER V. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 72
A poem—Many tests received—Speaking under influence—Voted for Fremont and Lincoln—Severe sickness—My Mother's transition, and my reflections—Listen for the first time to a Spiritual lecture—Lecture in Ellicottville broken up—Lyman C. Howe at Eddyville—My effort to scatter the truth—The pioneers Mr. and Mrs. Miller—My first public lectures—Opposed by a Catholic—I spoke at picnic—Passage to spirit life of our daughter Lillis—An incident at the funeral—Journey west—Seek and obtain evidence of our daughter's continued life—Urged to lecture—My work commenced—My mental suffering at times—My first funeral discourse—My second funeral discourse—My call to Sunderlinville, Pa.—First and second visits to Pennsylvania—Lecture in Westfield, Pa.—Fail to finish my last lecture—Homeward bound—Another tour to Pennsylvania—Good success, and home again—Still another tour to Pennsylvania—Moonlight ride—Welcome reception—Splendid success—Home again—A poem.

CHAPTER VI. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 93
A busy time—Another lecturing tour in Pennsylvania—Again stopped while speaking at Westfield—Cause ascertained—I make a proposition for public experiment—Agreed to—Tried, and I won a victory—Our journey to Moravia, and what we there witnessed—Homeward bound—At home—Many inquiries made—We answer them—Different opinions expressed—The devil to the front again—A friendly visit with an old neighbor—Discussion with him—Our circle room—Our most painful experience—A fraud played but detected—The crushers crushed—The angels of charity—A poem.
CHAPTER VII.
A busy time—First seances of Bastian and Taylor at our house—Another visit by Bastian and Taylor—More seances—a waste of time and means—Our house threatened—An illustration—“Cast not your pearls before swine”—The expression of mind—Mind classified—To become a Spiritualist—E. V. Wilson in Ellicottville—He gives a challenge for a discussion, etc.—Rev. B. likes to “fight the devil”—Rev. B. “backs down and out”—Milk for babes, but meat for those of stronger growth—A visit east—Incidents related—Discussion with neighbors—Devil again—Sheep and goats—My friends disappointed—A poem.

CHAPTER VIII.
The sequel—The sword sheathed—A visit from my former opponent—Reflections—Aspiration, a poem—Return to my narrative—Very busy farming and lecturing—A bad job—a spirit stranger comes to me, and controls me to speak—Caius Marius still lives—On a lecturing tour at Millport, Pa.—Mrs. Allen healed—Lecture twice at Millport—Homeward bound—Stop at Friendship—Return to Cuba—Home again, and hard at work—Giles B. Stebbins lectures in Ellicottville—I officiate at a funeral—Bastian and Taylor again—Attend funeral—Visit Addison, give two lectures there—On to Corning—Important circle at Corning—On to Westfield, Pa.—M. M. again tries to stop my speaking, but fails—At Mixtown on Sunday—Lecture at Cathead, and again at Westfield—Homeward bound—A cancer cured on my face—Journey to Michigan—Some reflections recorded—At home—Mrs. Litchfield very sick—A poem.

CHAPTER IX.
The year of 1875—Busy farming first half of the year—Bastian and Taylor hold ten seances at our house—Very busy—Abbey and his mining—Reflections on the conduct of men—a charitable poem—1876—Busy with work but hold circles—Attend funeral—Attend seance in Rochester—Mrs. Markee at our home—Wonderful manifestations—A poem asking for knowledge.

CHAPTER X.
to Bradford—Sick—Called on to officiate at a funeral—An earnest prayer—Second trip to Bradford—Thomas McMahan killed—Sad heart—Reflections—A very busy year—Bought two farms in company with Mr. B—Our first visit to Cassadaga camp—Mother Sage—A happy time—Our second visit to camp—First met Henry B. Allen—Successful seance—My two friends whom I desired to convince—One of them and his wife attend seances—I thought them convinced—My mistake—A clap of thunder from a clear sky—Mr. Allen's mediumship—Lillis joins his band for a time—A written message from our daughter in spirit life—Second letter from our daughter—A poem.

CHAPTER XI.

Aspiration—A poem—Indifference—Spiritual unfoldment necessary, also reason and common sense—My Agnostic friend and his skeptical daughter-in-law—Correspondence from Minnesota—A visit to Mr. Ruggs—Return—First day of January, 1883—Lecture at Hemlock Lake—Officiate at the funeral of S. Veder—Free-thinkers Convention—The year 1884 found us very busy—Start for Michigan—Arrival, and Lecture—Visit sister in Grand Rapids—Visit and lecture at Bath—Dr. Dyer—A poem—Return to Jackson county—Attend Spiritual meeting at Round Lake—Lectures in Salamanca—Visit at North Collins—Attend funeral at Mansfield—Take my sister to Dr. Crane's—Mrs. Cadwell in Salamanca—Report of materializing seances—Lillis at Corry, and also at New Orleans—My brother Levi's transition—Reflections—A poem of adieu—Friends from Michigan visit us—A family reunion—A visit to friends in Ontario county—"Leaflets of Thought"—M. M. Pomeroy—At Cassadaga camp—L. Vinton and the liquor traffic—Various messages—Severe attack of "La Grippe"—Ashamed to be sick—No disease; no pain—Reply to those theories—An illustration—A natural illustration on atonement—The horse thief—The cashier—Each one must atone for their own wrongs—Conscience and memory—The legitimate offspring of heathen mythology—A prophecy—A poem.

CHAPTER XII.

January 1, 1890—Sick—A poem—Visited by angels—A poem prayer—My kind companion—The return of spirits—A poem of gratitude and love dedicated to my companion—Our book—A picnic at Cassadaga—Camp-meeting—Our enjoyment there—Sick again—Angels visit us—Spring drives away "La Grippe"—My companion with "La Grippe"—Cassadaga again—A wedding party—A rich banquet of spiritual food—The mediums and their work—The conference meetings—Materializing seances—Our friends seen—The sequel dis-
CONTENTS.

closed—What does it prove?—The answer—Infanticide—Seances with Mrs. Ulrich—Seance with Mrs. Seery—Phenomena hunters defended—No phase of manifestations condemned but all are useful—A word of advice to Spiritualists—Funeral services—Close of Camp-meeting—Home again—Officiate at the funeral of Brother Ellis Gamble of Salamanca—Good and bad deeds—The preacher—The perjurer—The burglar—No faith in vicarious atonement—The greatest humbug of the present age—Intemperance—Inconsistency of vicarious atonement—The devil of ignorance—Great mistake—Foundation of the Christian religion—The Garden of Eden and the Tree of Knowledge—The false for the true, and the true for the false—The Christian's God has always opposed progress—The devil has always favored progress—Cruel persecutions—Constantine—The Catholic priesthood—Mankind worshiping the wrong being—A mystery of Godliness—The Tree of Life and its healing power—A view of the future—Pope's poem.

CHAPTER XIII.

A vision and experience containing a lesson—Another experience—New phase of manifestations—Reading—Unpleasant spirit experiences—A change in method—The spirit of Jo Rattler—His desire—Good advice—Send spirit telegram to spirit brother Elisha—Answered by brother Levi coming—My brother and Jo depart together—Another illustration, and sad story—Conversation with an unhappy spirit—Good counsel—A telegram to brother Elisha, he came, and took the unhappy spirit with him—His return—His reconciliation with his victim—A word to the reader—An appeal for aid—'What ye sow that shall ye reap'—Consolation from my guide—A wonderful vision and lesson of life—The great forces of nature—The atomic realm of being—The central pivot or 'protoplasm' of a new-born spirit—The grand dance of atoms—The passage of a child to spirit life—The transition of a Mother—The murderer and the priest's prayer—The very rich man—The priest, and his transition—The poor, but honest and good man—His transition—The angels meet him—Explanation and words of wisdom from my guide—True wealth and its use in spirit life—A poem.

CHAPTER XIV.

What shall we do to be saved?

CHAPTER XV.

Summary of what I have learned from forty years intercourse with the denizens of the spirit spheres.
## Poems

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anticipation.</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A song of Friendship and Love, from Lillis to Laura.</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come up Higher.</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer from a Sympathetic Heart.</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reply by an Angel.</td>
<td>371</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thought Flowers.</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thankfulness.</td>
<td>386</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorrow and Hope.</td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Mother.</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sunrise of Truth.</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship.</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Inquiry Answered.</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter.</td>
<td>403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consolation.</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present and Future. (Anticipation.)</td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ship of Progress.</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit Child's Consolation.</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immortality, on the transition of Almyra Litchfield.</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Invocation</td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In memory of Theo.</td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Life.</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second part, The reply.</td>
<td>425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge of a future life.</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thankfulness</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflection</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Change</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second part, The reply</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Soliloquy</td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Laborer's reward</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salvation through knowledge</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What I see, and what I hear</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadows and Sunshine</td>
<td>470</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The City of Light</td>
<td>471</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Loom of Life</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where and what is Heaven?</td>
<td>478</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reply by a good spirit</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Chapter I.


Draw near, my muse, and help me relate My journey through earth-life's estate; Help me relate my journey here, Before I pass to the higher sphere.

In an old partly-dilapidated farm-house that stood not far from the bank of Westfield River, in the town of Chesterfield, Hampshire County, State of Massachusetts, on the 12th day of December, 1823, the writer of these lines first saw the light of day and first breathed the atmosphere of earth. At that time my father
had a new house nearly finished, which he had built upon the same farm and into which my father's family moved when I was six days old. I think I can with safety refer to that as my first experience in moving. My father's name was Ensign Litchfield, and my mother's maiden name was Mary (often called Molly) Hayden. My parents were married about the year 1796, and the writer of these lines was the fourth son, and eleventh and last child of that union. Of my ancestors I know but very little; my father's mother's maiden name was Delight Beals, and she was born not far from Boston, in the town of Scituate, Plymouth County, Massachusetts. Three of her patriotic brothers enlisted in the American army at the commencement of the Revolutionary War and laid down their lives for their country. About the year 1777 Delight Beals was married to a man by the name of Elisha Litchfield, and my father, Ensign Litchfield, was the first child of that union, and was born December 11, 1788. His father and mother soon settled in the then wilds of Chesterfield, on the bank of Westfield River, where my grandfather, Elisha Litchfield, passed to spirit life in the year 1787, when my father was but nine years of age. His mother soon married for her second husband a man by the name of John Hayden, with whom she lived several years, and of that union were born several children. Her second husband passed to spirit life many years before my grandmother, who lived with my father until his death, and after that event she remained with my mother until February, 1844, when she passed to spirit life.

I have not the means of tracing back my mother's ancestry beyond her father's family. Her father's name was Noah Hayden, and her mother's maiden name was Jemima Demmon; farther back, I regret to say, I cannot trace the lineage of my
mother. I have before stated that eleven children were the fruitage of my parent's union. Their first child was a son named Simeon; their second child a daughter named Marvilla; their third child a daughter named Melenza; their fourth a son named Levi; their fifth a son named Elisha; their sixth a daughter named Polly; their seventh a daughter named Jemima; their eighth a daughter named Harriet; their ninth a daughter named Emeline; their tenth a daughter named Laura.

Their eleventh was a son whom they named Ensign Beals in honor of his father and grandmother, and those sacred names I am still happy to say are my own, although when I commenced doing business I commenced writing my name Beals Ensign for convenience (I was familiarly known by the name of Beals), and, as I have thus signed my name for more than fifty years, I am now known as B. E. Litchfield.

In tracing the lines of my life along the pathway through which I have wandered, I shall endeavor as far as memory serves me to point out the rocks, quicksands, and other obstructions that I have found through life's journey, that I may thus, if possible, help some others who must walk life's thorny pathway, and who may read these lines, to shun the obstructions that I did not miss. I write this sketch of my journey of life that I may if possible do some good to the youth of our country who may chance to read these lines. It is not for honor or money that I engage in this work. I am not sufficiently known to the public to even hope to achieve the first, and the last result would surely be defeated by the same cause. But if I can impart a moral, a social, a financial, a religious, or any other kind of a lesson that will bless humanity's children as they are walking the rough pathway of earth life, I shall be well recompensed for
my labor and expense. For that purpose I will now beg the reader's indulgence if at times I shall stop in my narrative to reason or moralize upon some conditions which I have found in life or some theories with which I have come in contact.

I can recollect some little occurrences that transpired when I was about two years of age. There is one occurrence that took place when I was, I think, in my fourth year, that left so vivid an impression upon my mind, that it has remained with me for the more than sixty years since, for, at the time of this writing, I am in my sixty-eighth year. I will relate the incident because it is really the starting-point of my education, and I have many times since found it one of the letters in the alphabet of human policy. But I must preface my story with some of the causes which preceded it, or it will not be understood. My parents at the time of my birth were strict orthodox Christians, and the first religious instruction I remember of receiving from my mother was in regard to God and Jesus and of their goodness and of Heaven, the happy place of their abode. I was also instructed in regard to the devil and his legions of little devils who, with the old big-footed fellow, inhabited a fiery region called Hell, and that many of the people when they died found a home in that unhappy place where those legions of devils were busy with pitchforks pitching the damned souls hither and thither within the burning flames, and laughing in glee to hear the groans of those miserable sinners who were suffering the fires of an endless hell. Then I was told of another class of beings called "boogars" who lived under rocks and in caves, and were always watching for little children who were not good, and would sometimes catch a naughty boy or girl and take them into their
cave, from which they never could again return to their home and parents. The idea that was formed in my childish fancy in regard to those "boogars" was that they were rather an inferior class of beings when compared with the devils, but belonged to the same gang, and that a boy if caught by the "boogars" would finally be forced to enter the fiery regions of hell, where he would be compelled to always remain, and suffer the terrible torture of a burning lake of fire and brimstone. Every day I saw fire burning in the fire-place in the house, where the wood would be consumed, and if not replenished the fire would go out, and that led me to inquire in this way, "Would not the lake and the brimstone in hell after a time get burned out, and then the fire become extinguished?" They replied, "No, that fire will burn forever and ever." When my childish mind inquired how that could be, when all that I saw burning was sure to be consumed, I was told that, "that was one of the mysteries of godliness, which we could not understand." Thus, the intelligent reader will observe, that at that extremely young age I had the basis laid for my moral, social, intellectual and religious education in the idea of God, Jesus, Heaven, Hell, an army of devils and "boogars," and the mystery of godliness.

Where my father then resided was a very hilly, rough and rocky country. There were large ledges of stone, and many rocks that were projecting out of the hillside. There was one rock not far from the house that thus projected from the hillside, and, viewing it from a little distance below, it looked as if there was a small cavity that extended under the rock. I was told (and of course in my childish ignorance I believed it true) that "the hole under the rock was the passage to a cave or room in
the hill where some of the 'boogars' lived." Many were the inquiries that I made in regard to the "boogars," and their manner of life, which were answered, but not always satisfactory to me. Then I would think, "that I suppose is another mystery of godliness," and thus let it pass. The result was that I could be very easily controlled. If I cried or did not promptly obey, a reference to the "boogars" would very soon quiet me or fill me with the most willing obedience. In fact, I almost lived in an atmosphere of "boogars." I was afraid to go anywhere near that rock, for I expected if I should do so I would be surely caught by those fellows and taken within their den. I was so afraid of them that I sometimes would dream of being chased by them, and sometimes when I dreamed they were about to grab me I would be awakened by my own cries for help. Now, after more than sixty years have rolled their rounds, as in memory I reflect upon that time, the appearance and shape of those imaginary beings as they chased me round and round in my sleep are still vividly impressed upon my memory, and I look upon a short period of my life at that time as a very unhappy part of my existence on account of the false lessons then taught me and their effect upon my mind.

It was spring; the cold winds and snows of winter had disappeared; the golden sun with genial warmth had returned from its southern journey, and had caused the green grass to appear as a robe of living beauty to again clothe the fields of old mother earth; the feathered songsters had returned to their northern home, and the fields and forests were slowly resuming their lovely appearance. I listened to the notes of the robins, the sparrows and other songbirds, and my young heart responded in sympathy with the music of their happy songs. The melody of
their music was so superior to my frightful dreams that I longed to clasp one of those innocent birds in my hands, that I might examine it at my leisure; in fact I had fallen in love with the happy birds. I was told that “if I could put a ‘nub’ of salt on a bird’s tail, I could catch the bird.” Oh! happy news! I thought, I will soon have one of those lovely birds for my own. I took a “nub” of salt, selected one of the sparrows that was a splendid singer, and crept carefully towards him, but just before I could reach him he would hop along away from me. For a long time I followed the bird thinking that the next attempt would crown me with success. So anxious and eager was I to catch the bird, and so absorbed was my mind in the undertaking, that I did not think nor care where I was, until I chanced to look around and found I was near the rock under which the “boogars” were said to dwell. I should have run with all my might for the house but at the first look there appeared to be no hole under the rock, and then I crept slowly and cautiously nearer until I approached the rock closely, and found to my great surprise that there was no hole or passage under the rock, and that the rock was pressed so hard upon the earth that I thought no “boogar” nor any body else has ever passed in or out there.

I was so surprised at my discovery that I lost thought of the birds and hastened to the house to make known my discovery. When I arrived at the house and told the members of our family of the result of my morning’s effort, they only laughed and no one appeared to be surprised but myself. I was so much surprised at their indifference in regard to a subject of so much importance to me, that my surprise led to the disagreeable suspicion that I had been purposely deceived by falsehood and mis-
representation, and it virtually killed the whole "boogar" system in my mind.

As I through memory trace my pathway of life, I do not think that the false conditions thus taught me in my early youth have been of any great detriment to my progress through life, for it laid the foundation for a system of doubt and skepticism in regard to the many inconsistent theories that I have heard promulgated, for that doubt and skepticism has become a part of my being, and has followed me through all the journey of life thus far. Through all the devious windings of the pathway of life, and in almost every condition of human life with which I have become acquainted, I find the same policy of falsehood and misrepresentation pursued for the purpose of accomplishing some selfish purpose through deceit, and, sometimes, low cunning. Some "boogar" story has often been concocted for the purpose of deceiving some one, and thus influence or control their thought and action. The social, the moral, the political and the religious institutions have been and are almost entirely conducted by policy, and often falsehood and misrepresentation are active agents used to accomplish some object or to defeat some opponent. The "boogar" story of my childhood in some form has been passed along the ages, and is today one of the prominent theories controlling the human race in earth life.

As I became older in years I heard less of the "boogars," but the devils appeared to be plenty, and, though hell was supposed to be their home, it was claimed (especially by the Christian people) that many of them were at all times roaming about on earth seeking for human victims, so, though I had solved to my satisfaction the "boogar" problem, it took me longer to solve the devil problem, as the following story will show.
We had been taught that to play on the Sabbath was very wicked, and if caught at play on Sunday by the ever watchful devil we might be borne by him to his home in the infernal regions. That theory appeared to me to be very closely related to the "boogar" theory, and at times I doubted its truth, but, as all the Christian neighbors believed that theory, and the ministers preached the same doctrine, I was sometimes afraid that it might be true. But it did not always prevent another boy and myself from playing on the Sabbath when we could do so on the sly. One Sunday the other boy and myself had wandered away from the house quite a little distance into the field, and while at play we saw a black bunch of something in a small butternut tree that stood a few rods from where we were playing. Our first thought was that the devil was after us for playing on Sunday. We did not wait to take a second thought nor for any ceremony, neither did we take much heed to the order of our going, but we went to the house just about as quick as we could make our feet carry us there. We reported at head-quarters "that a devil was in that butternut tree." My brother, who was the other boy's father, took the rifle which was loaded and started for the tree. But some one of the family told him, "If it was the devil they did not think he could kill him unless he had a silver ball in the gun." It was no time then to cast silver bullets, so of course he went on with his lead ball. When he arrived where he could see the object in the tree he thought it did not exactly correspond with his ideal devil, so he cautiously crept close to the tree, when he found it to be a very large swarm of bees that had "lit" there. I have recorded the foregoing story not only to show that at that time I had not entirely outgrown the devil idea, but that older people than mere children...
were strongly tinctured with that absurd and ridiculous belief.

False theories unto me were taught,
That unto me those devils brought;
Only impressed upon the mind,
Could I those watching devils find.

Oh! parents true, beware, we pray,
What lessons you teach, day by day,
Unto your young and tender child:
False creeds will sometimes mar the child.

Let truth from nature's fount above,
In lessons pure and clothed in love,
Fall gently 'round thy children's way,
That they in love may grow each day.

They will not need then to relearn
Those teachings they will surely spurn
In after years, when they shall grow
And grander lessons seek and know.
CHAPTER II.


Goddess of memory! help me, I pray,
Backward to look this glorious day,
And trace my childhood's footsteps there,
Along life's pathway true and fair.

Help me recall through memory's power,
Heart throbs and feelings hour by hour,
That on life's pathway then did flow,
As I through life sought more to know.

In the summer of 1829 I first attended a district school in my native town. It was a long distance we had to walk, but I was accompanied by three of my sisters who were older than myself. We had a large, high hill to climb, and our path lay through pasture fields, where ugly looking cattle and horses would sometimes try to scrape acquaintance with us, and of whom we were often afraid. But, I think I never experienced as much fear of those animals as of the devils of my previous dreams. I climbed that hill and attended school the first few days very willingly. But I failed to see the use of learning to read and especially the need of climbing that high hill to accomplish that purpose, and I soon made up my mind that I would withdraw from that school.
arrangement and stay at home. Accordingly, one morning when it was time to get ready for school, I boldly made the announcement "that I had withdrawn from the school party, and proposed to stay at home." I was admonished of the necessity of learning to read, spell, write, etc.; but I failed to see the use of climbing that hill every morning and sitting quiet upon those hard seats for six hours for the purpose of learning the "a, b, c's," and then trying to splice them together in some way that I could not understand. My dear and ever kind mother tried to coax me to change my mind and go to school but to no avail. I was obstinate. The "boogar" story had lost its controlling power, hence some other means must be resorted to. My parents had never punished me with blows, and I will here remark that through all my childhood and youth my parents never struck me; and if King Solomon's theory was true, "that to spare the rod spoils the child," I should certainly have been spoiled beyond redemption. At last my mother said that "if I would go to school steady through that term of school, when the school closed she would give me some money." Now at that time I had a very exalted idea of money. Some friend previous to this had given me one of those old-fashioned copper half-penny pieces. That was all the money I had ever possessed, and I had put that safely away and felt that I had "lots" of money. I gladly accepted my mother's offer, and thought I could afford to suffer some for the money I expected to receive. With renewed animation and high hopes I again started for school, and I had not attended more than two weeks when I became so much interested in learning to read that I needed no money stimulant to induce me to continue steady and attend. (In all my after years, school was a place loved dearly, and I
have always deeply regretted that circumstances compelled me to withdraw from school too early in life before I had obtained the education I desired.) At the close of that term of school, my mother gave me what was then called a silver "York shilling" worth $12 1/2 cents. I suppose that Jay Gould with half a million did not feel as rich as I felt with my silver shilling. The next winter and the following summer I attended school at the same place, and I recall that time as one of the happiest periods of my childhood. My schoolmates that used to meet with me in the old school house upon the hill, where are they? Gone! gone! many of them from my life, but not from my memory.

I think it necessary to remark here that my father was a poor man as far as material wealth was concerned. He owned a small farm among the Chesterfield rocks and hills, but it was only by the strictest economy, frugality and steady industry that my parents had been enabled to raise their large family of eleven children. In the spring of 1830 my father sold his rough and rocky farm in Chesterfield, and, (if my memory is correct,) he had, after paying all his obligations in Massachusetts, about one thousand dollars left. With that small amount of money, our parents with their family (which then consisted of ten members) started to find a new home in the wilderness of Cattaraugus County, New York. Their household goods were shipped by canal from Albany to Rochester, thence to Cuylererville, a town on the Genesee River, at that time the nearest public shipping point to Cattaraugus County. My brother Elisha came on with the goods while my parents with the other members of the family came in a covered emigrant wagon drawn by a span of horses. We were thirteen days on the road, and for a boy of my
age who had never before been out of town it was full of events that at that time were very interesting to me. But I will only relate one. It was the last night before we were to reach our journey's end. We were then in the wilds of western New York. Just before sunset we arrived at a hotel where Farmersville now is, and my father tried to get accommodations for the night. The hotel keeper claimed that there was to be a dance there that night, and for that reason could not keep us, but he said there was another tavern only two miles from there and we could easily reach that point before it would be very dark. The truth was that there was no hotel in that direction any nearer than five or six miles. Of course we had to move on, and the result was that at dark we had just entered the edge of what was then known as the "three-mile" pine woods. It was three miles through this unbroken piece of timber, and the road was so fearfully bad that all a man could expect to do was to get a team and wagon through by daylight. I have many times in later years and after the timber had been removed passed over that road, and have as often wondered how my father made his way through that forest that dark night. I think I never since have suffered so much with fear in the same length of time as I did that night. One of my sisters remained in the wagon with me, and we had all we could do to keep ourselves right side up. The others were trying to get along as best they could on foot. My greatest fear was that we should all of us be scalped by the Indians. Indeed I did not expect we should all get together again, and in my childish imaginings I thought the hotel keeper, who had thus lied to father and sent us into those dark and fearful woods that night, ought at least to have a very warm corner in that sulphur region where, it is said, "the worm dieth
not, and the fire is not quenched.” After a long and tedious time of climbing over roots and stumps, and “sousing” through fearful mudholes, we came to a log cabin by the road side, the inmates of which kindly took us in, kept us the remainder of the night, and in the morning gave us some breakfast and bade us “God speed” on our way. I have often wished that I knew the names of those good Samaritans. The next day we arrived at our destination in the wild woods of Ellicottville, and in the course of a few weeks my father bought and moved on to seventy-eight acres of land where we now reside and which has been our home during all those sixty years.

The following winter I attended the district school in the same district where we now reside, which was my fourth term of school. The following September my brother Elisha, who had always treated me with the most tender kindness and whom I esteemed very highly, was married to a young lady by the name of Amy Buck. He was soon after taken sick, and in the December following passed on to spirit life, deeply and sadly mourned and missed by his many friends. I was about eight years of age at the time of my brother's death, and I had never before seen a corpse, or witnessed anything in regard to death; though I was too young to realize much in regard to either life or death, yet it sadly impressed me with the truth that I had never before realized, that life, however young we might be, could soon be exchanged for the cold and lifeless state of death. Though it was claimed that the individual lived beyond death and the grave, yet I could not realize anything of the kind, future life appeared to me to be far more fanciful than real, and I must say that when my brother's form was buried in the grave I never expected to see or hear from him again.
The death of my brother Elisha left my father alone, as far as farm help was concerned, for I was too young to be of much service; hence my father made arrangements with my older brother Levi to work with him for three years. That arrangement also made it possible for me to attend the district school both winter and summer terms, for which I was very thankful. After the expiration of the three years my father thought he could get along with my help. Thus after I was eleven years of age I attended no more terms of summer school, and my only chance to attend school was the three-months' winter term. For five winters after I was eleven years of age I attended school three months each winter with the exception of one winter when my father was sick, and I only attended one month. That completed my school education except two months that I attended school the winter that I was eighteen years of age. The remainder of those years I worked in the field with my father. During all my boyhood days I was anxious to acquire a collegiate education. But circumstances which I could not control ordered it otherwise, and with all the patience at my command I submitted to the inevitable. I never claimed to be any more perfectly organized than other children. Indeed I inherited a quick and a sometimes fiery temper. However a few incidents that occurred in my childhood days taught me very forcibly the need of controlling my temper for my own happiness if not for other reasons. I will here relate an incident to show something of the condition of my childhood. Two of my sisters next older than myself were my most intimate playmates at that time, and for those sisters I have always had the highest esteem and the deepest fraternal affection. When I was in my ninth year of age (if my memory is correct) my sisters and I had
gathered from the bushes which were growing near the house several nice, straight switches or young sprouts, and had taken them into the dooryard and were there playing with them. My youngest sister snatched from me the switch with which I was playing. This angered me and I instantly caught another switch and struck her with it very hard. I struck her on the skirt of the dress, and the blow of course did not hurt her so much as it would if I had hit her over the shoulders. As soon as I had struck her I was sorry, and I would have given any thing in my power if I could have recalled the blow, but it was too late. My sister cried and I also cried. The blow of course hurt my sister somewhat, but it hurt her feelings more to think her brother had struck her, and it hurt me far worse than it did her. It hurt my heart. It made it sore. I had in anger struck my kind and affectionate sister, I could not recall the blow, and I could not get over it. My sister forgave me, but that could not relieve the inward smart of my conscience. I shed bitter tears of sorrow, but those tears could not heal the wound in my own heart. More than half-a-century has passed since that occurrence, but during all those many years whenever I have thought of that incident, my heart has keenly felt the pain, and today, as I recall that incident in my life's journey, my heart feels the pain caused by that foolish blow. But that blow taught me a lesson from which I have since profited many times through life. It taught me that a wrong deed committed left its impress upon the soul of the wrongdoer, from which he cannot escape. He cannot run away from it, for it has become a part of himself, and one can not run away from himself. I know that it is claimed by the Christian people that Jesus can forgive all wrong and sin, and Himself bear the burden of the sins of His followers, or those
who believe in Him. My experience through life has taught me that each person through his life must bear the results of his or her wrongdoing and the popular theory that has been taught that the sins of one can be atoned for by the death, suffering or blood of Jesus, to me is an absurd and false theory that has no truth, no proof, in the phenomena of human life, and has been and still is detrimental to the welfare and progress of mankind. I do not think I was quarrelsome in my boyhood days, for I never came to angry blows with any of my schoolmates but twice, and one of those incidents was caused by my taking the part of a smaller boy, and my conscience never accused me for my part in that affair.

The other was a different affair, and I feel justified in relating it here. To explain the situation briefly I must remark that my father's family at that time was in very poor circumstances financially, and my father obtained cloth to clothe himself and me by having the wool spun into yarn at home. The weaving of the cloth was also done at home by my mother or one of my sisters, and the cloth was then taken to the fuller's where it was fulled and dressed by the yard. When the cloth was finished a tailor-ess was hired to come to our home and make the desired garments. At the season to which I am now referring, for some reason the cloth from which my clothes were to be made did not come from the dresser's until the middle of the winter, and our school commenced the first of December, hence I must either stay out of school or wear my old clothes which were already much patched. New clothes were out of the question until that cloth was finished. I was that winter twelve years of age, and I could not think of losing any of my time from school. Hence I attended school in my old clothes. Almost every day I would
A U T O B I O G R A P H Y  O F  B E A L S  E.  L I T C H F I E L D.

get them torn at school, and, as I had no change of garments, my mother would patch up the rent after I had retired for the night. The result was that before my new clothes were "organized," the old ones became so patched that one could scarcely tell of what the original garment was made. The schoolboys thought that I had more colors in my coat than had Joseph of old, therefore they called me Joseph. About the middle of the school term the cloth arrived, and in a few days I doffed Joseph's coat of many colors, and, to the surprise of scholars and teacher, I walked into the schoolroom respectably clothed and "in my right mind." At noon we played in front of the school house until it was nearly time to commence school, and some of the boys said, "Let's go and play on the ice," a place about fifty or sixty rods from the school house. I said "No, it is about time for school to commence." A boy who was older than myself caught me by my coat collar, a half dozen or more caught around each one of us, and they pulled both ways. I could not make the boy let go my coat, neither could I unclinch his hand. He held hold of the upper button and he tore the whole staying and every button down through the whole cloth in the breast of my coat. Only a day or two previous the teacher had made a rule that he would surely punish the next scholar that tore a garment. I showed my coat to the teacher but during the afternoon the teacher made no remark in regard to the matter. When the school closed for night, I formed a committee of one, took the teacher's rule into my own hands, and in the presence of a part of the scholars and in sight of the teacher I applied the punishment that the other scholars as well as myself thought he so justly deserved. The punishment was inflicted twelve or fifteen rods from the school house. The teacher came out of the
school house and called to me to stop, but I gave no heed to what he said. When I had finished my job I returned to the school house, and the teacher said to me, "Did you not hear me tell you to stop?" I answered "I did." Said he "Why did you not stop then?" I said "I had not got through with the punishment at that time." "Well," said the teacher, "I have nothing to do with it tonight, but I will settle with you tomorrow." Said I "If you have nothing to do with it tonight will you have tomorrow?" The teacher made no reply, and the next day he said nothing more about a settlement. Though my own conscience has never accused me for doing as I did in that matter, and I have never felt a regret in regard to the part I acted in that affair, (for I always thought the cause justified the result,) yet I can not say the principle is right. After witnessing what I have of illegal punishment, I would now advise all justice-loving people to abstain entirely from taking the law into their own hands, and thereby inflict illegal punishment. We have often heard of cruel tragedies that have been enacted by this same principle when the infuriated people have taken the law into their own hands. It is not as well. Let us as good citizens obey the laws, even if justice sometimes appears to be tardy in punishing the guilty. While I am reviewing my boyhood days, I do not seem to remember many good deeds that I performed, but every incident of which I am not proud stands in front of me in bold relief. And thus I find it is much easier to forget good deeds than bad ones.

The fall that I was eleven years of age, I wanted a Daboll's arithmetic. My father was so poor that he said he did not see how he could buy me one, hence I studied every way that I could think of to obtain my desire. One of my sisters at that time
was working in the little village of Ellicottville, about two-and-a-half miles from our home. My sister came home one Sunday, and in speaking of a young lady who kept a millinery shop in town, she said, "Miss H. had a great job to obtain her firewood." It had not occurred to me before that there was any chance to sell wood, but the thought at once struck me that there was the chance to get my arithmetic. The next day I went for the woods with my father's ax and after two or three days, I succeeded in getting worked up a very good load of stove-wood. The first snow that fell father let me take the team and I loaded on my wood, and took it to town alone. I drove up in front of Miss H.'s shop, the young lady came to the door and I inquired if she wished to buy my wood. She said she did, and asked me what I wanted for it. I very promptly told her "I wanted Daboll's arithmetic." I noticed she smiled as she said she would take it, and showed me where to throw it off. I had no idea what my wood was worth or what the arithmetic would cost. But just as I got the wood unloaded Miss H. came from the store with the arithmetic in her hand, and met a man by her door and she said to the man, "See there! I got all of that wood for three shillings." The man looked at the wood, then he looked at me, and then he said, "Well, if anybody is d-d fool enough to sell that wood for three shillings they may do it. When I draw wood I want pay for it." That was the first thing I ever sold, the first trade I ever made, and, of course, I then discovered it was the first time I had ever been cheated. Of course, no one was to blame but myself, I got all I asked for the wood, but I then had a better realization of values than I had when I drove up to the door with my wood. I got my coveted arithmetic and I studied it faithfully until I was master of all
its rules and problems. Thus Mr. Daboll became my admired and useful friend, and I have him now laid carefully away as a cherished relic of my boyhood days. But in the great and active battles of life in which I have since been engaged, I have often found that there were many other rules to be applied, many other important problems to solve that were not to be found in Daboll's arithmetic, but which were very necessary to understand before I could successfully walk life's thorny pathway, uncheated and undeceived by the cunning tricks or artful sophistry of unprincipled, crafty and designing men. And I must here say, (though I regret to say it,) that I have met that class of men in all the various walks of life from the priest with his so-called holy calling, the politician with his unholy and selfish ambition, the lawyer with his dishonesty to clients, the doctor, who, to cover up lust and shame, does not scruple to sacrifice human life even before it has breathed earth's atmosphere, the merchant, the tradesman, the farmer, the manufacturer, even the beggar clothed in rags at your door,—all, all professional callings or industries have more or less members in their ranks who can truthfully answer to the roll-call of artful, unprincipled, deceiving and dishonest men. Hence the greatest problem of the present age is how mankind can be elevated so that all humanity in earth life will be honest, truthful, just and good. That problem I did not find in Daboll's arithmetic, and I am aware that it will require a greater practical mathematician than my kind friend Daboll to solve that mighty problem, and bring it into a practical realization of human life.

I will return to my narrative. About this time my parents had changed their religious belief from Orthodoxy to Universalism. There were but few people of the Universalist faith in our
vicinity, but our nearest neighbor, who was an uncle to me by marriage with my mother’s sister, and whose name was Justice Todd, was a Universalist preacher, and often visited at our house, and by listening to what I so often heard in his conversation I had formed a very correct idea of the Universalist creed and its basis. In the next school district, two miles east of us, a place then known as Bryant hill, most of the people were very zealous Orthodox Christians. Every winter they used to hold a revival, or “protracted meeting,” when the backsliders would renew their vows, and most of the young people and sometimes some of the children would be converted, and enter (as they said) upon “the straight and narrow way that leads to eternal life.” I frequently attended those revival meetings but could never feel as others said they felt. In fact, the greatest inducement then and there held out for the sinner to seek salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus was that they might escape the fires of hell in the next life. Their preaching and exhorting often reminded me of the “boogar” stories which I had not forgotten, and perhaps that was the reason of my impenitent condition. Then the Universalists claimed that there was no future hell, (for had not Jesus died for all?) and Jesus had not died in vain, hence all would be saved through the atoning blood of Jesus. No matter what their earth life had been, Jesus paid it all. All those opposing minds claimed the Bible to be true in every particular, and all claimed to find in the Bible evidence to prove those exactly opposite claims. I then supposed there was no place to seek for religious truth except in the Bible. To satisfy myself as to whether there was or was not a lake of fire and brimstone, I commenced a careful perusal of the Bible. I thought I would not (in fact I could not) believe by proxy, and
therefore made up my mind to apply to the fountain head, the Bible, to guide my mind in the path of truth.

For three or four years I read the Bible carefully, candidly, sincerely, with an earnest desire to understand it correctly, but I could not avoid reading it critically. My experience with the "boogars" had made me a critic. After thus reading the Bible for three or four years, I had lost all confidence in its reliability as an authority for us to use in safety to establish or on which to base any belief. I found that the Universalists could prove their doctrines, the Orthodox could prove their creed, and, in fact, almost any doctrine could be proved from the Bible. When I was sixteen years of age I had lost all faith in Christian religion, and also in a future existence. I was what would now be called an Agnostic. Yet I was a very faithful attendant of the revival meetings during each winter season. And in truth I must say there were many ludicrous incidents that occurred at those meetings, yet, with all the ludicrousness or seriousness, I failed to find that "conversion through faith" which others claimed they had found.

I was not by any means perfect, yet I tried to live a just and honest life, but sometimes I fell short of that high point of justice which I so much admired. To illustrate my meaning I will relate an occurrence of my boyhood days. There was a very kind neighbor who had a small patch of watermelons in his garden, and among the fruit was one very fine, nice-appearing melon. One evening another boy and myself stole that melon. If we had gone into a large patch of melons and taken one, it would not have seemed to me so mean, but to go into a friend's garden and take the best melon was too mean to think of, and yet I have been compelled to think of it with regret at times for
over fifty years, and its memory is as fresh in my mind today as ever, and I am thankful it was no greater wrong. We were both sorry for our deed before we finished eating the melon, but our sorrow came too late, yet not too late to give me a lesson for my future good, for I have never had a desire to steal anything since that time, and I never have done so. There is another circumstance that I will here relate that occurred when I was about sixteen years of age, for which I have often felt my conscience accusing me during all the many years since it occurred. My father was sick, and was in the habit of sending me to attend to his business. There was a merchant in town at that time with whom we traded at times and almost every time I traded there he failed to make correct change, and the mistake was nearly always in my favor. I would tell him the mistake and rectify it, but one day I handed him a bill to pay for some goods just purchased and in making the change he gave me back seventy-five cents too much. I put the money in my pocket and carried it off. I have suffered more for taking that seventy-five cents, than from the possession of any other seventy-five cents I ever owned. Thus, I have ever found it through life. A wrong deed of mine I have never been able to forget. The memory of every wrong that I have done is with me still. I refer to the wrong deeds to show by my experience the result of wrongdoing, and for the purpose of pointing out a better way to any boy or girl who may chance to read these lines. And here I would admonish all, whether young children or children of a more mature age (for we are all children still) to shun all wrong deeds as you would shun a poisonous serpent coiled in your path, for a wrong deed, whether great or small, "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." How long this sting will exist I know not, but this
I know, that my hair is white with the frost of sixty-eight winters, and the sting of every wrong I have ever done is still fresh in my memory, and I yet feel its effective sting. Again I repeat young man, or woman, beware!

For sorrow from wrong deeds doth grow,
But peace and love from good deeds flow;
Then sow the seeds of goodness here,
Through life thy pilgrimage they'll cheer.

Then, when thy hair is turned to white,
And thy life's sun must sink in night,
Angels will meet thee at death's door,
And gently bear thy spirit o'er

Death's cold and mystic river's tide,
To a bright home on the other side,
Where pangs of grief, for wrong deeds done,
Within thy heart will never come.
CHAPTER III.

A poem—My father's sickness and death—My promise—Untiring labor—Dark days—Grandmother's death—Her return and my fear—Closing my school-days—Attend a revival meeting—My reason a bar to my conversion—I speak in conference—A mystery—The preacher's advice—The devil theory.

The clouds of sorrow o'er me roll,
For death is drawing near
To claim a loved one for his own,
A father loved so dear.

Death came and laid our father low,
We placed his form away,
If he still lived, I did not know,
But grief to me said; "Nay,"

"Your father's dead—sleeps in the ground—
"You'll see his form no more,
"No resurrection for the dead."
And thus my heart grieved sore.

In the spring of 1840, when I was sixteen years of age, my father's health was failing. A physician was called, and pronounced the disease dropsy. All that could be done for him appeared to be of no avail. He gradually became worse, and on the seventeenth day of October, 1840, he quietly passed away. A few weeks before his decease, he called me to his bedside and said that he was soon going, and he wished to know if I would stay and work the farm, and take care of the family. The family then consisted of my grandmother, mother, four sisters and
myself. My father wished the family to be kept together, and move along as nearly as possible as though he was with them. This to me was the darkest cloud that had ever overshadowed my young life—the keenest sorrow that I had at that time ever experienced. I told my father to arrange the matters as he desired, and I would do the best I could to execute his wishes. My father's property, real and personal, at that time, was worth probably fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars. After giving to his other children a small legacy, my father gave my mother the use of all his estate during her natural life, and at her decease it was to belong to me. He also made provision for his mother to have a home with my mother. For six long years thereafter I worked "from early dawn 'till dewy eve," and often during the evening, and all I could do was to keep about even financially. At my father's death I was of course compelled to relinquish my desire for a collegiate education, which grieved me much. However, I cheerfully relinquished that hope and earnestly commenced my arduous duty. During the above mentioned six years, I saw many dark days, many clouds obscured my sky, and many were the days when it seemed to me that my burden was greater than I could bear. At such times I would wish to get released from my duty, but my mother could not bear the thought of my going away, and then I would think of my promise to my father upon his death bed, and that thought, and the love I bore for my mother, who had always been so kind and affectionate to me, would renew my courage and strength to continue to fight life's battles, and to never yield to the foeman discouragement, and today I am thankful that I fought that battle, for I conquered the foe, and now have the conscientious satisfaction of knowing that I did not break my promise to my
dying father, but fulfilled my promise and did my duty to the best of my ability.

My grandmother stayed with us in the mortal form for four years and four months after my father's transition, and then she quietly passed to higher life, aged 87 years. We laid the mortal form away in the cemetery beside her son, our father. For forty-eight hours before the transition of our grandmother she laid insensible, and to all appearance intelligence was extinct, and all that remained was the breath, which gradually ceased, and we said "she is dead." We stood by the bedside when she drew the last breath, and we reflected thus: The intelligence has ceased to exist for forty-eight hours, and now the breath has left, and all that now remains of our once kind and active grandmother is the cold and lifeless form which will soon decay, and that is the end of her existence. At that time we were firmly convinced that there was no future existence, no life for the man, or woman, after their eyes were closed in death.

And here I desire to relate a little incident that occurred the evening after grandmother's death. The breath left the body at four o'clock in the morning. It was the month of February, and I had no one to help me about the barn or in any way. In my absence from home that day in making preparations for the funeral, burial, etc., I got belated, and it was quite dark when I arrived home. At this time I had bravely outgrown the fears of my childhood, and prided myself on being fearless by day or night. In fact I had been in many dark places at all times of night, and had experienced no fear. After placing the stock all right in the stables, I climbed to the haymow to throw down the hay for feeding. It was dark in the barn, and I had no light (for I had frequently fed the stock when it was as dark as at
that time). All at once it seemed to me that grandmother was standing close by my side, and was either going to hit me or show herself to me. I could not shake that feeling off, and a terrible fear seized me. Every moment I felt as though I should see or feel her. I reasoned "She is dead, and of course cannot be here." Then the thought would flash like lightning through my whole being, "No, she is not dead; she is here, and wants you to know she is alive and here." Reason as I would that she was dead, a force that I could not account for would reply through my inner consciousness this answer, "No, she is not dead, she is here." I left the mow as soon as possible and went to the door for air. While breathing the fresh air the fear left me, and I wondered that I could have been so foolish and cowardly. As time passed on, in after years, I often thought of that occurrence, but it was never satisfactorily explained to me until I became a Spiritualist, and knew that we could receive communications from our departed friends. Since that time my grandmother (in spirit) has explained it to me. She has told me that when she passed through what we had called death, she soon became conscious of her transition, and of her individual existence in spirit life. She met some of her friends in spirit life, and was so overjoyed with her condition, and her first realization of spirit life, that she felt as though she must let some one know that she still lived. Hence she and some of her spirit friends (who had met her in spirit and accompanied her) finding me in somewhat of a negative condition, accompanied me to the hay-mow where it was dark, and, finding the atmosphere in a more favorable condition, had attempted to convince me of her individual existence beyond the condition called death. They succeeded in impressing me very forcibly with her presence, but
my entire ignorance of the whole matter had opened the road to fear, which destroyed the condition for further manifestations, so they were compelled to abandon their effort, and wait the progress of time and events before proving to me the truth of spiritual existence.

During the winter of 1841 and 1842, when I was eighteen years of age, I attended the district school two months, which completed my boyhood school days. I left school with a good common school education—that was all. Though I was not satisfied with the amount of education I had received, yet I felt that my duty demanded self-denial in regard to a further prosecution of my studies. During the above mentioned winter there was as usual a long protracted meeting held in the school house, before referred to on Bryant hill, said meeting continuing until quite late in the spring. As usual I was a regular attendant, but I failed entirely (as I always had) to catch the converting power, or feel a change of heart. I had no fear of a future hell, to escape which was the great object of seeking salvation, as was proclaimed night after night at those meetings, for I had no evidence of a future existence at all, and I had no fear of devils for I had not forgotten the "boogar" stories of my childhood days. I was not destitute of thought, and I reasoned in this manner: "If there is a future existence, there must be some power that will sustain and govern it. If I am destined to exist as a conscious being in the future, that power will and must sustain me there as well as it has and does here. I came into this life without my knowledge or consent. Some power forced me into existence here, and some power sustains me here. I do not know anything in regard to that power. By some that power is called God. I do not know anything of God. I have no means
of knowing who or what God is. The Christians say all they know about God is what they read in the Bible. The Bible to me is a very unsatisfactory book. I cannot receive it as absolute truth, for it contains contradictions and absurdities, but I trust that power implicitly that sustains me here. I can do no other way. I intend to do the best I can while here. I do not desire to wrong any one, or to injure any one, and if there is to be for me a conscious existence beyond the grave, I shall be forced into that existence as I have been forced into this. I now feel that I am and shall be as willing to trust that power, as I am willing to trust the power that has brought me here. I cannot conceive how I shall be able to do differently."

I did not then understand it, but have since learned that those ideas were a sure bar to my conversion, and that while entertaining those ideas I was not in the right condition to receive and accept salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus. Night after night I had a strong desire to arise in conference and tell the people upon what ground I stood and what my ideas were. But I had never spoken in public, I had not much self-confidence and could not muster courage enough to stand up and say one word. Thus the long, cold winter passed, spring with its genial sky, and warm, balmy and welcome breezes again returned to gladden all hearts with its lovely presence, and we had met in the accustomed place with our neighbors and friends for the last meeting of the season. During the winter several had been converted, and several backsliders had renewed their fidelity to the cause of Jesus for Christ's sake, but I was still unconverted, and viewed religious matters just as I did when I commenced to attend the meetings. I still had a desire to express my thoughts, but had not made up my mind to do so,
and concluded to let them remain unsaid, as that was the last meeting of the season. After the close of the sermon the usual conference was held, several short speeches had been made and several earnest prayers had been offered, as they said, to the Throne of Grace, when all of a sudden I found myself standing up and speaking. I did not know how long I had been speaking, neither did I know what I had been saying. I took my seat, and was more than surprised at what had occurred, for I had never been in such a condition before. All through my boyhood days I had been in the habit of getting up and walking and talking in my sleep. I would generally awaken myself, though sometimes others would awaken me, but at this time I did not remember of having been sleepy, hence the affair was to me at the time a mystery. A few days after that mysterious event had occurred I was at work by the side of the road, and the Presbyterian preacher, who was then pastor of a church in Ellicottville, came along. He stopped and shook hands with me in a very friendly manner, and commenced congratulating me on my conversion. I was very much surprised, and told him there must be some mistake, for I had no knowledge of being converted, and inquired why he had formed such an opinion. He replied, "They told me that you spoke in the conference meeting a few nights since, and that you had come out very bright, and talked splendidly, and those who heard you feel to rejoice that you have been converted, and I feel truly to rejoice with you also." Again I repeated that there must be some mistake, that I had not been converted, that I felt no different from what I had felt for a long time, that for some time I had wanted to tell the people what I thought in regard to religion, but could not muster courage to do so, and that really I did not remember what I did
say upon the occasion referred to, but if I said I had been converted, or that any new sensation had come over me that had changed my mind or feelings from what they had previously been, I certainly was not aware of it, and that I would tell him plainly that I had not experienced to my knowledge any change of heart, or mind, or purpose, and I did not want him or any one else to think for a moment that I had. The good elder replied, "O, that is the devil. The devil puts that into your mind. The devil is afraid he is going to lose you. He has been watching you, and now tries to make you believe that you are not converted. Do not, I beg of you, listen, or give heed to the thought that you have not been converted, if you do you will be lost, for it is surely the devil using his cunning artifice to draw you back. Your only safety is to unite with some church immediately, and thus have the protecting care of the brethren. If you delay, I fear the devil's influence will be too strong for you." He continued, "Now I would like to have you join our church, and should be pleased to have you make your application now, if our ritual and articles of faith are satisfactory to you; but if you would feel more at home in some other church join that, but by all means unite with some church immediately, for to delay is dangerous." I replied that I was not familiar with the rituals or articles of faith of any of the religious societies, but aside from that I could not think for a moment of joining any church, for I did not think I had experienced religion. At least, I had not experienced the emotions that others described as experiencing when undergoing a change of heart. My kind, and well-meaning friend again accused the poor old devil of being the author of those thoughts, and said he would send me the Presbyterian articles of faith, and
wished me to examine them carefully, and see if I could not adopt them, and then find a home in the society of which he was the pastor. Some kind friends also brought me the articles of faith of the Methodist and the Baptist churches, and each were anxious for me to join their respective society. After telling them all the same story that I had not met with a change of heart or mind, and hence was not converted, they all arrived at the same conclusion, that the devil was interfering with my business too successfully to make it profitable for them to make any further effort for my salvation.

I examined very carefully the articles of faith belonging to each society, and noted the objections that I had to each. In fact, unless my mind and judgment should undergo a very great change from what they then were, I could not conscientiously adopt either of them. I pointed out to my good and kind Christian friends the objections which I had to each code of articles, and my kind and anxious friends at once withdrew their efforts to either scare me through the devil, or persuade me through friendship and kindness to unite with any sectarian society, and then gave me up to free thought, reason, common sense and the devil. The first three of these I have always admired, and have endeavored to cultivate and cherish them as lovely, kind and useful friends all through my life, and I find they have never forsaken me in the hour of need, or turned away coldly and unsympathetically when I would learn through them a grand lesson of life, its laws, relations, and uses. The other factor "the devil," which my kind friends seemed to think of the most importance, or at least of being the subtle author of "free-thought, reason, and common sense," I have never had the pleasure or the misfortune to meet in the form which has so
often been pictured by the so-called men of God to frighten children, or hold in subjection the vile, low and simple-minded people. It may be true that the devil theory may be useful to some who have not virtue, goodness and justice enough in their constitution and soul qualities to lead them to shun the wrong and do the right; to them it may be necessary.

For them a Devil dark to hold,
As a dog to guard a shepherd’s fold,
To scare away the wolves of sin,
When the fires of evil burn within.

But as for me, I need no devil. I have no use for such a being whether real or imaginary. Long ago we viewed the devil as an imaginary being, at least half-brother to the “boogars” of my childish fears, and with them he was by us relegated to the shades of oblivion, where all the false and foolish ideal beings and theories will in time be buried, and we shall rejoice to know that they have been buried so deep that a resurrection morn will never awake them from their slumbers.

Chief stock to support the Christian creed,
Is the Devil with his hell to feed.
Blot out the Devil, extinguish hell,
And there’ll be no Christian creeds to sell.
CHAPTER IV.


Let me be free to scan the universe of life;
Free from all creeds, church rules, and strife;
Free to seek in nature's realms of light,
For truth to guide my wandering steps aright.

Such was my earnest and sincere desire at the close of the earnest efforts of those kind friends to draw me into the fold of a church as recorded in the last chapter. But I escaped the snare, for which I have ever been thankful. That was the last protracted meeting that I ever attended regularly, and the last earnest effort that has ever been openly made to convert me to the Christian creed through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. I still continued to read the Bible, but the more I read that book, the stronger became my conviction that it was not what the Christians claimed it to be, "the word of God," but that it was instead a man-made book; and though it contained some truth, it also contained some errors. I learned to read it just as I would read any other book written by man, and thus subject its teachings to my highest reason and best common sense. And I now think if every intelligent person would thus read the Bible,
free from prejudice and unbiased by preconceived opinions, the Bible would soon lose its supposed sacred character with such readers.

For the next few years, as I have before remarked, hard and unceasing toil was my daily companion, and from all the means at my command, I could only just meet our family expenses. However, I did not become entirely dispirited, though often the dark clouds of circumstances which I could not control gathered thick and dark around my pathway, and for a time the warm and genial sunshine, pure affection, and unselfish love appeared to have forsaken me and my humble home forever. But the stormiest days will have an end, and the darkest night will often usher in the bright sunlight of a glorious morning. Thus it was with me. By the power of an unbroken will I struggled through the dark clouds of mental gloom and a night of sore darkness, till at length in the eastern horizon appeared the sure signs of the approaching day. With a glad heart we hailed the coming morn. We threw off the shackles of grief with which we had been bound, and stepped forth into the sunlight of a new and glorious morning unfettered and free, and sang with a will the glad song of redemption from a childish and foolish bondage. The bondage to which I here refer was not a bondage to sin or wrong deeds, it was a bondage to a condition of mentality of an affectional nature, which in my boyhood days had woven its silken web silently around my being, and by me was almost unrecognized until too late to easily break the web without a realizing sensation of pain. But when in my sadness I knew and realized that the artful weaver, the object of my adoration, was unworthy the honest and sincere devotion of a true and affectionate heart, my soul arose in its manhood and might, and
I spurned from my pathway those conditions which had so silently brought sorrow to my heart.

After six years of hard and steady toil without the success of remuneration for my labor, there seemed to be a change in financial conditions, and during the seventh year of my farming I had been able to save one hundred dollars above expenses, and, in the fall of 1847 I bought one hundred acres of land which joined the homestead, paying the one hundred dollars I had saved as the first payment towards the purchase price. Previously to that purchase I had formed the acquaintance of a young lady, a cousin of mine, who then resided with her parents, Israel and Delight Thatcher, in the town of Hopewell, Ontario county, New York. Between that lady, whose name was Lucinda Thatcher, and myself, there soon grew an attachment much stronger, superior, and more affectional than mere friendship, and on the 14th day of October, 1847, we were married at the home of her parents, and in a few days my loved and loving bride accompanied me to our present home, where from that time until the present we have continued to reside. Of those many years of our married life we shall have more to say as we proceed with our narrative. At the time of our marriage we both realized our financial poverty, but we each possessed the inestimable blessing of good health, and I think at least an average amount of ambition, and thus we had no fears in launching our matrimonial barque upon life's rough and tempestuous ocean regardless of wind or wave, believing that, though we were untried and perhaps unskilled mariners upon life's ocean, we should be able to successfully manage our craft, and hoped if our lives should be spared to realize the creeping on of old age until we could see the sun setting of our mortal life, we might
be able to land our craft somewhere where peace would crown our last days with her laurel crown of unalloyed happiness, and that a consciousness of having done our duty through life would smooth our dying pillow when the time of our departure should arrive. At the time of our marriage my companion was a member of the Methodist church, but she never united with the church in her new home, and gradually drifted away from the church communion, and in fact she soon lost faith in the orthodox creed, and was almost as much of an infidel as myself. I was her senior only by one month and sixteen days, and we were very much alike in many traits of character, yet in other traits were unlike to a certain degree; but we were never so unlike that we could not work in harmony. The one hundred acres of land that I purchased soon after our marriage was almost a wilderness, though there were a few acres cleared upon it. Soon after purchasing the land I hired a man for one year— the first man I had been able to pay for a year's work since I had managed the farm. I went to work with all the energy I could command to clear the timber from the land with a determination to hew a pathway to prosperity until we were crowned with a reasonable amount of financial success, if energy and hard work would accomplish my object, and here I must say that my young companion was truly a helpful mate in laboring to accomplish our desirable and worthy object. I laid aside politics and religion for several years, devoting my whole time and energy to my work and business matters, except that given to social enjoyment, and what time I could find evenings to devote to reading. I could not abandon the sacred privilege of reading. Thus time passed on, and on a small scale I was more successful financially than I had expected to be when I com-
A UTOBIOGRAPHY OF BEALS E. LITCHFIELD. 57

menced. On the 19th of November, 1848, a little girl baby came to our home, and we received the gift with thankful hearts, and named her Lillis Jenett. Here was a new feature in life, a new experience with which I was wholly unacquainted. Though I had always been an admirer of children, yet my affection flowed out to this child from the first in a devotion which I had never before experienced. As the little bud of promise unfolded physically and intellectually, our hearts' best affections daily flowed out to her in one continuous stream of purest love. We watched with tenderest care her growth and progress, and as the days and weeks lengthened into years, we enjoyed a degree of happiness of which we never before had been prepared to anticipate. But there was one thing that annoyed me, and it was by no means pleasing to contemplate. It was the thought that the time must surely come when my loved ones as well as myself would cease to exist, and our heart's purest and noblest affections would be remembered no more.

At that time I had no evidence which satisfied me that there was a future life. I had stood by the bedside of the dying, had seen the lifeless form when the last breath had been breathed, and I could see nothing pass away from the form, neither could I realize that there was an invisible spirit, soul, or mind that left the form at death, which still retained its conscious individuality. I reasoned thus: "If there is a soul that leaves the form at death, why can that soul not return to its friends, and let them know of its continued existence?" And unless some one could and did manifest their presence, I could see no evidence of a continuation of life beyond the grave. My Christian friends told me that before the New Testament was written, or before the Christian dispensation, that occasionally some spirit had
returned to bring to mankind the knowledge of a future life. They would refer me to Samuel, and to Moses, and Elias, and the spirit who appeared and talked to John upon the Isle of Patmos; at the crucifixion of Jesus, when it was said (and recorded in the Bible) that not only Jesus arose from the tomb and was seen by some but, that many arose from their graves and appeared unto many. When I inquired if such things then occurred, why can they not now return also? The answer would be, "That dispensation is past. God has closed that intercourse, and has given us His holy word, the Bible, which is all-sufficient for us, and we must receive those ancient facts on faith." But I failed to obtain faith enough to cause me to believe the story, hence my doubt or infidelity as some called it. In fact, I thought there was no one in the past that needed that evidence more than I did at that time for my welfare and happiness. The Bible record could not supply my needs. I was like a hungry and famished traveler calling at a rich mansion and begging for food. And the Christian teachers were like the master of the mansion inviting the hungry traveler into his spacious halls, where the tables were spread with the whitest of linen and an abundance of dishes, but no food. "Here," said the master, "was spread yesterday a grand feast, tender viands from the flocks and herds, rich and luscious fruit from the fields, splendid bread from the bakery, vegetables from the garden, and all things necessary to supply the needs and desires of the hungry traveler. The tables were loaded with rich and delicate food from every clime, and many people were here to taste their sweetness, and eat their fill from the ample supply." "But," said the famished traveler, "I do not see anything here to satisfy my hunger to-day." "O, yes," said the master, "there
is. Here, take this little book and read it; it will tell you all about what was on the table yesterday and who were here to eat their fill. Read the book and let faith satisfy your needs. The feast-day has past; to-day we must live by the faith we can obtain by reading of the feast of yesterday." But the hunger of the weary traveler could not thus be satisfied. Neither could my hunger and thirst for one ray of light, for one word from a pilgrim traveler beyond death's river, be satisfied by reading the Bible, any more than the hungry traveler could be satisfied by reading about yesterday's feast, or looking upon the empty dishes upon the master's table. Such is nature's law. The Christians all said that when a person died he went to that bourn whence no traveler returns. And from all I could see, hear, feel, and learn, I could find no proof satisfactory to me that any traveler had ever returned from a life beyond the grave. Nothing could ever convince me of a life beyond the grave but the return of some one who had once lived on this earth and who had passed through death. I felt that if Moses and Elias had ever come back to earth, those who had lived on earth at a more modern date could return also, and as we know not personally of any such return, nor heard of any one returning in modern times, the whole theory of a conscious individual existence beyond the grave was to me a delusion.

Such were my convictions from the time I was sixteen years of age until I was twenty-nine. I always hoped that we might be immortal, but, search wherever I would, I failed to find evidence of that much desired boon of immortality.

At the time of which I am now writing I had heard and seen something in regard to magnetism. I had attended a few lectures upon that theme, and witnessed some of the feats said
to be performed by the magnetic or will power of mind acting upon another mind. However, I was ignorant of the whole science, and hence thought it a humbug or delusion. Soon after the rappings commenced at Hydesville, I saw an account published in a paper in regard to what had occurred there. I became somewhat interested, for I saw that if what they had published was true, it might perhaps prove a future existence to be true. But I expected it would be proved to be all a fraud. I read what I found in the papers in regard to the subject, and a friend sent me at one time a pamphlet containing the report of a committe, who had been chosen to investigate the rappings, and, from what I could learn in regard to the subject through my limited means, I came to the conclusion that behind the rappings was some ambitious person or persons who were desirous of starting a new religion; and I thought we had religions enough already, unless a better religion came than any I had found, and I was not at that time very favorably impressed with what I had then learned in regard to the subject. In the month of March, 1852, nearly four years after the commencement of the rappings at Hydesville, I called at the hotel kept by Lathrop Vinton about one-half mile from our residence. While I was there Mr. V. said to me, "Beals, I have a little book here which I wish you would take home with you and read. It belongs to Rev. Gowda, a Universalist minister." I thanked my friend V. and told him "I should be pleased to do so, as I was not afraid to read anything that I chanced to find." Mr. V. handed me the book, and I at once observed that the title was "Light from the Spirit World." I repeated the title and remarked "I do not know whether there is a spirit world or not. If there is no spirit world, the title to
this book is a delusion. If there is a spirit world, no one will be more pleased than myself to receive light from that world. But I have no evidence of such a place, and the probability is that the title is a delusion, and the author either himself deceived or a deceiver. But I will not form an opinion till I have read its contents. "That is right," said Mr. V., "read it first, and then you will be justified in forming an honest opinion according to your honest judgement." The book was written (as claimed by the writer) through the hand of one Rev. C. Hammond, of Rochester, N. Y., and without any volition on his part. I read the book carefully and was deeply interested in its contents. I found it contained many ideas which were to me sublime. But whether it was written through the hand of a medium by denizens of a spirit world who had once dwelt in the mortal form on this earth, and after passing through death returned to tell us of their home beyond death's river, was to me the great question. If it was not written by an intelligent mind from spirit life, it was evident that Mr. H. must have been either terribly deceived or a bold, bad, false man. If it had been written as claimed then it was truly light from the spirit world, which must bring untold blessings to mankind on earth. I could not readily decide the question. If we called it true, we should have to take the word of Mr. H. for truth, and lay aside the possibility of his being deceived. This we were not prepared to do. Hence, we must defer our judgement until some future time when we might be better informed on the subject. In that book, to which I have been referring, were rules laid down for any one to follow to ascertain if he were a writing medium. The rules were for the person to quietly sit at a table in a quiet place for one hour each day, hold a pencil as though ready to write, place the
hand upon the paper, and quietly wait the result. If the person thus sitting is a writing medium, it was said, some manifestation will occur within one week. The rules were so simple and easy to try, that out of curiosity I thought I would try them. I selected the hour from seven to eight in the evening, when quiet prevailed, and for six evenings I sat with the pencil in my fingers for one hour each evening, and all that I could get was a little peculiar sensation in my hand, caused, I thought, by my hand lying so still upon the table. But I had one evening more to sit, and if I should not receive something at that sitting, I should abandon the trial. At those sittings I would fix my mind upon my brother or father who were in spirit life, "if there is such a thing as spirit life," I thought. The seventh evening I sat till I thought the hour was about expired, but on looking at the clock I found I had ten moments more to sit. I closed my eyes and thought I would sit the other ten moments. Very soon I felt the pencil move in my fingers as though some one had taken hold of the top and was trying to govern the pencil to write. I could feel the pencil move upon the paper, but did not know whether it was making a mark or not for my eyes were closed. At that time my mind was fixed upon my brother. The pencil stopped moving. I looked upon the paper, and found I had the name of William Curtis written very plain. William Curtis was the name of a man who had married a niece of mine, and who had, as we thought, died more than four years previous to that time, and of whom I was not thinking at that time. To better illustrate the test I will here remark that if at that time I had believed in a future life I should have been an Universalist. That is if I had believed the friend, whose name had been so (to me) unaccountably written, still lived, I should
have believed that he was as happy as he ever could or would be, and that he knew as much as he ever could or ever would know. Progress beyond the grave was to me an unknown quality of soul life. I took the pencil again and asked my friend if he was happy. Again the pencil moved as before, and, to my surprise, I found the answer "No." I thought the answer would be yes. Again I inquired if he could and would tell me the cause of his unhappiness. Again the pencil moved as before, and I found the following sentence written, "Ever one conscience, but mind improves, lessening our sorrow." There was another sentence written, but so illegibly that I could not read it. I could not get any more at that time. Here was the first intelligence that I ever had any knowledge of receiving from across the mystic river of death. I reasoned upon the matter thus: Here is manifested a force outside of myself, for the pencil was moved by the force being applied at the top of the pencil above my hand, hence I must admit that the force did not originate with me. Again, that force manifested intelligence which I positively knew did not originate with me, for it had not been in my mind at the time it was written, and the last sentence, which said there was improvement for the mind beyond the grave, I know for a certainty was not the expression of my mind. No other person in the form could know that fact as I knew it. Then we compared the writing with that of William Curtis, which he had written while in the form, and it proved to be very similar to it. I could not account for that writing at that time, nor since that time, in any other way than that it came, as it purported to come, from William Curtis, whose form we had buried more than four years before. I was then firmly of the opinion that the communication was from
him, and my forty years of investigation in the realms of spirit-
ual phenomena has each year confirmed my early opinion. I
was filled with joy to find that individual life was continued
beyond the grave, and that it was possible to receive a sentence
or word from those we had heretofore supposed dead. But,
though I was in earnest, and deeply interested in the investiga-
tion of the spiritual phenomena, I have never jumped at con-
clusions, but through a careful course of reasoning sought to
distinguish facts from fancy, the real from the imaginary, and
truth from error in all branches of my investigations. The next
evening after receiving the first message I sat again. Instead of
the pencil being moved from the top as on the previous evening,
a peculiar sensation was felt in my hand and arm to the elbow,
and my hand was moved to write without any volition of my
own. Each evening I repeated the sitting, and each evening
my hand would be moved mechanically to write. For the first
few sittings I did not know when my hand was writing or what
was being written. But after a few evenings as soon as the first
letter was formed, I would instantly know what the word was to
be, and as soon as the word was written, I would know what the
sentence was to be, and strive as I would to keep my mind fixed
on something else, I could not avoid knowing what my hand
was writing. Though I never had a doubt in regard to the
genuineness of the first, and of some of the communications that
followed, yet when my own mind was cognizant of what was
being written doubts would intrude, and I feared that through
some nervous condition which I did not understand, my thoughts
would be conveyed to the paper through my arm. I desire the
reader to remember that at that time I was entirely ignorant of
the law or science of psychology, and also of all of its kindred
For a few days I continued my sittings daily, and in that way covered many sheets of foolscap paper with writing, and some things that were thus written proved to be true in after years. I will here relate one incident. It was written that I must and would preach the gospel of Spiritualism. I doubted this statement, and said it could not be true, for I was uneducated, and besides I had no desire for that kind of business. Then it was written "It will be nearly twenty years first, but you will certainly publicly preach the truth of Spiritualism." I did not think that idea originated in my mind, for nothing could be further from my mind or desire. The sequel, which I shall refer to in the proper place, will prove the prophecy to have been correct. I then thought that there will be no use for preaching Spiritualism in eighteen or twenty years, for the whole world would be rejoicing in a knowledge of spirit communion in less than twenty years. I was unwise enough to think that everybody would seek to investigate the phenomena, and rejoice, as I rejoiced, in a knowledge of a continuation of individual life beyond the dark valley and shadow of death. I thought that especially the Christian people would rejoice with exceeding great joy to know that they could demonstrate the truth of their belief in the immortality of the human soul. But the history of Spiritualism and of the human race prove how very little I comprehended the true mental and spiritual condition of mankind at that time.

After sitting for writing for a few weeks, the thoughts which my hand would write would be so easily impressed upon my mind, that they seemed to me very much like my own thoughts. I did not wish to be deceived or to deceive others. I was so much afraid that it was my own mind, and that I had lost my
power of mediumship, that I abandoned my sittings for writing entirely, and supposed that would end my mediumship. In that supposition I was mistaken, for I had not long ceased to sit for writing, when the peculiar sensation which I had felt in my hand and arm while writing, would be felt through my whole system, and I would be made to pass through a course of exercises which often appeared ludicrous to others but was not as pleasing to me, neither could I understand for what purpose I was thus exercised. I would often be seized with such an influence when at work in the field, especially if I was alone. The reader will please remember that at that time I knew nothing in regard to Spiritualism or spirit control, for I had never seen a Spiritualist, and did not know as there was a Spiritualist in our county. But, as I before remarked, I thought that all intelligent people would hail the glad tidings of spiritual intercourse with open arms and glad hearts. The next morning after I had received my first written message, one of our neighbors called at our house on his way to town, and I told him of my experimental sittings and the result. He did not appear to be as deeply interested in the subject as I supposed he would be, but I thought he considered me very much mistaken if not insane. Having occasion to visit town a few days after I found my neighbor had circulated the story, and several men with whom I was acquainted inquired of me in regard to the matter, and I simply told them the truth, and that, I told them, was all I knew about it. Nearly all of those who inquired of me condemned the whole thing, and scouted as incredible, foolish and absurd, the idea of supposing, even for a moment, that a dead person could in any possible way communicate with their living friends on earth. Those who called themselves Christians
and belonged to some church were the most bitter in their denunciations, and advised me to proceed no further in my investigations, "that I was seeking to know what I had no business to know; that God had revealed to us, through the Bible, all that he desired us to know, and all that he intended (and all that was necessary) for us to know in regard to life and death, and that I was searching farther than I had any business to search into God's hidden mysteries." I then remembered reading, that the Christians denounced and admonished Benjamin Franklin in the same way, when he was seeking to learn something of the science of electricity, which has since that time become so useful and important an agent in promoting the prosperity, welfare and happiness of mankind. That remembrance inspired me with courage to proceed with my investigation of the spiritual phenomena, regardless of the sneers, the frowns and the denunciations of a bigoted and superstitious people. I have never yet had cause to regret my adventure in seeking to learn something in regard to the mystery of life and death, for I have been more than abundantly rewarded for all I have suffered from the frowns of friends and the bitter denunciations of bigoted people.

It becomes my painful duty to here relate an unfortunate circumstance that occurred in the month of May, 1852, about two months after my commencing to sit for writing. I say that it was an unfortunate occurrence, because, in our and the people's ignorance in regard to the phenomena and science of spiritual communion, it placed the practical phenomena of Spiritualism in an undesirable and false light, from which it did not soon recover in this place. At that time I had two sisters, next older than myself, who were both believers in the divine authenticity
of the Bible and the Orthodox Christian religion, but only the youngest one belonged to a church. The older one resided about one mile and a half from our residence. They both became interested in the spiritual phenomena soon after I received my first message. Both of those sisters were somewhat mediumistic, and both of them were receiving communications which they thought came from spirits, but those communications were tinctured very strongly with Orthodox religion, and those ideas did not harmonize with some other thoughts they were receiving, as they supposed, from the higher life, which had a tendency to confuse their minds, and thus their ideas became badly mixed. About that time my oldest brother, Simeon, passed through the change called death, and on Sunday we attended his funeral at the schoolhouse near our residence. My oldest sister, before mentioned, did not attend the funeral on account of ill health. The services were ended, and the audience had just stepped out of the house, when an old man by the name of Riggs, who resided near my absent sister, came in great haste, and in an excited manner and loud voice proclaimed that my sister was dying and might be then dead. That certain spirits, of whom he gave the names, were there, and those spirits had sent him in haste for me to go there as quickly as possible. There was a large audience gathered at the school house, and such an occurrence would naturally cause quite an excitement, especially at that time when there was nothing known by any of us in regard to the spiritual phenomena. I immediately started for my sister's residence, and by going across lots and through a piece of woods I could save nearly half the distance. I arrived there first, (but others soon followed) and I at once saw that my sister was not near death's door, but I did not understand her condi-
tion, and did not know what to do for her. I undertook to reason with her, but with no success, for she claimed to be under some spirit control that would not let her reason or eat anything, and claimed that they were going to develop her to perform some great work. There was some power that tried to get control of me, and I yielded to it, hoping thereby to get some advice what to do, but others coming in, the excitement that prevailed destroyed the conditions, and I could get merely a strong impression to disabuse her mind if possible of some absurd notions which then controlled it. I afterwards found that that was all that was necessary to be done.

Before dark there were a crowd of people collected there which only added more fuel to the fire of excitement then kindled. I thought if the people would most of them retire we could bring her out all right, but as it was we could do nothing. We returned home for we thought that the people would think that we also were getting a little "luny." The next day I returned and found the surrounding conditions more quiet, but my sister really no better. I first told her that I had received a communication that her control must withdraw his influence for a time, and that she must resist that influence; also that she must partake of food, and gradually we led her out of that terrible condition into which she had fallen. This, however, destroyed her mediumship, as she never dared yield to an influence after that time.

During the remainder of that spring and the following summer I had no regular sittings, but at times each day the influence would be with me, and often from that influence I would get impressions which I felt sure did not originate in my own mind. In the last part of the month of August I witnessed a
phenomenon that greatly surprised me. One morning I had ascended the brow of a hill in sight of our house, for the purpose of picking black-berries. At the edge of the field there was a fence and along the fence were berries. I picked near the fence until I came to a barway; then I passed through the barway, and a few feet from the fence was a clump of bushes. As I was passing through those bushes and had gone so far that I could not see the barway through the bushes, I heard someone singing in a low voice apparently at the barway which I had just come through. I stopped and listened; the tune was familiar but I failed to catch the words. I thought sure someone was there who was, like myself, after berries, and I wondered where they could have been that I did not see them when I was there not more than a moment before. I stood there until the voice had sang the tune through twice, then I started back to see who was there as my companion. As I passed back through the bushes I saw no one, and the voice had receded a little from the fence. I stepped back to the fence. Below the fence was an open meadow. There was no one in sight, but the voice was still singing, and, as it receded from me, it raised higher and higher above the earth, and the last I heard of it, it sounded far above the valley as it appeared to be passing above the top of the opposite hill. I have always considered that a remarkable phenomenon to be presented to a novice, as I then was, in Spiritualism. It convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was some spirit friend with me that desired to let me know of its presence and of the watchful care taken of me. For this I have ever felt exceedingly thankful.

On the tenth of the next September our second child was born. It was a fine boy, and we named him Warren Sylvester.
For five weeks he grew finely and appeared healthy, and his little life became so entwined around our heart that those cords of affection can never be severed. He was taken sick very suddenly, and only stayed with us three days after being taken ill. We did all that we could do with the best medical skill at our command, but all to no avail; he passed away on the twentieth of October, 1852, only forty days old. And so we laid the little form away. We were then thankful that our friends from spirit life had brought us the knowledge of the continuation of life beyond the grave, for it made it so much easier for us to bear the affliction than it would have been before we had any evidence of a future existence. Yet our hearts were sad, and we felt that the earth-life of that little bud of promise had been rudely blasted by an untimely frost. But we were compelled to bow in submission to a fate we were not wise enough to control. We could only pray that the angels would guide and guard the little wanderer till by and by we should meet him on the evergreen hills of the "summer land" where death is not permitted to enter. And the following was the earnest song of our sad hearts:

Oh! angels pure, in realms of light,
Receive this bud of promise bright;
Please weave around its tender mind,
Thought gems of truth, that it may find
The way, that leads through love's sweet bower
To mansions fair, each hour by hour,
Where no blighting storms of death can come,
To take it from your spirit home.
CHAPTER V.

A poem—Many tests received—Speaking under influence—Voted for Fremont and Lincoln—Severe sickness—My mother's transition, and my reflection—Listen for the first time to Spiritual lecture—Lecture in Elliotville broken up—Lyman C. Howe at Eddyville—My effort to scatter the truth—The pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Miller—My first public lectures—Opposed by a Catholic—I spoke at a picnic—Passage to spirit life of our daughter Lillis—An incident at the funeral—Journey west—Seek and obtain evidence of our daughter's continued life—Urge to lecture—My work commenced—My mental suffering at times—My first and second funeral discourses—My call to Sunderlandville, Pa.—First and second visits to Pennsylvania—Lecture in Westfield, Pa.—Fail to finish my last lecture—Other visits to Pennsylvania—Welcome reception—Splendid success—A poem.

We'll search for gems of truth that's rare,
In nature's realms of life so fair;
Where'er we go, where'er we stray,
Oh, may we life's grand truth's assay;
May angels from bright realms above
Return to us in holy love:
And bring to us thought gems of light,
To drive away earth's gloomy night.

For the next two years I had no regular sittings, but occasionally some friends would desire a circle, and at such times we would hold one. At that time in those circles the manifestations took mostly the form of personating. But not a day passed during those years, that some spirit friend would not be with me, and I would receive mental impressions. Often tests would be given me to prove to me that they could impart their thoughts to me through the natural law of psychology. At first I questioned the truth of what they impressed upon my mind, but,
during the first ten years of my investigation, I received hundreds of mental tests, and I do not remember one that did not prove to be correct. I will here relate one circumstance as a fair sample of many others.

At one time two of my neighbors and myself had a business matter to settle with another man, and there was a disagreement in regard to the settlement. We had met once or twice, but could not arrive at any definite agreement. At that time a brother-in-law of mine was very sick. He resided about one mile from us, but his residence was on top of a large hill which I had to climb to go there. One afternoon I told my wife I would visit my sick friend, and if they wanted me to watch with him that night, I should not come home till the next morning. When I arrived at the house of my sick friend I found that they did wish me to stay through the night as I had expected. I had not long been there, when my friend and guide in spirit life gave me his sign of his presence, and told me I had better go home immediately, for the other three men, who were interested in the business affair before mentioned, were coming to my house to again try to settle. I would here observe that I supposed the man most interested in the matter was then in another town, and twenty miles distant. I had met him the morning before and he then told me he had started for that place and should not return for several days. Hence I thought there must be some mistake in the message, and reminded my spirit friend of the fact, and my friend replied, "Mr. B. did not go there yesterday, and they are now on their way to your house." I started immediately for home, met the three men referred to at my door, and we entered the house together.

At that time, and for several years after, my spirit guides
desired me to yield to their influence to speak, but I was so afraid that I should speak my own mind that it was not until I had received hundreds of tests that I would consent to speak under influence. After a time I commenced speaking in circles as the spirit gave me utterance, and I must in truth say that I was often surprised at the way the thoughts would flow in upon my mind. Before I had confidence enough to trust to the spirit for the influence to speak in public, I have when alone sat for hours and let the spirits pour their thoughts through my brain and lips, and they would sometimes come rushing like a mountain torrent, at other times like a peaceful rill, or like the sunlight kissing the beautiful landscape. When speaking in circles before the commencement of my public work, my control often desired me to repeat poetry, but I was so skeptical in regard to my ability to catch the impressions correctly that I would ask the control to give me one stanza for myself, and then, I would think I can repeat that, even if they fail to give me any more. Many times after thus receiving the first verse, I would attempt to repeat it, but would never repeat the same verse, but would receive and give something which never before had entered my thoughts. And here I wish to remark that during all my mediumship I have never been entranced or in an entirely unconscious condition, yet I think I have been very near that condition a few times.

During all those years of my mediumship from 1852 to 1865, I labored daily upon the farm, managed my own business affairs, and from 1856 to 1865 was very much interested in the political affairs of our country. I voted for Fremont, and later did all that I could to induce others to vote for Abraham Lincoln and sustain our government and the glorious old flag of our country.
without myself entering the field as a soldier. In the spring of 1859 I was prostrated with the typhoid fever, and they told me that I stood for several days at death's door. My constitution received a shock from which I never entirely recovered, though I do not think it injured my mediumship in the least, and I have sometimes thought it was an advantage to that phase of my existence.

On the twenty-fourth of May, 1858, my mother passed very suddenly to spirit life at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. From the time of my birth to the time of her transition to higher life, her home had been my home. When in memory I reviewed my journey of life along the pathway of those thirty-five years in which my ever dear mother and I had been sheltered by the same cabin or cottage roof, and had eaten at the same table, often rejoicing in each others joy and sympathizing with each other in sorrow, I could not remember a time when my mother had ever treated me with indifference, or had not manifested towards me the kindest care and the most affectionate devotion of a true mother's solicitude and tender love. In reviewing my past life, as I was then forced to do, I found that every occurrence in which I had in childish folly or youthful thoughtlessness caused a shadow of sorrow to cloud her brow, or caused her soul one pang of pain, was indelibly impressed upon my memory. This brought to me then the most poignant grief. My kind and affectionate mother, who had given me birth, who had nursed me upon her breast, who had watched with the tender care of a mother's love my every step in the pathway of growth, unfoldment, and mental progress, now lay before me a cold and lifeless form. I was glad that I had been permitted to care for her, and as far as possible to strengthen her feeble footsteps
as she wended her way down the sunset glade towards the mystic river. But now she had crossed the mystic tide, and my mother's kind, gentle, and sweet voice I never expected to hear again, until I, too, shall cross the river, and meet her upon the spirit shore. But in that expectation I was destined to be happily disappointed as I shall record in the proper place in my narrative. Many years after my mother passed to spirit life, I received a poem inspirationally in answer to the great soul inquiry. The inquiry was dedicated to my mother, and the poem containing the inquiry and my mother's reply will also appear in the proper place.

It was I think also in the year 1858 that I listened to the first spiritual lecture that I ever heard. It was given by a young lady fifteen or sixteen years of age whose name was Elizabeth Lowe. She spoke at a small place called Eddyville, about nine miles from our residence. She gave a discourse in the morning, and was expected to give a lecture in the afternoon, but failed entirely to receive a sufficient control, and so did not speak in the afternoon. In the month of October of the same year, Miss Lowe came to Ellicottville to give an evening lecture. There was a large audience assembled to hear what her control desired to say, but before she had finished her discourse, some of the leading spirits who were then in the form, and regarded ardent spirits with greater love than they did the spirits of departed friends, made a disturbance and entirely broke up the meeting. Such was the prejudice in Ellicottville against Spiritualism at that time that we think the largest part of the audience, and also of the citizens in town, felt pleasure that the meeting had been broken up. It was soon after the above recorded affair, I think the next summer, that Lyman C. Howe found his way to
Eddyville, and commenced speaking there once in four weeks. During the several years of his speaking in that place, there were but very few of his lectures given there that we did not hear. During those years of which I am now writing, or previous to the year 1865, there was occasionally a medium or a lecturer who would call on us, and so anxious was I that others should know and realize what to me was so glorious a truth, that I made all the effort in my power to convince others of what to me was so grand a truth. Among those who thus visited us were Mr. and Mrs. Miller, whom I must mention, though I regret to say that I have forgotten their christian names. I have entirely lost track of them, but I often am reminded of their earnest zeal in the cause, and their noble efforts to spread the glad tidings by their pioneer labor in the dark wilderness of popular creeds and superstitious bigotry. I tried to help them to spread the light in our place, but, though the light shone in darkness, the darkness comprehended it not.

In the winter of 1861 and 1862 there was a friend of mine teaching school in a neighboring district, and that teacher and some others invited me to give a few lectures at their schoolhouse. At that time I had never given a public lecture, though I had spoken under influence in circles, but those circles were of a private character, and I feared for the result. But the invitation was so urgent, and as the privilege was given of selecting my own subjects, I accepted the invitation, and promised to give three lectures. I then had no experience in public speaking under influence, therefore I had not enough confidence in my inspirational powers to trust to that power alone under the conditions that I was aware would surround me. Hence I took "Nature" for my first subject, and wrote out my
discourse in full, and committed it to memory. My other two lectures I did not write, but I prepared myself somewhat for the occasions, and trusted to the power of my invisible, inspiring friend to help me through. When the time arrived for my first lecture, I found the school-house crowded to overflowing. In the audience were a few bigoted Protestant Christians, a large number of Catholics, and some who were not professors of any religion. After I had delivered my discourse, I gave the privilege to any one to make remarks for or against the lecture. The chairman, who was a Christian, arose and remarked that he had been very much interested in the lecture, and could find no fault with the principles advanced, but he was afraid that if we depended too much upon nature, it would have a tendency to lead people to discredit the divine revelations of the Bible, and of course that would affect religion and civilization, and destroy every thing good and true. It had been agreed that those lectures should be given within two weeks of each other, hence, when there was no more to be said, I announced the next lecture to be delivered in two weeks at that place and closed the meeting. When the time arrived for my next lecture, I found fully as large an audience as before, and among the number present a man from an adjoining town by the name of Carr, who was a Catholic, and was by many considered to be very intellectual, and a great talker. Mr. S. was again elected chairman, and I commenced my lecture, the subject being "Progression." I had not proceeded far with my discourse, when the chairman interrupted me by arising and remarking that if he were not chairman of the meeting he would retire, for he would not stay and hear such unchristian ideas advanced. The chairman was told that the office need not detain him; he could
go if he desired. Thereupon the chairman, a man named Hull, and another one by the name of Johnson, who had two daughters present, took his two daughters, and the five departed. When I had finished my lecture I gave the privilege for remarks for or against the discourse, and Mr. Carr, whom I have before mentioned, and who was an Irishman, arose and said that the speaker had said some good things, but that the lecture was so strongly tinctured with infidelity that the speaker, if in the old country, would not only not be allowed to utter such sentiments, but he would not be allowed to live, and he advised the people not to allow me to give another lecture in their school house, for it was not right to have their house of learning desecrated with such infidel doctrines. When Mr. Carr took his seat I arose and remarked that I was always glad to hear a person freely and openly express his ideas as Mr. C. had done, for then we know just where they stand, but fortunately for us we were not living in Ireland, where a bigoted priesthood ruled the people, but in America, where each one was allowed to enjoy his own religion or no religion, and freely to express the same. And for one I should stand upon that constitutional right whatever betide. But in regard to my not being allowed to give another lecture in the school-house, I had simply this to say, that I had been engaged, and had agreed to deliver three lectures at that school-house, that I had delivered two of them, and I proposed to deliver the third one, as I had agreed to do, two weeks from that evening, there, at that place. I continued "Of course you can close the school-house door against me if you choose to do so, but the street here is broad and smooth, and I now give notice, that I will give a lecture here two weeks from this evening, (my health permitting,) and if the school-house is
closed, the lecture will be given in the street.” When the time arrived for the next lecture I found the school-house open and full, and as large an audience assembled as on the previous occasions. My subject was, “Truth and Error.” The discourse was more radical than the other, but everything passed off quietly. Thus ended my three first public lectures.

The next Fourth of July we received an invitation to attend a grove picnic in the town of Great Valley, and after our arrival I was invited to address the people there assembled. I accepted the invitation, and I afterwards heard that there were several old ladies there who at first thought of leaving if I should speak. They had never heard me, but were prejudiced against me from what they had heard from others. They remained however, and were exceedingly well pleased with the address, and remarked that I talked like a Christian. And thus it very often occurred with me when speaking to Christians. If I told them what I did believe, they would call me a Christian, but when I told them what I did not believe, they would call me an infidel.

On the nineteenth of November, 1864, our daughter Lillis was sixteen years of age. She had then taught three terms of school with remarkably good success, and was then anxious to attend the Springville academy. She appeared to have inherited my former anxiety to obtain a good and thorough education. I was proud of her intellectual ability, and glad that I possessed the necessary means to gratify her most ardent desire in obtaining an education. She entered the Springville academy about the first of December, 1864, and on the sixteenth of December she wrote me that she was not well, and wished me to come after her and bring her home. I brought her home on
the seventeenth, and the eighteenth she was taken with that terrible disease, diphtheria, and on the thirtieth of December she passed to spirit life. Language cannot express the sorrow of my heart. Perhaps I cannot do better than to copy from my diary the thoughts noted therein. "December thirtieth, 1864. Lillis passed to spirit life soon after daylight this morning. My heart is almost broken, but I can shed no tears. The fires that are burning within dry the tears, and the holy influence of a spirit father and mother has a tendency to partly assuage my grief. Saturday, December thirty-first. At home, but the joy of my life has departed. The last rays of the setting sun of 1864 has hid from my view the last and greatest joy of my existence. The morning sun of 1865 will arise with its accustomed splendor, but for me it will have no charm, for my soul is sad, and my earth life is no longer sweet, but burden some to bear." Our noble and true brother Lyman C. Howe, kindly came at our request and officiated at the funeral of her who was dearer to us than our own life. We intended to have the services at our house, but we had many friends in town who requested us to have the services held there, and very kindly offered us the use of the Presbyterian Church, which we thankfully accepted. An incident occurred at the church which I desire to relate as it shows the prejudice and ignorance of some of the people at that time. Brother Howe gave a splendid spiritual discourse, full of consolation for a sad and bereaved soul, which we appreciated very highly. From the aisle on each side of the church, there was a door opening into the entry in the front part of the church. As we were passing out one of these doors, there was a crowd waiting at the other door, and we heard one lady say to another; "Did you ever hear anything
like it?" I looked up in time to see who answered and the reply came from a woman who had been my school-mate in our childhood days, but who had since claimed to have been born again; and was then called a bright and shining light in the Methodist church. And her reply was: "No, I never did. And I think that man ought to be tarred and feathered."

"Hush!" said the other, "here are the mourners." "I don't care if they are," snapped out our Christian school-mate of former days. In my sadness of heart I could only mentally say "Father, forgive her, for she knows not what she does." Since that time that woman has passed to spirit life, and has no doubt learned a lesson which she did not then comprehend. I should not mention such incidents only that future generations may realize if possible the former darkness of the human mind.

In the spring of 1865 we let out our farm, and went west as far as Iowa that we might if possible overcome the sadness with which we were afflicted. But nothing would relieve the aching hearts but the knowledge that our daughter still lived, and still regarded us with the same affection and love as formerly. I was satisfied, soon after her transition, that we could receive mental impressions from her, but we sought, by all means then obtainable by us, to demonstrate, if possible, the continuation of her life, and of a channel of communication between her and ourselves. And we did not seek in vain. She soon made herself visible to her mother and myself when we were alone. And through other mediums we received proof of her continued life, and of her condition in that life. Thus, with those facts to assist us, time, the great healer, quieted to a certain extent our sorrow, for we also found that our sorrow was felt by our daughter in spirit life, and had a tendency to mar her happiness. Hence we
sought by all means in our power to become reconciled to our condition, and enjoy a higher happiness in a knowledge of spiritual communion, that demonstrates that there is a life for the human soul beyond the tomb. We have in that department of our active life been wonderfully successful.

In the fall of 1865 we bought our tenant's interest in the farm we had rented to him, and for the next ten years we hired our help, and managed our farm and other business ourselves. During that time we built new buildings, and in other ways improved the farm. But our interest in the cause of Spiritualism did not diminish, but rather increased each day, and each day I was well aware of the presence of some unseen spirit friend. I often received messages from my spirit friends which made me extremely happy. For several years my guides were urging me, not only through my own mediumship, but through other mediums also, to enter the lecture field. But I could not acquiesce in their desire. My brother in spirit life at one time was urging me to commence lecturing, and I told him that I could not do so. I said "I am uneducated, and incapable of lecturing in a manner to advance the cause of Spiritualism."

Said he, "For what do you think we have labored so hard for you, and spent so much time with you? We have labored with you by night and by day, to teach you lessons which it is necessary earth's inhabitants should know. Do you suppose we have spent all that time and labor with you just to satisfy your curiosity, or that you may apply it all to a selfish purpose? By no means have we done it for this. We want you to go to work for and with us. If you will enter the field, we will not desert you, but we will be with you." [I think that occurred in the fall of 1869.] I said to my brother in spirit life, 
"I cannot go out and offer my services or sit myself up as a lecturer, but I will do this: Whenever I receive a respectable invitation to address the people I will not refuse to answer the call, but will go and do the best I can." I thought that would end it, at least for that time. But it was only a short time after the above promise that I received an invitation to speak in the town of Ashford. Then a few days after I received an invitation to speak in the town of Mansfield; then came another invitation from the town of Great Valley, and for the next two years there were but very few Sundays that I, or to be correct, my guides through me, did not address the people at some place. I also had many engagements for weekday evenings.

During all the following years I have not failed to fill that promise, unless sickness prevented me from complying with the call. And my guides have never forsaken me, but have ever been with me to assist me all that was in their power. Since I made that promise, I have not prepared my discourses but trusted to them for the inspiration to carry me through, though I have done the best I could to cultivate my mind, and thus increase my knowledge and understanding. During the first year of my work in the lecture field, I suffered very much at times. When I would arrive at the place where I was expected to lecture, and when I saw the people gathering together, expecting to hear something interesting and instructive from me, I felt as though I had nothing to say and in fact did not know upon what subject I should speak, and the nearer the time approached for me to commence the less I seemed to know, until it often seemed to me that my mind was very near a blank. During those seasons of suffering, I often thought "I will not make any more appointments. I will fill what appointments I have, and will
quit the business." But when the time arrived for the meeting to commence, and the influence came upon me, I did not feel like the same man. I was as happy as I could be, and felt there was much more to say upon the theme under consideration than I had time to say, and at the close of the meeting I was as ready and willing to leave another appointment as ever. Gradually I was able to overcome that feeling of suffering to a certain extent, but it never became entirely eradicated.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1870, I gave my first funeral discourse. Lyman C. Howe was engaged to deliver a funeral discourse in memory of George Manley. There was a large audience gathered at the church in Eddyville, and Bro. Howe did not come. The mother and brother of the deceased and others wished me to deliver the discourse. It was with much reluctance that I consented to attempt to fill the appointment of so able and noted a speaker as Lyman C. Howe. But under urgent request I submitted to my control, and spoke from the subject "Life and death; their relation, and the result of their relationship." There was a clairvoyant medium present who said she saw the spirit who was at that time controlling me standing behind me. My second funeral discourse was delivered at the Methodist church in the town of Mansfield, on the occasion of the burial of the remains of Mrs. Chloe Brown, on the 30th of December, 1870. I had been engaged the day before to officiate, and I cannot express with the pen how much I suffered during that evening and the next day, and until I felt the influence after arriving at the appointed place. I felt so keenly my inability to officiate, that my suffering was indeed very great. But after receiving the influence I felt happy, as I usually did when under good control. I had a good control, and
spoke one hour from the text, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

I desire here to relate a circumstance that occurred I think in the month of September, 1869, and its results which have ever appeared to me to have been the work or influences of minds on the spirit side of life. There was a young man by the name of Sunderlin, the son of Cyrus Sunderlin, who resided in Sunderlinville, Potter Co., Pa., who, in passing through this county, stopped over night in the town of Great Valley with a friend of mine, where he heard that there was such a person as myself in existence, and in the morning, instead of continuing his journey homeward, he came on foot five miles in an opposite direction, to visit us. That young man appeared to be desirous of learning all he could in regard to Spiritualism, and also in regard to my mediumship. He told me he had an uncle by the name of John Sunderlin who was a Spiritualist, and resided in Sunderlinville, and wished to know if I would visit their place and give a few lectures there if his uncle wished me to do so. I replied that I was just commencing to lecture, that I did not know whether I should be successful or not, but if his uncle desired me to visit him I would do so in the month of December. He also inquired in regard to my terms. I told him I should want my expenses paid, but in regard to the other pay for my services I would leave that entirely to them. The young man stayed with us until the next day, and then started on his homeward journey. The next November I received a letter from his uncle, John Sunderlin, inquiring if I would come and lecture, and in regard to terms, and asking me to appoint a time when I would visit them. I appointed the time in the month of December, and at the appointed time I visited for the first time the little hamlet
of Sunderlinville. I gave three lectures in the school house to large audiences, but I found the first principles of Spiritualism were not understood by many of my hearers. Here was pioneer work in good earnest. But I was not discouraged, though there was an Advent preacher who attended my lectures and treated me very ungentlemanly. My last lecture there was to be given on Sunday evening, but there was such a terrible snowstorm with unbroken roads, that there could not be a meeting. Monday morning we started for home without receiving a penny either for expenses or anything else. We were taken ten miles, mostly through woods, by private conveyance to a place called Louisville, thence twenty miles by stage to Wellsville, thence by rail to Great Valley, thence twelve miles by stage home, where I arrived Tuesday evening, tired and hungry, and about eight dollars out of pocket. Of course I thought I had been treated very unjustly, but I loved the cause so dearly that I did not murmur much, but thought Sunderlinville would probably never see me again, for I felt that my labors were no better appreciated there by the people than I had appreciated their treatment of me. But about one year after my first visit there, I received a very earnest request to again visit Sunderlinville. At first I thought I would not go, but then I thought of my promise to my spirit guides and wrote my Sunderlinville friends that I would be there to speak to them in the evening of January fifth, 1871. I arrived at Sunderlinville January fourth about dark, and held a circle that evening at John Sunderlin's house. The next evening I gave a lecture in the school house to a large audience. While on that trip I was gone from home twelve days, and gave ten lectures; four at Sunderlinville, three at Mixtown, two at Westfield, and one at Hallport. I also formed
many acquaintances, whom I appreciated very highly, and I had also magnetically treated several sick persons, who said they received much benefit therefrom.

I must here relate an occurrence that took place at Westfield during my last lecture there at that time. There was a large audience. I was speaking in the Methodist church, and the church was crowded. I was speaking upon the subject, "Where, and what is Heaven?" I was having a splendid influence. I think I had got more than half through with the discourse, when, all of a sudden, the influence failed to impart thought to me, and I could not speak. My mind was nearly a blank, so far as knowing what I had last been speaking was concerned. I tried to obtain the influence again that I might continue and finish my discourse, but all to no purpose. I could say no more. I suffered bitter pain on account of my failure. After the choir had sung a piece, I remarked to the audience that it was an occurrence that I could not explain, it had not happened in that way with me before, but for some cause the inspiration had ceased, and I could say no more. I dismissed the audience. Some of the people urged me to stay over and speak again the next evening but my arrangements were made and I could not well do so. As it was my last night to stay in Westfield, a party of friends had made arrangements to meet after the lecture at the residence of our good Bro. Wicks (where I was to remain over night) for an oyster supper, and to enjoy a good social visit. We had a very sociable time, and it would have been for me a very happy time, had it not been for the disagreeable reflection that I had failed to finish my last discourse. After the company had departed and I had retired, my daughter Lillis in spirit life, came to me and said: "Pa, don't feel bad about it. What you call a failure,
the spirits think is the greatest success you have had since you
have been out here. It will all come out right." Such
assurance from my spirit daughter, in whom I had the most
implicit confidence, eradicated all my regrets in regard to my
failure, for I then felt that sometime it would all be better under-
stood. But in what way I did not know, neither did I inquire.
The next day Bro. Wicks with his team conveyed me twenty-
four miles to a little place called Hallsport, where we stopped
with a brother Spiritualist by the name of Smythe. In the
evening I gave a lecture to a goodly number, and after the lecture
answered questions for an hour or more. I staid over night
with a brother Spiritualist and his daughter by the name of
Hall, and the next morning before breakfast I bade adieu to
Bro. Wicks, and my other new found friends, who had so kindly
administered to our needs, and with gripsack in hand I started
on foot for Wellsville, a railroad town seven miles distant, where
I arrived about 9 o'clock A. M. tired and hungry. During that
tour, I received just about money enough to pay my expenses,
with which I was satisfied, for it was not for money that I left
my home and entered the lecture field—far from it. I felt that
Spiritualism was the most glorious truth that had ever been
revealed to man, and I desired that everybody should realize and
understand that, to me, glorious truth.

As I was so situated that I was not compelled to receive pay
for my time to support my family or myself, I accepted money
enough, when offered, to defray my traveling expenses, and
with that exception, I gave to the people the bread of spiritual
thought which I received, just as freely and just as cheaply as
the angels gave it to me. And I have never regretted that I
thus scattered the manna freely through the wilderness of human
mentality. During the years of my active labor in the lecture field, at one time I met a good brother Spiritualist, who then was and still is a very noted speaker, one, whom I have always esteemed very highly, who said to me. "Brother Litchfield, I am glad to hear that you are lecturing, but I am sorry to hear that you are lecturing for nothing. I think that for every lecture there should be paid a money equivalent. If you lecture for nothing, your lectures will not be appreciated. With many the value of a thing is estimated by its cost, and if you lecture for nothing, your lectures will not be considered worth any thing." How far that principle held true in my case is not for me to say. I will leave that for others to decide. But this is true, that whatever I have done for the cause of Spiritualism, or to help place it before the people, has been freely offered upon the altar of my devotion to the cause and the people.

On the eighth of the following June I started on another lecturing tour. Mrs. Litchfield accompanied me. We arrived at Mixtownt, Tioga County, Pa., at nine o'clock, P. M., the same day. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Palmer who were here, like myself, to attend a three-days meeting. At that meeting I gave six lectures, Mrs. Palmer two, and Mr. Palmer one. I also gave two evening lectures in the Methodist Church in the village of Knoxville to large and intelligent audiences, who appeared to appreciate the principles advanced. After the last lecture we accepted the kind hospitality of our worthy sister and brother, Joseph Sunderlin and wife, and made their peaceful fireside our home until the next morning, when our good spiritual brother, Burlingame, took us with his own conveyance to Addison, where we took the cars and arrived home at sunset on the fifteenth, after an absence of eight days, during which time I
had delivered eight lectures. For the next month it was necessary for me to remain at home as I had bees to care for and hives to make; then I was at home through haying and harvesting, and I worked each day in the field, but never let an opportunity pass (when I could help it) without advancing the cause of Spiritualism, which was so dear to me.

On the tenth of the next August, accompanied by Mrs. Litchfield, I again started for our former field of labor in Pennsylvania. We arrived in the stage at Whitesville at six o'clock in the afternoon, where we met brother William Beach, who had come to meet us with a team from his home in Mixtown some twenty-four miles distant. It was a lovely moonlight night, and, though we were somewhat tired, we enjoyed the ride exceedingly. We arrived at the home of brother Beach about one o'clock in the morning, and found Mrs. Beach, noble and watchful woman, waiting for our arrival with a warm fire, and also a warm meal, to which we did ample justice. But what was more delightful than all else, we were met by a pleasant smile and a warm welcome, that more than recompensed us for our wearisome day's journey. During this tour we met many kind and warm-hearted friends who extended to us the hand of cordial friendship, and whom we shall ever remember with feelings of pleasure and gratitude. We were gone from home eight days, and gave eight public lectures to large and intelligent audiences, five at Mixtown and three at Westfield. We also held several circles, and arrived home about nine o'clock in the evening, on the seventeenth of August, weary but free from regrets in regard to our last tour.
Oh! memory sweet; thy golden power
Brings to us pleasure every hour;
Again we live our past life o'er;
But now regret we've not done more.

Yet, as our mind roams back that way
Along the path where we did stray,
Kind memory brings before our mind,
Many kind friends we then did find.

Now some of them have passed away
To brighter realms of endless day;
We hope to meet them over there,
In fields of beauty pure and fair.

Where the summer sky is all serene,
And the lovely flowers are ever green;
Where heart to heart, in friendship sweet,
In union dwell in that retreat.
CHAPTER VI.

A busy time—Another lecturing tour in Pennsylvania—Again stopped speaking at Westfield—Cause ascertained—Public experiment—I win a victory—Our journey to Moravia—Home again—Inquiries and answers—The Devil to the front—A friendly visit with an old neighbor—Discussion with him—Our circle room—Our most painful experience—A fraud detected—The crushers crushed—A poem.

Soul of all souls, life of all lives,
Dost though each day their history write
Upon man's memory, though he strives
With forgetfulness each deed to smite?

Roll up thy curtain, memory dear.
Let us review our pathway clear
Along life's rugged, toilsome way,
As we have journeyed on each day.

In referring to my diary, I find that from the seventeenth of August, when my last chapter closed, until the twenty-sixth of October, was a very busy time with me. I was at work in the field almost every day, and speaking in this vicinity every Sunday, besides holding many evening circles. During that time we also had several relatives, who resided at a distance, and many friends visit us, and many of them wanted to learn something in regard to the subject of Spiritualism, and it was ever a pleasure to me if I could impart a true and useful thought to a listening and willing mind, and that was an unusual season for that labor. According to previous arrangement, on October twenty-sixth, Mrs Litchfield and myself started for our former
field of labor in Pennsylvania. We arrived at Whitesville, at six o'clock in the evening, and took tea with Mrs. Cottrell. There we met Mr. Cora, who came to convey us by private conveyance in the rain to Mixtown, where we arrived at half past ten at night tired and somewhat wet. We gave four lectures to good sized audiences at Mixtown, one at Sunderlinville, and was to close our engagement for that time by giving our last lecture at Westfield. On the evening of October thirty-first we found the Methodist church packed with a very intelligent audience, and had as usual, a good choir, which I always appreciated very highly, for its soothing influence helped me very much to harmonize the forces, which made it very beneficial to me. (I will here remark that it was the same church where on a previous occasion I had failed to finish my discourse.) On this last evening the choir had given us splendid music, and it seemed to me my inspiring influence had never been more perfect, but, just before I finished my discourse, I was stopped in my speaking just as I had been on that previous occasion which I have heretofore referred to. The choir again gave us a splendid piece of music; but I could not proceed with my discourse. My mind seemed to be closed against all thought upon the subject upon which I had been speaking. I remarked to the audience, "that for some to me unknown cause I could say no more, that I was no better prepared to explain why it was thus than I had been on the previous occasion, that no such thing had occurred with me at any other time or place, and so far as I was concerned, I should be compelled to leave it unexplained." But I did not regret the result, neither did I feel troubled in regard to the matter as I had felt on the previous occasion, for I had the assurance that in some
way it was all right. As soon as I had dismissed the audience a large, strong-looking man arose a short distance in front of the rostrum, and requested the audience to be seated while he made an explanation. He said “that he had stopped the speaker from speaking at that time, and also on the previous occasion, and that he would give any modern spiritual speaker five dollars if he could not stop their speaking before they had been speaking one hour, if he could catch their eye.” He claimed to accomplish it by the will-power of his own mind. When the man was seated I arose and remarked “that I could not dispute what the man, who was a stranger to me, had said. I claimed merely to receive my lecture from an outside intelligence, and that in giving a lecture I simply gave the thoughts that flowed to my brain, and if at such time the thoughts ceased to flow, my mind seemed to me nearly a blank.” I briefly explained something in regard to the law of magnetic control, and remarked “that if the will-power of that man’s mind was stronger when reaching my brain than the spirit mind controlling, it looked reasonable to suppose that his will might shut off the flow of thought from the spirit mind from whom I was receiving the thoughts of my lecture.” I then made a proposition to the stranger that we should meet and test his power with my control, and if we found that he could successfully accomplish the same result the next day, he should agree not to interfere with me while I should give a lecture the next evening. To that proposal he readily consented, and two o’clock on the next day and at the same church was announced as the time and place of meeting to try the experiment. After I had retired for the night my guides came to me and told me to fear not, it would all be right.

The next day at the appointed time there was a large audi-
ence gathered to witness the trial, but I had no fears for the result for I had reason to place almost implicit confidence in whatever my guides told me. After I had stepped upon the rostrum, the man who was about to try his powers requested the first seat in front of the rostrum which was given him; and when he took the seat he brought with him four others. When I arose to speak the control reminded him that they did not agree to test a battery composed of five persons, it was only that composed of one. But they said, "Never mind, let it be as it is." The subject upon which I spoke was "Truth, and Error." I think I never had a stronger control. I spoke for nearly two hours. I then learned a very useful lesson, that has served me well many times since that, to me, memorable day. It was this: Many times while speaking on that occasion I could feel the force from that man's battery, just as plainly and just as surely as though he had hit me with a club, and if this force was not counteracted he would surely have stopped my speaking. But my control would shut off that force like a flash, and thus I was held between the two batteries for nearly two hours. I then learned to distinguish the two forces, and also was better prepared to hold myself positive to minds in the form, while at the same time I must be negative to the controlling minds to receive their inspiration. The man, who only the night before had so pompously boasted of his power to stop any modern medium from speaking, was entirely vanquished. He claimed "that he could not catch my eye, and that was the reason of his failure." But I spoke with my eyes open most of the time. I told him "I did not want his five dollars, he might give that to the poor. I had won in the victory enough to satisfy me." The people there told me it was a glorious victory. After the close of the
meeting we were the guests of our kind-hearted and noble friends, Mr. and Mrs. Close, with whom we remained until five o'clock the next morning, when we bade our kind friends adieu and took the stage for Addison, where we took the cars for Owego.

From thence we went to Moravia to visit Mr. Morris Keeler, where Mrs. Andrews was then holding the first materializing seances of which we had then heard. We arrived at Mr. Keeler's at seven o'clock in the evening of the day we started. We were kindly received, and found several other parties staying to investigate what was then called the new phase of spiritual manifestations—Materialization. Mrs. Litchfield and myself were entire strangers to every person there, hence we thought we had a good chance to test the manifestations. We found brother Keeler to be a man seventy-two years of age at that time, and we thought one of earth's noblemen; also we learned during our short stay to esteem Mrs. Keeler very highly. She with untiring patience was ever on the move, and with watchful care was seeking to enhance the comfort and enjoyment of their guests. At our first seance we witnessed many manifestations that were surprising to us, as we had never before seen anything of the kind. Our daughter Lillis came to us, kissed us, and told her name, and many other manifestations occurred which we shall not here record, for the phenomena of materialization has now become so common that it is unnecessary for me to spend much time in giving a particular description, but I will briefly mention a few of our spirit friends who greeted us on that occasion. Our brother-in-law, Miller Vaughan, showed his face; then his hand with one finger gone as it was in earth life, then told his name, called Mrs. Litchfield by name, etc. Lillis came again,
was recognized by us and spoke with us. Saturday, November fourth we held a seance with only three of us, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Litchfield and myself. Mrs. Cooper's mother came and spoke very affectionately to her daughter. A spirit voice joined us in singing. Lillis shows herself to us again, as does also mother Thatcher, and they speak with us. Monday morning we had a private seance. I will here copy a part of the note in my diary of November sixth. "Glorious manifestations. Our spiritual strength renewed. Our mother, Lillis, Nancy Litchfield and Austin Thatcher appeared, and were recognized by us. Also Lefie Riggs, Almina Litchfield and mother Thatcher. Almina spoke through the horn and told her own name, and said that a host of friends had accompanied us on the journey. Mother spoke to us and said, 'Lillis wishes to say to you she is with you every day, wherever you go, at home or on the farm, and that the old home looks as beautiful to her as ever.' Glorious seance. Thank God and our spirit friends for it."

After the close of the above described seance, at half-past nine in the morning, we bade adieu to the medium and the Keeler family, where for a few days we had enjoyed so great a privilege, and such highly prized blessings, and started on our homeward journey bearing with us the glorious knowledge that we had seen and talked face to face with some of our loved ones who had crossed death's river, and whose cold and lifeless forms we had consigned to the silent grave years before. We had passed nearly four days at the Keeler temple, we had sat in six seances, we had seen, recognized and talked with nine of our friends from the spirit side of life under conditions where it was impossible for fraud to have been practiced or ourselves deceived. Who that reads these lines can wonder that we returned along
our homeward way with hearts rejoicing, and souls full to overflowing with love to God and man and the angels in higher life, and with a stronger desire that all humanity should know that there is no death, and that the so-called dead still live beyond the tomb, and can come to us and tell us of their life over there, and of their continuation of love for their friends who are yet journeying in the rugged pathway of earth life. We arrived home on the seventh of November and many were the enquiries made by friends and acquaintances in regard to what we had witnessed at Moravia. We answered all enquiries by simply relating what we had seen, felt, and heard. Had the subject not been of so deep importance to mankind it would have been really amusing to listen to the various remarks made by different individuals in regard to the causes and results of the Moravian manifestations. After listening to what I had truthfully related of what we had witnessed at Moravia, some persons would say to us, “Well, you got well fooled at Moravia. Of course no such things could actually take place. It must have been all fraud, and you were not sharp enough to detect it.” Others would not say much, but their actions and looks would read about thus: “Well, I declare, I believe you are getting a little luny. What a pity!” Others would lay the whole thing to the devil.

I recollect that the next summer after we had been at Moravia, we attended a two-days spiritual grove-meeting held in the town of Farmersville. At that meeting we met a man and his wife by the name of Ewell, who were good Baptist church members, and who had formerly resided in our neighborhood, and with whom we were intimately acquainted. Mr. and Mrs. Ewell kindly invited us to spend the night with them, and we thankfully
accepted the invitation. In the course of our visit with our kind friends, they asked us to relate what we had witnessed at Moravia. We related the simple facts, to which they listened very attentively. When we had finished our recital Mr. Ewell remarked "I do not think you intend to lie, neither do I think you insane, and I believe you saw and heard just what you say you did. I do not believe it was fraud practiced by the medium or Keeler, but I do not think it was your spirit friends. I think it was the devil representing your spirit friends. I do not think your friends were there; they have gone to a bourn whence no traveler returns." Said I, "What object did the devil have in thus deceiving me, do you think?" He answered "That he may capture you for his kingdom. The spirits teach that mankind are not saved through the atoning blood of Jesus, and that is the devil's doctrine, and the devil is thus playing a very sharp game in taking on the form of your friends, and making you think you have seen and talked with your spirit friends." "But," said I, "How does the devil know every body's friends? He must be a very smart fellow." Said he "There are legions of devils, and they are continually going up and down the earth seeking whom they may devour. They watch every body, and it would have been very easy for the devils when they found you were going to Moravia, to have sent one or more devils to find out all about your friends who were dead, and thus be prepared to fool you on your arrival at Moravia." Said I "Friend Ewell, I intend to be a candid, reasonable man." "Yes," said he, "and I believe you are one, and are also honest in what you say and believe." "Then," said I, "it can be of no possible good as I can see to believe what is not true. Now you believe what I do not believe, and I believe what you do not believe,
and we cannot harmonize our opposite beliefs though they underlie the very fabric of mankind’s welfare and happiness. Now one or the other of us must believe an error. If it is I who believes an error, I want to know it, that I may drop the false and grasp the true. Let us examine briefly your devil theory, and see whether it is reasonably true or false. You believe God to be a spirit, infinite in wisdom and power, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, in a word infinite, in all his qualities and attributes, do you not?” “Certainly I do,” said he. “Then,” said I, “of course God’s spirit fills immensity at the same time. You also believe the devil to be a spirit, do you not?” “Certainly, I do,” said he. “Then,” said I, “if the spirit of God is omniscient and omnipresent, in other words if the spirit of God fills all space, as it must if it is an infinite spirit, where can there be room for another spirit which you call the devil? Is it not that all the spirit, and all the spirits in the universe of infinite life are but parts of God’s infinite spirit, and hence your devil must of course be only a part of God’s infinite spirit. If that is not true, God must be a finite being or spirit, only occupying a portion of space, and the devil another finite being or spirit, occupying another part of space, and really possessing as much if not more power than God.” Mrs. Ewell saw the point, and remarked, “There, Dwight, he has got you now.” My friend Ewell did not press his theory any more. Indeed even at this late day, we find many who advance the same theory as did my friend Ewell, especially that sect of Christians known as Second Adventists.

I think it my duty to here relate a circumstance, or rather a series of events, to show under what serious disadvantages we labored at that time to advance the cause that we knew to be
true, and which we were so anxious others should also know to be true. When we were at Moravia our spirit friends told us that when we got home if we would set apart one room in our house, build a cabinet in that room, and dedicate the room to our spirit friends, and then hold regular circles in that room two or three times a week, that in time we would be amply rewarded by receiving wonderful spirit manifestations. I was so very anxious to convince the sceptical people that I followed the spirits' suggestions, prepared the room, built a cabinet as directed, and dedicated it to the use of the spirits to demonstrate the truth of spiritual intercourse. Now I must relate the most painful part of my experience during the many years of my investigation in the spiritual field. We held regular seances in our room, at least two and sometimes three in a week. Those seances were experimental, and held for the purpose of trying to see what manifestations, if any, we could get. Many different persons used to sit with us in some of our seances, and many of them came out of curiosity. In forming our circle we adopted the same form used at Moravia, which was a half-circle with some one as medium sitting in the open space and facing the circle. We would frequently change places with the one occupying the medium's place. That kind of circle was held when the room was darkened. At that time there was a family residing a few miles from us who were relatives of ours, and who had a boy about ten or twelve years of age. I will not reveal the name, for the father and boy who figured the most conspicuously in what I am about to relate, have both several years since passed on to spirit life, hence I choose not to give their names. But that family had pretended to be favorable towards Spiritualism, and occasionally sat in our experimental circles. One after-
noon when that family was present in our circle, the father suggested that his boy sit in the medium's chair. No one objected and the boy took the chair. The boy had not been seated but a few moments, when there was a rather pale light, about as large as a pea, seen distinctly near the boy. That light soon disappeared, but another appeared, and thus they kept appearing for half an hour or more. When they ceased to appear and the circle broke up, most of the circle thought they were spirit lights; but I said that they were not as large, neither did they look or act like the spirit lights we had seen at Moravia, but, I continued, perhaps after a little they will grow larger in size and improve in color until they become more respectable spirit lights. I requested all present not to mention the matter to any one not then present, until we could further test those lights, which all present agreed to do.

Those that had been there in the afternoon were expected to be there in the evening to test the matter still further, but in the evening there were a couple who came from town and wished to join in the circle. I was not exactly satisfied in regard to the lights, and requested that if the couple from town took seats in the circle the boy should not be placed in the medium's chair, and, unless the lights appeared with the boy sitting in the circle, we would wait for the lights till some other time. My reason for that request was to learn more in regard to the lights before it was made public. The circle in the evening was formed with the two new members added, and after a short time the father of the boy took the medium's chair, but no lights appeared. Soon the father told his boy to come and sit on his lap; the boy obeyed, and lights began soon to appear, and just such lights as we had seen in the afternoon. I regretted that
the lights would not appear out of the reach of those in the chair, which made me a little suspicious. We appointed another circle for the next afternoon, and our friend with his family came, and as they drove into the yard and stopped the horse to alight from the sleigh, one of the party fell and was slightly injured. Before we entered the circle-room, the father took the boy to the washdish, and was heard to tell the boy to "wash it all off." The result was that we got no more lights, and the parents would not bring the boy again to sit in a circle. That evening I accidentally discovered how the lights were made, and immediately showed the circle that any one could easily make just such lights. When the party found the fraud had been detected they were terribly angry, and "blowed" Spiritualism as far towards the devil as they were capable of doing.

Soon after that occurrence the boy's father was gone from home a few days, and when he returned he reported in town that he had been to Moravia, and that the so-called spirit manifestations which had occurred at Mr. Keeler's were frauds, and that he had been there and exposed the whole thing. A tradesman in town, Mr. B., told me what that friend of mine had told him about his visit to Moravia, how he had made the exposition and the whole story he told. I saw that Mr. B. believed the report. I said, "That friend of mine has not been to Moravia, and what he tells you in regard to his exposing the medium at Keeler's is false. Now to prove what I say, you ask my friend to give you a description of the Keeler house, the position and location of the house and barns with the road and each other. If he has been there he can readily give a description that I can recognize, and if he can do so I will willingly own my mistake and ask his pardon." Mr. B. said he would ask him for a
description, but no such description was given. I do not refer to these incidents to injure the characters of the actors in that miserable, false drama, for those actors suffered enough as the result of other wrong deeds, before they laid off the mortal form. But I refer to it to let future generations know to what falsehood and low dishonest cunning some people would resort to for the purpose, as they thought, of crushing out Spiritualism. But, wonderful as it may appear, those would-be crushers of the grandest truth ever revealed to man have generally been crushed themselves. And in regard to the persons who figured as "crushers" in the incidents above recorded, they virtually were crushed by their own wrongs, while the cause they sought to crush is now flourishing grandly and gloriously in this and every other civilized nation on the globe; thus proving the truth of the immortal bard's expression:

   Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
   The immortal years of God are hers;
   While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
   And dies amid her worshipers.

But kind and loving angels are by our side, ever ready and willing to help us spread the pure white robes of charity over the fallen forms of the erring ones of earth, whether they remain here, or whether they have passed on to spirit life. And that robe of charity shall cover from our notice the wrongs of the past, and, in the new life that awaits us all, we will clasp hands in affection and sympathy with our fallen foes, and, if possible, lead them up the pathway of progress to higher and nobler conditions of mental and spiritual unfoldment in the infinite fields of human development.
We'll let the wrongs of by-gone days
No longer check pure friendship's ways;
But hand in hand with friend and foe,
Up life's progressive path we'll go.
We'll cast no longing vision back,
To seek remorse along the track
Which we in sorrow traveled here.
While dwelling in this mundane sphere.

We'll look with vision bright and clear
To higher realms in the spirit sphere;
While up progression's lovely way,
With all who will, we'll daily stray.
We'll pluck sweet blossoms, rich and rare,
Along our way, that bloom so fair;
While round the angels' sacred dome,
We'll seek and find our spirit home.
Chapter VII.

A busy time—First seances of Bastian and Taylor at our house—Another visit by Bastian and Taylor—More seances—A waste of time and means—Our house threatened—An illustration—"Cast not your pearls before swine."—The expression of mind—Mind classified—To become a Spiritualist—E. V. Willson in Ellicottville—He gives a challenge for a discussion, etc.—Rev. B. likes to fight the Devil—Rev. B. "backs down and out"—Milk for babes, but meat for those of stronger growth—A visit east—Discussion with neighbors—Devil again—Sheep and goats—My friends disappointed—A poem.

Again upon poor memory I depend,
As on some long neglected friend,
Past scenes to thus help me review,
That I those scenes may write anew

During the winter and spring of 1871 and 1872 I was very busy. I was working my farm upon which we kept forty-five cows, and I had the farm to look after, though I kept a man to help me. We held about three circles a week, and were trying the experiment of developing physical manifestations, that we might, as we thought, the more readily convince skeptics of the truth of spiritual intercourse. During that time I also lectured in different places, but my greatest desire was to obtain materializations in our circle room. I had myself built a cabinet of boards in our room, and though we had been thus far unsuccessful in developing a medium, my spirit guide told me not to give up, that I would succeed in getting a medium to come there after a little time. At that time I had not heard of any materializing medium except Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia. But
in the summer of 1872, we heard of Mr. Bastian, of Erie County, New York, a medium for physical manifestations, and that through him the spirits were commencing to materialize hands, etc., also of a clairvoyant medium by the name of Taylor, who accompanied Mr. Bastian. We heard of those mediums by the way of Robert Dygott, of Springville, with whom we made arrangements to bring the mediums to our house when they should visit Springville the next time.

In the month of September, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Dygott came and brought Messrs. Bastian and Taylor with them. We invited in a few friends, so that we had fifteen persons in the seance besides the mediums. The manifestations were very fine for that period of time, and I thought very convincing, especially those in the dark seance. Hands would be materialized and placed upon the sitters, articles would be taken from the pockets of one and given to another, names of friends long since mourned as dead would be given, and their hands would pat and caress their friends in the circle, voices would whisper to their friends, kisses would be given, etc. In the light or cabinet seance faces would be seen and often recognized by their friends, hands were materialized, and sometimes a materialized face could speak, sometimes it could not. The mediums while with us at that time held three seances, and there were at least one man and woman who attended those seances who were for the first time convinced of spiritual intercourse. The next December Messrs. Bastain and Taylor visited us again; and while with us the second time held ten seances. The circles were always full, often more applied for admittance than could be admitted. A few became convinced, but the larger proportion, though they could not see how it could possibly be done, would go away and
say of course it must be all humbug. But I knew it was true, and I was determined to convince the people of the glorious truth.

I did not then know what I have since learned, that a large percentage of the human race on earth were at that time incapable, by lack of spiritual growth and unfoldment, of comprehending the most simple problems in the realms of spirituality. Hence I did not know that I was only wasting my time and means in trying to convert the unconvertable. But I afterwards learned that a farmer might just as well undertake to raise a crop of corn upon a soil that had no plant-food suitable for the crop within the soil, as to undertake to convince a man of the truth of spiritual intercourse whose spirituality is not yet ready to be loosened from the rock of materiality, or who depends upon the priest to do his thinking. I made arrangements with the same mediums to visit us at other times, and they held at different times as many as fifty-five or sixty seances in our room that were all well attended. I remember at one time when those mediums were with us, that a friend of mine told me he heard in town there was a party talking of coming up to tear my house down. I sent word to the party by the friend who told me that I owned my house, it was paid for, and that no other man had any claim upon it, that if they thought best to come and pull my house down I supposed they could try it, but I desired them to understand that they must run their own chances of getting hurt, as I should not be responsible for the harm they might receive. But the destroying party did not come.

During all those seances, which extended over two or three years time, there were a few convinced, a few more who commenced to think more, better, and broader, but a large proportion
of those who attended those seances, without reasoning closely, concluded that the manifestations must be either fraudulent or a humbug. During those seances I learned some things I did not before understand; that we cannot teach a child, a man, or a woman, any principle, however true it may be, unless there are within the organism of the pupil certain elements or organs corresponding with the facts or principles to be taught. To illustrate: If the organ within a child's brain corresponding with mathematics is deficient in organic structure, the child cannot make much progress in studying the science of mathematics, until that organ is more highly developed. Take music for instance; if the organ of tune is deficient, the pupil cannot become a good musician until the necessary organs are more highly and better developed, and this natural law holds good and true in every department of man's mental powers.

Let us apply that law a little further, and the result will be the same. There is in the human organism the organ of spirituality. If that organ is deficient in a human organism, that person can no more appreciate the truth and beauty, or the law and philosophy, of spiritual communion until that organ or attribute is sufficiently developed, than a child or a man can comprehend the science of mathematics without the organ being sufficiently developed, or than a person can comprehend music, without a musical capacity. I learned those facts by bitter experience during the years that I was making such earnest effort to convince a skeptical people of the truth of spiritual communion. Before I learned this lesson I would admit any one to our circles who desired to attend, but I soon found that the advice given in the New Testament, "to cast not your pearls before swine, lest they turn and rend you," was very
wholesome and wise advice, and would apply very forcibly in my experimental field of labor. I found by experience to my satisfaction, that, though all mankind are spiritual beings, and receive their individuality and consciousness from the same great ocean of infinite spirit-life, that it did not follow that all were spiritually unfolded enough to truly comprehend spiritual truths or principles.

It is undoubtedly true that the intelligence of a horse is derived from the one infinite source of intelligence, and that the intelligence and life of the horse belong to the spiritual realm of being, yet the capacity of the horse depends upon the organic structure of the material form; but no more so than the mental and spiritual capacity of the human being depends upon the formation and development of the material structure. Hence I became convinced that there was but a small portion of the human race then dwelling upon the earth, that was then capable of becoming Spiritualists. A man may be intellectually a giant in certain departments, and yet his organ of spirituality may be so deficient, that he thinks and reasons wholly upon the material plane, and, if so, that man or woman can no more comprehend spirituality, than a horse can comprehend music. Such a person would fail to realize or comprehend any truth in mental or psychologic spiritual communion. Such a person, by witnessing the most convincing physical phenomena, may become convinced that the manifestations are produced by departed spirits, yet it holds no charm for him or her, only as far the phenomena extends. Such developed minds are very apt to return to the churches instead of remaining in the spiritual field, for it does not require any spirituality developed for a person to belong to some of the churches. We have often in
former times heard it remarked in revival meetings that it takes only one moment to make a Christian. "Give yourself to Jesus, and the whole thing is accomplished." But a true Spiritualist cannot be thus manufactured in a moment of time. To become a Spiritualist is the work of soul-growth, of mental and spiritual unfoldment, which can no more be accomplished in a moment of time, than a fruit-tree can bud, blossom, and bring forth its ripened fruit in a moment of time. Both results can only be accomplished through the undeviating forces of natural law.

In the month of March, 1872, I succeeded in obtaining the services of Bro. E. V. Willson, a noted speaker and test medium, since passed to higher life, to give four lectures in Ellicottville, and each lecture was followed by many tests of spirits present. He also gave a seance in the public hall. Bro. Willson gave four splendid lectures, and about one hundred tests which were nearly all recognized. Bro. Willson while giving his lectures, gave a challenge to any Orthodox preacher, who was in good standing in any church, to discuss the following question; "Resolved, that the Bible, King James's version, sustains modern Spiritualism." Wilson to affirm, the preacher to deny. At the close of Wilson's services in Ellicottville, his challenge had not been accepted, and Bro. Willson left the challenge open and appointed me as his agent to receive any acceptance, if his challenge should be accepted, and also to make arrangements with his opponent in regard to terms, time, and all other matters necessary for holding the discussion. At the time Bro. Willson gave the challenge, there was a Methodist minister residing in town by the name of B——, who (it was said) remarked when he heard that E. V. Willson was coming to Ellicottville, that he was glad that Willson was coming, for he, (B) liked to fight the
devil, and would have a hand in those lectures himself. A few weeks after Willson's departure from Ellicottville, Rev. B—sent word to me that he would accept Willson's challenge, and requested me to call on him. I at once called on Rev. B—. He accepted the challenge, and appointed Mr. H., a Methodist church member, but a man of strict honesty and integrity of purpose, to represent him in acting with me to make arrangements for the discussion. We made arrangements in good faith for the discussion to take place. I think the time appointed was in January, 1873. Both parties had agreed to the time and the arrangements as we had made them. About two weeks before the time appointed for the discussion to be held, Bro. Willson wrote me to know if the last details were arranged. There were some little arrangements to complete in regard to lighting the hall etc., and I called on Mr. N., that we might close up the last few items, and make everything ready. To my surprise I found the clergyman ready, willing, and anxious to back out. He sent word to me by his second, Mr. N., that we might call it what we pleased—a back down, if we pleased—but he would not hold the discussion. I remarked to Mr. N., of course it is a square back down and I want you to say to the Rev. B—for me, that as he has shown and acted the coward's part in that matter, I hoped to hear no more of his egotistical bombast about fighting the devil, and I heard no more of his bombast after that.

Although Brother Willson gave four grand good lectures, held one public seance, and gave in all about one hundred tests of spirit presence, which were nearly all recognized, yet it appeared to do no good in advancing the cause of Spiritualism in that place. Many of the people appeared to think that they
stood upon a plane of thought and knowledge far above the phenomena, philosophy, or science of Spiritualism, when in truth the bud of their spiritual nature and soul-growth was not yet formed within their being, and could no more blossom forth in a recognition of the grand truth of the phenomena, philosophy, or science of Spiritualism, than a fruit-tree can put forth its blossom before the bud is formed. Since that time, I have learned many lessons in regard to life, and human growth, and mental and spiritual unfoldment, that I did not then understand, which has somewhat cooled my zeal, in regard to placing such rich and glorious viands of spiritual food before a people whose greatest ambition is to acquire material wealth, or whose only ideal passport to Heaven is through the merits of another, or whose greatest spiritual unfoldment is an ardent desire to baptize their stomachs with a flood of ardent spirits that will destroy their finer sensibility and lead them toward the gloomy field of brutality, instead of the golden heaven of spiritual unfoldment. "Milk for babes, but meat for those of a stronger growth," is a principle of nature that can be beneficially applied in many departments of human existence, as we move on in the pathway of life from the cradle of infancy to old age, the sunset of our earthly pilgrimage.

In the month of October, 1872, I went with Mrs. Litchfield to make a visit to our friends, who resided in Ontario county, N. Y. I will here relate a circumstance that occurred during that visit, and also the sequel, which followed in after years, that I may thus show the bitterness with which mediums and Spiritualists were assailed at that time. The sequel will also show that those who were the most bitter were sometimes subject to the law of progress. Mrs. Litchfield had many relatives
who resided in that vicinity, and they were all Methodist church-members. But they always treated us with marked kindness and respect, whenever we made them a visit, as we did quite often. I never tried to force my religious opinion, or my Spiritualism, upon any of our good Methodist friends, but when the subject was broached by them, as it frequently was, I always spoke my mind freely without fear or favor. So they all knew what my religious views were, and they also knew that I was a firm believer in Spiritualism. There resided near one of Mrs. L's brothers a man and his wife by the name of Thatcher—no relatives of ours. They were Methodists, and were considered by their neighbors as good and very intelligent people. The winter previous to the time of our visit of which I am now writing I think, there had been a religious revival at that place, for I thought that some of our friends manifested a stronger desire than they had previously done to show me the error of my belief, and convert me to the Christian faith. The wife of the brother above mentioned was particularly zealous, and several times sought to show me my folly, but after repeated failures on her part to convince me that I was deluded, she remarked "She wished I could have a talk with Mr. William Thatcher. Mr. Thatcher was a very intelligent man, knew the Bible almost by heart from beginning to end, and she believed that Mr. Thatcher could convince me of my error." In reply I told my well-meaning friend that I should be pleased to converse with Mr. Thatcher upon the subject, for I was seeking for truth, that I was open to conviction, that I did not desire to believe an error, and that I was ready and willing to

"Seize on truth wherever found;
On Christian, or on heathen ground."
We had passed about ten days in that vicinity, and came back to the before mentioned brother's to spend a couple of days before starting for home. On the first evening of our return to our brother's Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher came in and spent the evening with us. We had a very sociable and agreeable visit, and when they were ready to start for home they remarked that they were very much disappointed, that they came in almost on purpose to have a talk with me on the subject of religion, and here they were ready to go home and the subject had not been mentioned. I told them I regretted their disappointment, that it would indeed have been a pleasure to me to have exchanged ideas with them upon the subject of religion, but I supposed they were aware that my religious views were somewhat different from some of the popular creeds of the present time, and as I was willing that each one should enjoy their own religious opinion, it was not my habit of forcing my religious opinions upon others, that we expected to remain at the same place the next evening, and, if it was agreeable to all parties interested, I would devote the next evening to the gratification of their desire. The offer was readily accepted, and before dark the next evening they were on hand, armed and equipped to storm what they supposed was my weak and defenceless castle, and, if necessary, to tear down my castle over my head in converting me to their faith, which from appearances they thought they could easily accomplish, or, in case of their failure, to consign me to that place they so firmly believed in, where, it is said, "The worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Before they opened their battery they wished me to tell them all about what we witnessed at Moravia in Mrs. Andrews's seances. I simply related to them the facts in regard to the manifestations we had witnessed at
Moravia. When I had thus satisfied their desire, they opened their biggest gun, which was simply a "squirt-gun" and which they had captured somewhere from a heathen battery of Satan, and supposed it was loaded with chunks of God's word, because the ammunition had been gathered from the Bible. The first missile that they fired at me was the poor old Orthodox Devil. I saw at a glance that they had the poor old fellow wadded into their gun, and so of course was prepared to receive him. When he arrived, he fell, powerless for doing harm, at my feet, and I hailed him as a friend and benefactor of the human race. For had he not ever been the friend of mankind according to the Bible doctrine? Had not their God created the human race in ignorance on this planet, and forbade it to partake of the fruit from the tree of knowledge, on the penalty of death the day they should eat thereof? And did not their Devil, by telling Eve the truth, lead her to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and thus start mankind upon the highway of progress? Did not their God admit the truth of this when he admitted that the very thing had taken place that the Devil said would take place if they should eat of the fruit from the forbidden tree, for he said, "Behold! they have become as one of us, knowing good and evil." Hence their Devil was the cause of mankind acquiring all its knowledge. For had it not been for the advice of the Orthodox Devil given to Eve, no school-house would ever have graced any country on earth, no temple of learning would ever have been erected upon earth, no knowledge would have been expressed through the human mind, no art, no science, no philosophy, no civilization would have dawned upon this earth to bless mankind, and lead them up the pathway of progressive unfoldment. A vessel would
never have plowed the briny deep. A steam ship, a railroad, a telegraph never would have blessed the inhabitants of this earth. No advancement; no progress. According to their creed their Devil had blessed the human race with all those many blessings, for which I returned him my sincere thanks. And now if he had been the means of bringing to mankind on earth a knowledge of a continuation of human life beyond the cold dark valley of death, and revealed to us the way to communicate with those of our loved ones who have passed on before, it was certainly to my mind one of the grandest revelations ever given to mankind on earth, and if their devil was the instigator of such glorious results he was worthy of our highest esteem and ceaseless praises. At that point Mrs. Thatcher lost control of her temper and remarked, "That the best wish she wished for Mrs. Andrews, the medium, was that she was dead." "That," said I, "is surely a representative Christian wish." Now, according to the Bible and the so-called profane history of the human race since the famous Garden of Eden story, the Christian's devil has ever been active in promoting the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of the human race. For whenever a new discovery has been made that has proved to be a blessing to mankind, either in art, science or religion, the devil has invariably been accused by the Christians of being its author, while the Christian's God, according to the Bible history, has been employed in causing many things to be done that a real devil might blush to acknowledge as being the author of, such as causing the sun and moon to stand still by the command of Joshua, that Joshua and his army might have a longer time of daylight to finish their bloody butchery of their fellow men, or his commanding Moses to butcher all the
married women and men and boys of the Midianites, while he ordered them to spare all the virgins to satiate their fiendish lust. And the Christian’s God even boasts that he created evil, for in the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah we read, “I form the light and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things.” The trouble is, my dear Christian friends, both God and the devil are ideal personages, and you have made a sad mistake, and are worshiping the worst and most corrupt imaginary being of the two, if the Bible record is true. That silenced their first battery, but not without a heap of abuse from them falling upon me. But that neither hurt nor offended me, for abuse is a very poor weapon to use when reason and common sense fail.

The next battery they brought into play was the old and long used smooth-bore that has so long been used to throw hot shot of fire and brimstone from the battlements of hell to scare poor sinners to seek salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus. Those fiery missiles also fell harmless at my feet, and were picked up by me without gloves, and handled reasonably, and logically, and in accordance with their Bible doctrine, until they were well cooled, and the brimstone had disappeared. I said, “you believe God to be infinite in power, do you not?” “Certainly we do,” was the reply. “Do you believe the Devil has power to thwart the will, and designs of God?” “Certainly not; If the Devil had that power God would not be infinite in power.” Said I: “Do you believe the whole Bible to be true and the word of God?” “Most certainly we do! That is the basis of our hope of salvation.” “Well,” said I, “We read in 1st of Timothy, 2nd chapter, 4th verse, that God will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.
Again we read that Jesus died for all, and hence if all are not to be saved, then has Christ died in vain, and God's will will not be done. Thus, according to the Christian creed, the Devil defeats God's will and design. But we also read, 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter, 22d verse: 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' If all are to be made alive in Christ, I do not think it reasonable to believe that the Devil will be allowed to capture any portion of them for his fiery regions." "But," said my Christian friends, "We read in the 25th chapter of Matthew, "That when the son of man shall come in his glory; before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left; then shall the King say to those on the right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Then shall he say also to those on the left hand, Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels.'"

Said I, "You will admit, no doubt, that the parable you have just quoted is an exact parallel case with another parable in regard to the wheat and the tares?" They replied "Yes, the two parables represent the same condition." "Very well, you will now observe that while the husbandman slept, the enemy came and sowed the tares. The tares were not sown by the husbandman, a tare could not be changed to wheat, neither could a single plant of wheat be changed to a tare. Now, who was the enemy that sowed the tares? You say it was the Devil. Very well. I say it was the Devil of ignorance, for that is all the Devil I know anything about, and the tares represent bad deeds, low, vile, wicked and sinful thoughts, all of which are
the result or lack of soul-growth, spiritual unfoldment, and moral culture. All of which evil deeds are the children of the Devil of ignorance. But soul-growth, spiritual unfoldment, moral culture, etc., are the pure grains of wheat individualized pure from the infinite fountain of deific life, and the parable of the sheep and the goats represents the same principle. A goat cannot by any possible means be changed to a sheep, neither can a sheep be changed to a goat. If God has made or created me a sheep, I shall never be a goat for the devil's fold. But if I am one of God's children, a sheep, and I lack that higher and nobler development that makes a man honest, just and true, then the devil of ignorance leads me in the path of sin and folly, and before I can enter a happy condition, I must be separated from the goat or evil propensities, for that ignorance, and its result, evil deeds, can never become a sheep. If I am a child of Satan, and God had no part in bringing me into existence, then it would follow that I never could become a sheep, or child of God. But no matter what priests may preach or Bible writers write or their dupes believe, it is a grand truth revealed to mankind through the phenomena of life, which is the unadulterated word and law of infinite and divine life, that all intelligent beings have their origin from the same great fountain of infinite and eternal life. This couplet contains a grand truth though penned long ago:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"If I am a soul, I am a part of that infinite soul from which I have been individualized; hence, if God is soul, I am and must be a part of God; that is my individual soul-existence, and that
soul must take its place at the right hand among the sheep. But, if through ignorance, or through an undeveloped condition, I have thought evil, or done evil and wicked deeds, that is not a part of my divine or soul-nature, and those tares, or goats, or evil thoughts and deeds, must be separated from my soul-life before I can enter the joys of Heaven, or a higher and happier sphere of life. One great difference between your belief and mine is, you personify the devil, and in imagination make him an individual being, almost, if not quite, equal with your personified God, and if your creed is all true, you make him superior to God. If the devil can by any artifice steal a part of God's created children, and take them to his own fiery regions, there to suffer the unending tortures of the damned, when God's will is that all shall be saved, the devil as far as that is concerned would certainly be superior to your God."

Thus upon every point which they thought was not fortified, their battery was brought to bear. But they found every point well guarded, and protected by logical reasoning and common sense. Much that transpired that evening would have been ludicrous, had it not been so saddening to witness to what extent the human mind can be chained to the dark creeds of the past ages. Thus we exchanged shots until one o'clock in the morning, when they withdrew their fire and made ready to retreat. Like many a soldier who has fought a battle and won a victory, I felt like giving my retreating foe a parting salute, and I said: "Before you go I wish to ask you a few simple questions. Will you answer them candidly, and truthfully?" They said "They would if they could." Said I, "If I understand your belief correctly, you believe in a local heaven and a local hell? That a belief in the atoning blood of Jesus, and an acceptance of that
sacrifice, prepares a person to enter, after death, the heaven of
the blest, where perfect happiness is enjoyed by all who enter
that blest abode, and that a lack of that belief and a disbelief in
that sacrificial atonement will doom a person to suffer the tor-
ments of a lake of fire and brimstone in the infernal regions dur-
ing the unending ages of eternity?" They replied, "Yes, that
is our belief." "Now," said I, "The important question I desire
to ask is this: When you shall arrive in that blessed abode,
and on investigation you find that some one of your near and
dear friends have not been as successful as you, that, perhaps,
your father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or child you cannot
find in Heaven, but you find they have reached the other place,
and must there forever suffer the torments of hell, do you think
you could be perfectly happy in heaven, knowing that some of
your loved ones must forever suffer in hell?" They answered,
"Yes, that will make no difference with our happiness." "Well," said I, "I thank God and the good angels, I have no
desire to enter such a heaven. If to enter heaven I must lose
some of the noblest attributes of my soul-existence, lose love and
sympathy for my near and dear friends, and dwell among a set
of people who have no sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings
of their near and dear relatives and friends or for others, I ask
to be excused from enjoying the society of such a class of people
even in heaven." Mrs. Thatcher said, "You would choose to
go to hell and be among your friends, would you?" I answered,
"Yes! ten thousand times yes! for there I am sure I should
find a better class of people, who had not lost all their sympathy
for suffering humanity." My dear and respected friends, who
had so kindly volunteered their services to save me, "a poor,
deluded Spiritualist," from the wrath to come, said not another
word. They started in haste for the door, and as they went out they slammed the door behind them, and it was the last I saw of them for several years. Indeed it was the last visit I ever had with Mr. Thatcher.

Ye soldiers in truth's army brave,
Unsheathe thy sword of power;
That you from error's power may save
Some erring one each hour.
Fight bravely while the battle lasts;
And when the victory's won,
Put up thy sword, the battle's past;
To higher fields of thought pass on.
CHAPTER VIII.

The sequel—The sword sheathed—A visit from my former opponent—Reflections—Aspiration, a poem—Very busy, farming and lecturing—A bad job—A spirit stranger comes to me and controls me to speak—Caius Marius still lives—Lecture at Millport, Pa.—Mrs. Allen healed—On my return visit Friendship and Cuba—Giles B. Stebbins lectures in Ellioottville—I officiate at a funeral—Bastian and Taylor here again—Attend funeral—Give two lectures at Addison—Visit Corning—Important circle there—At Westfield, Pa.—M. M. tries to stop my speaking, but fails—At Mixtown on Sunday—Lecture at Cathead and at Westfield—Home—Cancer cured—Journey to Michigan—Reflections—At home—Mrs. Litchfield very sick—A poem.

Oh! foeman, with pleasure we view thee arrayed
In garments of beauty so fair;
Woven from threads that thought gems have made:
To clothe you with garments so rare.

Away with all discord, contention and strife;
War's armor we'll gladly lay down,
And greet thee in friendship, while yet in earth life,
When free from old bigotry's frown.

Ten years had rolled its seasons, with their joys and sorrows into the past eternity since the visit occurred which is recorded in the previous chapter, and I had not had the pleasure of meeting my friends, who had parted from me so very angrily on that memorable occasion, when their disappointment appeared to be so great on account of their failure to convince me of the error of my belief, and the deviltry of Spiritualism generally. In the fall of 1882, we received a letter from our sister-in-law, before mentioned, requesting me to meet herself, and Mrs. William Thatcher, my former opponent, at the depot, as they were
coming to make us a visit. At that time the medium Henry B. Allen and wife, of whom I shall have more to say in its proper place, were stopping with us, and were holding a series of very successful seances at our house. Of course we expected that our seances would greatly mar the pleasure of Mrs. Thatcher's visit, but we would treat her with all the kindness and respect possible, without in the least changing our plans for holding seances. I arrived with our guests home from the depot at ten o'clock in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Allen had retired, but when Mrs. Thatcher learned that a medium was stopping with us, she was very much delighted, and said that when she left home, she had hoped there would be a medium with us, for she was anxious to witness some of the manifestations, and if possible learn something of Spiritualism. She was so anxious to learn what she could, that she did not wish to retire for the night, but she continued asking questions, until we reminded her that the small hours of morning had arrived, and we thought she needed rest after her day's journey. She wished me to intercede with the medium to sit for her in the morning, which Mr. Allen kindly consented to do, and it was a very successful seance. Mrs. Thatcher received communications from some of her friends in spirit life, that she knew must come from some invisible intelligence. While here she sat in one more seance, and received several communications by independent writing, with the name of some of her spirit friends signed thereto. One of those written messages she would let no one here see, and she said that no one but her husband would ever see it. She was convinced beyond a doubt that some invisible spiritual intelligence imparted the intelligence. I think I never saw a greater change take place
in the mind of any person than had occurred with her since our discussion ten years before. She said she had dropped off from many things which she had formerly believed, and was ready and willing to drop off others as soon as convinced of her error. Truly I thought, she has started on the road of progress, and I felt to rejoice at the change. I imparted to her all the ideas that time would permit that I thought would help her onward in the pathway of progress, for which she kindly thanked me, and she appeared to truly appreciate my effort in her behalf. When her short but pleasant visit with us was closed, I conveyed her to the depot, bade her a kind good-by, and have never had the pleasure of meeting her since. Mrs. Thatcher and her husband have both passed on to higher life several years since, and we hope to some day meet them in the spirit land, and renew our acquaintance so abruptly terminated here. Thus is human life. Physically we pass from infancy through childhood, youth and maturity, until old age ripens our material form for the tomb. And fortunate are those persons who have been wise enough to obey the natural physical laws of their being so that good health and longevity may crown their departing years. And fortunate also are those persons whose early instructions have been based upon the natural laws and principles of life, so that when old age finds them preparing for their final departure from earth and its joys and its sorrows, they will not be compelled to unlearn many of life's lessons which were erroneously learned in their youthful years. For the mental unfoldment of mind is as surely the result of growth as is the material form; and that mental growth is as surely the result of mental food of thought, from whatever source imparted, as is the material form the result of material food. Hence the qualifications of the
mind must be somewhat like the quality of the mental food from which the mind has been formed.

Oh! may we learn of truth while here
Sojourning on this dark earth-sphere,
So that old error's dark'ning pall,
Around our pathway may not fall.

Oh! may we draw within the mind,
Those gems of truth, where'er we find.
Them gently falling round our way;
Oh! may they ever with us stay.

Thus may we climb progression's mount,
And ever drink from truth's pure fount;
Upon life's pathway may we rise,
To fairer mansions in the skies.

I must now return to the period in my journey where I left it to finish the sequel to my story that commenced in October, 1872. During the remainder of the year 1872, I was very busy attending to my farming business, but I found some time to lecture, and hold circles. In the month of January, 1873, a Mrs. L. came to our place and desired to lecture in Ellicottville. I was always anxious to obtain the services of a good speaker to address the people, but Mrs. L's ability was unknown to me. As she was very anxious to make the trial, with much reluctance I engaged a hall and janitor. The result was that there was a good respectable audience, but the lecture was so deficient in quality that I would not take up a collection as anticipated, to pay the expenses, but paid them myself, called it a bad job, and let it drop. Such affairs have often worked injury to the cause. In the same month another lady medium and speaker, a Mrs. Trego, came here and gave two lectures in town that were well
In the night of January 23d, 1873, a spirit who appeared to be about fifty-five or sixty years of age, came to my bedside. His hair and whiskers were dark, only they were a little intermixed with grey. He was a very intelligent looking man, so much so that I desired him to control me, enough at least to impart to me a portion of the wisdom which I felt sure he possessed. While I was thus thinking a voice spoke very plainly and distinctly to me thus: "You need not be so anxious for immediate wisdom, the people will not appreciate it." The spirit faded from my view and I saw him no more. Skeptics of course will say that this was a dream, but I know it was not a dream, for not being well, I had been up, and had but just returned to bed when I saw the spirit form as above recorded.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth I was controlled in a circle by the most powerful spirit that had ever influenced me. He claimed to be the same who had come to my bedside two nights previously. He could impart to me his thoughts very easily; he told me much of his past life, which corresponded with the life of the person he claimed to be as I afterwards found by examining Roman history. He gave the name CAIUS MARIUS. He was for a very brief period of time a Roman emperor. History says he was found dead in his bed, and it was supposed he died with heart disease, but he claimed that his death was caused by poison administered by a servant, who was paid for doing the deed by a man whom he, Marius, had by artifice superseded in a governmet office. He claimed to me that, while in earth life, he had been artful, selfish, cruel, and wicked; that he did not, when in earth life, scruple to commit a wicked deed if he could thereby accomplish his selfish desire; that he had suffered centuries of misery in spirit life, for his wicked and
cruel deeds; that he had then progressed far above his former low and miserable condition; that he then loved all humanity; that all were brothers and sisters of the same great family, whose father and mother were the infinite spirit of life which pervaded all space, and was diffused through every object in the boundless universe of being; that his object in coming again to earth was to benefit humanity, and thus atone for his previous wrong deeds, and at the same time bring happiness to himself by doing good to others.

He was deeply in earnest in regard to the religious errors and wrongs of the past, and also very radical in regard to religion, but more radical in regard to the social, moral, and political conditions of earth life. But it was more particularly in the political field that he desired to make his influence felt. I gave several lectures under his inspiration, and when influenced by him I always felt that there was a power back of me that no mortal mind could conquer. I felt when under his influence like a giant in all my attributes, a feeling I did not possess when under the influence of any other spirit with whom I had had experience. He was with me more or less for several years, and in 1876, when Mrs. Markee, the materializing medium was with us, Mr. Markee wished Marius to take the control of their materializing seances in place of Mr. Webster, who was then controlling their seances. But that was not the mission of the noble Roman. That occupation was too quiet and tame for his ambitious and aspiring nature. He chose rather to storm the fort of wrong, injustice, and error, and thus bring the conquered foes of humanity submissively to the feet of truth and justice. He desired me for the time to lay aside all other business, and become his mouth-piece, as it were, and go and come and speak
for him as he desired. When under his influence I felt that I ought to obey the call, but when myself, and my own reason sat upon her throne, I failed to comply with his desire.

Several times he told me that if I would not comply with his desires he should have to leave me and seek a medium elsewhere, for his work must be done. Although I admired his energy, his wisdom, and his sympathy for suffering humanity, and what appeared to be (and I doubt not was) his goodness of heart and nobleness of effort, yet I could not comply with his desire. But when I have read some of the utterances of some of the political reformers of late years, I have thought, "There is the soul of Marius." And I will here remark that my noble friend Marius is not dead, neither is he sleeping, but he is somewhere at work preparing the people for the great struggle which we see is surely approaching. I believe that there are many sensitive minds in the United States who are often affected by his magnetic power. And Europe is not forsaken by him. I believe that humanity will in the great future acknowledge his usefulness in preparing the people for the coming conflict. And we can only say briefly to him here:

Work on, brave Marius, let thy power
Be felt in earth-life every hour.
May tyrants tremble at thy voice,
And seek to hide themselves from choice;
And where the foes of truth and right
Are foremost in the raging fight
Let thy loud voice,* as once of yore,
Those tyrants drive from Columbia's shore.

During the year 1873 I worked the farm myself, but could

* Marius once saved his life by the power of his voice. See history of Rome.
always find time to meet my friends, or make arrangements for those who desired to lecture in our place, and I also gave some lectures and held many circles. On the third of July Mrs. Litchfield and myself took the morning stage for Millport, Pa., where I had been engaged to attend a three-days Spiritual meeting. A conveyance from Millport met us at Wellsville to convey us to Millport. On the next day, July 4th, the meeting was opened, and the first address was delivered by Mrs. Woodruff. In the afternoon the address was given by the writer of these lines. We stopped over night with a Mr. Allen, whose mother had not been able to leave her bed for several weeks, and could not be turned in bed without much pain. In the evening Mrs. Litchfield gave Mrs. Allen a magnetic treatment, which relieved the sufferer very much. The next day Mrs. Litchfield gave her another treatment with good success. I gave a lecture on the fifth, and a Mrs. Fish also gave a lecture. We remained over night at the same place, and Mrs. Allen received another treatment. The next morning, which was Sunday, Mrs. Allen received another treatment, and now was able to sit at the table with us for breakfast, and Sunday noon she said she felt well, and took dinner with us at the table, and after dinner when we bade her good-by, she stood in the door to see us start. Although we have never met her since, we received a letter from her son stating that the cure was permanent, and the son and mother both expressed their sincere thanks.

Sunday evening we accepted the kind invitation of Bro. Latta to accompany him in his own conveyance to his home in Friendship, twenty-five miles distant, where we arrived at midnight. We remained with Mr. and Mrs. Latta until Wednesday morning. I gave a lecture at their school house on Tuesday even-
ing to a respectable audience, and while with them held several seances. Arrived at home Wednesday evening, but returned to Cuba the next Saturday as per arrangement, and gave a lecture in the Universalist church on Sunday afternoon. Stopped while in Cuba with Bro. Abel Scott, who with his kind companion treated me very kindly, and whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting since I left their pleasant home that Sunday evening. I also met at that time Bro. Paine, a Universalist minister, whom I respected very highly, and whom I have never met since, but who has long ere this passed on to higher life. I arrived at home at three o'clock Monday, and for the next two months was very busy in the hay and harvest fields. I made arrangements for G. B. Stebbins to lecture in Ellicottville September 2d, 3d and 4th. The lectures were well attended and gave general satisfaction. I thus had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of Bro. Stebbins, as he made his home with us during his short stay in Ellicottville.

Sunday, September twenty-first, I officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Anson Herrington, in the town of Mansfield. I spoke from the subject, "What is man, his mission and destiny?" There was a large and intelligent audience, and the services were held in the Methodist church. October fifteenth Brothers Bastian and Taylor came to our home, and while here held seven materializing seances. We had very good manifestations. Quite a good many spirits were recognized by their friends. I felt as though we were very near the spirit land. I do not stop to give the particulars of these seances, for at this time of writing materialization has become of such common occurrence that we deem a particularization only tiresome to the reader. On November eighteenth, Mrs. A.
Cummings passed to spirit life, and the twentieth the form was taken to Yorkshire for interment, and Mrs. Litchfield and I accompanied them, and I officiated at the funeral. We staid over night with Bro. Luther Cummings, and held a circle in the evening. During the remainder of the year 1873, I frequently held circles, but remained at home nearly all of the time.

The first day of January, 1874, Mrs. Litchfield and myself started at six o'clock in the morning, for Addison, N. Y., to fill engagements there and at other places. We arrived at Addison at half past three in the afternoon, and stopped with Bro. Joseph Sunderlin. There we also met for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Corning, N. Y. We also met and visited Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, stayed over night with them, and in the evening gave a lecture in Baldwin's hall, to a good-sized intelligent audience, on a subject given by the audience: "If a man die, shall he live again?" January third we visited Bro. Talmage and his daughter, and in the evening held a circle and gave a parlor lecture at Bro. Westlake's. January fourth we visited Dr. Crane's cancer infirmary, and were much interested in Mr. Crane, and also in his mode of treating that terrible disease—cancer. In the evening we gave another lecture in Baldwin's hall to a good-sized, intelligent audience. The subject was given by the audience: "What is soul? What its mission here, and its future destiny?" We held a circle after the lecture at J. Sunderlin's, where they said we gave some good tests.

Monday, January fifth, we bade adieu to our kind friends in Addison, going to Corning, where Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Jones greeted us with a cordial welcome, and with whom we remained until the seventh. We held a circle, and gave a parlor lecture on the evening of the fifth; to an intelligent company. With
Bro. Jones the next day we visited the glass factory and the machine shop, and met several warm-hearted and kind friends who had become deeply interested in studying the spiritual philosophy. In the evening we held a circle, and an incident occurred, which, for its own intrinsic value, we deem worthy of note in this place. But when the sequel to that incident is disclosed, as it will be in the proper place, though the sequel did not appear till many years after, yet it revealed a law of spirit life of the utmost importance for mankind on earth to know.

Mrs. Jones, a clairvoyant and test medium, was controlled, and described a little child who came there, and when we asked her name, she said she had no name, and, at first, said we might call her "the little flower girl." She said she had no parents, but had been lost in the woods. She said she had met our children who were in spirit life, and was so well pleased with them, that she wished us to adopt her as one of our children, and wanted we should call her Matie Litchfield, which we willingly consented to do. Ever since that time, she has always come to us with and as one of our children, and we always consider her as one of our children in spirit life. We have since met many mediums who were strangers to us, and who knew nothing of the above circumstance, and yet in giving us the number of children we had in spirit life, Matie was always counted as one of the number. The above facts may appear to those who are not conversant with the spiritual phenomena or philosophy as the wanderings of an imaginative mind, but to me they are as real as any of my incidental surroundings, as I have been journeying onward in the pathway of this earth life. And I as firmly believe we shall meet Matie, our adopted daughter, on the other side, as I believe we shall meet our own
children there when we shall lay off the mortal form and pass
on to higher spiritual existence.

January 7th we bade adieu to our kind friends in Corning,
and started for Westfield, Pa., where we arrived by stage after
dark. We stopped with our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. D. Wicks,
and many of our friends whom we were happy to meet again,
came in that evening to see us. We held a circle the same
evening, and gave a short lecture. We had a good time, and
all those present appeared to enjoy themselves well. Thursday,
the 8th, we remained with Bro. Wicks, and passed the day very
pleasantly visiting with friends who came to see us. In the
evening I gave a lecture in the Methodist church to a large
audience, who gave me for the subject of my lecture, "Man;
his origin, mission, and destiny." The next evening, January
9th, I gave a lecture in the same church as the last evening.
The house was packed, and two subjects were given me,
"Relationship," and "The Philosophy of Influence." While
speaking upon the latter subject I felt the same force strike me
that I had withstood when trying the test with Mr. M. in the
same church on a previous occasion, as I have before related,
and on looking at the audience I observed Mr. M. a few seats in
front of the rostrum and knew he was again trying his power to
prevent my speaking. But his failure was complete, and it gave
me a splendid opportunity to illustrate the law of control. The
inspiring intelligence readily applied it in such a manner that I
never saw that man at another lecture of mine. We stayed over
night with Bro. G. Osborn. January 10th Bro. Wicks took us
to Mixtown, where we were kindly greeted by many friends.
We took tea with Bro. King and his family, and in the evening
I gave a lecture in the school house to a large and intelligent
The subject, given by a man in the audience, was "Men, their difference, and why?" We stayed over night with our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Rushmore. Sunday, January 11th, we spoke at the same school house at noon. The subject given by the audience was "Death and the philosophy of Spirit Life." I gave another lecture in the evening at the same place, from the following subject, selected by the audience: "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

We tarried that night with our very kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Beach. January 12th we passed the day very pleasantly at Bro. Beach's home, and in the evening I gave a lecture at a little hamlet called Cathead. My subject was "Spiritualism and its mission." Tarried over night with Bro. Wicks. January 13th spent the day very pleasantly with Bro. Burlingame's people and other friends at Knoxville. In the evening I gave a lecture in the Methodist church at Westfield; the subject was given by D. Wicks: "The two great lessons of life; good and evil." January 14th we started for home at five o'clock in the morning. We rode in a sleigh twenty-four miles to Andover, where we took the cars, and arrived home at eight o'clock in the evening. On this tour we were absent from home just two weeks. I gave ten public lectures in the time, besides several circles and parlor lectures, and I desire here to remark that it was not for money that I left my home and took those lecturing tours, for I seldom returned home with as much money in my pocket as I started with. But I loved the truth of Spiritualism, and I desired that all others should know of the same great truth. Then my promise to my spirit brother was sacred to me, and for those simple reasons I pro-
mulgated that truth to the best of my feeble ability. And I have never yet had cause to regret that I have done the best I could to spread the glorious truth. During the remainder of the winter and the next spring I was at home most of the time, but held many circles, and occasionally gave a lecture in the vicinity near home.

During that year I managed the farm myself, and worked hard upon it when not otherwise engaged. At the time of our visit to Dr. Crane's at Addison, which I have before mentioned, there had been upon my face a small sore for a year or more, which I could not get to heal. Dr. Crane pronounced it a cancer, and I was expecting to return to Dr. Crane's sometime before spring, to have it removed. But before I was ready to start a medium by the name of Ewers and her husband came to our home. They stayed one night with us, and her spirit control said the sore upon my face was a cancer, and asked if I was willing for them to try an experiment on it, I told them I was, if they would make it no worse, which they said they would not do. The medium then placed her fingers upon the sore for a few moments, again at night did the same, and the same the next morning, and about four weeks later she sent me some magnetized papers to wear nights. Soon after I had retired when I wore the first paper, a spirit came to my bedside, and told me he could cure that cancer, and he would do so. He said he was the doctor who controlled Mrs. Ewers. I saw him very plainly, and gave Mrs. Ewers a description of him in a letter, which she answered, saying I had given a perfect description of her spirit doctor. The result was that the sore, whatever it was, gradually healed, and has not troubled me since.
The first day of June, two of my sisters, my wife and myself, started to visit our friends in the state of Michigan. We had many friends there scattered in different localities. We spent the month of June on that visit. I gave quite a number of lectures while in Michigan, held some circles, and privately preached Spiritualism to many unbelievers according to the best of my ability. We found in Michigan many lovely places, beautiful, quiet and peaceful homes, and many kind, loving and noble friends. But there were some localities of which we could not speak so favorably, and one of those places was a little town called Bath, situated ten or twelve miles north of Lansing. The town was at that time rather new. One of my wife's sisters and some of her children resided there, and we traveled thither to make them a visit. After spending a few days with those kind friends, I one day wandered a short distance from the cottage, and found myself standing upon the edge of one of those dismal swamps that so thickly abounded in that part of the state. I seated myself upon a log, took from my pocket my diary and pencil, and my feelings thus found expression through my fingers and pencil.

The stony ridge, the stumpy knoll,
The Cat-hole* deep, and ague cold;
The swamps and marshes all around,
With snakes and lizard's do abound;
Oh God! deliver me today,
From Bath's deep soil of stone and clay,
Interspersed with sand and grit,
For "Michiganders" only fit

* A small, deep pond of water.
To grub and toil each day by day,
And shake their gloomy lives away.
I'd rather live on mountain high,
And catch the breezes passing by;
The inspiration that descends
On mountain tops gives strength, and lends
A holy charm to lead above,
In truth, simplicity and love.

Good-by to marsh and swamp and snake;
For you my heart will never break;
Let those who love thy dismal holes
Wrap death and darkness 'round their souls.
Methinks the light of truth so grand,
Can never wake pure thoughts in man,
While toiling 'round those dismal holes,
So filled with fever warm and ague cold.
I'd not exchange my mountain home,
For all Bath's snakes, and swamps, and ridges bold;
I'd rather die on mountain high,
Than with the ague always sigh.

I thought I felt somewhat relieved when my feelings had thus found external expression through the pencil. At that time I did not even hear of a Spiritualist in that vicinity, and of course I had no regrets in turning my face from Bath forever, as I then supposed I was doing. But such was not to be the case, as I shall record in the proper place. We returned to Jackson on the eighteenth, and spent the remainder of the month among our friends in Jackson county. We returned home by the way of Detroit, through Canada, and Niagara Falls, where we stopped.
for a few hours, as some of our party had never seen the Falls. We tarried in Buffalo, until five o'clock in the afternoon, when we started for home, where we arrived about midnight of the thirtieth of June. Mrs. Litchfield was taken sick with bilious fever immediately after we arrived home; for many days we hardly knew whether she would remain with us in the earth form, or pass on to higher realms of existence, but by faithful and kind care she recovered; for which I sincerely thanked all the powers that lent a helping influence for her recovery. During her sickness it was a sad and busy time for me. Of course I had to be in the sick room much of the time both night and day. Then we had about one hundred tons of hay to cut and secure at the same time, hence we had for the next two months no time to lecture or to hold circles. But at last the clouds again disappeared, and the sunshine of peace shed its rays of beauty and happiness around our pathway, and we felt to rejoice that the night of our sorrow had passed, and the morning of a brighter day had dawned upon us. Mrs. Litchfield gradually recovered her usual good health so that we could again move on in our accustomed pathway, doing the best we could for humanity, whether in the spiritual or material fields of active life. But during the remainder of the year 1874, I find by referring to my diary that my time was mostly occupied on the farm, in building, etc., etc. But I find also recorded the following reflections on closing my diary for that year:

"With me the year 1874 has been intermixed with joy and sorrow. But, on the whole, I think I have experienced more pleasure than pain, more joy than sorrow. But we hope the next year may be an improvement on this one, for it has not reached my ideal of happy life. May good angels bless us all,
and give us more unselfishness, more light, more love, and charity, during the coming year.

    Good-by, we'll say to seventy-four,
    And tell her stories here no more;
    She's gone, to no more here return;
    We've tried her lessons well to learn.
    But if we don't remember well
    The lessons she so oft did tell;
    'Tis not her fault, 'tis all our own,
    That we forgot the lessons shown."
CHAPTER IX.


All hail to eighteen hundred seventy five!
Long may your good deeds here survive!
May all mankind in this earth sphere,
In wisdom read thy mandate clear.
May all who've passed to spheres above
Dwell there in pure and holy love,
And with bright angels come each day,
To cheer us on our weary way.

During the first half of the year 1875 my time was mostly spent on the farm, where farming and a little lumbering engaged my time. I think I did not lecture any; but we held circles occasionally. On the 31st of July Messrs. Bastian and Taylor came to our home for the purpose of holding a few materializing seances. They remained with us two weeks, and held ten materializing seances, and, although the weather was very rainy and unfavorable a part of the time, many investigators were here and attended their seances. Many forms appeared and many from the spirit land were recognized by their friends in the circle. Many of our visitors left here rejoicing in a knowledge that those whom they had mourned as dead, and whose bodies they had seen consigned to the grave, still lived, and could return to them and visibly manifest their
presence. But so skeptical were the people at that time that some who attended those seances could not believe their own eyes and ears. The manifestations were too much for them; and after a few days they would think of course that must have been fraud, though they could not see how it could have been done. But it was not thus with all who attended those seances. Several saw their spirit friends here for the first time, and to them it was a glorious boon, for it smoothed the rough pathway of their life and gave them a knowledge that there is no death. Some of them have now passed the mystic river, yet the knowledge here obtained was a light around their pathway as they wended their toilsome way through the closing journey of earth life, and approached the mystic river, and listened for the sound of the boatman's oars who was to take them across the stream that lies between earth life and the spirit sphere.

During the remainder of the year I was very busy with farming work, and getting out timber and lumber for a large barn I was expecting to build the next spring. During that season there was a man by the name of Abbey, with whom I was somewhat acquainted, who had been writing to me during the fall that he was president of a company that was organized for the purpose of developing and working a silver mine that they had located, and on which they were then at work. He also wrote me that there were to be five directors—four of them were then filling their positions, and they had reserved the other place for me, as they were anxious that I should be one of their board of directors. He also wrote that a man to be a director must own at least five hundred dollars in stock of the company, and that if I would send him the five hundred dollars, he would send me in return my certificate of stock, and my official papers as
one of the directors of said company. He also wrote me that they were then taking out ore that was worth from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per ton. But they had run short of funds, and had been compelled for the want of money to suspend work, and if I would send the five hundred dollars for my stock it would enable them to proceed with the work. Mr. A. claimed to be a firm Spiritualist, and for that reason I had more confidence than I might otherwise have had. But my guide said to me "Go and see for yourself before you invest any money." I heeded the counsel of my guide, and on December twenty-seventh, I started at six o'clock in the morning for Tioga, Pa., where I expected to find a man by the name of Berry, a stockowner and director in the company, who would accompany me to the mine, some twenty or twenty-five miles from Tioga. I arrived in Tioga about eight o'clock in the evening, put up at a hotel, and the next morning after breakfast I found Mr. B. with whom I remained that day. The next morning Mr. B. took horses and a carriage and we started for the mine for which I was looking.

We arrived at Mr. A's a little before dark, and the mine was located not far from his house. But we did not visit the so-called mine that night. In the evening I inquired of Mr. A. in regard to the enterprise, and he told me they had sunk the shaft sixteen feet. Said I, "You wrote me you were out of money." "Yes," said he, "we are." Said I, "I thought you had four directors in your company besides the stock owners." "Yes," said he, "we have." Said I, "How much stock has been sold?" He replied, "If my memory is correct about seven thousand dollars worth." Said I, "What proportion has been paid?" Answer: "It has all been paid." Said I, "Where is
the money? You can't claim that it has cost that amount to do what you say you have done. If you expect me to take part in the enterprise you must tell me all there is about it, for I am not going to invest blindly in this enterprise." After some hesitation he replied, "When we organized this company it was agreed that each one of the company should do ten days work and when that work was done each one should be entitled to five hundred dollars and his wife to two hundred and fifty dollars of stock in the company." Said I, "Has the work all been done?" Answer: "Yes, and the stock has been issued." Question: "Have you sold any stock for money?" Answer: "Not any." "Then there has not been a dollar of money paid into the treasury?" Answer: "There has not." "And all you have to show for the stock sold is the hole in the ground sixteen feet deep?" Answer: "Yes, that is about the way it stands." Of course I saw at once that I was sold to the amount it would cost me to make the journey out there and return, but I held my peace. Said I, "Now you want me to advance five hundred dollars in money to off-set ten days work? Do you think that just?" "Oh," said he, "when we started it was uncertain; there was a risk; now it is a sure thing." Said I, "Have you any of the ore in the house? If you have, please let me see some of the '500-a-ton' ore." Mr. A. brought out a piece of stone that had been broken off from a larger stone, and in the stone were scattered very small white specks that looked as though they might be silver. Said I, "Is this the best you have found?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Have you had a sample of it assayed?" Answer: "No, we have not." Question: "Why did you not before you wrote me it was worth from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per ton?" Answer: "I had
not got ready to do so." Question: "Do you pretend to say you believe the best ore you have found is even worth two hundred and fifty dollars per ton?" Answer: "I do not know." Said I, "It would make a good wall. I think it worth more for a wall than it is for what silver it contains." The next morning we examined the place where they had dug, and to all external appearance there was no more silver there than any other place in the country. I seated myself on the edge of the pit they had dug to see if any spirit guide would give me any impression in regard to the subject. I saw a small cord of light extending from their pit away back into the hill, but the meaning of that light I did not understand. But I received a strong impression that I might just as well burn my money as to invest it in that enterprise.

Mr. B. and I returned to Tioga that day. While Mr. B. was getting his team ready; Mr. A. said to me "Well, what have you concluded to do?" Said I "I have concluded to go home." Said he "Will you not join us in this enterprise?" Said I "If I do I will write you when I get home." Said he "Can't you lend me fifty dollars, I do not know how I am going to get through the winter." I looked at him. I knew that he had a wife and one child who were depending on him for support. I also thought I saw that they were as poor as poverty itself, and though I firmly believed he had been planning all the fall to get five hundred dollars from me, yet my heart went out in pity for the poor brother, and I handed him two five-dollar bills and said "Will that help you any? if it will you can have it and return it when you get it in the future." He thanked me for it and said he would return it sometime. Mr. B. then came with his team, and I climbed into his wagon. We bade good-by to Mr.
A., and I have never seen either him or the ten dollars since. Neither have I held any correspondence with him since that time. Mr. A. wrote me a letter after that, and tried to get one hundred dollars more, but I declined to answer his letter, and that closed our correspondence.

I stayed with Mr. Berry and family that night, and was treated by them with respect and kindness. The next morning, the thirty-first of December, I left Tioga and started for home, where I arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, tired and weary, and with thirty five dollars less in my pocket than I had when I left home four days before. But I had learned a lesson that I did not fully comprehend before, for I had thought that a true Spiritualist would be truthful and honest. But I learned that a person possessing untruthful or dishonest traits of character, might be convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse and still his character and habits remain unchanged. And that fact I now know to be a law of life. For the laying off of any bad habit, or an hereditary (or acquired) untruthful or dishonest trait of character can only be accomplished through growth and higher unfoldment of one's mental, moral, and spiritual powers. But we then thought (and still think) that we know of no greater stimulant to induce a person to rise above all wrong and evil deeds than to know that their loved ones in spirit life were watching over their daily life, and possessing a knowledge of their wrong and evil deeds, and that there is no "forgiveness of sin," but that each one in the great harvest of soul-life, must reap what he has sown; that if we have sown the seeds of evil, untruthfulness, and wrong, the fruitage of the harvest will be sorrow and woe in proportion to the seed sown. And true Spiritualism, and all wise and good spirits in spirit life as far
as I know, teach that law to be a definite law of life that no prayer or power can set aside.

In looking at my diary for 1875, I find the following reflection at the closing hours of that year. “In looking back over the past year, I find I have experienced much joy and much to be grateful for, and I am thankful to many friends in earth life for their kindness, and to many friends in spirit life for their counsel and instructions.” Thus passed the last hours of the year 1875.

While eighteen hundred seventy-five
Has gone with those years gone before;
Oh! may our charity for all survive;
And love all wrong deeds cover o'er.

We'll overlook all wrong that's past,
And brother man, who's stepped astray,
We'll own as brother till the last,
And help him on his toilsome way.

For dark and dreary is the way,
When poverty encircles all;
No wonder that they sometimes stray,
And from the path of honor fall.

But love, and truth, and knowledge grand
Shall yet redeem poor wayward man,
And raise him to a higher strand:
And thus fulfil progression's plan.

We commenced the year 1876 in a very agreeable manner visiting with friends and relatives, and in the evening we held a very successful circle. Through the winter we were very busy with work, but we often held evening circles. On February twenty-eighth I officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Brown, of Mansfield,
and based my remarks upon the following sentence found in the book of Job: "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" My control answered, at least to my satisfaction, the question asked by Job, and answered it from a Spiritual standpoint. During the spring and summer I was very busy with my farming. I built a large barn, and was so busy that I did not pay as much attention to spiritual matters as I sometimes had done, and nothing of note occurred with me in that line during the spring and summer months. But on the twelfth of September Mrs. Litchfield and I went to Rochester for a stay of two or three days. On the evening of the fourteenth we attended a materializing seance of Mrs. Markee's. Mr. and Mrs. Markee and all in the seance room were entire strangers to us. Several of our spirit friends materialized, walked out of the cabinet, told us their names, and we recognized them unmistakably. So well satisfied were we of the genuineness of the manifestations that we made arrangements with the medium to visit us at our home in Ellicottville for the purpose of holding seances. We agreed to pay the medium fifty dollars to hold five seances in our room. The number of persons in each seance was limited to fifteen. Before returning to our home we visited our friends in Ontario county, and on the twenty-third of September we arrived home, weary, but not unforgettable of our meeting with some of our spirit friends in Rochester, or of our arrangement with the medium to visit us.

The last week in October, of the same year, Mr. and Mrs. Markee visited us, to meet their previous engagement. They held the five seances as agreed, and so satisfactory were the manifestations, that thirteen of us engaged the medium to hold for us two more seances, and the manifestations in those two last
seances were by far the most remarkable of any that I had ever witnessed at that time. During those seven seances, fifty-five spirits materialized, walked out of the cabinet, cordially and lovingly greeted friends who were present, and were by these friends fully recognized. At those seances we saw and conversed with our father, mother, and daughter, who were all unmistakably recognized on several occasions, and they conversed with us freely, and plainly. We also saw, and conversed with many others who were by us recognized, and several others whom we did not know, but who were recognized by their friends who were present. At most of those seances there was a committee of ladies to search the medium before she entered the cabinet, and the medium would enter the cabinet dressed entirely in colored clothing, and she would not take even a white handkerchief into the cabinet. In a very few moments after the medium had entered the cabinet, a materialized spirit, Katie Blink, a cabinet spirit of the medium's band, would walk out of the cabinet dressed in white, would speak freely with all in an audible and distinct voice, and would frequently sit on the lap of those in the room. She was a favorite with all with whom she became acquainted.

At each seance Katie would make a piece of lace so large that when it was placed over her head it would drag upon the floor all around her. We have seen Katie make the lace to be thus used by herself and others, on several occasions when sitting or standing close by her; have plainly seen her in a good light open and close her hands and could not see anything in her hands, yet, after she had worked her fingers for a few seconds, the lace would begin to appear below her hands, small at first,
but gradually increasing in size, until in a very few moments she would shake it out and fling it over her head, when it would extend to the floor all around her. One evening we saw her make two shawls in the same manner. She remarked that she would make a shawl, and holding out both hands near a window curtain, commenced working her fingers, and soon we could see a small bit of cloth below her hands, which gradually increased in size, until it was about four feet square. She then spread it upon her shoulders, and walked around the room, and let each person examine it. It had the appearance of being a fine silk shawl. She wore the shawl into the cabinet and in a moment came out again without the shawl. I said, "Katie, where is the shawl?" She replied, "Oh, that dematerialized in the cabinet. I will make another." Then stepping near me she stooped over in front of me, with her hands not more than one foot from my feet, and in such a position that I could distinctly see every motion, she commenced working her fingers, and soon I could see a small piece of cloth below her hands, and as she gradually raised herself to a straight position, and at the same time widened the distance between her hands, the cloth increased in size until it was as large as the other one. But it was a different shawl from the first one that she made. She again threw the shawl over her shoulders and walked around the room and let each one examine it, and then returned to the cabinet with it, and we never saw either of the shawls again. I inquired by what process, and of what material that wonderful materialization had been accomplished. She replied "that it was done through a law of spiritual chemistry that was then unknown to the inhabitants of earth; that within the earth's atmosphere is contained in a refined condition a portion of all the elements of which the earth
and all things thereon are composed; that through a chemical law they could gather from the medium, and the circle, and the atmosphere, all the necessary elements for such a fabric, and through their knowledge of power that could be expressed through will, they could weave such fabrics as we had seen her make, and many others necessary for clothing their materialized forms."

We have before recorded that we saw and talked with our father, mother, and children, and I desire here to remark that my father told me about and explained some things that occurred with me a few years after he had passed to spirit life, which I had never before understood, and which could not have been known to the medium. My mother also gave us many tests, and the knowledge imparted by her answered the great inquiry of my soul better than it had ever been answered before. That soul inquiry and answer will appear in a poem in a proper place. The child whom I have before mentioned, and whom we had adopted at Corning, N. Y., was with us also. Another little child of ours who passed to spirit life at birth, materialized, and my father led her out of the cabinet. This little child walked, talked, and laughed, and when my father said he must return to the cabinet the child said she had not been out long enough, and returned to the cabinet crying. At the next seance my mother led out the same child, and both mother and the child talked with us, and mother took the child in her arms and walked around with her in front of the circle, and let them examine the child more closely. Again the child returned to the cabinet crying because she had to return to it so soon. The next who came out was my father leading the same child. They remained out and talked with us at that time I should think
ten or fifteen minutes, and the child then seemed satisfied to return. At that time there was not a child in the material form in the house or upon the premises. Thus at three different times two persons came out at the same time, which proved clearly to my mind, that the spirits could and did materialize, and for a time occupy a materialized form. I could fill many pages by giving a history of the manifestations at those seven seances. But since the time of which I am now writing, the phenomena of materialization has become of such common occurrence that I fear I should weary the reader's patience if I should here relate all that occurred at those seances, though those manifestations were to me at that time of the greatest interest.

There is one more occurrence which I shall here relate, for I think it is not of frequent occurrence even at the present time, and it will, no doubt, be disbelieved even by many believers in spiritual intercourse. Nevertheless what I am about to write is strictly true in every particular. The medium and her husband desired to hold a private seance each week while with us for their own benefit, and they kindly invited Mrs. Litchfield and myself to sit with them, and the invitation was by us gladly and thankfully accepted. We were seated in our seance-room around a table, only four or us present, and we were seated thus: Mrs. L. on one side between Mr. and Mrs. Markee, and myself between them on the other side. After we were thus seated, and before the light was extinguished, all of us joined hands, thus making it impossible for any of our hands to be moved without the next person knowing it. We had not been thus seated but a few moments before an Indian spirit who gave his name as White Eagle appeared, and talked with us in broken English for a short time, then another spirit came and gave her
name as Topsy. After we had been thus seated in the dark for perhaps half-an-hour or longer, and all the time had been conversing with those spirits that were with us from the invisible spheres, we heard something fall upon the table, and the spirit Topsy spoke and said "Strike a light." When we had struck the light we found upon the table a silver half-dollar rolled up in a one dollar bill in such shape that the silver piece stood edgways upon the table. We again extinguished the light, and I inquired of those invisible actors in the drama we had just witnessed, where they obtained the money, and why they brought it to the medium? In answer to my inquiries Topsy replied that they had taken the money from a prominent man, an editor of the city of Rochester, (giving the man's name) who had wronged the medium, and caused her much trouble and expense by compelling her to expend more than fifty dollars to defend herself against false charges brought or instigated by him. That the medium was poor, not able to suffer the loss, and as the editor was abundantly able they were going to take the money from him and give it to the medium to whom it justly belonged. While the medium was with us they brought to her five and one-half dollars, and in after years the medium told me they brought to her seventy dollars, and then brought no more. I questioned the spirits in regard to the justice of their cause, but they claimed they were only just returning to the medium her just due, and taking it from the man who had caused her loss.

Afterwards there were one or two other parties whom the spirits claimed had wronged the medium, and from them they also took money and carried it to the medium, until they, the spirits, thought the account was balanced. That manner of
doing business seems to me to be resorting to a higher law, and sometimes perhaps with a danger of too much vengeance. No doubt by some this will be classed in the same category as "white-cap" punishment and mob law. But I know of no way of arresting and punishing an invisible spirit, even if they do sometimes resort to the higher law, and as I cannot view things from the higher life standpoint until I arrive in that life, I deem it best to let each person view, from his own standpoint of justice, the justice or the injustice of that way of balancing accounts. I will only add that the report as I have recorded it is true in every particular as far as I know. But I desire here to remark that from the spirits with whom I conversed while Mrs. Markee was with us, I obtained much useful instruction to help me along the journey of life, which I have been continually traveling since that eventful period of my earth-life existence. I have ever reviewed in memory the wonderful manifestations displayed, and the intellectual and spiritual lessons then received, with a thankful heart and a humble mind, for I then realized more than I had ever before realized, my own deficiency in spiritual knowledge, and I then caught a higher, broader, deeper, and grander realization of life in this sphere of existence, as well as in the fields of spiritual existence to which we are all daily hastening.

And thus I sought to climb life's stair,
That leads from earth-life, over there,
Where many of our friends reside,
Who've crossed death's cold and chilly tide.

And by thus seeking I have learned
To many useful truths discern;
Those truths of life along our way,
Bring peace and joy to us each day.
And when we learn a lesson new,
Another problem comes to view;
And we must solve that problem here,
To thus unfold our mental sphere.

Thus, day by day, we ever find,
New truths unfold our willing mind;
For ever watching at our door,
Are angels kind to teach us more.

Oh, angels! with a thankful heart,
We learn those lessons you impart;
Oh give us truths from out your store,
Though we forever ask for more.

THE ANGELS' REPLY.

Yes; we ever wait at thy cottage door,
Anxious to give unto thee more
Of life's true lessons, that we find
Are needed to unfold thy mind.
Thou need not fear to call and call again
Whilst thou in earth life may remain;
For giving to thee from our store,
Only brings to us the more.
Fear not to ask us when thou'd know
Some truth that from life's thought-springs flow;
We'll gladly answer when we can,
And thus unfold the mind of man.

I here desire to remark, (and we hope the reader will pardon us for recording it in this place,) that during all those forty years of our investigation of Spiritualism, we have ever found the above reply of the angels to our earnest prayer for light to be true, and ever adapted to our present needs. We do not wish to be understood to affirm that we always received the answer
to our desire on the day or the month that the desire first found recognition in our mind, far from that, but that sometime, and often very unexpectedly, the desired light or knowledge has shed its golden halo of truth around our way, for which we have ever been extremely thankful and happy.

We are also aware that many skeptics will inquire, and not without reason, "If you have been blessed with angel teachers during all these many years, as you think and say you have, why are you not farther advanced in mental and spiritual unfoldment than you now are?" We answer, "We well know that we have advanced in mental and spiritual unfoldment far beyond where we should have been had it not been for the benefit we received from our spirit instructors. If from that source we have proved for a certainty, at least to our own satisfaction, the continuation of individual life beyond the grave, and the fact of spiritual communion between those in spirit life and those yet remaining in earth life, and we have thus through a course of unfoldment accomplished far more than the many thousands who have never sought for knowledge from that source, and hence are today ignorant of the grandest truth that has ever been revealed to man on earth; as ignorant as we should now be if we had never sought and found that knowledge given us from our spirit instructors. If that one truth was all the knowledge that we had acquired through spiritual intercourse, it would richly repay us for all our efforts in that direction. But that is not all. A knowledge of that truth only just opens the door to an infinite field of knowledge that we never before had even dreamed of, and that field of knowledge it is our privilege to explore according to the best of our ability. We do not propose to judge others, hence will only write in regard to what we know
of ourselves. And this we do know: that we stand to-day mentally, morally, socially, intellectually, and spiritually far beyond what we could have been without this instruction from our spirit teachers."

The skeptic may remark, you have not learned it all, indeed, judging from your appearance, you have not learned much to boast of. Which is true. For we would not expect or desire to learn in the short time of forty years in earth life all that we are to learn in the endless eternity that lies before us. And though we have not as yet learned the first letters in the alphabet of life, when compared with the infinite fields of wisdom that we see all around and before us, yet we have learned some of the laws and relations of life in the various departments of existence, that we could not have learned from any other source known to us. And here is a law of spiritual mentality that all classes of mankind should understand and heed; that the infinite contains all of the finite, but the finite does not and can not contain all of the infinite,—neither can the finite mind comprehend the infinite. By the same natural law the higher unfolded mind can comprehend the capacity and plane of development which the less developed mind occupies, but the less developed mind can not comprehend the greater. Hence the mind that has never sought or received any knowledge in regard to spiritual phenomena or philosophy and science can no more judge of the plane of thought, unfoldment and knowledge of one who has been for many years a student in that field of knowledge, than a child that has never studied the science of numbers can form a correct opinion in regard to the higher branches of mathematics. The above truths appear to me to be self-evident ones, yet how little they are comprehended, or at least heeded, by mankind
on earth. Because those truths have not been heeded by the mass of mankind innumerable human victims have been slaughtered upon the altar of ignorance by bigoted rabble who could not comprehend the principles for which their victims perished; some by the sword, some by fire, or others perhaps like the noble Galileo, who drank the hemlock at the command of a bigot who was not capable of comprehending the advanced thought of the victim.

The failure to heed those self-evident truths has not been confined entirely to the dark ages of the past, but the advanced minds of the present century have felt, if not the fire and ax, the keen edge of sarcasm and ridicule of those who were most ignorant of the principles they would ridicule. And the Spiritualists, during the forty years since the tiny raps at Hydesville, full well comprehend the truth of what I write in regard to that kind of persecution. We believe that mankind possesses infinite possibilities, yet those inherent possibilities must be gradually unfolded, through growth or progress, before the individual mind can comprehend the result and fruition of any quality of its being. Those qualities are latent in the infant, slowly they unfold, and thus, through their unfoldment, the infantile mind expands and unfolds its latent powers. The man of four-score years is but an infant still in mentality and spirituality. If it is true, as we assert, that the human individualization contains as its inherent qualities infinite possibilities, then it follows as a logical conclusion, that the man of four-score years, however wise he has become, has not yet learned all that the human mind is capable of comprehending. Hence as man possesses within his being immortal qualities of intellectuality and spirituality, and is himself immortal in his nature, it follows that it
will require all the infinite ages of eternity to develop and unfold all the infinite possibilities of his latent natural qualities. Hence, man is, and must of necessity be now and forever, a progressive being, and eternity will never bring him to an unfolded condition where he can truly say there is no more in life for him to learn. For such a condition would prove a limit to infinity, which would prove that there was no such thing in existence as infinite mind or infinite power.

How short-sighted and narrow indeed must be the mind that can for a moment suppose that all which the human mind is capable of comprehending is what it can learn in the few short years of its earthly pilgrimage. How narrow and illogical the thought that because people have sought and found an invisible instructor in the spirit realms of life, that they should learn it all, or even learn more than their minds could be developed to comprehend in the short time of an earth life existence, when the infinite ages are before us for the unfoldment of the human mind. But people who have never investigated the spiritual phenomena and philosophy, and look upon that field of investigation as beneath their notice, are usually those who in their blindness think they know all about it. Those of that class who are not too thoroughly tinctured with Orthodox Christianity pronounce all spiritual phenomena a humbug, a fraud, or a delusion, while the ignorant and bigoted Christians pronounce them the works of the devil. That appears to be the quickest and easiest way for that class of people to account for much of the phenomena of life, which their foolish and absurd creed debars them from investigating.

Thus it has ever been that those that know the least in regard to many subjects think in their egotism they know all about it.
Especially is this true in regard to Spiritualism. It is an old saying but a true one that “it takes a wise man to know that he is a fool.” While the creed-bound bigot would advise earth’s weary pilgrims wandering over the rough and thorny pathway of earth life to search not into God’s hidden mysteries, we would counsel them in an opposite direction, and we would say to them:

Go seek for wisdom everywhere,
In earth beneath or air above;
It glows in all things true and fair,
And thus proclaims the power of love.
Love is divine, eternal law,
That holds each star within its sphere:
Through nature’s realms without a flaw,
Wisdom and truth shine ever clear.

Then search within the laws of life,
For truth to guide you on your way:
You’ll find it there above all strife,
To lead you upward day by day.
Heed not the bigot’s ancient plan,
To search not God’s mysterious lore;
All things in life are made for man,
Through his unfoldment to explore.

The mysteries of life divine
Are not too sacred anywhere
For man to seek, within their shrine,
To find true knowledge dwelling there.
For all there is for man to learn
Is through life’s laws expressed somewhere.

Fear not, Oh, man, life’s laws to learn;
They’ll lead through fields of wisdom fair,
Where angels pure, who’ve gone before,
Are watching there for thee to come;
And through progression’s open door,
They’ll welcome thee to their bright home.
During the remainder of the year 1876 I occasionally gave a lecture and we held many seances, but nothing of note in the spiritual field occurred with us beyond our ordinary experiences, hence I shall pass over that time. The first of the year 1877 found us as deeply interested in the cause of Spiritualism as ever, and though we had many cares of a material nature to attend to, we found time to lecture whenever invited to do so, and to attend funerals whenever called upon to officiate. The first of March, John French left the farm and moved to Salamanca, where he obtained a situation as clerk in a store. He had been with us since he was five years of age, and seemed almost as dear as though he had been our own son. But though our hearts were sad at the departure of himself and wife, we were anxious that he should do what appeared to him to be the best for his welfare and happiness. A nephew of mine, J. Vaughn, took the farm to work for one year, so the whole care of the farm was not entirely resting with me. In September of that year Mrs. Litchfield and myself, accompanied by Hattie and John French, visited our friends in Michigan, where we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly well, except for a slight accident which happened to myself, and, though the accident was a very ludicrous one, and afforded the basis for many jokes and much merriment by my friends, in which I heartily joined if it was at my expense, it proved to be quite a serious affair to me, as I caught a cold that gave me many sleepless nights, and from which I did not recover until long after I returned home.

Several of us went in a skiff fishing on Clark's lake. We were not very successful in capturing the finny beauties, and we pulled for the shore. I was seated in the stern of the boat, another one in the bow, while another handled the oars. We
had arrived near the beach, and the boat was rowed along near
the side of a log that extended from the bank into the lake.
The forward end of the boat struck the sand, and the man in
the bow arose and stepped upon the log. I thought we were all
to get out upon that log, and as I arose to step out the man at
the bow held the chain to the boat and gave a jerk to pull the
boat ahead nearer the shore, and that jerk took the boat from
under me, and of course I went over backwards into the lake,
and the last of me that could be seen above the boat were my
feet turned upward toward the stars, while my body was
immersed in the lake without even a repetition of a baptismal
ceremony, or the willing hand of a priest to help me out of my
baptismal font. And all the prayer that I then and there heard
addressed to the Throne of Grace, was the merry shouts of my
companions, which I suppose answered every purpose for the
ceremonies of singing and praying, and I presume were wafted
upon the breeze fully as near to the Throne of Grace, as many
of the whining ceremonial utterances of the priesthood, when
they baptize many poor sinners under much more favorable
circumstances. I presume my sins came just as near being
washed away, as if the priest had been there and had uttered
his well-learned mummery, and had baptized me in the name of
the imaginary trinity, with the imaginary fountain of blood as
the basis of the religious ceremony. At least I was myself
better satisfied with the baptism than I should have been if a
priest had controlled the ceremonies.

The evening after my immersion I gave a lecture under influ-
ence in the parlor of a relative to a select company that appeared
to appreciate the discourse and enjoy it very much. I gave
several parlor lectures during our stay of a few weeks in Michi-
gan. In October we returned to our home where we did the best we could during the remainder of the year to advance the cause we loved so dearly, by lectures, circles, etc.

During the year 1878, we met with a financial loss through the failure of a merchant who was indebted to us for some fifteen hundred dollars, and, as we were far from being rich, we felt the loss keenly. But I am sure it did not affect me as much as it would, if I had not previously learned through the spiritual philosophy that this world's wealth, though useful and necessary for our welfare and happiness when judiciously used while here, yet is not to be compared to the wealth of mental knowledge and soul unfoldment, which it is our duty as well as privilege to seek to acquire while we are journeying through the rough and toilsome pathway of this earth life. Though for one in my circumstances this loss was a severe one, yet I never passed a sleepless night from it, for I was happy in knowing that I possessed a wealth of spiritual unfoldment that all the financial failures in America could not take from me. Hence I was comparatively happy. And perhaps I had better remark here that in the closing-up sales of the estate I bought real estate on which by judicious management I cleared enough to reimburse me for my loss in the failure. And I have always felt that some of my friends in spirit life gave me their wise counsel in the purchase and management of that property. In fact, I hereby acknowledge that I have many times been satisfied in my own mind that the impressions I have often received from my friends in spirit life has been one of the causes of what little financial success I have met with through life, as their inspiring thought imparted to me has been the means of my mental and spiritual progress and unfoldment, which has led me out of darkness into
light, and out of ancient and modern false creeds and dogmas into the true fields of nature's vast storehouse of wisdom. And though I have only been able to catch a glimpse of divine light from that infinite field of knowledge, and only been able to sip a little from the fathomless ocean of wisdom which I see extending all around us on every side, yet I see the fields of unexplored wisdom; I float upon the ocean of infinite truth and life; I sometimes breathe the atmosphere of the angels, and catch the inspiring power of their undying and holy love; I have listened to their spirit voices; I have caught the music of their songs; and hence I know that they live and have imparted to me useful lessons of instruction that have been a blessing to me, and that they have helped me on my way, and been my counselors and guides through my daily pilgrimage here in earth life.

And here, and now, before the angels whom I revere, and before my spirit friends whom I love, and who are present here with me to-night, I declare my intercourse with them to be but the simple truth, and I thank them for the assistance they have given me, no matter what a bigoted and skeptical people may think or say in regard to the subject. But I am aware that the skeptic will here ask, "If it be true that your spirit friends have thus helped you, why have you met with any misfortunes? Why did they not save you from the loss, which you have before mentioned?" That is a reasonable question, and should be met and answered in a truthful, reasonable and logical manner. First; our spirit guides are not infinite in wisdom or power, hence there might have been obstacles to prevent the accomplishment of their desire as often is the case. Second; we do not think it would be always as well for a person to be saved from all losses and misfortunes by the interference of an outside influ-
ence for the simple reason that such interference at all times would prevent the cultivation and growth of the individual mind. For the human mind like a rough diamond needs the polishing power of friction at times to unfold its individual powers." I often think, that all the experiences of my life thus far have been necessary in my case to establish my present individual conscious personality. I believe it was better for me in many ways to pass through the experiences which I did in regard to that loss through the silence of my guide, even if that guide could have prevented it, for then I should not have gained the experience through which I have passed.

To better illustrate the idea I wish to impart I will relate a little incident which occurred in my experience many years since, and which I passed over in writing my past record. In some of my business matters I was at a loss to know what course to pursue. It appeared to me that if I remained inactive and quiet in regard to certain transactions, I should be compelled to pay what would not be just and right for me to pay. On the other hand it appeared to me that by a certain move on the chessboard of business policy (which would not have been illegal, but would have been a blind move in the game) I could head off the liability, and the result would not bring injustice to myself or any one else. One day I was riding alone in a buggy seriously considering what I had better do in regard to the matter, and had about come to the conclusion that I would make the before-mentioned blind move, when suddenly it seemed to me that my brother, who was in spirit life, stepped into the buggy and said "Sit along and let me ride." So sudden and unexpected was the greeting and so real did it appear to me, that I instantly moved to one end of the seat and made room for another
to sit beside me. My spirit brother took that seat. Although I could not see him nor hear him, I could feel his presence and I could feel his unspoken words. I conversed with him for some time in regard to the business matter of which I had been thinking. He counseled me to change my plan and gave me his reasons for so doing. He told me that if I made the blind move I would regret it for many a day, but if I remained inactive in regard to the matter all would be well. I followed his advice, and all was well. I have since become satisfied that if I had followed the other course I should for a long time have had cause for regret, for I did not need that experience. But it is not at all times that my brother can make his presence known, and his counsel felt so distinctly, as he did at that time. It was always left for me to accept or reject his advice, but when I have followed his counsel I have never regretted it. It is not always that I have received his counsel in my business affairs, but generally if I ask him he will give me his advice, for which I am always very grateful.

During the remainder of the year 1878, I was very busy attending to my business matters, as I managed the farm myself, but lectured as occasion required, attended some funerals, and held evening circles quite often. The year 1879 commenced when a very deep snow covered the ground, and the weather was extremely cold all through the month of January. Thomas McMahan and myself were salesmen for the cheese of a small cheese factory which was managed, and the cheese made, by Mr. McMahan. In the fall of 1878, the price of cheese dropped, and cold weather came on and caught us with a few tons of late-made cheese unsold, which we placed in a cellar to work off as best we could. On the thirty-first of January, we loaded a sleigh-
load of the cheese, and took it to Bradford, Pa., where we sold it the first day of February, and came home the same night where we arrived about midnight almost frozen; and from which we did not recover for several days. I mention this circumstance to remind the reader that I was at times apt to be careless in obeying nature's laws of my being, and also the result that followed in this particular case. The next day, February second, I was sick with neuralgia, and suffered keenly for my foolishness. The next morning I was somewhat better, but not able to get out much. In the afternoon of that day a messenger came to request me to officiate at the funeral of an aged man by the name of Stone who had passed away and with whom I had been acquainted; he resided in the town of Mansfield. The funeral was appointed for the next day, and I felt that I was in a very poor condition to officiate at a funeral. But my guide said go, and I promised to go. But I think I never felt so keenly my weakness and folly as I did after I had promised to attend the funeral, and the messenger had returned. To give the reader a faint idea of my feelings I will here copy from my diary of that date: "I have promised to go. Oh! may the good angels be with me to inspire and bless me, notwithstanding my weakness and folly. Oh! may God and the good angels throw around me their protecting arms, that when I am weak I may receive of their strength; that when I am foolish I may receive of their wisdom." I attended the funeral and spoke under influence from the following, which is found in the book of Psalms, 8th chapter, 4th verse: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" My guide was there, and I find in my diary of the 4th written after the funeral that I wrote these words: "My prayer of last night was
answered today." And many times since that eventful time, and under various circumstances, I have felt the protecting arms of my guide in answer to my earnest prayer.

The disposal of the balance of our cheese resulted in so sad an accident I think I shall be justified in recording it here in this connection. On the 17th of the following March Mr. McMahan and myself took the balance of our cheese to Bradford. We shipped part of it by rail and part of it we took in a wagon. We found no trouble in selling our wagon load of cheese, and we had it all sold by the 18th. But that which we shipped by rail we expected would arrive in the night of the 18th so that we could deliver it the next morning and come home the same day, but on going to the depot in the morning the agent told us the cheese had not arrived, and Mr. McMahan being very anxious to get home, started with his team for home about noon, and I stayed to deliver the cheese and close up the business. Soon after McMahan started I found the cheese had arrived, got a team and a man to help me, and by four o'clock I had all the business settled and took the 4:30 P.M. train for Salamanca. On arriving at Carrollton, a few miles from Bradford, I found the dead body of McMahan in the depot. He had not been recognized when I arrived there. Mr. McMahan had stopped at Limestone, where a brother of his resided, and took one of his brother's little girls to go home with him on a visit, and at a crossing about a mile from Carrollton, they were hit by an engine on an express train, and both were killed; McMahan almost instantly, while the little girl lived a few hours in an unconscious condition and then passed away. It was with a sad heart that I accompanied his lifeless form home to his weeping wife and children, four of whom were living. Mc-
Mahan was a good citizen, a good and kind neighbor, and our business relations had brought us often together, so that I knew him intimately. He belonged to the Catholic church, but in our association together we had often conversed upon religious subjects, and I thought he believed very little if any of the Catholic creed. Indeed I heard it reported after his decease, that he had been with me too much to be a good Catholic. And I felt to rejoice, if that was true, that I had been in any way instrumental in opening his mental eyes to see the absurdity of the Catholic "creedal" religion. I will here copy a few words from my diary, written the day of the funeral after the ceremony.

"And thus my friend Thomas has passed away. May God and the good angels care for him, and lead him upward and onward forever more. That they will also guide, and guard the sorrowing family is my earnest and sincere prayer. Today his form sleeps beneath the clods of the valley, but his spirit still lives, and I believe came to me last night, but could not tell me what he desired to say."

During the year 1879 I managed the farm myself, and daily worked in the field when other business did not demand my attention. But I also had the cheese factory to look after, and sell the cheese, make out the dividends, etc. That, with my other business, made it a very busy year for me, and I did but very little in the lecture field during that year. In December, 1879, D. E. Bartlett and myself bought at public sale a farm situated in the town of Machias. That purchase also added to my labors, as we stocked the farm with cows, and Mr. B. left it almost entirely for me to look after. In March, 1880, Mr. B. and myself bought another farm of the McCoy estate, at sheriff's sale. This farm was situated near the village of Ellicottville,
and for the next two years we worked the farm together. Thus it will be observed that my time was mostly occupied with business matters, yet occasionally I gave a lecture or attended a funeral if called upon to do so. I also held some circles, but never for a moment lost that deep and abiding interest which I felt in the cause of Spiritualism. Through the year 1880, and a part of 1881, business remained about the same, and each succeeding day found me no less busy.

In the month of August, 1880, the first Spiritual camp meeting was held on the new grounds at Cassadaga lake. We did not attend that meeting, but in 1881 we made our first visit to the Cassadaga camp grounds. My brother Levi and his wife, our niece Hattie French, my wife and myself composed our party of five, who then for the first time visited those grounds. I will here remark that every soul on the grounds were entire strangers to us. We left the cars about six o'clock P. M. and with our gripsacks in our hands readily found our way to the gate. The first man who greeted us as we approached the gate was Mr. O. G. Chase, of Jamestown, N. Y., now passed on to higher life. Although we had never met him before and did not know his name, yet the cordiality with which he grasped our hand while he inquired our name and from whence we came, made us feel as though he was an old and familiar acquaintance of former years, and caused me to commence a search in my memory to think where we had before been acquainted. The next stranger who thus earnestly greeted us was Mr. Carter, whose greeting of welcome was no less earnest and cordial. Such friendly greetings from strangers gave us renewed courage, and we entered the gate, not exactly the gate to the celestial city, but we thought it might possibly be bordering on celestial ground. We
marched slowly along Cottage avenue until we came to the Sage cottage, which appeared to us superficial observers as though we might find there lodging for the night and perhaps nourishment for our material needs. Sister Sage, with her kind and smiling countenance and sympathetic voice, in answer to our inquiry, said that her cottage was full except the garret, but she could give us something to eat and lodge us there. We gladly accepted her kind offer, and we found her a kind mother as well as sister. If not a mother in Israel, a mother to a higher and nobler race of people called Spiritualists.

We tarried with sister and brother Sage for four or five days, and although for a part of the time sixteen tired forms sought and found the goddess of slumber in that little garret, our sleep was refreshing, and we often refer in memory to our first visit to Cassadaga as among the happiest days of our life. At that time Cassadaga could boast of but very few cottages, and the most of the ground was covered with timber and bushes, which made it a dismal looking place compared with what it is now. Mrs. Litchfield rather desired us to take a lot and build a cottage there, but I did not encourage her desire, so we omitted to make that move at that time. We visited the camp however each year except one after our first visit, and in 1888 we built a cottage on the grounds, and since we built the cottage we have enjoyed very much the few weeks of the meeting which we spend at our cottage home on the camp grounds.

In the month of August, 1882, we had our things packed to make a second visit to Cassadaga camp, and the day before we were going we received a letter from our friends who resided in Ontario county, N. Y., stating that a friend of ours was very sick and not expected to recover, and was very anxious to see
us before he passed over, so the next morning we started for Ontario county instead of Cassadaga. We stayed a few days with our sick nephew until he was better, and then returned home in time to visit Cassadaga a few days before the meeting closed.

It was at that meeting where we first met the noted medium Henry B. Allen. We obtained admittance to one of his seances after dark, and after the circle were seated. They opened the door and let us in and gave us seats in the circle, and there was not one in the circle that my wife and I knew except ourselves. We did not even know which one was the medium. In that seance our daughter came to us, spoke to us in a whisper, told us her name and many other things. She also wrote us a communication, signed her name to it in full and gave it to us while the hands of the medium were being held, one by myself and the other by another person. Indeed, I was so well satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations occurring in the presence of Mr. Allen, that before the close of the meeting we made arrangements with Mr. Allen to visit us at our home for the purpose of holding seances. We had two friends residing in the same town with us, who had each recently lost an only son, and one of them was an only child. By bitter experience I realized the grief of the bereaved parents, and my heart went out in sympathy to them. They were not Spiritualists, neither were they Christians, at least they were not church members. I thought if I could get Mr. Allen to hold seances at our home, and get them to attend those seances, they might receive sufficient evidence of their boys' presence to satisfy them that their boys still lived, and could commune with them though they had passed through what was called the valley and shadow of death.
It was our desire and hope that it might bring to their hearts the joy which I had experienced when I received that knowledge. Mr. B., one of my friends before mentioned, was a farmer; the other, whom I will designate as Mr. V., was a lawyer by profession.

Before Mr. Allen arrived I told them such a medium was coming, and they both expressed their desire to attend some of those seances. Mr. Allen came in the month of October, and after he arrived and the time was appointed for the seances, I called on my friends and gave them a chance to attend the seance. Mr. V. had some excuse for not attending, Mr. B. had some business that he could not postpone, but Mrs. B. attended the seance and her son came to her and told her his name, kissed her, wrote a communication "for his mother" and Mrs. B. appeared to be well pleased with the manifestations. The seance was a good one, and every one present got a message from some friend who had passed through so-called death. Mr. and Mrs. B. both attended the next seance. Their son came to them, kissed them, told them his name, and wrote each of them a message, and signed his name to the message. All others in the circle received messages from some of their loved ones from the spirit land. Mr. B. appeared to be much affected, and after the seance said to me "Beals, what does this mean? This looks like my son's writing, and seems like his manner of expression." Said I "I have no doubt but that was written by your boy, for he is not dead, and came here to prove to you that he still lives and loves you still."

While we were hitching up Mr. B.'s horse, Mr. B. said to me: "I suppose there are fraudulent mediums, but I do not believe this fellow is a fraud." Mr. and Mrs. B. attended the next seance. Again their son came to them, talked with them, kissed
them, wrote a message and gave it to them, and all in the circle received something, though the seance was not quite as good as some others. After the seance I again went with Mr. B. for his horse and he again remarked: "That the writing they had received looked like his son's hand-writing, and was expressed about as his son would naturally express it." When I returned to the house I remarked that I thought Mr. and Mrs. B. had become pretty well convinced. Two of my nephews remarked, "If you think so you ought to have heard what Mr. B. said after the circle closed." "What did he say?" I inquired. They said that Mr. B. said to them, "It is all a fraud, but don't tell Beals, for he is honest and thinks it is genuine."

If a clap of thunder had pealed from a clear and cloudless sky, I should not have been more surprised. And if the lightning had hit me quite hard, it would not have hurt me much worse. Mr. B. and I had been partners in a business transaction, where several thousand dollars were invested, and I had considered him my friend. If in the two seances he had attended he had demonstrated the phenomena to be fraudulent, I thought he should as a friend have told me, and helped me detect the fraud, instead of speaking to me as he had done. If he had not proved the manifestations to be fraudulent as I felt sure he had not, he was very unmanly and unjust not only to the medium, but also to me in pronouncing it a fraud. I felt that Mr. B. had acted a very dishonorable part, and I never mentioned the subject to him afterwards. Indeed I have had no desire since that time to make any effort to convince him of the grand truth of spiritual intercourse, but if he should advance to a condition of unfoldment where he should earnestly and sincerely desire to seek for light and truth from beyond the river called death, it would be
a pleasure to me if I could help him find and realize that glorious boon. Until that time arrives, I deem an effort in that direction a waste of forces. My other friend, Mr. V., to whom I was so anxious to demonstrate the truth of a future life, and thus bring joy to a bereaved and sorrowing heart did not attend even one seance. In regard to those two friends I have since that time obeyed the scripture injunction to let them alone, for they are wedded to their idols.

Mr. Allen and his estimable wife remained with us about six weeks. During that time, we held many seances and we had many manifestations occur under strict test conditions that demonstrated to a certainty the genuineness of Mr. Allen's mediumship and also the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mr. Allen is extensively known east and west, and to those who have witnessed the manifestations which have occurred in his seances, I need not say one word. But for the benefit of those who have never been in his seances, I will briefly record a few manifestations that occurred in his seances. We received messages from many of our friends in spirit life that the medium could not possibly have known any thing about, the spirits giving their names correctly, and also incidents in their lives which we knew to be correct. We have seen in a light seance, a hand materialized to the wrist, to all appearance a lady's hand, take a pencil and write a communication on a block of paper, sign our daughter's name in full to it, and the message be addressed to us, the hand doing the writing in the light and out of the reach of the medium, while at the same time I was holding both of the medium's hands. In the dark seances the circle was formed around a table, and all joined hands, the medium with the others. A guitar, tambourine, and five and sometimes seven
different-sized bells would be placed upon the table, and those instruments would both be played, and all the bells rung at the same time, each instrument and each bell chiming in perfect harmony with the tune that was being played; proving conclusively that there was more than one intelligent power or force present to handle all those instruments at the same time, and play different tunes, the sounds all blending harmoniously, as was done in every seance. A dulcimer would be placed in two chairs back of the medium, and sometimes the sweetest music would be played upon the dulcimer that I ever heard. At other times, it would be played with such force, that it seemed as though the instrument would be broken all to pieces.

Our daughter Lillis, who at that time had been in spirit life about eighteen years, came to us at every seance, and she wanted to learn to play the dulcimer. She appeared to be a favorite with the spirit band, and they allowed her to practice upon the dulcimer. At her first trial of playing, the music was broken and very incorrect; she made rapid improvement however, and before the medium left our home she could play quite nicely. At one seance our daughter came and asked her mother and myself if we were willing that she should join Mr. Allen's band of spirits, and work with them for a time. She said she thought it would increase her power and be beneficial to herself as well as to others, but she would not join them if it would not be agreeable to us. We told her we did not care, if she and her friends in spirit life thought she had better do so. She joined the band, and about one year and a half after that we met Mr. Allen at Cassadaga, and at the first seance we attended, Lillis came to us. She kissed us, and said she would play a piece for us. She played a piece upon the dulcimer very sweetly, for
which I thanked her, and spoke encouragingly of the improvement she had made in playing since we had last heard her. She said she would play another piece for us. She played it very beautifully, then she came and kissed me, and I said to her, "Lillis, what was that last piece you played for me?" She said it was, "What shall the harvest be?" and "Pa it will be a good one for you." Lillis belonged to that band for a few years, and Mr. Allen wrote me that her work in the seance was to play the dulcimer, and write messages for those spirits who could not control the forces to write for themselves. He also wrote me that Lillis was a favorite with all who became acquainted with her.

While Mr. Allen was with us, we received many communications from different spirits which were very interesting to us, but we have two written by our daughter which will we think interest the reader, hence we will give one of them a place here. But by way of explanation I will remark that a few days before receiving the first message, we had been with the medium, at the request of the spirits, to visit friends in Yorkshire, and was at a loss to know why the spirits wanted us to go there. A day or two after our return home we took a tablet of paper and a pencil, and placed them under the edge of a bed in a small room. Mr. Allen and myself then seated ourselves upon the edge of the bed, took each other by the hands and awaited results. Soon we heard the sound of the pencil as though it was writing, then we heard a leaf torn off from the tablet, then we could hear the writing again, until we had heard three leaves torn from the tablet. Then we heard three raps, and heard the pencil drop upon the floor, which was the signal that the message was finished. I took out the paper, and on the three leaves which
they had torn off, we found the following message written and signed as we have herein copied.

"My own dear father:

I will not let an opportunity slip by if I can help it, and with this medium, Henry, I can use so easily. And if he could only remain here long enough (which would not be long,) I would get strong enough to show you my face, but his own guides have charge of him, and we must submit to what they say, for they know best what to have him do. Oh! father; I do not want you and mother to come to spirit life until your work is done in earth life; but I will be glad when that is done, for I want you to come to me. I can see you now every hour, but you cannot see me, and that spoils it for you. But, my beloved father, we will all be together never to part, and we can see and visit with each other all the time. How happy we will be, won't we, father? Death is nothing. I only wish I could find words to express it to you, but I cannot. Only it is like the butterfly which changes from the grub. I am in the tangible world; everything is just as tangible to me as to you, and, when you come to spirit life, you will find a counterpart of every thing which you see in earth life. And it will be just as tangible to you. You will meet brothers, sister, and myself, and you will see them just the same as you would in earth life. And how happy we will be. Our beautiful world is the real world. We are always learning, and progressing; we commence here where we leave off in earth life and we progress faster than you do. Only think, dear father; we are always learning, and are to live forever. Is it not grand? You cannot see why we wanted you to go where you have been. Father, this poor medium is sensitive. He suffers more than you think of, caused by his sensitive
feelings. We knew he wanted you to go. And if you could do him any good, we wanted you to go. And we knew you would be willing to go. And it did do us all good. I will write no more now, for you will sit again soon when I will write more. Love to all.

From your spirit child,

LILLIS J. LITCHFIELD,
P. HOLLAND,
TOMMY,
LILLY MAY,
IDA H. ALLEN,
EDDIE BROWN."

The last five names were all written in a different hand, and they were members of Mr. Allen's spirit band. I positively know that (under the conditions) it was impossible for a hand in the mortal form to have written the above message. Hence I am satisfied that it was written, as it purports to be, by our spirit daughter.

On the fifth of December Mrs. Litchfield and myself took a tablet of paper that I had bought the day before, and which we had kept in our own possession, and with Mr. Allen went into our seance room. We placed the tablet and pencil upon the table, and seated ourselves at the table, with the medium between us, Mrs. Litchfield holding one hand, and I the other hand of the medium all the time we were sitting there, so that we know for a certainty that neither the medium's hand nor any mortal hand wrote the message which we copy below. We could hear the pencil writing, and could hear the leaves of paper as they were torn from the tablet. Though the room was
dark, the writing followed the lines on the paper as closely as though it had been written in the light. When they had finished their writing, they gave the signal, and we found two leaves torn from the tablet and closely written on both sides. And here we will give an exact copy of the letter or message.

"SPIRIT HOME, 12-5-'82.

MY DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER:

I am with you today, and how happy it makes me feel to be with you, and to be able to write you a few words, and I know that it is also a great comfort to you to be able to know that I, as well as the rest of your departed friends, do still live, and are able to return to you, and manifest ourselves to you. Is it not a grand thing to know that there is no death? It is only a change from earth life to a more beautiful world. Death, dear ones, is nothing to dread; it is no more than stepping from one room into another. If the entire world could only know of this truth, what a better and happier one it would be. How many parents there are today that have laid a child in the grave feeling that they never more will see it. Oh! if they could only realize that when they laid that form away, that the child or friend, was with them, and not with the old worn-out body, and that it was happy, and free from all the sorrows of earth life. The spirit world is not far away; but just above and near to you, where we have all that you have in earth life. Every thing in our spirit world is as real to us, as yours is to you. Yes, Old Grey* lives, and when you come home you will see him, and I am sure he will know you. We have in spirit life

* A noble horse that belonged to our daughter before she passed away, and to this horse she was very much attached. The horse had died a few weeks previous to the writing of this message, and this was in answer to my inquiry.
the different spheres; you must not expect that the spirit world is perfect; we are always progressing. Every spirit that comes to spirit life must commence precisely where they left off in earth life, and it takes some many years to outgrow their earthly desires. We see people come to spirit life, who, when in earth life were addicted to strong drink, or were low in other ways. When the drunkard comes here the first thing he calls for is strong drink, and they must outgrow those feelings; and some it takes many years for them to get out of the darkness. We have our schools in spirit life, and our teachers; O, I cannot tell you about it so that you will understand me. But by and by you will both come to me, then you will see for yourselves. I will be the first one to welcome you home, and we will be so happy; we will never be separated. We are not now, but you cannot see me as you can then. After Henry goes from here, we want you to form a little circle in this room, twice each week, sit around the table, and join the circle by touching each others hands, and we will do all we can. I shall be with Mr. Allen's band; do not yet know what my work will be, but I will write you often, and send to you, and then we will be here again. I wish to write you more, but cannot. Love from your spirit child,

LILLIS J. LITCHFIELD."

On the same paper and beneath the signature to the above message was written in a different hand the following:

"I cannot write you today, as the power is nearly gone. I will do all I can for you. Your Son,

W. S. LITCHFIELD."

*W. S. Litchfield is our son, who passed to spirit life in the year 1852, at the age of six weeks.
And thus we sought to learn the way,
From earth's cold fields of mortal clay
Up to the higher fields sublime;
Where angels dwell in realms divine.
'Twas thus we brought our loved ones here,
To greet us in our earthly sphere:
And with their own pure thoughts they come,
To greet us in our earthly home.

Thankful were we that they could come,
To tell us of their spirit home;
A heaven to us, it is to feel
Their pure warm love, our sorrows heal.

O life divine! O spirits pure and good!
Pure souls from out the angel-hood
Encircles us within thy arms,
And let us ever feel thy charms,
Of truth, of love, of wisdom's power,
Around our pathway every hour:
Until all minds shall understand
That thou can come from spirit land.
CHAPTER XI.


Oh! may all minds on earth arise,
Until from purer, fairer skies
They'll catch the inspiring angel's thought,
That can't on earth with gold be bought.
Oh! may pure thoughts encircle all
Who dwell upon this earthly ball,
Till wrong and crime shall be no more
Dark forms upon this fair earth's shore.

During Mr. Allen's stay with us quite a goodly number of people attended his seances, but many of them appeared very indifferent in regard to the subject, although their spirit friends greeted them with the warmest affection and love. They did not seem to realize the importance or prominence of spiritual intercourse, and many were like a certain lady who attended one of the seances. Some of her friends from spirit life, whom she recog-
nized, came to her and wrote messages for her; after the close of the seance she remarked: "Well, you can't convince me that Spiritualism is true any way." Since that time I have not attempted to convince any one of the truth of Spiritualism; for the old saying is a true one:

"The man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

But while for the last few years I have not had any mediums visit us for the purpose of demonstrating the phenomena, I have never failed, when circumstances would permit, to advance its truths, or to advance ideas that would lead the mind to higher and nobler fields of thought. For I have become satisfied that to educate the mind in the school of reason and common sense, is one of the surest roads that will lead the man or woman to the bright and glorious fields of spiritual truth. To illustrate my idea I will relate a circumstance in which I took an active part.

Several years ago I had some business to transact at a cheese-factory not far from my home. Among those whom I met there was an old gentleman with whom I had but slight acquaintance, and who resided not far away. After our business was completed, the general conversation turned upon the subject of Spiritualism. Upon that subject I had considerable to say. I soon found the old gentleman was an Agnostic, though his son and son's wife with whom he and his wife resided, were Presbyterians. I found that the old gentleman, Mr. F., knew nothing in regard to Spiritualism in any of its principles, phases, or facts, but I had awakened in his mind a desire to know something in regard to it. He asked me if I had any reading matter that would give him any instruction in regard to the subject. I told
him I thought I had, and invited him to call on me, and he would be welcome to read anything in my possession. He called, and I furnished him books and papers; he continued to call, and the result was that in a year or so he was a Spiritualist in principle and belief, though he had never witnessed any of the phenomena. He rejoiced in a belief of the glorious truth of Spiritualism. But others there are who first need to witness the phenomena. At one time when Mr. F. had some books and papers which I had lent him his son's wife told him that she had a good mind to burn every spiritual book he had brought home. The old gentleman said that he told her he guessed she had better not burn them. She did not, but she was greatly offended because he would read them.

Such women are incapable of becoming Spiritualists, for their mental understanding places them so far below the spiritual plane of thought they cannot appreciate either its beauties or its blessings. Their spiritual qualities, if they have any, are latent, and must be developed through unfoldment and growth before they can catch a glimpse of the radiance of spiritual light. My poor old friend F. at last left his son, and went to Minnesota to live with his daughter. After he had resided with his daughter a few months, he wrote me a letter saying that his daughter and her husband were Adventists; and I thought by his writing he was not happy. He wished me to send him some of the "Banners of Light" and to write to him. I did so, and in my letter I tried to sprinkle in some of the beautiful rays of spiritual light that would bring peace and joy to a lonely heart, surrounded by mental darkness and spiritual gloom. In a short time I received a letter from a nameless writer, requesting me to not write any more such letters to my poor old friend.
In the letter there were several questions asked which I replied to at some length. And thus ended my correspondence with my poor old friend F. and (I presume) his daughter. In a year or two from that time the old gentleman passed on to higher life, where we trust no bigoted Adventist or Methodist will possess the power to clip the wings of his aspiring progressive spirit.

The forepart of December Mr. Allen and his wife left our humble home to fill an engagement at Mr. Rugg's, in Chautauqua County. About Christmas we received a letter from Mr. Allen extending to us from Mr. and Mrs. Rugg, (and seconded by himself) an invitation to visit them at the home of Mr. Rugg. We accepted the kind invitation, and were met at the depot by Mr. Rugg and Mr. Allen, they conveying us some five miles to the peaceful and lovely home of Mr. Rugg, where he and his noble companion and family did all that they could to make our visit with them pleasant and agreeable. And well they succeeded. We often review our visit there with mingled feelings of pleasure and spiritual profit. We attended several of Mr. Allen's seances during that visit, and one evening I was controlled to give a short lecture to the very intelligent party there assembled.

We left Mr. Rugg's and returned home on the first day of January, 1883. During the year 1883, nothing of note came within my life-line (only hard work upon the farm) until August, when I received an invitation to give a political lecture at Hemlock Lake, in Livingston county. I accepted the invitation, and the last of August, I gave a lecture upon the principles of the Greenback party on Saturday, and on Sunday I gave a lecture on Spiritualism. My audiences were small but intelli-
gent, and I think it was the first spiritual lecture ever given at that place, and I do not know but it was the last. About the twenty-sixth of October, the same year, I officiated at the funeral of my old friend Sylvenus Vedder, who had passed to the higher life from the town of Yorkshire. He was an old resident of Cattaraugus county, with whom I had been many years acquainted, and who was a firm believer in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The last of December I attended the Freethinkers convention at Salamanca, and there became convinced that the materialistic Freethinkers and Spiritualists must each plow their own fields, sow their own seed, and reap their own harvest. Although some of their political principles were alike, as were also some of the moral and social problems, yet their religious, and spiritual principles were opposite, and could no more be harmonized than oil and water. The Freethinkers are no doubt doing a good work in clearing away the forest of superstition and error, and are preparing the field for the spiritual seed time and harvest which is sure to follow.

The arrival of the year 1884 found me as busy as ever. I had many cares of a material nature to attend to, but with all my material cares and perplexities I was ever ready to respond to the call for spiritual endeavor. Those calls came not often, occasionally a funeral or parlor lecture during the first half of the year. On the fourth of September, Mrs. Litchfield and myself started on a journey to visit friends in the State of Michigan. We arrived in Jackson county on the fifth, and so anxious were some of our friends for spiritual food, that I gave a parlor lecture on the second evening after our arrival. During the six weeks of our sojourn among our friends in that beautiful state, we gave quite a number of lectures which were well
received. During that visit, we visited our sister Harriet French and her son Charles, who resided in Grand Rapids. They were strict Methodists, and believed Spiritualism to be the works of the devil, hence the subject of Spiritualism was not mentioned during our stay with them, for I did not desire to destroy the harmony that prevailed. From Grand Rapids we visited a sister of my wife, who, with her son and family resided in the town of Bath, about ten miles north of the city of Lansing. It is the same place which I had visited ten years before, and which I have heretofore referred to in this memoir. But the change was so great during the ten years of my absence that some of my friends wished me to again yield my mind to my friendly muse. This I consented to do, and the following lines is the result. But before I record the poem I desire to say by way of explanation that Dr. Dyer was at that time a practicing physician of the town of Bath and a Spiritualist, and at that time I think he was president of the "Pine Lake Association of Spiritualists." The name of that association has since been changed to "Haslet Park Campmeeting." Dr. Dyer kindly invited me to give a lecture in the town hall. This invitation I accepted, and spoke from the subjects selected by Dr. Dyer, which were: "Temperance" and "Liberal Thought." There was present a good-sized and intelligent audience who appeared to be satisfied with the discourse.

The following is the before-mentioned poem.

(Written for friends in Bath, Michigan.)

All hail to Bath this glorious day!
Ten years and more have passed away,
Since I walked on your muddy street,
And listened to the song so sweet,
Of the frog, who sang his roundelay
Close by your street each day by day.
But, lo! I look, the swamp is gone!
Upon it grows luxuriant corn!
Turnips and cabbage by the side,
Where snakes and lizards did abide.
The swamp is drained, the snakes have fled,
The lizards they are most all dead.
The frog has sang his requiem song,
By law of progress moved along.
Again we look above the street,
A school-house stands, new, grand and neat,
Where children learn to read and spell,
And youth, life's science learn so well.
Again I look along the street—
And Dr. Dyer's house so neat,
With shingle out attracts my view;
Yes, that house too is almost new;
And Dr. Dyer, brave noble man,
Is not afraid life's fields to scan,
Though he is only two years old,
In spiritual lore (as I've been told);
Yet I think he surely is the man
To help the people on to scan
More and more of those grand laws,
That flow from out life's glorious cause.
To lead them up life's shining way,
To brighten fields where angels stray;
And give them aid to understand
The beauties of that summer land.
Again we walk along the way,
As we did of yore, that other day:
And much improvement here we meet
Along Bath's main and tranquil street.
We take a walk back on the hill,
And find that Isaac* lives there still;

* A nephew.
And Mary, too, his noble wife,
The partner of his earthly life.
Two noble children they have here,
Charley and Clarie, always dear:
Their thought-gems flashing from their eyes
Proclaims the truth, "Mind never dies."
Next morning back to town we stray,
To find our sister old and grey,
Whose sands of life are almost run,
Whose age is nearly eighty one.
A sister's kiss upon our brow:
(We hear its holy echo now),
In friendship dear we feel the kiss;
A sister's love. Oh! holy bliss!
Oh! may our sister, old and grey,
In journeying onward day by day,
Adown life's pathway towards the sunset shade,
Where friends before have often strayed:
Feel the soft touch of an angel hand,
To lead her to the spirit land:
And hear angelic voices say:
"Dearest sister, come up this way."
Again we list to the doctor's call,
And meet at eve at the neat town hall:
And address the people old and young,
With thoughts that from life's fountain sprung,
Upon the grand old temperance cause,
And liberal thought, and freedom's laws;
When lo! our spirit guide is there,
To guide our every thought with care.
Now when on Bath we look around,
Where once was low and swampy ground,
We find that man, by work and care,
Has made the town quite good and fair,
And as progression led them on,
The snakes and lizards now are gone:
This is an emblem, as we see,
Of what the mind of man can be.
And as we look around Bath town,
The work of spirits can be found:
For many creeds from minds have flown:
Like swamps, and marshes they are gone;
For where'er dark creeds and error dwells,
We'll find an angry God, and endless hells,
With devils many, small and great,
Laboring hard to seal our fate.
But when from minds false creeds are gone,
Like water from a stagnant pond,
No more therein can devils roam:
Like frogs, they'll seek a more congenial home.
May truth and reason train the mind of man,
From error's dark and barbarous plan;
Until reason, truth, and love shall grow
In human mind; till all shall know,
That devils great and devils small,
With angry God, that made them all
To tempt and lead mankind astray,
Are pagan myths, and must pass away.
And in their place, in beauty born,
Will grow the rich luxuriant corn
Of knowledge, science; nature's laws,
Revealed to man through life's true cause.
When those false creeds have gone to find,
The frogs and lizards of their kind,
Then the unfolded mind will see,
The power of God in every tree:
And every dewdrop, every flower,
Shall sing the song of redeeming power.
Then every soul shall feel and know
That God is all, in all below:
That one eternal bond of love
Encircles all, below, above;
That human life, where'er it be,
Is life expressed of Deity.
Hail! brothers, sisters, one and all
Who dwell upon this rolling ball:
And you bright friends from the spirit way,
Who come to cheer us every day;
And every form, on every star,
That rolls through space where'er you are;
Are but a part of that life divine
That ever round our pathway shines.

Hail! to the power of progress grand,
Though law unfolds the mind of man:
That unfolds the mind like blossoming flower;
To catch the sunlight of truth, or reason's moistening shower.
Thanks to the law of progress, that all can unfold,
In life's infinite workshop as eternity rolls;
That the low can rise higher, and the higher more high,
As they drink from the fountain of wisdom close by.
Then brothers and sisters, on this earthly sphere,
Let us grasp those grand truths of life that are here;
Let us walk up the mountain of progress so grand:
For angels will meet us, with lights in their hand.
Already we see them beckoning to you;
Throw off the old mantle, and put on the new.
The old one is tattered, blood-stained and torn;
The new one is truth, and by angels upborne.
Don't you see, in the distance, those angels so bright,
Arrayed in their garments of beautiful light?
They once trod the pathway of sorrow on earth;
But progress has raised them to glorious birth.

On; on, up the mountain of truth let us climb;
Its fields are enchanting, its air is sublime;
We'll drink from the fountain where angels have supped;
And quaff the sweet nectar from the sage's gold cup;
To move onward, and upward while eternity rolls,
Is the grandest mission of aspiring souls;
Upward and onward: for angels and men
Sounds the grand march of progress forever.—AMEN.
The next morning after the lecture, through the kindly aid of our nephew, Isaac Vanostrand, we left Bath and visited Lyman Thatcher, a brother of my wife, who resided about five miles from North Lansing. After spending a few days very pleasantly with our good Methodist friends we returned to Jackson county. We also attended a Spiritual meeting one Sunday at Round Lake, and by invitation of the president took part in the exercises. We there met for the first time Bro. Lyon, of Adrian, also Bro. Taylor, and others whose names we do not remember, but we well recollect the part they took in the meeting. The next day after that meeting we turned our faces homeward, where we arrived the next day, October 14th, after an absence of six weeks.

In December we commenced a series of twelve lectures in Salamanca, which were given once in two weeks, and which closed March 15th, 1885. Those lectures were attended by a few earnest Spiritualists and others seeking for light, and of course, curiosity seekers were also freely admitted. At those lectures the following subjects formed the basis of the discourses, and they were mostly selected by people in the audience: 1st, "What is Spiritualism? Is it true or false?" 2d, "The religion of the Past and the Future." 3d, "The False and the True." 4th, "What and where is the Kingdom of Heaven?" 5th, "The experience of my control in earth and spirit life." 6th, "Angels are ever near." 7th, "Answering questions—mostly in regard to conditions in spirit life." 8th, "What shall we do to be saved?" 9th, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." 10th, "Intemperance; its cause and cure." 11th, "What causes the phenomena of the sun drawing water?" 12th, "In my Father's house are many mansions."
During the remainder of the year 1885 I was very busy on the farm and making preparations to build a large barn; in fact business occupied most of my time for the next two years, though I attended funerals whenever desired by the friends to do so. In 1885 we visited Cassadaga camp for a few days, but in the year 1886 we did not find time to visit the camp. In 1886 I received an invitation from Bro. George Taylor, to give a lecture at North Collins, which I accepted. I arrived at Bro. Taylor’s Saturday, December fourth, and on the fifth, Bro. Taylor accompanied me to the North Collins hall, where we found a very intelligent audience assembled. As usual I depended upon my guide for his inspiring power, but for some reason the inspiring thought did not flow as freely as usual, or at least I could not as readily catch it and give it expression. And when the effort closed and I was seated, I was completely dissatisfied with both myself and the discourse. I have ever considered it the poorest public lecture I have ever given. I did not blame my guide; the fault was no doubt in my own unfavorable condition, but that did not bring relief to my mind, and I very much regretted that I had accepted the invitation. It was my first lecture at that place, and I well knew it would be my last. December twenty-ninth, I officiated at the funeral of old Mr. Green, of Mansfield, and the inspiration was satisfactory at least to myself, and the audience appeared to appreciate the effort. Thus closed two very busy years of my life.

There is one incident of the year 1886 in connection with my life-line, that, in justice to truth, perhaps I ought to mention to show the reader that my whole energy was not entirely devoted to gathering material wealth. A sister of mine, Mrs. Emeline Williams, had a cancer of several years standing, upon her
forehead. I had at different times, tried to have her visit Dr. Crane, of Addison, N. Y., for the purpose of having it cured, but she would not consent to do so. In the spring of 1886, it commenced eating so rapidly that it was evident that a few months would place it beyond cure, and she at last consented to go. In August I accompanied her to Addison, and employed Dr. Crane to attempt a cure. She remained at the infirmary five or six weeks; the cancer was taken out; the sore healed; and at this time of writing, February 1892, it has not troubled her since it healed. No act of my life gives me more pleasing reflections than that.

The year 1887 dawned upon us with a cold and wintry atmosphere, and Thomas Litchfield had made arrangements with Mrs. Cadwell, of New York city, a materializing medium, to come to his home in Salamanca and hold some seances, and he also obtained a promise from me to help him through with them. Mrs. Cadwell arrived in Salamanca unaccompanied by any one on February first. She was an entire stranger to all whom she met in Salamanca. In the evening of the second, she held her first seance. There were ten persons present. Soon after the circle was formed, and the medium had taken her seat in the cabinet, a spirit called "The Angel Mother" came out and talked with us several minutes, and she was standing within three feet of where I was sitting. She said she must return to the cabinet, and said "Good night." And as she said these words, she became shorter; she continued repeating "Good night," and appeared to sink into the floor, until the head seemed to rest upon the carpet. A voice from the head then said "Good night," and, like a flash, the head was gone. The next to come out was a young lady dressed in white. She
beckoned me to approach her which I did. She took me by the hand. I did not know her. I asked her name; she said it was Lizzie Hatch. She wanted me to invite a lady whom she selected in the circle to come forward to where we were standing. The lady came, and the spirit showed her how she wished her to hold out her dress in front of her, forming something like a basket. The spirit then commenced to work her hands and fingers in this cavity formed by holding out the dress; soon something white appeared. The white substance increased until the cavity appeared to be full of something white that looked very much like bubbles of soap-suds. Then the spirit shook it out and it formed a piece of lace, which she flung over her head, and it extended to the floor all around her. She wore the lace into the cabinet. The next form that came out was that of a young lady also dressed in white. She beckoned me to approach her. As I stepped forward she took me by the hand and I saw that it was not the same one that had made the lace. I asked her name. She replied "Lucilla Weston." She said she wanted to go out into the room. She held my hand and walked out to Mrs. Litchfield, asked if she might sit on her lap, and did so; then passing from one to another she sat on the laps of nearly all who were present. The door between the parlor where the seance was being held and the sitting room was open, and two gentlemen were sitting in front of it. She led me in front of those men, and asked them to move, saying "We want to go out into the other room." The gentlemen moved, and we walked out into the sitting room where a hanging lamp was burning, though it was shaded with tissue paper to soften the brilliancy of the light. The spirit walked along and stood under the lamp in such a position that the light shone
clear upon her face; then turning and looking me in the face, said "Can you see my face plain?" I replied "Yes, I can see your face perfectly plain." She then said "Do I look like the medium?" I said "No, I can not see that you resemble the medium." She said "Do you think I am the medium?" I replied "No, I know you are not the medium. You are not as tall nor as large as the medium." We then returned to the seance-room; then the spirit led Mrs. Litchfield out and stood under the light in the same way, and when they returned to the seance-room the spirit returned to the cabinet, and was seen no more by us that evening. But several other spirits materialized and came out of the cabinet and were recognized by their friends.

The next evening the same persons met for the second seance. But there were two or three in the seance who knew nothing in regard to Spiritualism, and who had never witnessed any phenomena, never even having heard a rap. Of course the manifestations were too much for them to understand, and they thought it must be all a fraud. These thoughts created an inharmonious condition that was very injurious to the manifestations. At the second seance the "Angel Mother" came out, allowed a skeptic to approach her, and, put a finger into the cavity where her eye should be, but lo! there was no eye there. When a certain man who was a skeptic and also a Catholic, was receiving that test the spirit accused him of insulting her, and the controlling spirit asked him to withdraw from the circle, (which he did) and the spirits proceeded with the seance. That evening we measured the height and size of several spirits who came out that we might compare their size with the size of the medium; some were taller, some shorter, and none of them as large around as the medium. Yet, regardless of all the positive evidence we could bring (which
seemed to us to be sufficient to convince any reasonable, intelligent person) there were two or three skeptics that claimed that all who came out were the medium. At one time the controlling spirit, "Nelse Seymore," came out, and had the light turned on full blaze so that all could see his face perfectly plain, and his features did not resemble the medium's in the least. Yet those skeptics would not believe but that it was the medium. The next day we had a private seance, with only five in attendance. Several friends came out and were fully recognized. Our daughter Lillis came out, and took her mother by one hand her father by the other, and I think we talked with her for ten minutes or more. We could see her face perfectly plain, and it was the form and the features of Lillis. We put our arms around her shoulders and kissed her, and she put her arm around our necks and kissed us. We asked her if she remembered a remark that she made to us just before she passed over? She said that she told us that we had done all we could to save her; but we could not save her; and it was all for the best someway. And that was just what she did say, only a few moments before she passed away. Finally she said she should have to go. Lillis and her mother kissed each other, and her mother took her seat. Again I put my arm around her and kissed her, and she kissed me again and said "Good-by, Pa," and stepped one step towards the cabinet, and she seemed to sink right down through the floor. The head was the last to be seen and was just above the carpet. The form was not more than five seconds in thus disappearing, and the lace which was over her was left upon the carpet. I stood and watched the lace, as it also grew less and less in size. In fact it appeared to melt like a snowball in the warm sun, only faster, until it was entirely de-materialized and gone.
That evening we held another and last seance. Our daughter materialized, came to the door and kissed her mother and father. She said the circle was so inharmonious that they could not do much, and the spirits felt worse about it than we did. A few spirits came out just far enough to be recognized; they seemed to be afraid to come out. We have been thus particular in giving some of the incidents that occurred at those seances, for the benefit of those who may read these lines and have never witnessed that phase of manifestations. Those who are familiar with such manifestations will themselves understand all about it. I am well aware that many who will read the above account of manifestations will not believe them to be true. But that will make no difference with me. I know the above record to be true as well as I know any other fact to be true. I do not ask any one to believe me. I only ask all to investigate the subject and seek for the truth themselves.

The next morning after the close of the seance was Saturday, and Mrs. Cadwell started for Corry, Pa., to pass Sunday with some of her friends who resided there. Before she started she told us she should not hold any seances while there. But Sunday evening Mrs. Litchfield and myself were having a little circle, and Lillis came to us, and by inspiration told us that she was going immediately to Corry; that Mrs. Cadwell was going to hold a private seance that evening, and that she was going there to materialize so as to increase her power and become more accustomed to materialization. Afterwards we met Mrs. Cadwell at Cassadaga, and she told us that she did hold a private seance that Sunday evening at Corry as Lillis told us she was going to, and that Lillis came there and materialized, and told them who she was, and gave the same reason for being there that she had
given us for going. Mrs. Cadwell also told us that Lillis had been with her in the city of New Orleans, and materialized and told her who she was.

In the month of May, 1887, my brother Levi was taken sick, and, after lingering and suffering for about three weeks, passed on to the spirit realms of life. He had been a believer in the Spiritual phenomena and philosophy for many years, and during those years it had been a comfort and consolation to him to hold communion with his friends who had gone before. Now in his last lingering sickness it was his staff, his support and his consolation. He laid off the mortal form fully satisfied that he was about to be re-united with his friends who had passed on before to that land of fadeless beauty and immortal love. He was not disappointed as he has told us, for we have heard from him several times since his transition. His funeral was held at his late residence, and Mrs. Watson, of Jamestown, N. Y., a spiritual medium and speaker, delivered the address, which was replete with words of truth and consolation. And thus my last brother in the mortal form passed on to join the other two brothers, one sister, and a host of relatives and friends who were then dwelling in higher life.

Adieu, adieu; dear brother, but only for a time;
With holy love we'll greet thee in that celestial clime;
In that land of fadeless beauty, where angels ever dwell:
And, filled with life's fruition, the truths of life we'll tell.

And when our sun is setting within the golden west,
And when life's lamp is flickering to lay our form at rest,
Will you meet us at the crossing, down by the mystic tide,
And lead us up the pathway upon the other side?

Our eyes are ever gazing to catch the glorious view
Of that celestial country where life is ever true;
To clothe each form in garments of nature's living hue,
And lead us up life's stairway till higher fields we view.
The next September three of our sisters and our brother-in-law, A. C. Clark, came from their homes in Michigan to make us a visit, and our oldest sister, who resides in Ontario county, N. Y., also came, and all of our father's family (then dwelling in the material form) had the pleasure of meeting once more at our humble home. There were six sisters and myself, the only brother, left in the material form, and we all thought it would be the last time we should all meet together on this side of the mystic river, and I presume it was the last time, though we are all of us yet on this side.

The next spring, 1888, we built a cottage at Cassadaga campgrounds, and passed several weeks very pleasantly upon those grounds. In September of that year we visited our friends in Ontario county for a few days, and should have enjoyed our visit well if I had not been taken sick, but my sickness marred our enjoyment. In December, 1888, I received a very strong impression from my spirit brother to write. I resisted the influence for a few days, but each succeeding day renewed and increased the impressions, until I took paper and pencil, and seated myself prepared to record what should be given me. The result was the manuscript for the book, "Leaflets of Thought," which I had completed and ready for the printer by the first of the next June, and which was published in book form soon after. And here I desire to remark, that I am almost wholly indebted to my brother Elisha, and my daughter Lillis for that work; if it had not been for their inspiring thoughts it would not have been written. And, after it had been prepared for the printer, it would not have been published if it had not been for the earnest request of my spirit friends. I do not regret its publication, for, judging from what I have heard from different sources,
I think the book is destined to accomplish some good. If it can be of any use in awakening thought, or bringing a ray of light to a mind groping its way in the darkness of ancient theology, if, in any manner, it will be of use in bettering the condition of humanity, socially, morally, mentally or spiritually, I shall feel well recompensed for my labor and expense. And here I would not fail to acknowledge the kindness of my friend, Mark M. Pomeroy, of New York city, in aiding me to obtain its publication, and also in calling the attention of the people to the book through his correctly-named paper, "Advance Thought." In many departments, "Advance Thought" truly leads the van.

During the camp-meeting season of 1889 we were at Cassadaga, and although we might not have been very beneficial to humanity at large during that time, yet we enjoyed the season very much, for we formed many new acquaintances, and besides we saw and conversed with some of our near and dear friends in spirit life, which was not only very gratifying, but also instructive to us. We received a communication from our old friend and neighbor, Lathrop Vinton, who kept a hotel in our town for many years, and who was over zealous in the liquor traffic during all those years of keeping hotel. He was translated to higher life while keeping a hotel near our home, and there liquor was sold or given to all who desired to drink. Mr. Vinton having been in spirit life for twenty years or more, I wrote the following question on a billet of paper, rolled it up in the usual manner, and held it in my hand for a reply, in the presence of P. L. O. Keeler, a slate-writing medium. This was the question: "Lathrop Vinton, what is your opinion now in regard to the liquor traffic?" The answer was written between two slates while I held them firmly together, the medium taking hold of
the opposite sides of the slates. The sun was shining into the room at two o'clock P. M. We could hear the pencil writing between the slates. The answer:

"Dear Litchfield:—My plan now would be to drive the whole liquor traffic out of creation. It is a useless and relentless foe to all decency and honor and progress.

Lathrop Vinton."

I have no doubt but that message was received from my friend, Lathrop Vinton, then in spirit life. And it proves conclusively that my friend had made some advancement in spirit life; proves also that man is a progressive being in the spirit realms of life.

The next year after receiving the above message we received the following message through the same medium, wholly unexpectedly, and it was written between two slates, in the same manner as the previous one:

"Well, there is neither death, nor intemperance on our side of life. We know how to live, because we cannot help living. This is grand! I feel like a big sunflower.

Lathrop Vinton."

The reader will remember that the sunflower is ever seeking the light by turning towards the sun. How appropriate the expression that a mind ever seeking for more light from the sun of truth should feel like a big sunflower.

I will here copy a message from our daughter, received in the presence of the medium, Keeler, and written between two slates:

"Dear Mother and Father:—You want me to write all I can of my present condition. I cannot write much, because I cannot make you understand me. The finite mind cannot com-
prehend the infinite. I live much as I did, or as you do in earth life, only, I am in the spiritual essence of things, while you are governed by the grosser substance. I am helping you, dear Father, with your book. Your own loving

LILLIS J. LITCHFIELD."

We have received many messages from our dear ones in spirit life, but I shall copy here only a few of them, that the reader may have an idea of the import of some of them. The following is a message received about two months after the transition of brother Levi, and written between two slates; the medium was P. O. L. Keeler:

"DEAR BROTHER:—I feel to thank you for coming where I could give you the assurance you need in regard to Levi. I am in a very peaceful condition of life now, and I shall not need to come back to earth life again permanently. We never want to come back here, except to greet loved and loving ones left for a little time to journey the pathway of mortal life. You need never feel that we are lost or gone from you. We are not. We are with you more than you suppose. We try to guide you aright. Now let me assure you doubly sure, that the impressions you expressed (or rather your opinion so manfully held) in regard to poor Levi's treatment before his transition to higher life. It could not be seen then, but you were correct. Yes; Levi was met, and carried to the higher realms. I am Your Brother,

ELISHA LITCHFIELD:"

I copy the above message that the reader may observe the connecting cord of fraternal affection that exists between my brother in spirit life and myself, though he has been in spirit life more than half a century. We will now copy a message from our own mother which was written between two slates:
“Dear Children:—May the bright blessings of the higher spheres ever fall sweetly upon you. You are not alone or forsaken. The effulgence of the eternal spheres falls on your pathway. Your dear father is here. Devotedly,

Mollie Litchfield.”

I will copy one more message written in the same way between two slates:

“If I was ever alive, I am alive now. I see, hear, feel, taste and smell yet. I am alive and well. Austin Thatcher.”

The last message was from a brother of Mrs. Litchfield. Each message carries within itself some of the personal peculiarities of the writer. And this I have found to be true in all cases as far as I have had experience, and each message was written in a different hand-writing. We have received many messages from our daughter by independent writing, and her writing is nearly the same in all cases and through different mediums, so that I am as familiar with her hand-writing, now that she is in spirit life, as I am with a person’s hand-writing who is in earth life. While sitting for slate writing I have often received a short message from some friend in spirit life of whom I had not thought for weeks. The following will illustrate. While sitting with Mr. Keeler I received unexpectedly the following message:

“Good Morning! Only a word of greeting, but it shows I am here, and you are not forgotten. Amasa Williams.”*

During the fall of 1889 I remained at home most of the time, but was often visited by friends in spirit life, whom I sometimes saw clairvoyantly. In the last part of December, I was very suddenly and severely taken with “La Grippe,” and I was con-

* Amasa Williams was an old schoolmate and friend since our boyhood days, but is now in spirit life.
fined to the house the remainder of the winter, and it was only by the best of care from my companion that I was saved from passing over the river. But I should here remark, that I do not know how much help I received from my spirit friends, but I do know that they were often with me during that sickness. I have met a few men, but only a very few, whom I have heard remark that they should be ashamed to be sick, claiming that they, at all times and under all conditions, were wise enough to escape disease. Now if it is the truth that there is any person in earth life wise enough to always escape disease and sickness, especially if that person has inherited an unhealthy organism, (which is often the case) they are certainly worthy of being congratulated, and admired for their wisdom. But I confess that I do not possess that wisdom. If there are any so fortunate as to occupy such a desirable condition (whether they possess it as a rich inheritance from their parents, or whether it has been acquired through the unfoldment of personal wisdom) that class of people upon the earth at this time is the exception and not the rule, for the earth has not yet arrived at that condition of progressive unfoldment where it can produce such a fortunate race of people. The germ of disease now often lurks in the very elements of the earth, and atmosphere, and often the very atoms of which the child's material form is composed, are intermixed with the germs of disease, which sooner or later will develop into the ill health of the child, and perhaps into its transition.

Then we find people of another class who claim to be reformers and Spiritualists, and yet they claim that there is no such thing as disease, that so-called disease is nothing but imagination; that pain is but imaginary; that when a person thinks he suffers
pain, the pain is not real; that if the person would but think he had no pain, he would experience none. Now, to my mind, as I am compelled to view human life, its laws, and relations from my standpoint of observation, such theories as the above are false theories, when applied to the practical and real conditions and relations of human life, as we find it existing upon the earth at the present period of time. It is no doubt true that to have good health a person must live in harmony, and obedience to nature's laws governing their being; but (until the earth becomes developed and progressed to that degree of refinement, when under certain conditions, from the very atoms of which it is composed, the germs of disease will not be generated and pass into the atmosphere, there to be inhaled by a human organism, as is often the case now as well as in the past; or as long as the germ of disease can be conveyed for hundreds of miles in clothing, and then, from coming in contact with another person, impregnate the system of that person with the same disease) it appears to me the above theories are unreasonable, illogical, and untrue. And if those theories are false, as we claim they are, then they are detrimental to the welfare and progress of the human race, for any false theory entertained by the human mind, in regard to any problem of life, prevents that mind from seeking for a true solution of the problem in those natural laws and relations of life which only contain the true solution of the problem. The more false theories that are believed and advocated by the human mind on earth, the longer will it take, and the more tedious will be the task, to elevate and unfold the human mind to comprehend all the laws and relations in the different departments of human life upon this earth. We claim that the only way to eradicate wrong,
crime, pain, sickness and sorrow is to eradicate all false theories, and educate the mind to base its belief upon the facts and phenomena of life, as they are daily manifested around us on every side, instead of basing its belief upon the far-fetched theories of the past ages.

To illustrate our meaning: Take the vicarious atonement for the forgiveness of sin. It is a far-fetched theory brought from the heathen minds who lived in the dark ages of the past, and has no living example in the present time to prove its truth. On the contrary all the relative facts in the phenomena of life tend to disprove that theory. And the longer that theory is taught and believed by mankind on earth, and the more there are on earth who depend on the merits or blood of another to save them from the result of suffering for wrong deeds done, the more wrong and crime will be committed, and the longer the time will be before wrong and crime will be banished from the world, and all mankind on earth live in peace and happiness, acknowledging the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human race, respecting each other's rights, and thus living in peace, harmony, and unity on earth. Then "the lion and the lamb might lie down together, and the little child might lead them."

All the natural laws of life in every department of being are the immutable laws of life. They are the laws of that power which is the life of all being, whether we call it God, Jehovah, Vishnu or Nature. It is an indisputable fact that there is an adequate cause for all things that exist, for all conditions of the human mind, and all conditions, whether of happiness or misery, of sorrow or pain. It is also a truth that cause and effect are inseparably connected, and that for each violation of natural law there is a penalty attached by the very nature of cause and
effect. And also that law exists not only in the material realm but in the mental and spiritual realms. For mankind belongs to the material, and to the mental, and to the spiritual realms of being.

To illustrate: If a person places his finger in the fire, whether purposely or accidentally, the result will be a burn; this is a violation of physical law which will be the cause of pain and suffering on the material plane of existence. But the mind, which belongs to the spiritual realm but expresses itself through the material realm, is so closely allied to the material organism that it feels the pain of the material form. In fact the mind senses all suffering, all sorrow, all joy, all happiness. The burn is a violation of a material law of the human organism. The result must follow and no "vicarious atonement" of another person can expiate the transgression of that law. We may apply to the burn a remedy that will in time alleviate the pain, but the remedy must be applied to the injured part. An application to another person will not relieve the pain, will not atone for the violation of the natural physical law. All moral, social or spiritual laws are as surely nature's laws as are the material or physical laws. Now suppose we enter another man's barn and steal his horse, and selling the horse appropriate the proceeds to our own use. We have thus violated a moral law of our being, wronged our neighbor, and committed a crime against society and the laws of our country. We are not detected in the crime, hence we escape the punishment decreed by the common laws of our country. Our neighbor has lost his horse, but does not know who has taken it. We have gained in material wealth what our neighbor has lost. And by so doing we have committed a crime against our neighbor, a crime against society, a
crime against the laws of our country, and, the worst of all for us, a crime against ourself. In our own sight and before our own conscience we are a criminal. But suppose we belong to the Catholic Church. According to the Catholic ritual, we confess our crime to the priest, perhaps we pay him a little bonus or hushmoney, the priest becomes our attorney and presents our case to the court of God, through Jesus, whose blood God had received nearly two thousand years before to appease his Almighty anger, and reconcile himself to his own created children. Now, without any regard to the rights of the man who lost the horse, and regardless of the law or the principles of justice, the trio, God, Jesus, and the priest absolve our wrong deed, our sin, clear us from the punishment due for our crime, and give us a passport direct to glory, to the realms of bliss in the future life beyond the grave. We ask, "Did not the priest and Jesus and God become our partners in thus helping us to cheat our neighbor out of his horse which we had stolen?"

We will take one more case. Here is an unconverted sinner, a cashier in a bank. He takes from the bank one hundred thousand dollars, which does not belong to him, and with his booty escapes to Canada, or some other foreign country where the Protestant religion is taught and believed by the majority of the people. But the officers of justice fail to track the criminal to his place of retreat, and he passes the remainder of his earth-life in idleness and luxury upon the wealth thus criminally obtained. Soon after the criminal arrives at his place of retreat, a revival meeting was commenced by the zealous Christians, and our wealthy criminal becomes deeply interested in the salvation of souls, his own soul in particular. The good Christians, the deacons and the minis-
ter gather around the thief, and earnestly pray God for Christ's sake to forgive the unconverted sinner for all his wrong deeds, and to wash his black and sin-stained soul in the blood of Jesus until it becomes as white as wool. By and by the criminal cries out, "Glory to God! I have found salvation; My sins are forgiven. God, for Christ's sake, has washed away my sins. I am a child of God; my robes have been washed white in the blood of the lamb. I shall no more be punished for my sins. Glory hallelujah! we will sing the praises of Jesus forever and ever, amen." And then the good Christian friends sing praises to Jesus because another soul has been snatched as a brand from the burning and prepared for the eternal joys of Heaven, while the poor widow and fatherless children, whom he had robbed of their last mite (which they had deposited in the bank he had robbed,) were suffering for the necessaries of life. We ask: "By what law of justice has the priest, or Jesus, or God the right to absolve the sin of a man who has so wickedly and maliciously wronged another, without taking into account the one who has been wronged, even if they possessed the power to thus absolve him?"

The moral law is as surely based upon the principles of justice as is the material or physical law. As well might the person who has been burned apply the antidote upon the hand of Jesus, or on that of any other person, and expect relief from physical suffering through the application, as for the moral criminal, or transgressor of the law of justice to confess the wrong to the priest or to Jesus, and thus apply the antidote upon the back of Jesus, when the remedy should in all cases be applied to the one who had been wronged. Jesus would have no more just or moral right to forgive the horse-thief or the bank-robber than
would any other person. In fact the antidote must be applied to the part (or the party) that has been injured or wronged if the suffering is to be relieved, or the wrong deed or sin atoned for. In a word, all must atone for their own wrongs or sins before they will be prepared to enter the joys of Heaven. And the theory that sin can be forgiven through the atonement of Jesus is a false theory, a snare and a delusion. It is not in harmony with the law of justice; and sin cannot be thus forgiven, according to the laws and relations of human life. To illustrate our assertion: The burnt hand will have a scar upon the place burned, in size just in proportion to the magnitude of the burn, and the one who is burned will suffer just in proportion to the burn also. The horse-thief will by his crime deface and mar the beauty, morality, and purity of his soul-life, and thus bring, as it were, a scar upon his own spiritual being. The wrong deed makes an impress upon the conscience of the criminal which even the blood of Jesus cannot efface. The conscience is a part of the individual, a part of the personality, and must remain a part as long as the individual continues to exist, and must of necessity accompany the individual, no matter where he or she may wander, either in this earth-life or the spiritual realms of existence. Memory is also an attribute of the mind, and hence is as immortal as mind. A crime stamped upon the conscience makes a scar that can never be eradicated. And when memory refers to that crime, it will cause a pang of sorrow that no "vicarious atonement" will alleviate. Good deeds may in time cover over the scar upon the conscience, as the growth of a tree may cover over a scar made by the wood-man's ax, but when the new growth is removed, the scar will be found uneffaced.
Thus it is with the growth of the human soul. Time may by growth and unfoldment through the law of progress cover over the scar made upon the human soul by crime, but nothing will ever efface that scar. The time can never come in the great eternity that is before us when the one who has been a thief or a robber in earth-life, can reflect upon their earthly pathway, and truly say "I never stole. I never robbed." But, as through memory the horse-thief reviews his earth-life, he will find the scar upon his soul which reads in burning letters of light so that all who see can read: "I was a horse-thief," and this sin he will find that not the priest with his robe and gown and his holy water, not even the blood of Jesus could efface, though he paid his hushmoney and his tithing freely. And the bank robber also, and all other evil doers, will find that law applies to each and every one; even the priests with all their sacrificial nonsense are subject to the same law. The bank-robber will find written upon his soul, "I have robbed the poor widow and orphan that I might live in ease and luxury. I thought that Jesus had washed away my sins, but I find my conscience is my own accuser, and all the angels can now read of my crime, shown in letters of light written by the eternal law of justice upon my own soul." And as the criminal thus reads the story of his crimes so written upon his soul he will exclaim: "Whither, Oh! whither, shall I fly to escape the accusing angel of my own conscience?" And he finds that if he "makes his bed in hell" conscience is there. If he flies to the uttermost parts of the earth, still conscience is there. Wherever he seeks a retreat, whether it is in the lonely forest wilds or amid an active throng in city streets, conscience ever accompanies him, and is his relentless accuser from which he cannot escape. But
we think the reader who believes in "vicarious atonement" may ask "What course then can the criminal pursue to escape the pangs of his own conscience?" After the crime is committed there is but one true and successful course to pursue. The thief who stole the horse, instead of paying the priest to intercede with Jesus to seek for forgiveness, (which from the very nature of the case cannot be obtained) should have returned the stolen horse or its equivalent to the man from whom he had stolen it. The man he had wronged was the one to whom he should have confessed, of him begged for forgiveness, and thus atoned for his own crime. And that would have applied the healing balm to his own conscience, that would have assuaged the pain and partially healed the wounded conscience. The bank-robber, instead of seeking for forgiveness and happiness through the blood of Jesus, a source from which forgiveness could not be obtained, nor happiness realized, should have returned his stolen wealth to its rightful owners, and he should have begged for pardon of those whom he had wronged; in that way he could in a measure have atoned for his crime.

But for mankind to suppose that a priest, or a Jesus, or a God, can and will forgive crime, and absolve the criminal from the legitimate results of his crime, and through forgiveness help the criminal to escape the law of justice, is not in harmony with the law, science, or philosophy of life, as it is manifested upon this earth or in the spirit-realms of being, as those wise and noble spirits inform us who return and tell us of the life beyond the mystic river. And such a theory as "vicarious atonement" at this age of mankind's advancement upon this earth appears to us to be the quintessence of absurdity boiled down to a very small point of nonsense. It is certainly the legitimate offspring
of ancient heathen mythology. And it is a wonder to us that it is so extensively promulgated and believed at the present advanced conditions of the human race. Now justice to myself and justice to all who may chance to read these pages demands that we should proclaim this truth: That so long as the masses of mankind seek for forgiveness through vicarious atonement, and expect that Jesus will forgive their sins according to the Christian’s creed, so long will crime be known and felt on earth; so long will it be necessary to build prisons upon earth’s beautiful fields, and fill them with erroneously educated human victims. We will here make this prophecy:

Before the long-looked for millennial morn will dawn upon this earth, humanity must cease to preach and teach that sin can be forgiven through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus; and all mankind must know that everyone must atone for their own wrongs before they can experience the joys of Heaven.

And thus through life’s eternal law,
We read those truths without a flaw;
May angels from the realms of light
Reveal to us all truths aright.

And may our minds unfolded be,
To comprehend all things we see;
Each lesson, brought from spirit land,
May we, in truth and wisdom, understand.
CHAPTER XII.


As we draw near our journey's end,
We'd greet each reader as our friend,
Each brother and each sister dear,
Who yet dwells on this earthly sphere.
But little more we have to say
About our life work day by day;
For age has turned our locks to white,
And we can almost see the light,
That gleams so brightly on that shore,
Where our loved ones have gone before;
And sometimes we listen to their voice,
As they bid us to rejoice! rejoice!

The first day of January, 1890, I was sick and at home. But I was able to sit up most of the time, yet the hours and the days and the weeks had been dragging their slow length along while
we had been confined indoors by that terrible disease, "La Grippe." The first day of January, being the anniversary of our daughter's burial, our heart was sad, and it found expression in the following poem, which I shall here give a place, though well aware of its many imperfections.

**Lines written January First, 1890.**

O, memory! how swift thy fleeting train
Returns to us here once again,
And bears our thoughts away;
Away back to the sad, sad past,
When sorrow wrapped our aching hearts
In death's cold mantle grey.

Our child so dear (Oh! how our hearts would thrill,
When her much loved voice would fill
With love our being o'er!)
With rapture glowing all so warm,
We did not realize the storm
To come within our door.

It came, robed as death's angel cold,
And seized our loving child so bold,
And took her soul away.
Relentless seemed the tyrant's power,
When in that cold and gloomy hour,
Her spirit passed away.

Her spirit gone, cold lay the form,
While in our hearts all was forlorn,
That cold December day.
On one bleak, dismal New Year's morn,
With aching hearts, sad and forlorn,
We laid the form away,
Within the cold and gloomy grave;
For all our prayers, our tears, they could not save
Our loving child that day.
Oh death! thou art a cruel king
Unto our souls such woe to bring;
Thus did we feel that day.
Twenty-five years have passed away,
Since to us came that New Year's day,
That filled our hearts with gloom.
At each, and every New Year's morn,
We feel the chill of death's cold storm,
Like cold waves from the tomb.

The years they come and pass away,
Yet each returning New Year's day
Revives those bygone scenes.
Though well we know that in the ground,
Our loving child cannot be found;
She passed to higher scenes.

Our child has passed to higher spheres:
Yet often comes unto us here
Pure thoughts of love to bring.
She tells us life through all doth flow,
There is no death where'er we go,
But life forever sings.

Her glorious songs of love sublime,
Sound through rich fields where glories shine
In one unending day.
And when we pass from earth's dark shore,
With her we'll dwell forever more
In life's celestial way.

Each New Year's morn she comes again;
We catch from her the glad refrain
Of life's unending power.
And thus we know she loves us more,
Though she has passed to the spirit shore,
We feel her spirit power.

We know her footsteps often stray
Around our care-worn earthly way,
Some thoughts of love to bring.
With love that flows pure, rich, and warm,
We'll greet her here 'mid earth's cold storm,
And catch the songs she sings.
One of the richest, grandest songs she sings,
Of life for all, rich joy will bring
Something in future years;
Though sorrows now oppress the soul,
The time will come when mind unfolds,
And no eyes be dimmed with tears.

Oh! death is not a cruel king,
Only a servant that doth bring
A new birth to the soul.
Thus born unto a higher sphere,
Though death to all is very clear,
All reach a higher goal.

For this we'll lay our sorrows by,
And weep no more, for all must die;
Thus we'll rejoice today;
Rejoice that life eternal is for all
Who dwell upon this earthly ball,
Through death we find the way.

The way that leads to fields more fair,
To meet our loved one over there
In that bright spirit home.
Then day by day, and year by year,
With them we'll dwell in that bright sphere,
And no more wish to roam.

Then we will thank the powers that be,
For all those friends we love so free,
Though they have passed away.
Though they have passed through death's cold door
We'll rejoice with them forever more
When with them we shall stay.

During the remainder of the winter I was confined to the house,
but I often felt the sweet influence of some angel friends, and I
could frequently see them clairvoyantly, which cheered the
lonely hours of my sad seclusion. Sometimes I could catch a poem from their inspiring muse for which I was always very thankful.

On the seventeenth of March, before I was able to ride out, there came rushing up from the depth of my soul, the following invocation:

Oh ! angels pure! from realms of light
Feed us with manna pure and bright;
With wisdom from the realms above,
Feed us with pure and holy love.

Oh! bring truth's manna pure and sweet,
And teach truth's foemen how to eat
That luscious fruit from nature's store,
That they may feed on husks no more.

And thus on earth may mankind learn,
Some higher lessons to discern;
Oh! may truth's foemen understand,
That angels come from spirit land,

To teach the sorrowing ones of earth,
There is in life a higher birth,
Where error's false creeds cannot grow;
For all desire the truth to know.

And all will those false creeds forsake,
When they of higher truth partake:
Thus all in time may hope to find
Higher unfoldment for the mind.

During all that long and gloomy winter I was confined in the house, and for several weeks I needed much care both night and day. And day and night did my companion with her watchful and tender care administer to my needs faithfully, uncomplainingly and lovingly, during all those long sad and
gloomy days and nights. And when in the month of April, the sunshine again returned with its warmth and many blessings, to gladden the hearts of all, when the robin and the sparrow had returned and tried to cheer us with their morning songs, when all nature seemed to be revivified with renewed life and energy, I too seemed to receive renewed vigor, and slowly nature's forces brought me renewed strength; but I did not forget the darkness of the winter's storm, nor the untiring watchfulness and loving care of my dear wife when the sunshine of a brighter day brought me better health and more happiness. And one day the thankfulness of my soul found partial expression through my fingers and pencil, and the following lines were the result, though they but partly and faintly express the feeling of my thankful heart.

**LOVE AND GRATITUDE EXPRESSED ON RECOVERING FROM A LONG SICKNESS,**

**APRIL, 1890.**

When pain and sickness racks the form,
While here on earth below,
If we survive the painful storm,
Some of our friends we know,
Far better than we did before;
Their sympathy we craved,
To soothe our pain, and feel no more
The suffering which they saved.

'Twas thus I found of late each day,
While sickness held me fast,
That one dear soul, faithful alway,
Was kind until the last.
No one could be so kind to me,
As her in youth I wed:
By night or day, ever to be,
So loving round my bed.
And thus to thee, companion dear,
    My love must ever flow,
And thou to me forever near,
    Thy kindness I shall know.
And while upon the earth I stay,
    I pray you stay with me:
Then if the storm cloud come each day
    Thy kindness I may see.
And thus my heart, Lucinda dear,
    Entwines around thy way:
And may you be at all times near,
    While here on earth we stay.
And when on earth our work is done,
    And through death's door we stray,
What joy will greet you when you come,
    And welcome you that day.
For more than forty years on earth,
    Life's road we've walked together;
Sometimes in grief, sometimes in mirth,
    In fair and stormy weather.
And now we are passing down the glade,
    Near to the sunset strand:
Soon will our pathway now be laid,
    Through death to the spirit land.
And when we pass to that bright shore,
    And bid these forms farewell,
May we in love forever more,
    In higher mansions dwell.
Then heart to heart, and hand in hand,
    That home we will explore,
Among the bright and happy band,
    Who've reached that home before.
Then up and up progression's mount,
    We'll gladlywend our way,
While ever from life's crystal fount,
    We'll slake our thirst each day.
And ever shall our hearts in love,
    Their thankfulness and praise
Send forth for life, that rules above:
    For life, and love, always.
The last of May we received from the printer our books "Leaflets of Thought," and the sixth of June we started for the Cassadaga picnic before we were hardly able to leave home, but our health improved while there. We disposed of a few books while gone, and returned home after an absence of ten days much improved in health. The first of July we visited Mrs. Matteson, of Buffalo, and obtained some medicine of her, which appeared to give relief for the time, but the benefit was not permanent. About the twentieth of July, we again visited Cassadaga camp, where we remained until the first of September. During our stay at camp we improved somewhat in health. We also met many acquaintances with whom it was a pleasure to meet. We also enjoyed the music and lectures; also the conferences in which we sometimes took an active part. But not the least of our enjoyment was meeting our friends from the spirit side, and holding sweet communion with them, as we sometimes did, through different mediums whom we met upon the grounds. During the fall and first part of winter we attended to our business matters, and occasionally we caught a poem, or a truth expressed in prose for which we were very thankful.

In January, 1891, we were again made the victim of "La Grippe," though the attack was not as severe as it had been the winter before yet it kept me indoors most of the time until May. And we can assure you, kind reader, it was at those times when we were so closely confined that we appreciated most highly the visits from our angel friends, who often visited us in our lonely hours, sometimes expressing their love and regard through a poem, and sometimes through prose. But it was always thankfully received by us. But when the sun again shed its warm and invigorating rays upon our humble home, and vegetation
began to show signs of reviving life, when the flowers commenced
to bloom, and the birds to carol their sweet songs of musical
joy, "La Grippe" commenced to retreat and we found joy in the
sunshine. But our progress was slow. During the month of
June, our dear companion, who had so kindly cared for us
through the last two cold and dismal winters, was having her
experience with humanity's foe, "La Grippe." We would
gladly have shielded her from our foe's embrace, but our efforts
were powerless to keep back the cruel foe. But we cared for
her, nursed her as best we could, and finally we compelled our
foe to slowly retreat.

July fourteenth, Mrs. Litchfield and myself started for Cassa-
daga camp where we arrived the same day, about six o'clock,
P. M. We were met at Lily Dale depot by a wedding party of
one hundred or more, who had attended the wedding ceremonies
of the noted spiritual speaker, Miss Jenny B. Hagan, who had
that day been united to a man by the name of Jackson, of Grand
Rapids, Michigan. The bride and groom were ascending the
steps of one car while we were descending the steps of the next
car. We regretted that we had not been there in season to have
enjoyed the wedding repast; but we arrived just in time to
receive the baptism of rice which was freely showered upon the
bride and groom as they were climbing the steps of the car.
We also met many warm friends who gave us a cordial welcome
to our cottage home upon the beautiful grounds of Cassadaga,
or perhaps we might more correctly say Lily Dale, for that is
the name of the station and postoffice. We sought our cottage,
which had been closed and unoccupied since the close of the
previous camp-meeting, soon had it opened and well aired, and
there remained until after the close of the meeting in 1891.
The health of Mrs. Litchfield and myself gradually improved while we were on the camp grounds, and we really enjoyed a rich repast of spiritual food. And we could truly say that it was good for us to be there. The rich food of spiritual thought that so freely and eloquently flowed from inspired lips was truly a fountain of the living waters of divine truth, freely flowing from celestial realms to poor sorrowing humanity here on this earth plane of life. The many platform tests that found expression through the inspired lips of Maggie Gaul carried conviction of spiritual communion to many a doubting mind. There were many other test mediums upon the grounds, too many to mention individually here, but each one and all nobly performed their part in convincing the many skeptics who were there seeking for light and for a knowledge of the glorious truth of spiritual intercourse, that demonstrates that there is no death, only life, eternal life.

Another feature of interest was to be found in the series of conference meetings, where each and all could express their best thoughts, and many minds took part in those meetings. And the writer of these pages enjoyed that privilege, and also profited by thus exchanging thoughts with the various minds there assembled. We also attended several materializing seances held by Mrs. Moss. And there we saw and conversed with all our children—five in number. We saw them at several different seances, and were perfectly satisfied of their identity. We kissed them all, and they all kissed us.

The reader will remember our narration of our adoption of a little child when at Corning, N. Y., and also of our referring to the sequel. And it was at Mrs. Moss's seances this season that the sequel was disclosed in a manner satisfactory to us. Some
critics will no doubt censure us severely for giving the following sequel to the public, but as it truly reveals a law of being that is not understood by the mass of mankind at the present time, and a law which all should know for it enters every home, every fireside, and every family circle, and is so interwoven in the very nature of human reproduction, that I deem it my sacred duty, regardless of the critics' censure, to state the facts as they are, hoping this account may be read by some who will profit thereby, and thus save them much sorrow in after years. I cannot regard it to be my duty to let false modesty prevent me from giving the facts to the public. As we have before stated, we were married October fourteenth, 1847. About three months after that event, an accident happened, that, without blame to any one, sometimes happens to married ladies under peculiar conditions. So slight was the accident and so small was the result that we gave the subject but little thought; and in fact never for a moment expected the result would in any manner be enduring. Years rolled their rounds and moved into the past eternity, and though that incident was recorded in our memory, it was seldom thought off. We had four children born to us, and they had all passed on to the spirit side of life before we adopted the little flower girl before mentioned, and whom at her request we called Matie Litchfield. Lillis we supposed to be our first and oldest child, whose form we had buried January, first, 1865. From the time of her adoption Matie had frequently manifested to us with our children, and we counted her as our adopted child. When we were at a seance held by Mrs. Moss, in 1891, Matie materialized, came out of the cabinet, and talked with Mrs. Litchfield and myself, and kissed us and seemed to manifest as much affection and love for us as our own child, and in some
other of her ways I thought she resembled Lillis. The next one who came out to greet us was Lillis. We inquired of her in regard to Matie, for I had been impressed for a year or two with what proved to be the truth. Lillis then told us that Matie was her own sister, and older than herself, that Matie was indeed our own child, whose birth occurred at the time of the incident which I have before mentioned.

At the next seance Matie again materialized and came out. We questioned her in regard to the subject. She said we were truly her own parents, and that during her infancy and childhood she had been kept very near her mother; that in fact she grew to be a young lady in our family and with us, just as much as she would have done if she had been in the material form. That her love and affection for us was as great as though she had lived with us in the earth form, and she appeared to be much pleased that we had discovered her true relation to us. She now had the appearance of a young lady in spirit life, intelligent and educated. I inquired in regard to her education, and she said she had received as good an education as though she lived in earth life. We inquired further in regard to this matter of some of our other spirit friends, and they all confirmed the truth of our discovery, which proved the truth of what we have conjectured, from impressions received during the last two years. Indeed I am now as well satisfied of the truth of what I have here related, as I am of the fact that we have any children in spirit life. And I am as well satisfied that we have children in spirit life, as I am that we have children here. Both propositions to us are beyond belief; we possess positive knowledge, demonstrated through the phenomena of life.

Now, if what we assert is true, as we say we know it to be,
what does it prove? First: It proves conclusively that individu-
alized human life retains its individuality, and identity from the
time of conception, or from the time it is individualized, even
though it becomes removed from the call of its natural concep-
tion and formation prematurely, or before the material organiza-
tion is fully formed. It proves that when a drop from the great
and infinite spirit of life becomes an identity in the life of earth’s
highest production, that life, or nature through law, has provided
a means whereby that spirit identity cannot be annihilated or
destroyed. It is an individualized, progressive spiritual being,
and must of necessity and according to natural spiritual law
retain its identity forever.

The apple and other material organizations, though vivified
by the same infinite spirit of life in their different stages of
growth and unfoldment, may be loosened and fall from their
parental stem and their identity be lost, swallowed up in the
boundless developing ocean of spirit and matter because they
had not in life’s unfolding reached the highest point of earth’s
production, which is the human spiritual identity, or the human
soul. And there lies the difference between the human spiritual
identity and the identity of all things in the universe beneath
it, which are through nature’s laws and forces struggling up
the pathway of life’s progressive unfoldment towards earth’s
highest production, the human spirit identity. Again: It
proves that the mothers and fathers who have willfully and pur-
posely murdered their offspring, and thus sent them to spirit life
ere they had breathed earth’s atmosphere, will sometime meet
their murdered little ones in spirit life; for that is inexorable
law, from which they cannot escape.

Ye fathers and mothers who have thus wilfully, though
ignorantly, violated that law of nature and of life, what do you suppose your feelings will be when your little ones meet you on the spirit shore, and accuse you of being their wilful murderers? Yes, you will plead ignorance of the law, and that may soften the pain of heart, but it will not alleviate your sorrow. Do you who believe in the atonement of Jesus think that when you meet your murdered children in spirit life that you can take them by the hand and lead them before the throne, and say: "Here, Jesus, are my murdered children; victims of my ignorance and lust I sent them prematurely to spirit life because I was too mean, low and selfish to care for them and provide for their necessities." Do you think a Jesus, or a God will forgive you, and say to you, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom," etc. Nay! Nay! No longer hope to escape the chastening rod; for we shall all be compelled to reap what we have sown, and from the harvest of that fruitage we cannot escape. Neither you nor I can cast our sins upon Jesus, or any one else, and escape the result of our own evil deeds. In justice to myself I desire here to remark that I have not recorded the above facts in this place for the purpose of bringing more sorrow to those who have already committed the crime of infanticide, for my heart's deepest sympathy goes out in pity for all such. I well know that through the ignorance of life's unfolding power they have made a criminal mistake, the result of which will be deep and abiding sorrow. And to those I would not wish to say a word to augment their sorrow. But I have related the facts, and drawn a brief pen-picture, hoping that the narrative may be perused by some who are yet innocent, and that a perusal of the above recorded facts may save others from falling into the dark and
horrible pit of infanticide, and thus save them the sorrow that must be the result of such a course.

At those seances we also saw and conversed with other spirits, some whom we recognized, and others, whom we did not recognize but who were recognized by others who were present. And we must in justice to Mrs. Moss here say that we were perfectly satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations which occurred in her seances when we were present. We also attended several materializing seances held by Mrs. Ulrich, where we saw and conversed with several spirits whom we recognized, and we enjoyed those seances very much indeed. And here we would not fail to record a seance which Mrs. Litchfield and myself had with a trumpet medium by the name of Mrs. Seery, (now Mrs. Hibbetts). We were entire strangers to the medium, and yet at our first sitting with Mrs. Seery, seventeen of our relatives in spirit life came to us, told us their names and their relation to us. In fact, a niece of Mrs. Litchfield, whom we did not know had passed over, came to us, told who she was and how long she had been in spirit life. Her statements we found to be true by writing to her sister after we returned home. My mother came and asked us to sing an old and a favorite song of hers called "The old house far away." The song is composed of five stanzas, and our mother sang it with us all through in a clear distinct voice so that we could understand every word distinctly. In fact, for an hour or more we had one of the most positive and glorious visits with our friends in spirit life, that it had ever been our good fortune to experience. It was a positive demonstration of spiritual intercourse.

We have at times heard spiritual inspirational speakers and
mediums speak in a disparaging manner of physical manifestations, materializations, etc., and also speak in a sarcastic manner of those who seek to obtain communion with their spirit friends through that phase of manifestations after they had become convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. And sometimes we have heard them called "phenomena hunters" as though inspiration could satisfy all their desires in regard to spiritual intercourse. From such ideas and notions I must beg leave to differ, although I probably esteem inspiration as highly as most of the people, for I view it as one of the grandest phases of spiritual manifestations of the present age. But when I can clasp by the hand my spirit child, and feel upon my face the warm kisses of love and affection placed there by my spirit children and other friends in spirit life as we have many times experienced, it seems to open the very gateway to the spirit realms so that we can almost enter therein.

Call me what you please, a phenomena hunter, or any thing else, I declare here and now that materialization, the independent voice and the independent writing carry within their forms of power a positive proof of spiritual intercourse, a proof that cannot be claimed for inspirational speaking except for test mediums. But those positive forms of manifestations by no means detract from the usefulness, beauty, grandeur or truth of inspiration, but rather adds interest thereto. Hence all phases of spiritual manifestations should walk hand in hand and side by side along the thorny pathway of progressive unfoldment, in this dark sphere in earth life. For each form has its work to do. Each is a part of the great and glorious phenomena of spiritual unfoldment, whereby humanity in earth life will be in time resurrected from old, effete, and false creeds; from erroneous
religions; from a belief in absurd and idol gods; will be brought from inharmony to harmony; from diversity to unity; from selfish antagonism to the realization of the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity; from hatred to love; and from ignorance to that wisdom that flows to mankind on earth from the highest spheres of life eternal.

We would say to all who have seen the light of truth shine from the spiritual realms, to all who have heard a whisper from your loved ones beyond death's river, to all you who believe in the glorious truth of spiritual communion, and especially to all you who love the cause of truth, and are working for its advancement, and for the elevation and progress of humanity in all conditions of life, oh! we would say to all be true to truth. Be true to each other. Stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the valiant army of progress, who are fighting, who have been fighting, and who must still continue to fight the battles of truth against the numerous hosts of truth's foemen, who already are marshalling their battalions for the coming fray. Let not slight discords sever your fraternal relations, but let the love of truth hold you in bonds of holy brotherhood, and sisterhood until right shall triumph over wrong; until truth shall triumph over error; until light shall triumph over darkness; until political liberty shall triumph over despotism; until religious truth and reason shall triumph over false creeds and bigotry; until Spiritualism, the true light of the dawning day, the morning star of the advancing sunrise of golden unfoldment for the human mind, shall crown, with the diadem of immortal truth, earth's wanderers, who are now lost in the hazy mists of ancient credal idolatry.

Thus passed the six short weeks of our stay at the camp in
the season of 1891. We endeavored to do what good we could, spiritually and materially, to help along the weary and footsore pilgrims, whom we found traveling along life's thorny pathway seeking for more light. We also at the request of the widow whose companion had just crossed the mystic river, took part in the funeral services of a brother who resided upon the grounds, and had exchanged the mortal garments for the immortal robes of higher life. A few days after the funeral, the spirit returned, and, through a well-known medium, thanked us kindly for the part we took in the services. We are well aware that skeptics will not believe what we affirm in regard to that communication; but that makes no difference to us. It is our duty to pen the truth, no matter who believes or disbelieves. And we have long since last all fear of the frowns of "old Mrs. Grundy," especially when we advance the truth and nothing but the truth.

The meeting closed the last day of August, and for a few days there was a shadow of sorrow or sadness over us as we bade good by to so many friends who were about to return to their homes, but we all parted with the hope of meeting there again next season, which reflection lifted the shadow somewhat. But alas we were well aware that many whom we met there at that time we should never meet again until we met them on the spirit shore.

On the third day of September we bade good by to Cassadaga and those of our friends whom we left there, and the next day arrived home, where we have since been very busy with various matters, and not the least among them has been the writing of these memoirs of my pilgrimage as I have journeyed along the pathway of life for more than half-a-century. Since the close
of the meeting I have given several parlor lectures, and addressed the gathering at one funeral. The deceased was a highly esteemed brother Spiritualist, by the name of Ellis Gamble, a man of probity and worth, who resided in Salamanca. I performed my duty as best I could to convey words of truth and consolation to the sad hearts of the widow and several children, though the children had all advanced to the state of manhood and womanhood, and some of the family, especially Mrs. Gamble, were firm believers in the truths of Spiritualism.

During the late fall (1891) I have not been able to meet all the calls I have received for public services. For several years my health has been gradually declining, until I find myself incapacitated for public labor at the present time, through physical disability. And as I am today, (the twelfth day of December, 1891), passing my sixty-eighth milestone on my journey of life, I feel that I am truly journeying down the sunset glade of life, and that my life here is nearly finished. And, as I take a retrospective view of my past eventful life, oh! how very short appears to me the time of life's journey. How swiftly have passed the moments, how fleeting have been the transient hours. Like a panoramic scene, the days, weeks, months and years have rolled their ceaseless rounds. But they have left an indelible impression upon my memory; a historic record upon the soul has been written by the golden, and unerring pencil of time, which no effort of mine can obliterate, however much I may desire to do so. I would fain have the noble deeds more plainly written; the wrong and ignoble deeds, I would that they might be obliterated. But such I find is not nature's law. The good and noble deeds of my life remain as it were in the shadow. I feel them, and the sensations they produce, as they quietly cast
their shadow upon my memory, are pleasing to contemplate, full of love, rest, life, and happiness. The wrong and ignoble deeds of my life find no shadow, to hide them from my recollection or unwilling view. They are ever present, plainly written I see them, I feel them. They bring sensations of sadness, sorrow, unrest and unhappiness. I would gladly cast them from me; but they cry out we are but the legitimate fruitage of what you have sown. We are a part of your life. We will accompany you wherever you may roam. No "vicarious atonement" will wipe us out. We are fixtures in the pathway of your life. You have sown the seeds for our existence, perhaps in your ignorance, but all the same you have sown them. Nature watered, cherished and protected us, regardless of what you know or believe in regard to life, its laws and relations, or of vice and its power, and we were born to accompany you even to the gateway of knowledge, the mansions of Heaven. I am glad that I have no more wrong deeds to accompany me on my journey of life. Thus I view my past life and present condition as I pass by the sixty-eighth milestone of my journey.

I am aware that the Christian when he reads the above will assert, "You should have laid hold of the offer of salvation through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. If you had cast your sins upon Jesus, he would have carried them for you or had them all washed away in the atoning blood. See what you have lost," says my Christian friend, "by refusing the Christian's offer of salvation."

But I ask my Christian friend: "Did you tell a falsehood to your friend and neighbor, that you might thus deceive him, and cheat him in a trade?" Another I ask: "Did you swear falsely to escape paying your neighbor a debt you honestly and
justly owed him?" Another I ask: Did you as a burglar enter your neighbor's store, and appropriate to your own use goods belonging to your neighbor, and do not many of your acquaintances know that you committed these vile and wicked sins?"

"Yes," says my Christian friend and preacher, "I lied and deceived one of my new born converts, and cheated him very much in a horse trade, but I did it so sharply that the law could not help my foolish dupe, and when he came to me asking me to trade back, I merely laughed at him and told him he would have to stand it. Of course he left the church he had just joined, and dropped his religion, but that was his business not mine. I was a child of God and a preacher of the Christian religion. God, for Christ's sake, forgave me, and I never was, nor never expect to be punished for that wrong deed."

"But, my Christian friend, do you not know that the brother with whom you traded, and all the good people outside the church who knew of the circumstance, looked upon you as a vile and dishonest hypocrite and your religion as a humbug? was that no punishment to you?"

"No, not in particular. If I could be forgiven so as to find a seat at the right hand of God in the heavenly kingdom, I do not care much what the people call me. I expect to be reviled, and persecuted for Christ's sake."

"But, Mr. Christian, has your conscience never accused you for the wrong deed?"

"Oh! no. I never allow my conscience to take cognizance of such trifling affairs; if I did, it would keep me in hot water all the time. No, no. I throw all my little and great wrongs upon Jesus; he will carry me through, and let my conscience sail through the heavenly sea's of God's forgiveness unscared by a
pang of pain.” To my question to the next this answer came:

"Yes, I swore crookedly that I might escape paying a just and honest debt, but my partner in the transaction and the plaintiff in the suit both swore to the truth, which was too much for my testimony, and of course I had the debt to pay. I had so long depended upon God for Christ's sake to forgive all my sins, which he did also in this case, that conscience never noticed such small matters. Of course I knew that my partner and the plaintiff both knew that I had sworn falsely, but why should I condescend to be set right with them when God for Christ's sake would square the matter with me regardless of the one whom I had sworn falsely to wrong. Thus I have been forgiven for the wrong, and expect to be happy in the kingdom of Heaven, when God shall make up his jewels. No, conscience does not trouble me, for I never let conscience intrude upon my business, as long as Jesus will bear my sins, and God for Christ's sake will forgive them."

"Yes," says my next Christian friend, "I entered my neighbor's store secretly in the night, and appropriated some of his goods to my own use. I was arrested, tried and convicted, sent to prison, served my time and was set free; God for Christ's sake forgave me; conscience has never troubled me; why should it? God for Christ's sake has forgiven me; I reside in my native town; carry my head as high as any one; take my place in the Church and Sunday School; partake of the sacrament; and when I die, I shall expect through the blood of Jesus to take my seat among the blood washed throng, there to sing praises to God and the Lamb forever and forever, regardless of the poor, miserable, unregenerated sinner from whom I stole the goods."
"But, my Christian friend, do you not know that all your associates look upon you as a thief? Do you not know that in the estimation of all good people outside of your own class you are considered a black sheep in the flock? That your character is not good? And is not that situation a scar upon your life that mars your happiness?"

Said my friend: "I do not harbor such thoughts. I know I am a child of God. He has forgiven all my sins, and I shall find a seat at God's right hand in the kingdom of Heaven, and that is the most important situation that concerns me."

"But, dear friend, why do you still continue in your crooked ways, in the pathway of sin? Why do you not reform and live an honest, upright life, and thus be respected by all who know you?"

"Because sin in this life, is more pleasant than virtue, and, according to the Bible, God will forgive sin not only seven times but seventy times seven. Hence I can enjoy the pleasure of sin in this life, and then through the glorious plan of salvation can enter Heaven in the next life, and be just as well off, just as happy as though I had lived a just and honest life while here. Oh! who would not sing praises to Jesus, and worship him for such a glorious plan of salvation?"

I am happy to believe that those cases to which I have referred are the exceptions, and not the rule, for I know hosts of good Christian friends who would scorn to pursue the course of any of the above examples, because the goodness of their own hearts would prevent them from trampling upon the principles of justice even though they knew they could be forgiven. Such minds are among the noblest of earth's children. Such people need no "blood atonement" to save them from the result of
their sins. I have placed before the reader the example referred to, for the purpose of illustrating the theory of the Christian plan of salvation. And I presume that every reader of these lines who has arrived at mature age can readily recall within their own circle of acquaintance an example corresponding with each of the above illustrations. Such examples have been too numerous all through the past ages. For many years, in fact ever after I became capable of reasoning, I have had no faith in the theory of the fall of man through Adam and Eve, or in the Christian's plan of salvation through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. And now, after half a century in watching the movements of mankind, and noting the effect the different religious beliefs had upon those who believed the varying creeds, I have honestly arrived at the opinion that the belief in the forgiveness of sins, as taught and believed by the Christian people, is detrimental to the welfare, happiness and progress of the human race, and I deem it my duty, with voice and pen to proclaim its absurdity, and the falsity of that theory.

If I were to answer the question, "What in your opinion is the greatest practical humbug of the present age?" I should honestly and candidly answer, "The theoretical basis of the Christian religion, which consists in a belief in the absurd dogma, of the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, and its equally absurd counterpart in the foolish theory of man's redemption through the blood of Jesus."

It is my honest opinion candidly expressed that no other cause during the last eighteen hundred years has been as productive of evil as that false theory. I believe it has caused directly and indirectly more sorrow, more suffering, more bloodshed, more crime, than all other causes combined. That intemperance is a
gigantic evil nearly all will admit. Each year it sweeps its thousands down; blighting bright prospects, and bringing sorrow and suffering to many a home and family circle. But it appears to me that infinitely more in quantity than all that woe will be the result of a belief that sin can be committed, and then the wrong doer, by having faith in the atonement, will escape the penalty attached through nature's law to the wrong deed. And what an important part does the forgiveness theory play in the mind of the practical wrong doer. How much less crime would be committed, if every one of earth's poor misguided wanderers knew that there was no forgiveness, and that they could not escape the effects of their wrong deeds, we can only conjecture, for it has never yet been tried by the masses of the people.

Even in the evil of intemperance the false theory bears its legitimate part. We believe that there are but few intemperate people today who do not have an abiding faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. And most of them pay their tithing to the church, partake of the so-called holy sacrament, pay the priest for interceding with a higher power, and go forth again armed with a belief that he can drink all the whiskey he can carry, quarrel and fight with his brother man, or go home and pound and abuse his wife and helpless children, steal from his neighbor, rob, and often take the life of his fellow man, to accomplish his nefarious plans originating in a whiskey-befuddled brain, and then again pay the priest, confess his sins, go to church, taste a little more of the so-called blood and body of Jesus; get another sprinkling of holy water, again receive pardon for his sins, and again fill up with whiskey and again wallow in crime till death ends his miserable life in the form, and the priest (for pay) gives
his miserable, corrupt and drunken soul a last "boost" to help
him out of purgatory; while Jesus is requested, and expected,
to receive him as one of his saints in the kingdom of Heaven at
the right hand of God the Father, when he was actually unfit to
associate with honest, respectable society here on earth.

Again: If by chance the drunken debauchee ends his misera-
ble and to all appearance worthless career upon the gallows,
the priest is sent for to visit him in prison, and give him a
through ticket to glory, although the victim he ruthlessly mur-
dered without a moment's warning is sent, according to the
Orthodox creed, to suffer the fires of an endless hell and find for-
ever no redemption. Thus we find the doctrine of forgiveness
of sin is the cause, or stepping-stone, to nine-tenths of all the
crime that has been perpetrated in Christian countries.

And here I desire to say to you, kind reader, whoever you
may be, and whatever may be your opinion in regard to the for-
giveness of sin, that I stand as it were today with one foot in the
grave; my race in earth life is nearly run; my work on this
side the mystic river is almost finished; yet I love humanity,
and I have a strong desire for the prosperity, welfare and happi-
ness of mankind. And I desire to write this that it may be read
by earth's pilgrims long after I shall have passed on to the
higher life beyond the mystic river. I cannot find language
strong enough to express my abhorrence of that heathen doctrine
of the "forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Jesus."
I say "heathen doctrine" because it originated among the
ancient heathen nations; at least that is where the doctrine of
blood-atonement originated, and this has been handed down
through the past ages as a truth, when all nature, all natural
law, advanced reason, and we might truthfully say common
sense, proclaim its falsity. Oh! how prone are the children of mankind to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, especially in their religious beliefs. Many of the absurd and false ideas of the past ages have been passed along down the corridor of time, and find earnest adherents in many of earth's inhabitants at the present time.

Such a mantle of false sacredness has been flung around all religious creeds of the past and the present by the priesthood that a large portion of mankind fear to use their reason upon religious subjects as they do upon other subjects, when, if they would fearlessly use their reason upon all subjects, as it is their duty to do, regardless of the anathema of the priesthood, those foolish and ridiculous creeds and dogmas would soon be relegated to the dark ages where they originated. And mankind would then arise in its higher power of spiritual unfoldment and learn lessons of true wisdom from the expressions of infinite life through nature's unfolding process of growth and development. We have heard a preacher remark in his discourse, "that you must not reason upon religious subjects, for the Devil is a powerful reasoner, and if you use your reason upon religious subjects the Devil will reason your soul into hell."

A Christian friend once remarked to me, "that he should rather never have any reason than to doubt one word contained in the Bible." I believe that to such bigoted preachers and priests, and their ignorant, unreasoning dupes, can be justly charged the cause of nine-tenths of all the crime and evil deeds that have for ages cursed the people upon this earth. And thus it is. Reason, one of the noblest attributes of the human soul, is trampled beneath the bigot's iron heel; while unreasonable and absurd belief, superstition and ignorance are revered and
worshiped, and are lauded to the sky, and rule the human race on earth to a great extent today as they have in the dark ages of the past. What powers have ever been greater foes of the human race than bigotry and ignorance? How many thousand human victims have been slaughtered upon this fair earth by the devil of ignorance because they believed a truth in advance of the popular creeds? Let the rack, the gibbet, the guillotine, and the fires of persecution answer. If Jesus was nailed to the cross, as the Bible reads, what power nailed him there? It surely was the bigotry and ignorance of the Jewish rulers, because he advanced higher and nobler religious truths than their dark, bigoted and ignorant minds could comprehend.

Who but the bigoted and ignorant rulers of an ignorant people caused the persecution of Galileo; or caused Bruno to be sacrificed upon the fiery altar of Christian bigotry and ignorant devilry? What power but Christian ignorance and bigotry burned John Rogers at the stake, or hung innocent people upon Salem's sacred soil? What power has ever manifested upon earth a more hellish power of an ignorant and cruel devil than have Christian bigots during the last eighteen hundred years, in sacrificing thousands of victims upon their fiery and bloody altars because they could or would not worship at the same shrine at which they worshiped, would not believe their creed, or drink from their religious cup and worship their ideal God? All the Devil of which we have any knowledge is the Devil of ignorance, bigotry and superstition. And that Devil has exercised his infamous, diabolical power through all the past ages; from the noted Garden of Eden down all along the ages until the present time. But the greatest trouble has been that that devilish power has ever claimed to be the light of the world,
even the God of all life, when it was only the dark power of ignorance trying to check the progress, and the grand, and useful unfoldment of the human mind and to chain the mind to the false and absurd creeds of the past ages.

The foundation of the Christian religion is the story of the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden. It is claimed that God planted the tree, and that the same God had created Adam and Eve, and created them not only with a capacity to learn, but with a desire to develop and improve that capacity and power of mind. But God said to the man and woman, "Thou shalt not eat of the fruit from the tree of knowledge, for in the day ye eat thereof thou shalt surely die." The serpent, which the Christians call the devil, said to Eve, "You can eat of the fruit from that tree, and you will not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." When Eve found the fruit pleasant to the taste, and to be desired to make one wise, she ate of the fruit, and gave the fruit to Adam, and he ate also. And their eyes were opened, and they then learned for the first time that they were naked. But when God learned what they had done, he said "Behold! they have become as one of us, knowing good and evil." The so-called God had told them that in the day they ate thereof they should surely die. The so-called serpent or devil had told them they should not die, etc. Now, after they had ate of the fruit, the so-called God says, "Behold! they have become as one of us, knowing good and evil." Admitting that what the serpent had said was true, and that what he had said was false, in the light of reason and common sense, how are we to understand that fable? If we consider that as fable, which is commonly claimed by Christians
to be true, it seems to me that nothing could be more ridiculous and absurd.

But if we can understand that fable in its true light, as being the result of mankind's development in mental unfoldment at the time it was written, that in the crude development of man's reasoning powers at that age of the earth's progress it was only natural that such a fable should have been believed and recorded. But how clear it makes everything after thousands of years have rolled their rounds and mankind on earth has made so much progress in art, in science, in literature, and in the moral, social, political, religious, and intellectual departments of human progress that so many thousands of earth's inhabitants should still cling so tenaciously to that, and also to other old heathen and absurd fables as truths only shows the human mind is to climb the ladder of progress, and clothe itself in the more rich and beautiful garments of advanced modern scientific thought.

Human life, as we find it existing upon the earth, demonstrates the fact that men are and ever have been progressive beings, made so by that law, force, energy or power that brought mankind into existence, whatever that power may be. The phenomena of life in all its different phases of manifestations also demonstrates that the tree of knowledge, laden with its rich and golden fruit, is growing all around mankind's pathway, everywhere, in every nation, and in every clime. Mankind cannot well exist in any favorable condition of life upon this earth, without partaking of some of the fruit from the tree of knowledge. And the amount of fruit each one applies to his or her own use and development, depends upon the organic structure of its being, and the external, and internal conditions in
which they are placed. These facts it seems to me are self-evident, and cannot be successfully denied in the light of truth, life and reason.

If this is the condition and law of life now, it must have always been the law; and at the earliest period of man's existence upon this earth it must have been the same. Another truth we will here mention: The less enlightened a person is, or the more ignorant a person is in intellectual and spiritual unfoldment, the more tenacious will that person be in his belief, whether that belief be true or false. Now in the early ages of man's existence upon this earth, from the very nature of things, man must have been in a very low and crude state of unfoldment, intellectually and spiritually. Hence people were very positive in uttering their beliefs, in giving their orders, and were often cruel and vindictive in their relations and dealings with each other; yet so crude were their spiritual ideas that they could not realize that the creative power of life was light, life, force and natural law; that the golden fruit upon the grand old tree of knowledge was budding, blossoming and ripening all around their pathway. Indeed so blind were they in their crude condition, that it was more easy for them to comprehend erroneous ideas and false assertions, than comprehend truth as it was manifested through the law and phenomena of life, for error was nearer in harmony with their plane of thought and unfoldment.

And at the time the so-called Mosaic account of creation was written, mankind had not outgrown the crudeness of its primitive condition. Hence it was a very easy thing for people to grasp the false for the true and the true for the false. And in giving the Mosaic account of creation it certainly appears to me that the writer made that very unfortunate mistake. For the writer's
serpent told the truth, and his God told the falsehood. His God has been outgeneraled by his adversary, Satan, all along the pathway of the ages. His God did not want mankind to progress in knowledge, but his devil did, and his devil has been very successful, as the progress of mankind fully proves. If it had not been for Satan giving instruction to Eve, and Eve and Adam violating God's command, no progress would ever have been made by humanity upon this fair earth; but mankind would today be like wild beasts roaming the forest wilds regardless of their nude condition. It appears to me that the people who believe so earnestly in the Mosaic account of creation and the Eden story, have been, through all the many years of the past ages, worshiping the powers of darkness and the devil of ignorance and superstition, while they have called the true principle of life, light, progress and good the works of the devil, and at least have partly ignored it. And because they have ever been seeking fruit from the tree of knowledge in some directions, proves to a candid, reasoning mind that they had not half as much faith in the Garden of Eden story as they claimed to have, or else their creed and their life's work cannot possibly be made to harmonize. That power of darkness, expressing itself through the most popular churches, or societies, or individuals, has always opposed and fought every new idea or thought that was in advance of the old theories which had been established by those popular institutions, and which they claimed had been established by the God they worshiped.

Ever since we have had a history of humanity on this earth, we find such has been the case, both religiously and politically. Those who professed to be the apostles, or vicegerents, and priests of what they claimed to be Almighty God, have ever
ruled mankind with a cruel rod of iron when they could obtain control. And thousands have felt the fire, the scaffold, and the steel, to satiate the hellish desires of those who claimed to be the servants of God, but who we should sooner think were the miserable dupes of superstition and ignorance. And those bigoted monsters have kindled the fires around the stakes where were burned hundreds of their poor victims. They have erected many scaffolds and gibbets during the past ages whereon have been crucified thousands of human victims. They have filled the earth with the tears, the sighs, the moans of the widows and orphan children who were made such by cruel persecution and inhuman treatment. And thus has it been even in the so-called Christian age, ever since Jesus was nailed to the cross to satisfy the cruel and blood-thirsty tyrants of that time, the persecutions have continued. But during the last century or two the sacrifice of human life has been becoming less frequent, until in the most advanced nations the sacrifice of human life for opinion's sake has been relegated to the dark ages; and anathema, a much milder form of persecution has taken the place of the ancient and more bloody forms. But near the commencement of the Christian era the heartless and bloodthirsty Constantine was not loth to enter the religious arena, and "for Christ's sake" let his power of might be felt. And through the Christian era the same spirit of persecution has been manifested, though not always in such cruel form.

As different ideas and opinions however were developed, and other societies were through progress drawn out from the old, persecution was sure to follow, and each new society was made to feel the bigot's power. Thus when through progress the Protestant adherents withdrew from the Catholic church, the
mother church manifested the same unholy persecution that had marked the pathway of human progress through all the dark ages of the past. The Catholic priesthood, occupying the same position that they claimed their God occupied, would put a curse upon religious advancement in every place where a new ray of light could be obtained. And well have the priests of the mother church guarded the road of knowledge during all those years of the Christian era. And, indeed, in the early ages of the present era, when the Protestant church could obtain control of a government, it manifested the same cruel spirit of persecution that the mother church had practiced. In fact, each sect of religious bigots, has ever by word or deed, proclaimed to those who believed differently from themselves.

"You must believe as we believe or be damned. You must worship the same idol God that we worship; you must not look for or accept any truth outside or beyond what we as priests of Jesus have taught you. If you do, we, as servants of God for Christ's sake, will apply to your heretical backs the fire around the stake, giving you a little foretaste of the eternal fires of hell, which you will have to suffer if you do not worship our God and join our church."

Indeed it appears to us as though the writer of the Bible account of the Garden of Eden and the Creation had made a mistake, and given the devil of ignorance (who was enshrined in his own undeveloped condition) the credit of being the Creator, and ruler of all things—the God which he worshiped; while, in his ignorant imagination, he looked upon the true principle of life with its manifold beauties, unfoldments and blessings which were scattered in rich profusion all around him, and which he could neither understand or comprehend, as the satan or devil
who has ever held such potent power with the human race during all the thousands of years since the time when the famous story of the Garden of Eden was written by that illustrious but unreasoning writer. Sure it is that if I were to worship either of the two powers illustrated by the Bible story of creation and the Garden of Eden, I should choose that power that brought, by truthful remarks and advice, knowledge to unfold the human mind and start it upon the pathway of progress. That same power that advised Adam and Eve in the garden to partake of the fruit from the tree of knowledge, has, ever since that time, been slowly leading the human race upward and onward in the pathway of progressive unfoldment.

All the knowledge that the human mind has acquired on earth, in every department of mental and spiritual unfoldment, is the result of the mind partaking of the fruit taken from the tree of knowledge. The school houses that have been built upon the green hills and in the beautiful valleys of earth, the academies and colleges where students are taught some of the sciences of life, all these are only institutions where the forbidden fruit from the tree of knowledge is being freely fed to the children of earth, notwithstanding the Bible injunction "to taste not the fruit from the tree of knowledge." How a person who really believes that the God of all life created the tree of knowledge, and filled it with the rich and luscious fruit, and created mankind with a mind capable of higher and nobler unfoldment to be gained by partaking of that fruit; in short made it a necessity for the good of the human race that they should partake of that, and daily feed that fruit freely to their children, and, at the same time, believe the foolish, absurd and ridiculous story of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man, occasioned by partaking
of the same fruit which they are so freely feeding to their children, is one of the inconsistencies of man's mind that I fail to comprehend. But I suppose it must be one of the "mysteries of Godliness" that is not revealed unto babes.

But such mysteries must be buried in the grave dug by the hand of progress before mankind on earth will realize the beauty and grandeur and true usefulness of progressive life, unmarred by the absurd, false and heathen dogmas handed down to us from the undeveloped people of the past ages. Oh! when will mankind on earth learn and realize that all things, "from the smallest atom on earth, to the most ponderous orb that rolls through the boundless fields of immensity," are a part of the tree of life? And that the tree of life is the true and only tree of knowledge; for upon the branches of that tree grows in rich profusion all the knowledge that is necessary for men to learn to make them wiser, better and nobler than they now are, and thus prepare them to enjoy a higher Heaven than their crude imagination had ever dreamed of.

Upon that tree also grows the leaves of thought which are "for the healing of the nations." And when mankind will gather the golden leaves of thought from the tree of life and learn how to truly apply them, through spiritual law, to the ills of humanity that are now cursing the human race on earth, they will then stand upon a higher plane of unfoldment than they now occupy; one on which they will no longer believe in the foolish fables of the past ages—for then no more wars will curse the earth, humanity will own the universal brother-and-sisterhood, and will live in peace and harmony with each other; and, instead of looking to the Garden of Eden, or any of the dark and ignorant ages of the past for lessons of instruction and
wisdom, they will learn to look for lessons of truth in the great storehouse of life’s unfolding existence. And the poor, weary, wandering pilgrims of earth will then learn to “read their titles clear to mansions” in the eternal future to which we are all journeying. Then mankind will no more need to worship idols or an imaginary God, supposed to sit upon a golden throne somewhere (no one knows where) in boundless space, for they will then realize that the infinite spirit of life pervades immensity—that each atom in the boundless universe is permeated with the eternal, uncreated spirit of infinite and eternal life, in which all live, move and have their being. All that time human beings will no longer need to search the creeds of the ancient (or modern) heathen nations to learn who and what God is; for they will be able, through the unfoldment of their own spiritual powers, to see and read the expressions of divine life, in and through every object of life which they behold. They will then be able more fully to realize the beauty and truth of the following lines so clearly expressed by Pope:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:
That changed thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees:
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent:
Spreads undivided, operates unspent:
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part:
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."
CHAPTER XIII.

A vision and an experience—Another experience—New phase of manifestations—Reading—Unpleasant spirit experience—Change in method—Spirit of Jo. Rattler, etc.—Spirit telegrams—Sad story—Conversation with an unhappy spirit—A word to the reader—An appeal for aid—What ye sow that shallye reap—Consolation from my guide—A wonderful vision and lesson of life—Great forces of nature—Atomic realm of being—Central pivot, etc.—Grand dance of atoms—Passage of a child to spirit life—Transition of a mother—The murderer, and the priest's prayer—The very rich man—The priest and his transition—The transition of the poor, but honest and good man—The angels meet him—Explanation and words of wisdom from my guide—True wealth and its use in spirit life—A poem.

Angels of light, of truth, of love,
From thy bright homes in realms above,
Please scatter 'long our earthly way,
Wisdom's lessons day by day ;
That we life's truths may understand
On earth, as in the spirit land ;
More of life's mysteries we would know,
While dwelling here on earth below.

On September 30, 1891, I awoke about three o'clock in the morning, and I saw several spirit friends present, and I could converse with them very readily, though silently, through the channel of mental impression, which is the spiritual language of the soul. After conversing with them for several moments upon familiar subjects, I asked them to give me some useful lesson in relation to human life. Suddenly I found myself standing in a city surrounded by large brick buildings. Many people were walking hither and thither in the street and on the walks; across the street from where we were standing
was a large, long building with several doors in front, and many people were passing in and out at those doors. To my guide who was standing by my side, I said: "There must be some very important business transacted in that building; I should like to go in there and see what it is." My guide said, "A part of that building is occupied by the board of trade; and in that building the financial sharpers meet to deal in stocks and options; it is a kind of a gambling hell, where fortunes are sometimes made and sometimes lost. All of a sudden the city disappeared, and we were in a country that appeared desolate, without a building or a person in sight except my guide, who was a young-looking man, but who had been in spirit life many years, and in whom I felt I could place the utmost confidence. The ground was then covered with snow, and my guide had under his control a fine span of horses and sleigh, and he said to me "If you would like to ride, get aboard." I took a seat in the sleigh, and the horses started, on a walk at first, but they soon began to trot, and the snow soon became deeper, and soon the horses started to run. The snow now appeared to be several feet in depth, and we were riding in a circle somewhat larger than a circus circle. My guide asked me if I was afraid to trust him to drive? I replied "No, drive as you please, and where you please." Faster and faster went the team. I grasped the side of the sleigh. The snow flew so thickly, as it was kicked up by the horses' feet, that I could hardly see the horses, as faster and still faster, they scaled the heavy drifts of snow.

I said "My good friend, this beats all the riding that I ever experienced." My guide replied "Oh! this is nothing; if you are not afraid, we will start on a direct line and go somewhere. And you will then experience a little of the way we ride."
I replied, "I fear not if you will govern the helm." My guide answered, "All right, here we go." And we went as I never went before. I could only get a glimpse of buildings or anything else. Sometimes I thought I could catch a glimpse of a team ahead of our vehicle, and sometimes I could see no team. I asked my guide "if the horses had not become unmanageable, and were not running away?" He replied, "No, everything is right." I laid flat down in the carriage. I could not tell what the carriage was, but I grasped a rod of some kind and hung on for dear life. And so swiftly did we move that I felt sure that if I did not hang to my grip I should surely slide off behind and get left. Sometimes we were passing through space at what appeared to me to be a break-neck speed. Sometimes I would lose sight of my guide, and fear would come over me, and I would say, "Guide, are you here?" The reply would come, "Yes; fear not, all is well." Then my fear would subside.

At one time I asked my guide if I had not better let go my hold and slide off behind. The answer was an emphatic, "No! Hang on, and you will come out all right." Thus we swept on for a time, I knew not how long, neither could I form any idea of the distance we had traveled. I only knew that we were having what appeared to me to be a desperate ride, and had no thought of what the result would be. After a time we came to a halt, upon what at first sight appeared to me to be a high tract of table land, which appeared to be entirely uncultivated, but with some small shrubs sparsely scattered over its surface. There was not a building or a person in sight except my guide and myself. There was in some places a stone that appeared to be like marble smoothly dressed, and so placed that I thought they must have been thus arranged for some special purpose.
There was occasionally a pit dug in the ground and left unfilled, that was somewhat like a grave. There were other marks that appeared like graves that had been filled, but there was no mound above them, and the places marked with the marble stones did not appear to have any connection with the grave-like appearance. That tract of land appeared to be very extensive; indeed I could not see its bounds. In silence I examined the situation, and wondered what could be the cause, use, and meaning of what I saw. After viewing for a while the locality where we first halted, we moved slowly and silently along, for several miles I should judge, through about the same surrounding appearances, when my curiosity became too strong for silence, and I stopped, and, turning to my guide, I said, "Kind friend and guide, will you please tell me where we are; and what is the meaning of what we have experienced and seen since we started?"

My guide smilingly replied: "You were so anxious to learn another lesson of life, and its uses, and conditions, that we have shown to you what some of the real conditions of life are on earth, and also its connection with life in some of the spirit spheres. I will now proceed to answer your questions in the same order in which you ask them. We are now in one of the lower spirit spheres belonging to earth. This location is in the first belt or zone that surrounds the earth. This location is directly above Italy, and will in time be the abode of some of the lower and less-developed people when they lay off the mortal form and pass to spirit life. But this will not be the home of the lowest of earth's people, at least not until they have outgrown their present condition of degradation, and darkness. The people or spirits who will sometime dwell here are those
who have been of but little use on earth; the indolent, and
those who have never cared for the welfare, and prosperity, and
happiness of their fellow men while on earth; those who by
their good deeds have never built a home for themselves on earth
or in spirit life. Such a class of spirits will sometime inhabit
this desolate looking region; some lots are already laid out,
and those marble-like erections which you could not account for
are marks to designate the location of a lot whereon is to be
erected a building by some spirit or spirits who have before this
arrived in spirit life, have arisen above their former indolent
condition, and are determined to take up a new thread of life,
and become useful, and active citizens in the higher realms of
life. And these marks which you have observed to look like
graves, are indeed graves, where the indolence and wrong doing
of some, who are to build homes and reside here, have been buried,
recently, and no monument will ever be erected to mark the
spot where those worse than useless traits of character found
their last repose. But pleasant homes will be reared, and beauti-
ful and fragrant flowers will bloom above those graves. For
here in this now desolate place a beautiful city will in time
be built by that class of indolent souls who will find a home
here on their entrance into spirit life. And such will be the
result of the law of progress.” I asked “Is it possible that cities
are yet to be built in spirit land?” “Most assuredly it is,”
said my guide. “All souls born upon earth must sooner or later
take an active part in the welfare and progress of the human
race. And those who do not perform their part well while in
earth life, or those who do not build while in earth life, must
perform their duty or build on the spirit side of life.”

Said I, “Shall I be compelled to build in spirit life?” My
guide replied, "You have been an active builder in earth life. You will not be required to build a home in spirit life, but if you should choose to build you a finer and more perfect home than you have already built, you will be allowed to do so. You have already a home built in a beautiful location in spirit life, but it is not entirely perfect. You must remember that all things on earth have their counterpart in spirit life. Even your good and evil deeds will accompany you to spirit life, and will add to your happiness or increase your sorrow. When you arrive at the home you have built in spirit life its imperfections will be seen. They can be seen and overcome by good deeds. Its beauty may be enhanced by deeds of love and kindness, which no doubt you will be glad to do. But you have passed some of the rudimental conditions of progressive life, and we think you will find higher and nobler duties to perform, that will engage your active mind when you shall have laid off the mortal form and passed to spirit life." Said I, "Will you please explain the meaning of the wonderful ride that we took together?"

My guide replied, "Our first ride around the circle was a lesson of the continual condition of some of earth's inhabitants at the present time. The team represents the wealth of the driver. Many of the rich and would-be lords of creation start out with splendid teams, and commence to drive pell-mell around the financial circle of greedy monopoly. Often they invite a stranger to ride with them as I invited you to ride with me. At times there are many teams on the course. Most of the drivers have one or more invited guests, whom they think or hope to 'lay out' financially before they close their break-neck career. The guests who ride, or the most of them, have confi-
dence in their drivers as you had confidence in me. But they do not all reach their journey's end as safely as ourselves. As the obstacles accumulate like snow along their way, they increase their energy, and when the last dollar of many a guest is at stake in the vast whirlpool of speculation and fraud, or when the would-be-cornerer in the popular stock exchange is about to be himself cornered, as often is the case, then the struggle becomes desperate, the lash is applied to the team, and round and round they go as we went around the circle. But we did not show you the other teams in the race, nor those that became shipwrecked, smashed up, and compelled to leave the course for lack of means, for we knew you could find plenty of them in earth's cities. And we knew you could, if you desired and searched, find the sad, disconsolate and wretched sufferers, who have passed into a whirlpool of wrong, sin, vice and fraudulent speculation in earth life; those whose life's journey has been wrecked, whose usefulness to humanity has been destroyed, whose happiness has been blasted and buried beneath the accumulated snow of opposing forces, of superficial and artificial obstruction, which has been daily and hourly, heaped along their pathway until they were compelled to succumb to the inevitable and stop in their desperate, head-long, and we might with truth say, head-wrong career. But we desired to show you the journey of life of those who in earth life are called the most successful. And our example applies to those who have wrongfully gathered to themselves through any means the wealth that honestly belongs to others. The millionaire in earth life, who has exhausted his energy and mental and physical powers to satisfy his own selfish desires, regardless of the wants, the need, the sorrow and sufferings of others, may have as successful a ride
through the journey of earth life as you experienced in your late ride with me; yet, if by his good deeds he has not built him a home beyond death's river, he will find for his home a barren place like this, and will there meet upon an equal plane with the selfish, lazy, and slothful pauper. And some of these lots, which you now see marked by those marble stones, are places where some of earth's millionaires in time will build a beautiful home. But for the present, Oh! how are the mighty fallen! Yet such is human life."

"Dear friend and guide," said I, "by and through what means can a former man of material wealth build a home here, and how long a time will it require?" My guide replied: "Every block, whether it represents wood or marble, must also represent a good deed done by the owner and builder if the structure is to be beautiful. Good deeds done in earth life prepare the material for a home in the spirit life, and often, good deeds done to those who passed on before to the higher life will be constructed into a beautiful home in spirit life that will await the one who has through good deeds in earth life builded wiser than he knew. And doing such good deeds in earth life is the true way to 'lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust will not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.' And such treasures can never be lost, but will be found by their happy owner when they awaken in the home of the soul. Gold, silver, stocks in trade, that represent value in earth life, are of no use to build a home in the higher life. Hence you will see that the greater amount of good deeds, which are the real treasures of Heaven, one has deposited in the bank of human kindness, and goodness, the sooner will they be able to enter their beautiful home in spirit life. Those who find their homes in such a barren place as this,
with no treasures of good deeds laid up in the bank of human kindness, must of necessity have a great work to do before the sight of a beautiful home will crown their life with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' The length of time it will require can only be conjectured. As you know, we started from your home in earth life in the United States of America. For two reasons we have landed you in the spirit sphere above Italy, which is by some called the land of sunshine, and of song. We desired to show you that with all her sunshine and song, with all her beautiful and fragrant flowers, there is a dark side to Italy that demands a counterpart in spirit life of this description. And that law of demand and supply is well balanced as a unit in the realms of infinite being. At present there is no nation or country on earth that does not have its dark side, with its desolate and barren counterpart in the spirit realms of existence."

Said I, "Where are those spirits now, that you say have arrived in spirit life, and that will yet build their homes here where you say a city will sometime be built?"

My guide said, "Come with me and see."

We started in what appeared to me to be an easterly direction. We soon came to a very high mountain. I could not see its top. At my right hand lay a valley, and beyond the valley another high mountain. The valley and the sides of the mountains as far as I could see were covered with a dense growth of forest timber, the green foliage of which was beautiful to behold. It appeared to be a dense and uninhabited wilderness as far as I could see. We passed by the foot or base of the mountain before us, and on the other side of the mountain we came to a medium-sized cottage which might have contained three or four rooms on the lower floor. It was low; about one-and-a-half
A U T O B I O G R A P H Y  O F  B E A L S  E.  L I T C H F I E L D.

stories high. The outside did not have a very attractive appearance; it was of the color of wood, and appeared weather-beaten and rather shabby.

My guide said, "Let us go in and see the inmates." We entered the dwelling, and there we saw three women and one man. The man was in his shirtsleeves. As we entered the room he arose and greeted us in a very gentlemanly manner, but appeared sad, and it seemed to me as though he felt keenly his unfavorable situation. And I thought I could read in his countenance the expression, "This will not always be thus." After exchanging compliments with us he left the room and we saw him no more. Two of the women also left the room, but the oldest-appearing lady of the three, who appeared quite aged, remained in her seat.

My guide said to me, "You can question this woman if you wish, and she will not consider it an insult."

The woman heard the remark and replied: "Oh! no, sir; I will willingly answer any question that I can that you may desire to ask."

I thanked her for her kindness, and said: "I would like to know if the other inmates whom we had seen were relatives of hers, and if the others and herself were satisfied with their present condition, and what their conditions were on earth before they passed to spirit life?"

The woman replied: "The man whom you saw here is my son, one of the women is my son's wife, and the other one is my daughter. We are not satisfied with our present condition here, and we are far from being happy. But I am more contented than the others, for they in earth life had never experienced the inconveniences of poverty, and hence feel their loss more keenly,
and mourn and grieve over our misfortune more than myself. For in youthful days it was necessary for me to practice strict economy, as our means were very limited, and I learned the lesson which I am now trying to teach my children here, and which I should have taught them more faithfully while in earth life. Our home was in a rich and populous American city, and, as time passed on, my husband was very successful in business speculations, and we became very wealthy in material goods. And I regret to say, but it is true, that as we so rapidly increased in material wealth, we grew in the same ratio poor in soul growth and spiritual qualifications. But unmindful of our sad loss, we took our position in society among the gay, wealthy, and thoughtless class. Possessing all the material wealth that heart could desire, we grew cold and selfish in regard to the needs of others, and only sought to satisfy our own desires and pleasures regardless of how or from whom we obtained the wealth that placed us in society so far above the social conditions of those from whom we obtained the wealth, that was, day by day, sinking us lower and lower in the vortex of sorrow, which can only find relief through the bitter tears of repentance which will lead us to good deeds. But we did not realize our situation until we passed to spirit life, and found ourselves stripped of our hoarded wealth, crushed and poor in spirit; no place to call our home but this; and this home had been prepared for us by a forgotten friend whom my husband had helped many years ago, and before we had been cursed with so much wealth. Thus this cottage home is the result of a kind, unselfish deed. Oh! what a beautiful home we might have had, and what happy hearts we might now enjoy, if in earth life we had lived more for the good of others and less for self-gratification."
I asked, "Why did your son and daughters leave the room so soon after we entered your cottage?"

She replied, "They are of a proud nature, and are ashamed of our condition and surroundings. But my son has a beautiful site located beyond the mountain of regret, which you must have passed on your way here, and sometime, the law of progress being eternal, we hope to enjoy on that spot a beautiful home, and to be surrounded by kind and loving friends, whose happy hearts will ever respond through good deeds to the sorrow and suffering of others. When that shall be our condition, we shall hope you will call on us again, and, though many years may pass away between now and then, we shall remember you, and greet you with a cordial welcome."

We thanked our kind friend for the lesson she had given us, bade her good bye, left with her our blessing, and departed from her humble abode.

My guide remarked to me after we had left the cottage, "There is one thing more I wish to impart to you, and then this lesson will be finished. You remember that I told you I had two reasons for taking you from your western home to the sphere above Italy. One of those reasons I have explained to you, the other is this: We wanted to give you a little idea of our mode of passing from place to place in spirit life. You have experienced one manner of our passing through space; another manner of our travel you will experience in your passage from here to your home beyond old ocean's waves, where I shall bid you adieu for the present."

My guide said, "Come!" We started, and it seemed to me but a moment of time before I found myself at home in bed. My guide bade me adieu and departed. That lesson was finished.
Oh! thankful will I ever be,
For lessons thus brought unto me
By loved ones who have gone before,
And now return from spirit shore,
To lead us up life's shining way,
Through realms of life where angel's stay;
Or where the sorrowing ones may find
A solace for their troubled mind.

I commenced this work for the purpose of placing before the public some of the incidents connected with my journey of earth life, hoping thereby to lead some of my readers to shun the false and adhere more closely to the true. And I shall not feel that I have done my duty to myself or to those who may chance to read these lines, unless I record another incident in my life experience. Yet I am well aware that the skeptic will cry "humbug," but I know it to be true, and a truth that all mankind in earth life should know and understand. For it can readily be seen by the most skeptical that if what I am about to write is true, it deeply affects all of earth's inhabitants who now dwell or who may hereafter dwell in the form upon earth.

That the reader may better understand what I am about to write, I will say that for the last two years I have been experiencing a phase of spirit communion heretofore new to me. Some of the results of that communion I will here relate. The above-mentioned phenomena commenced with me by seeing presented before me a sheet of manuscript covered with written or printed, generally written, words, which formed sentences; and the sentences were so intelligently connected as to form an intelligent communication. It was very interesting for me to remain quiet, and read what was thus presented to me. This reading was at first always presented to me soon after I had
retired for the night. But after a short time it would sometimes appear and be read by me when I awoke in the night. For a time there was nothing unpleasant in the substance of what I thus saw and read. But after a time I commenced reading what appeared the life-history of some individual of whom I had never before heard. Sometimes there would be pleasing and ludicrous incidents recorded; and sometimes such dark clouds of sin, wrong, crime, mental sorrow, and suffering would be portrayed, that I did not like to read it. Then I would turn over, hide my face in the pillow, and ask the spirit not to ask me to read any more. Sometimes I could thus escape reading more, and sometimes I could not stop until I had read the whole story.

During the last six months a change has taken place. When the phenomena has been about to occur the writing has been at first presented rather indistinctly, and it would gradually become more illegible until it would entirely disappear; still the story would be continued by mental impression, and I soon found that I could exchange thoughts with those intelligences almost as readily as though we were both in the material form. And I have often given those spirits who came to me in their sorrow such counsel as I deemed they needed to benefit their poor sorrowing souls. I will give the reader two examples which will illustrate the condition of many who have passed the mystic river, and are now dwellers in some of the lower spirit realms of life.

Not many months since a spirit came to me who was an entire stranger to me, and commenced telling me of his being a prisoner among the Indians, and some scenes of which he told me were indeed sad and sorrowful. After he had related several of those incidents I stopped him, and said: "Now, dear spirit,
before you proceed any further, I want you should answer me a few questions.” This he appeared willing to do.

“What is your name?”

“You may call me Jo. Rattler, though that is not my real name. I do not desire at this time to give my true name.”

“From your story thus far it appears to me that you were not a very wise or good man in earth life; and you are now about the same in spirit life. Is that correct?”

“Yes, it is correct.”

“What then is your object in coming to me and relating the story of your earth life?”

“I found I could impart to you my thoughts so readily that I wanted to get you interested in my story, and then get you if you would to write it up and get it published, for it is altogether a wonderful experience.”

“What is your object in wanting it written and published?”

“If you knew my whole story I could tell you so you would better understand me; but I think there are some yet living in earth life who would recognize me, and some of them—in fact none of them knew what ever became of me.”

“Do you desire to bless or curse humanity?”

“I have no desire to curse humanity, and I do not know that I have the power to bless any one.”

“Do you know there are wise and good spirits in spirit life, who are continually working to bless mankind, and that you can become like them in knowledge if you so desire?”

“I have heard there were such spirits, but it has always seemed to me as though I could never be only what I now am.”

“Have you any desire to know more than you now know? to be better than you now are? and to arise above your present
condition of life, and dwell in a more beautiful place than you now occupy?"

"I should be glad to do so if I could."

After giving him as good advice as I could, I said "I have some dear friends in spirit life who are ever willing to help those who through unfortunate conditions have found themselves in an unhappy condition, and I think they will willingly receive you as their student if you desire them to do so."

He replied: "It will be a great joy to me if they will do so. But how about my story?"

I said: "If you go with them you can tell them your story, and if they think best, and advise me to write it, then if you will give it to me in full, I will write it after I get through with my present work."

He willingly and anxiously made the arrangements, and I telegraphed to my brother Elisha in spirit life to come.* In a moment or two my other brother, Levi, came. He said "that brother Elisha, to whom I sent the dispatch, was occupied with an important matter, and had asked him to come in his stead."

I gave my spirit brother an introduction to the spirit with me, and told my brother the spirit's desire, which appeared to please my spirit brother, and the two spirits left my room and departed together, and Jo. Rattler has not visited me since to my knowledge. But I have briefly heard from him, as in my next illustration I shall mention.

A few weeks after the above recorded interview and conversation, I awoke one night, and the following scene and conversation occurred. When I first awoke I was aware that some invisible being was with me who desired to communicate. He

* Spirit telegrams are sent by the power of the will.
soon commenced giving me a history of his earth life. He was very particular in giving the minutæ, until I told him to stop as I did not wish to hear any more. He seemed much affected and begged me to hear him through.

He said he had been directed to me by a spirit whom I had before helped to start upon a higher and better pathway; and that he had come to me hoping that after I had heard his story I might give him advice that would help him out of his sorrowful and unhappy condition.

From his description of the spirit who had induced him to visit me I felt sure it was Jo. Rattler, the spirit I have referred to in my previous illustration. I then told him to proceed as briefly as possible; that I would listen to his story of sorrow and help him if I could. For which he thanked me very kindly. I will here give a brief sketch of his story as he gave it to me.

He said his name was John Whitman; that he had formerly resided in the state of Kansas; that he was a well-to-do farmer until the trouble occurred which he was about to relate; that at that time there was a young man, I think he said a nephew of his, but of that I am not sure, but he was a relative who had given him much trouble, and one time the young man had struck him, for which he had given the young man a severe whipping. After the occurrence of that event he offered the young man a sum of money, (he did not say how much) if he would leave the country and never return. The young man accepted the offer; received the money, and left the place. For several years he did not hear from him, but after several years absence he returned. After his return the young man sent Mr. Whitman a note requesting a private interview with him. Mr. Whitman sent him word in reply that at a certain time he might
visit him at his house, and he would give audience to him alone. At the appointed time the young man came, knocked at the door which Mr. Whitman opened and let him in.

The spirit continued, "As soon as I had closed and locked the door, the young man drew a pistol to shoot me. As soon as I saw the movement I drew a pistol and shot him. He fell wounded, but then made an effort to shoot me, when I struck him with my pistol on his head and killed him. Soon my son came, and I told him what I had done. I had not intended to kill him, neither had I desired to do so; but who would believe me now that the deed was done? My son and I counseled together, and the gallows seemed inevitable unless my deed could be kept a secret. My son and myself buried the body that night, and I burned the clothes that I wore at the time, for there was blood upon them. The young man was missed by the neighbors; while some thought he had again left the country. I felt sure that with some, suspicion of foul play rested upon me. I was unhappy. My trouble seemed more than I could endure. At length I concluded to sell all my property, leave the country, go to the far West, and settle in some place where I was entirely unknown, and where I could live secluded from all my former acquaintances. Accordingly I disposed of all my effects, and with all my family moved to a far western place and started a new home. We had not been there long when I chanced to meet a man whom I had known in Kansas, and I then knew, that my location was known, and that I was liable to be arrested at any time. I had deeply regretted my foolishness in trying to keep the matter a secret. I also deeply regretted that I had not at first told the truth, and given myself up for trial. At length my mental sufferings became so great
that I determined to return to Kansas, tell the truth, give myself up and beg for mercy from the court. For that purpose I bade adieu to my family and new home, and started on my return trip to Kansas. While passing through Nebraska I was met by an officer and arrested on a charge of murder. I told the officer my story, and he said that if I had told that story in the first place it might have cleared me, but after the course I had taken, it would not do, and of course my story would not be believed. I also felt that to be true. I quickly drew from my pocket a pistol, put the muzzle to my head and shot myself. To my great surprise, I still lived. Though my body I left as a lifeless lump of clay, yet, I found I had another body that could think, feel, and suffer as keenly as my earth body, and, worst of all, I found that I was still the same man, that by shooting myself I had not got away from myself, but memory and conscience were still a part of me, and as active as ever. For two years or more I have been wandering around my native town and other places seeking in vain for peace of mind to allay my mental suffering. I thought when I put the pistol to my head that the bullet would bury me in oblivion, and my sorrow would cease. I had no previous belief in a future life, but too late I found my mistake. I was not at heart a willful murderer, but I was not a good man. I had done many things which I knew at the time to be wrong, and my conscience was daily accusing me of every wrong deed. Memory has been my accusing foe, and conscience has been and is my relentless judge, and from this court of justice I can not find any way of escape. I have met in spirit life many others in the same or similar conditions of life, but all were unhappy, and none could tell me how or where to obtain relief. And when that spirit told me that you gave him advice that helped
him much, it gave me the very first hope I had found of ever obtaining a release from my unhappy condition, and I immediately came to you and the result of my visit you know. And now, if you can give me any advice that will help me out of my unhappy condition, I shall ever be thankful for your kindness."

The following conversation then passed between us. I enquired if he could fully understand me in our manner of conversing? He said he could. Said I, "Since you left the earth form have you left the earth at any time, or seen any place where spirits abide except on the surface of earth?"

Answer: "I have not, and I do not know that there is any other place."

Question: "Have you met in spirit life the young man whom you so unfortunately sent to spirit life?"

Answer: "I have not, but it seems to me that every one I meet looks upon me as a murderer and I am very miserable. I desire to be a better man than I have been; and, if possible, again to be a man among men."

Question: "Are you aware that all mankind are brothers and sisters, and that holding such relationship to each other makes it sure to follow that if we wrong another the result of that wrong deed falls with the heaviest force upon our own head? And the sorrow and unhappiness which you now suffer, and which you have been suffering, is the result, or in other words, the legitimate fruit of wrong which you have done?"

Answer: "I have never viewed human life in that light; it is to me a new idea."

Said I, "Such is indeed the law of life; hence a person in any condition of life cannot afford to do wrong. But after the wrongs are done, as in your case, and thousands of other cases,
the question presents itself thus: 'How can we escape the fires of sorrow that burn within our own soul?' We answer, Not through 'vicarious atonement,' or 'the blood of Jesus;' for each one must atone for their own wrongs. Now, my dear unfortunate brother, what you need to know is how you can atone for your wrong deeds. And when you learn the way, then put it in practice; and through your own effort and energy, helped as you may be by good spirits, atone to those you have wronged, and thus seek salvation from your present internal hell. My advice is for you to seek and find the spirit of the young man whom you sent prematurely to spirit life. Tell him of your sorrow for the deed. Tell him you will do all in your power to atone to him for the great wrong you did him. Tell him you desire to be truly his friend, and you desire his friendship. And seek to develop within your own being love and fraternal friendship for all mankind. That at first may not be easily accomplished. But you must remember that you are a progressive being, and contain within your being infinite possibilities. And as with the rose and lily, growth and unfoldment are necessary to bring out and unfold the higher and nobler qualities of your divine and immortal selfhood. Thus through the gradual unfoldment of your own inherent qualities, you may in time rise to a grander, more glorious, and a happier condition of life than you can now conceive of. I ask you as my brother, Do you now desire to enter upon such a course of life? If you do, I think I can get you started in that direction. I have friends in spirit life who are good, noble, and true, who are ever willing to give light to the blind, feet to the lame, joy to the sorrowing, and help the unfortunate wanderer to climb the stairway of progress to higher conditions of mental and spiritual unfoldment.'
He replied: "If I could enter upon such a course I would be a faithful student and a thankful spirit."

I then sent a mental telegram to my brother Elisha in spirit life to come. He soon came, joyous and happy. I introduced the two spirits to each other, and told my brother the desire of Mr. Whitman, and my brother said he would with pleasure help the poor sorrowing, pilgrim wanderer up the pathway of life to higher fields of thought and unfoldment. Then my brother said to me, "I thank you, dear brother, for calling me to give light to this poor, sorrowful brother. You need not fear to call me at any time when you find a poor brother who needs our assistance and we will respond to your telegram at any time."

[Our daughter came at the same time, and requested me to call her if I found any poor, wandering spirits who needed her assistance. And in a few days after that a poor, sorrowing female spirit came to me seeking for help; my daughter quickly responded to my telegram, and took the poor wanderer under her kind care, and, I presume, to a brighter home in the higher realms of spirit life.]

My spirit brother and his pupil left me. In a few weeks the spirit of Mr. Whitman returned to me rejoicing, and said he wanted to thank me for starting him on the road of progress. He told me that my spirit friends had helped him to find the young man in spirit life whom he had so deeply wronged, and he had done all in his power to atone for his crime. But in reviewing the causes that led to the unhappy and fatal results of the young man's transition, they found that both of them had labored under a mistake, which was the cause of the unhappy and fatal result of the young man's transition. It occurred in this way: In earth life each one was jealous of the
other's honesty of purpose, and each one was a little afraid of the other. Hence one prepared himself with a pistol for self-defence. When Mr. Whitman admitted the young man into his room and locked the door, he only intended to keep out intruders. But the young man, thinking the door was locked to prevent his escape, drew his pistol to defend himself in case of an emergency, not intending to shoot Mr. Whitman unless in self-defence. Mr. Whitman, misjudging the young man's intention, made the fatal shot, and a vast amount of sorrow and suffering for both of them was the inevitable result. "But," Mr. Whitman continued, "we have now laid aside all feeling of ill-will. We have again shaken hands in friendship, and we have decided to help each other up and along the pathway of life, even in the spirit spheres. And I sincerely hope our friendship may be as lasting as time and as durable as eternity. I have many other wrongs to atone for, but none as bad as that. But my effort to atone for those wrongs brings me a degree of happiness which I did not expect to realize, when in my sorrow I first visited you. We shall sometime meet again. Till then, adieu."

I have thus given the reader two examples to illustrate the condition of thousands of poor earth-bound spirits, who are compelled to remain on earth for years after they have laid off the earth-form, and to sigh and weep, sorrow and suffer, as the result of their conditions when in earth life. Dear reader, you need not think that because you cannot see and converse with those spirits, that they are not on earth and that our correspondence with them is a delusion. There are but very few, if any, homes on earth where there are not at times some poor sorrowing invisible spirit or spirits. They visit the homes of earth's inhabitants for various reasons. Some because the law of
attraction draws them there. Others because they know of no better place to go.

I give these illustrations because I deem it my duty to give these facts to the world, for if we are ever to expect a better condition of human society on earth than we now have, we must seek for and find the causes which underlie the fabric of the present miserable condition of earth's inhabitants, and then remove the causes if we would banish the ills. That the above illustrations are true accounts of what has occurred on earth and in spirit life, I feel sure. And those two examples do not by any means represent the greatest sufferers that have been and are in the undeveloped conditions of human life on earth and the lower conditions of life in the spirit spheres. Christians may pray for the blood of Jesus to atone for those wrongs until the sun loses its rays of light, or the stars are blotted from the firmament, and through those prayers the atonement will not be accomplished. Nothing but the laws of progress producing growth and unfoldment of mankind's spiritual, nobler and higher qualities of their self-hood can ever bring peace, justice, love and happiness to the human race. And to my brother man and sister woman, in all conditions of life, I appeal for aid in the great work of mental and spiritual progressive unfoldment for the human mind. If you are a Spiritualist who has caught a ray of light from the sun of infinite truth that has raised you to a higher condition and has been the means of making you wiser, better and happier as you walk the pathway of earth life, Oh! do not hide that light, but scatter it along your rugged pathway, and show that light if possible to those who are spiritually blind, that they too may catch a ray of that light and rejoice in a higher condition of spiritual and mental unfoldment. Seek the low
and the fallen, and feed them with the true bread of life, gathered from the infinite fields of real life, which is scattered in such rich profusion all along and around our pathway.

Dear reader, whoever you may be, and whatever your conditions in life, whether you are a Christian, priest, a deacon or a layman; whether you are an agnostic, a criminal, or a drunkard in the ditch, you must ever remember, that "what ye sow that shall ye also reap," no matter what you believe or preach to the contrary. That is nature's law, and it is unchangeable. It is a law that no priest can annul, whatever they may pretend to do; and we know of no God that will or can annul that law. It is a truth that the spirits who return and manifest their presence to mortals yet in the form on earth, are as different in their mental, moral, social and spiritual capacity as they were before they laid off their mortal form, and all the returning spirits with whom we have conversed demonstrate the truth of my assertion. For a time so many of that class of spirits came to me seeking for my help, that it seemed to me that I was almost completely surrounded by that class of spirits.

One night, after I had been thus reflecting, my guide came to me and said: "Fear not, for as ye do unto others, others will do unto you. If you help others who are lower in the scale of unfoldment and need your help, others who are higher will help you to higher degrees of knowledge and usefulness in the spiritual house of many mansions. Therefore weary not in well doing. For, verily I say unto you, whosoever giveth a cup of water to one of those little ones, (unhappy spirits) shall in no wise lose their reward. Let the waters of truth, love, light and helpfulness flow freely from you to others; for if ye freely give, ye shall also freely receive."
Almost instantly I stood with my guide a short distance above the earth, where we could look down upon earth and note distinctly the most minute atoms.* It appeared to be spring. The earth was barren of all green foliage. The branches of the trees had no green leaves upon their tender twigs, but I saw the sun’s rays falling grandly upon the earth. On looking a little closer I saw the atoms of earth’s atmosphere briskly dancing in the sun’s rays. On looking still closer, I saw the atoms of earth slowly moving hither and thither, in and out, like notes in a slow dance. Soon I observed centers of attraction formed and forming; and those centers increased in size, and soon a green sprout appeared from each center of attraction. I looked at the twigs upon the trees’ branches, and then I saw the same quiet and noiseless dance among the atoms around a center. Soon the center swelled into a bud, the bud put forth a leaf, and soon the earth was clothed in green and the trees with a beautiful foliage. Fragrant flowers scattered their perfume around the fields, and the husbandman came forth from his cottage, singing his song of gladness that all nature was again manifesting active life.

I said to my guide, “Will you please tell me from whence comes the power that has thus produced this grand change which we have just witnessed? Where the force that causes such grand changes in the atomic world of matter?”

My guide smiled and replied, “To answer your questions and explain all the relations of those forces through the universe of spirit and matter, would if written, require the filling of a very large volume, and at this time I can only assert some

---

*I am satisfied that the condition of myself as here stated, and what here follows as what I saw, was a psychological impression brought by my guide to show me some of the real conditions of life. That it is a true representation of real events, I also believe.
general principles without entering into a detailed explanation.

First: *All matter is composed of atoms.*

Second: *All atoms are suffused with the eternal, omnipotent, omnipresent and everliving spirit of life.*

Third: *From the very nature of existence, there are two uncreated forces in existence, which are the real causes of all motion, of all change in the atoms of matter, of all the vibrations of spiritual unfoldment.*

One of these forces is on earth called the **centripetal force**; its office and power is to attract those atoms which are of a congenial nature to each other in the material universe of being; in the mental and spiritual realms, it is known as love, affection, affinity, etc.

The other force is called the **centrifugal force**; its mission is to scatter and disperse uncongenial particles or atoms in the material and atomic realm; and there lies the force or power which you observed caused those dances among the atoms when a bud or a leaf was about to be unfolded in the realm of vegetable causation. The centrifugal force in the mental and spiritual realm of being is manifested by hate, discord, malice, etc. These two forces ever remain side by side, in fact are twin brother and sister, although opposites in chemical principles, for one is positive, the other negative; one possesses the male force and the other the female. They are ever active in all the realms of material formation, or spiritual being, from the unity or separation of two atoms to the formation of worlds in the boundless regions of space. And the same forces are also controlling the movements of every planet, world and sun as well as the movements and destiny of the human race. And all the natural laws
and results of unfolding life have ever been in harmony with those forces.”

“But, dear guide,” said I, “How is this that through the long winter these forces have slept, as it were, and are now just awakening to active life?”

My guide replied, “There is a magnetic and electric relation that exists between all things in the universe, and were it not for the electric rays of light and heat, that through and by the centrifugal forces are flung off from the sun, and by and through the centripetal force of the earth the rays of heat and light are received by mother earth, as a maiden receives the affectionate kisses of a long absent lover, and the warm electric and magnetic rays vibrate and pulsate through the atoms of which the atmosphere and earth are composed, and the dance of atoms forced on by love and hate or attraction and repulsion begins; and, through that dance, atoms of affinity seek each other’s embrace, and the positive and negative forces commingle, for the centripetal force is the negative or feminine force and the centrifugal is the positive or masculine force.

“Through the commingling of these forces in the vegetable realms of being the individualization of vegetation begins. The green grass springs forth from the soil, blossoms are born, fruit grows and ripens for the use of mankind, and all nature smiles in beauty and rejoices in its new and higher birth. And by and through the same force, the animal and human kingdoms are begotten, born and unfolded upon the earth upon which you now dwell, and upon which I once had my birth and dwelt as you now dwell. And in these atoms, which you have noticed dancing in the sunbeams and moving in the soil of earth, are contained all the different elements necessary to produce all the
protoplasms which are now and are ever to be the center of all animate and inanimate individual being on this portion of earth. Thus mankind is the evolved embodiment, individualized, of all manner of life beneath them. And each man, woman and child possesses within its being the central pivot around which material and spiritual atoms revolve to produce the individual being. And that central pivot in the being becomes again the protoplasm, which becomes, through so-called death, a spiritual being moving on to higher realms of life, yet carries with it to spirit life all the characteristics of its former earth life.

"Hence it is a natural result of these laws and forces that as great a variety of minds inhabit the spiritual realms as are born in the mortal form on earth. And were it not a truth that all things in life are progressing from lower to higher conditions, and the poor, blind, suffering, sorrowing human beings are and ever will be progressive beings, and thus in time will outgrow all their inharmonious and unhappy conditions, human life on earth might truly be called a vale of tears. And as you saw the atoms dancing in the sunbeam around a center seeking for higher unfoldment, though the atoms were all unconscious of the higher change to which the law of evolution or progress was forcing them onward and upward in the infinite fields of life's unfoldings, so also in the higher realms of life, as you see it manifested on earth, the same grand dance continues in every department of life, in the mineral, the vegetable and in the animal kingdoms. And the human kingdom is not an exception to that universal law.

"You can daily witness the grand dance of human atoms or individuals dancing, some in the sunbeams of light and truth, others amid the clouds of darkness, ignorance, superstition and
gloom. And many of them are as unconscious of the part they are playing in the great drama of life's unfoldings, as are the primitive atoms which are dancing in the sunbeam. And thus the dance of life continues incessantly, from the smallest atom to the wisest intellect, from the beggar in rags to the aristocratic millionaire or the king upon his throne, who sways his scepter and compels his subjects to dance according to his capricious will, from the sinner to the saint. And thus all things on earth are dancing up the pathway of progress, from the atom to the human mind, the highest of earth's productions, until the dance of each individual is checked in its career by the body falling into the grave. And daily upon this planet thousands are from the atom entering upon the dance of human life and thousands are daily filling the silent tomb."

To my guide I said, "And is the tomb the end of this interesting dance?"

"Oh! no," my guide replied, "Look and tell me what you see."

I looked and I saw, or seemed to see, an infant pass from its little material form. The little spirit was received by an angel mother in spirit life while the little cold and lifeless form was being prepared for the grave. I saw the angel mother or guardian bring the spirit child daily* within the mother's magnetic atmosphere in her home on earth, to thus obtain the elements necessary for the growth and unfoldment of her spirit child, while the mother wept for the loss of her child and was entirely unconscious of the fact that she was daily furnishing

* I desire the reader to here understand that what I affirm I saw as occurring daily, was a psychological impression from my guide. For, in those psychological lessons, ages may be crowded into moments. And it was not necessary for me day after day to watch those movements to note what occurred.
magnetic elements necessary for the growth of her spirit child.

I looked again: I saw a mother forced through disease to leave her material form in the cold arms of what is called death. And I saw a family of sorrowing children, some of them of young and tender years, weeping around the cold and silent form of a kind and loving mother, who to the loved and loving children appeared to be dead. But I also saw that mother daily leave her bright and beautiful home in the spirit land, where fadeless flowers shed their fragrance around her pathway, and loved and loving friends in spirit life greeted her with the warmest affection and sweetest love, and return to her family of loved little ones, and, though unseen by them, she would entwine those children in her loving embrace and imprint upon their cheeks the pure and holy kiss of a mother's love. And through that divine love, and the law of magnetic control, she was able to lead her little ones in the pathway of virtue and truth, though unholy influences surrounded them on every side. A part of her heaven consisted in administering to the needs of her loved ones.

I looked again: I saw a murderer stand upon a scaffold with a rope around his neck, while a priest offered a prayer that the soul of the poor criminal victim might by Jesus and the Holy Mother be received into glory. The drop fell; the spirit of the murderer was forced to vacate its temple of clay; the spirit form was withdrawn from the material casket, and was met by some dark and undeveloped spirits from spirit life, who stood upon the same plane of development as the murderer, and together they sought a dark abode in the spirit realms of life corresponding with their own dark and undeveloped moral and spiritual condition.
Again I saw a man of immense wealth, so far as money is concerned, lying upon a couch of sickness; he was in age far past the meridian of earth life; his hair was almost white; his life had been spent in an earnest and selfish desire and effort to gather to himself all the wealth possible through speculation and sharp dealing regardless of whose hands or strength had produced that wealth or how many homeless children in his native city were crying for bread. He lived for wealth, and he put forth every effort of ambitious energy for money. Wealth was the real and only God that he worshiped, though he belonged to a popular church and paid liberally for its support. But he was also like the others, forced to withdraw from his material form, and not a shilling of his vast wealth could he take with him to spirit life. He was as poor as the poorest beggar in spirit life, for his wealth had not been laid up in Heaven. The money he had given to support a church was accredited to him as his contribution to the hypocritical fund, hence was of no use in placing a crown of good deeds upon his immortal but extremely selfish brow. He sought for Jesus and a golden throne; he found neither of them; but he found other spirits very much like himself, and with them he entered the cloudy valley of selfish despondency, and there he must remain until the sunlight of truth and unselfish love shall penetrate the morbid condition of his erroneously educated spirit, raise it through unfoldment into a nobler and diviner atmosphere of unselfish love and give it a desire to enter the pathway of progress.

I looked again: I saw a priest dressed in his so-called sacred robes of office pretending to forgive the sins of his foolish dupes by interceding with Jesus in their behalf. I saw him sicken;
I saw him lay off his mortal form, and emerge therefrom a spirit born into spirit life. I noticed his surprise when he found that he really lived after passing through death; for, though a priest, he had ever been a disbeliever in a future existence for the human spirit, and had for years practiced deception and fraud for the money, honor, and ease it would bring him. I saw him as he became conscious after his birth into spirit life. In that birth his so-called sacred robes, which he had worn in earth life, had been exchanged for a suit of dark, dingy, ill-fitting garments, darker even than the garments of the murderer whom we had seen sent to spirit life from the gallows. The priest was met by another person, whom my guide said had also been a priest. He was also clothed in garments of a dark hue and of ill-fitting shape; and when the two priests started together to go, I wondered where was their destination and asked my guide "Where those priests were going?"

He replied, "They are going to the home that they have prepared for themselves by their deception and untruthfulness in earth life in the dark and gloomy valley of Hades, where hosts of other dissembling priests and other spirits of that class are located, and where they will remain until the sunlight of truth and love, commingling with the conscientious fires of Hades, shall ripen up their green, unripe, and miserable spirits. For they are now green, unripe, sour, and miserable fruit which we find growing in many places upon the tree of life."

I inquired, "Will those priests and the others ever arise out of that dark condition, and, clothed in garments pure and white, commingling with the true spirits who have earnestly and honestly labored for the good of mankind and who are now dwelling in those beautiful regions, beyond the rocky mountain of regret?"
My guide replied, "No human beings can by any possible means place themselves where the law of progress can never reach them, for we know of no such place. It may take years; it may take centuries; but sometime, the sun of truth and love will awaken in their natures that divine spark of infinite life and goodness that is now a latent force in their being: then they will commence to climb the pathway of progress to higher and nobler fields of spiritual life and beauty."

Thus in viewing the great dance of life from the eminence where my guide and myself stood we saw spirits leave their earth forms and pass to spirit life from many different conditions of human life and surroundings on earth, and from many different grades of mental and spiritual unfoldment. And each found a place, or home that corresponded with its mental and spiritual unfoldment. Every one I noticed appeared to be satisfied with his or her natural place, and yet all were not satisfied with their condition of unfoldment which made it necessary for them to find such a home. Hence all were not happy. And those who deeply regretted their condition would be the first ones to seek for more light, and would thus sooner advance to higher degrees of thought and unfoldment.

Soon our attention was directed towards a man on earth who had never been blessed or cursed with a large amount of earthly wealth. He was a man, we should judge of sixty or seventy years of age. We saw that his mind was stored with a mental treasure far richer than the wealth of earth. He had been a teacher of humanity. He sought to open the eyes of the blind by bringing before their mental vision the beautiful and grand truths of the philosophy of life as it is presented to mankind on earth through the spiritual phenomena. In the early days of
his noble effort to enlighten his brother man, he had endured patiently the jeers and scoffs of the ignorant multitude, the cold shoulder and frowns of bigoted and superstitious friends, and the anathemas of a self-constituted priesthood. He was a lover of humanity, one who never desired to deceive his fellow man. He was honorable and just in all his dealings, and the angels whom he loved and whose servant he was, had bestowed upon him a goodly share of spiritual knowledge, of which he was never proud, but for which he was ever humble and thankful. While we were contemplating the noble traits of that man's character, he suddenly passed from the mortal form and his material body lay cold and lifeless. But we saw the noble man standing by the cold form clothed in clean and beautiful garments, and standing by his side were two beautiful angels, who took him by the hand and thus addressed him: "Welcome, brother, to your home beyond death's cold tide. You have in your earth life been true to humanity, true to truth and justice, true to your convictions, and true to your angel friends. And we meet you here, again bid you welcome, and we will escort you to a beautiful home in the 'summer land,' built and prepared by your good deeds done in earth life."

The three then started from that man's earthly home, where joy and the sunlight of love had for many years been the presiding angel of peace, and the fruitage of that peace-angel's mission was a higher spiritual unfoldment of the man who had just been born into a higher life, and, my guide said, to a more active field of endeavor in the higher realms of spiritual existence. Upward and onward the three spirits glided through earth's atmosphere and my desire was to follow them to the home of the noble soul who had just been borne thence.
My guide looked at me, read my desire, and said: "Not just yet. Wait a little longer, and, while you wait, you may anticipate the beauty of that spirit's home, and your highest anticipations cannot equal the reality that awaits his entrance into higher life. We have only just brought before your mental vision some of the realities of life in some of the realms of existence that are now closely connected with your present field of thought and unfoldment.

"The alphabet of life contains innumerable letters, and life's language contains many words and sentences which the human mind must, to some extent, learn to read and understand if they would read correctly the great book of life. In this lesson we have only shown you a few of the letters in the alphabet of life and only a few words in life's language; these letters and words are neither the first nor the last; indeed, we do not know as there is, or ever was, or ever will be a first or a last; for the round of existence appears to be an endless circle without limit or bounds. We have only shown you here and there a point or change in the great dance of life on the planet earth; whirling on from the atom in the sunbeam to the transition of the human spirit from the material body to the spirit realms of life. And between those points there is existing a vast web of life, which we must leave for you to seek to comprehend in its true relationship with all things else in existence. And those spirits who have left the mortal form have not gone beyond the dance of life, for innumerable spirits in the spirit realms of life are as actively engaged in the dance of life as are the natural objects of earth.

"And the higher we ascend in life's unfoldings, the grander and the more surprising and wonderful are the mazes of life's
mysterious dance. Unnumbered millions of human beings, who have had their brief day of dancing upon earth's surface, but who have, by and through the law of progress, moved along to higher and more advanced conditions, are still dancing somewhere in the realms of infinite space to the music played by angel fingers upon the grand old harp of eternal progress. But the most magnificent dance of which we are at present capable of thinking is the mighty, omnipotent, eternal dance in which all the planets, worlds, and suns in the boundless universe momentarily, daily, and unceasingly participate. Oh! what a magnificent and eternal dance is life. From the atom in the sunbeam, through all the different grades of being, it is one eternal dance, till those mighty orbs in space, planets and systems of planets, join in the grand dance of eternal motion and life with as much ease and regularity as the smallest atoms dance in the sunbeam.

Oh! what a power is infinite life! Who can comprehend it? Who can measure it? Boundless, infinite, eternal! The wisest and grandest philosophers, scientists or sages of all time may seek to learn its laws, to comprehend life's forces, and never be able to learn it all. They may study the glories of life's eternal and boundless grandeur until time grows hoary with age and suns and planets decay, and yet there will be more for the progressive mind to learn. But, with all its vast and mighty problems, the study of life's laws, relation and forces is the only true road that the human mind can follow that leads up to the citadel of wisdom. In earth life mankind should know and realize that truth; and if they did so it would make a vast difference with the conditions of humanity on earth. There would be a gradual upward advance, instead of the mighty
struggle that so large a portion of mankind is now making to acquire that glittering bauble called wealth, which leads so many of earth's pilgrim wanderers astray from the path of virtue, truth, honor, and progress until it lands their bodies in the grave, and their spirits, darkened by the incessant struggle, awake to consciousness in the regions of spiritual darkness beyond death's river, where, stripped of all their glittering but false wealth, they become paupers in the spirit realm of existence. And such misguided spirits will require many weary years in spirit life to gain the position they should have occupied when they passed to spirit life—a position that many of earth's weary pilgrims do occupy, who have not been cursed with so strong a desire for deceptive treasures."

Said I, "My dear friend and guide, will you please tell me before you leave me what constitutes true wealth, how to obtain it, and what use we can make of it in spirit life?"

My guide replied, "In my former lessons I have often taught you in principle the answer to those questions. But I will here answer them briefly without explanations.

First: True wealth consists in good health, pure love for all humanity, a clear conscience, a desire to do good and not evil, and a knowledge to some extent of nature's laws, relation and forces.

Second: To obtain true wealth, we must live in harmony with the natural laws of our being and thus acquire good health; cultivate the noble qualities of unselfish devotion to others' needs, and as far as possible administer to the needs of suffering humanity in all conditions of life, and thus do good unto others; study the science, phenomena and philosophy of life, and thus acquire a knowledge of nature's laws, relation and forces.
Third: The uses that we can make of true wealth in spirit life are many and various indeed.

A pure love for humanity and a desire to do good will lead its possessor into the byways and low and slippery places of human life, in spirit life as well as on earth; will lead him to raise the fallen; educate the ignorant; feed the hungry; clothe the naked and extend a helping hand to all that need help in every department of life. The more knowledge one possesses of nature's laws, their relation and forces, the more useful can that person become on earth or in spirit life. And that knowledge has been one of the most important causes or factors in establishing a system of communication between earth and the spirit realms of life. In spirit life true wealth and a knowledge of nature's laws, their relation and forces are the causes of progress, growth and unfoldment of the soul. It has been truly said that knowledge is power, and the more knowledge a spirit possesses, the more powerful that spirit becomes. Some spirits make use of their knowledge and power in coming to earth and trying to teach humanity as I have tried to teach you. Others produce different phenomena; slate writing, clairvoyance, rapping, materializations, etc. Others are teachers in spirit life; and there are teachers in spirit life who teach branches of science so high that the most profound student or teacher in earth life at the present time can form no conception of them. The wisest mind on earth at this time can form no correct idea of the power which the human mind possesses, when in spirit life it receives the ripening power of higher spiritual knowledge."

It is claimed by some of the most advanced spirits that we have ever met that the human mind within itself contains
infinite possibilities. If that be a truth, we cannot even conjecture what power and knowledge the mind will possess when it has been progressing for a million years. Neither do we know how much wisdom or power some of those advanced spirits possess who were born upon some of the planets millions of years before the planet earth was born from the womb of time.

But it is true that there are spirits in the realm of spirit life who are wise enough and possess power enough to make a successful use of their effort to aid in the formation and birth of worlds. Of course those spirits must work in harmony with nature's laws and forces; as truly as an agriculturist on earth must work in harmony with natural law to be successful in his undertaking. When we contemplate the grandeur, the power, the capability and the possibility of the human spirit or the immortal soul in the eternity of spiritual unfoldment, how gloriously grand is the conception! When we try to contemplate the immensity of boundless space we fail to mentally grasp its dimensions, or form any correct idea of the innumerable planets, worlds, and suns that are revolving in boundless immensity. When we reflect that human life in its lowest stages of growth and unfoldment upon earth is born to an immortal inheritance; that, sometime in the future ages, those minds, who now scoff at all spiritual phenomena, science and spiritual law, will be forced to enter spirit life whether they wish to or no; and when we reflect that those very minds are destined to live on and on forever, we can only exclaim from the fullness of our soul:

Oh! life divine! thy power so grand
Encircles all in every land:
And every bright revolving star,
Whether near, or yet more far,
is from their soul-life bubbling o'er,
With wisdom from life's golden shore.

Oh! mind of man, on earth below,
Why is your progress there so slow?
Why do ye skim the barren field
Of ancient forms, and error's creeds?
Why not arise, in wisdom's way,
And seek new truths each day by day?

For golden truths of life divine,
Around your pathway ever shine:
Inviting you to pluck and eat,
Of life's pure fruitage, always sweet,
That grows profusely near your door,
While mind unfolding seeks for more.
CHAPTER XIV.

What shall we do to be saved?

Tell us, Oh, life! that's all divine,
Whose pulsing power we feel within:
Tell us, we pray, where we may find
The power to save from wrong and sin.
Tell us, Oh, angels! from the realms of light,
Where shall we find salvation free?
That we may seek with all our might,
From all life's ills to saved be.

We wait an answer to our cry:
We crave an answer from that shore:
Floating it comes adown the sky,
In nature's voices evermore.

“What shall we do to be saved?” is a natural question of the human mind, in and under many and various conditions of human life. To know what to do to be saved is about the first intelligent desire of the child in the commencement of its earthly pilgrimage, and about the last desire of the aged and white-haired tottering pilgrim as he stands with bowed head and dim vision upon the brink of the grave. It is the greatest and the most important question of the human mind in all its wanderings and vicissitudes through the journey of life from the cradle to the grave. And so natural is that desire to know what to do to be saved, and it is such a spontaneous outgushing
of the mind that humanity seldom realizes that its desire to change its condition constitutes the condition that forcibly calls out the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" The essence of the question is this: What course can I pursue to occupy a better and happier condition than I now enjoy, and thus be saved from my present condition, for all are seeking for higher and more happy conditions in life. Indeed, the silent, voiceless objects and elements in nature appear by their movements to be asking the same question, or at least seeking for higher conditions. As all things animate and inanimate are impregnated with the principle of life, and as all the elements and atoms of all the different grades of unfoldment are continually changing the relation of combination with other elements and atoms, and as all are continually being acted upon and moved by nature's ever active forces, which are the centripetal and centrifugal forces, it follows that all the elements and atoms in nature are continually, though many of them unconsciously, asking the same question. During the long cold winter, particles and atoms of matter, that are silently slumbering within the earth as they are waiting for the sunlight and warmth of spring, appeal to the intelligent and reflective mind with the great and momentous question, "What shall we do to be saved?" There are now elements slumbering in the mud beneath the waters of the lake, that are silently propounding the inquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" By and by the winter will be past, the rays of the sun will kiss mother earth, the waters of the lake and the elements of earth will thus be warmed and quickened, and nature's forces will attract to a center those elements necessary to produce the vegetation to clothe again the earth in garments of green and lovely beauty.
Thus elements, that are now in the earth forming a part of the atomic life of the mineral kingdom, will then be saved from their present condition, and will thus be moved one step higher in the scale of progressive unfoldment, and become embodied in the leaves of the trees, the grass of the fields, the waving grain, and in the lovely flowers that shed their fragrance around the pathway of humanity. And the elements now slumbering in the mud beneath the waters of the lake will arise from the mud, blossom in the air and sunlight above the water, and thus be saved from their previous low condition, and take one advance step in higher unfoldment. Thus elements in the mineral kingdom are continually seeking to be saved from their mineral condition and advance to the vegetable; and the elements in the vegetable are continually by the forces of nature crying out by their movements, “What shall we do to be saved?” and through nature’s forces, many elements are continually being saved from the vegetable kingdom and moved to the next higher order—the animal plane of life. And the animal kingdom, by its restlessness and the forces of nature ever operating upon animal life, is continually asking, “What shall we do to be saved?” The ferocious animals of the forest wild to be saved from the hunger prey upon other animals, while many of the weaker animals feast upon others still less in strength. Man feasts upon many species of the animal kingdom, while many of the domestic animals depend upon the ability and willingness of their owners to save them from hunger, starvation and death.

Thus we find that, all through the lower kingdoms of life, the forces of nature are ever moving all things onward in the pathway of progress, ever in search of salvation from their present condition. And it is this same law that ever has been, and con-
tinually is, forcing the human race to forever be seeking for salvation from some of their present conditions or real or imaginary evils. "What shall we do to be saved?" is but the out-throbbing of the human soul as it is climbing the pathway of progress from childhood to old age; and when old age comes creeping on with its feeble pulse and tottering step the same question is ever out-gushing from the human soul, "What shall I do to be saved?" The question is in obedience to the natural law of progress, and cannot be otherwise. All the movements of the human race through all the ages of the past have been the result of the human mind seeking to be saved from something. When the army of Agathocles was encamped before the walls of the city of Carthage; the cry of the Carthaginians was, "What shall we do to be saved?" And the people imagined they had offended the god they believed in and worshiped by offering as sacrifices to him the children of slaves and foreigners, and thought to atone for their supposed wrong by selecting two hundred children from the best families in Carthage, and offering their lives as a sacrifice to their god, thinking thereby to appease their god's anger and hoping thereby to coax their god to help them defeat the besieging army, and thus save their city from the besieging foe. And history tells us that more than three hundred of the citizens of Carthage offered their own lives for the same purpose. Thus more than five hundred human lives at that one time were offered for the salvation of Carthage from the besieging foe; yet the city was captured; notwithstanding all the human sacrifices which they had offered to their god.

And thus, according to history, we find this fact: When the human mind in its earnestness has cried out, "What shall we do
to be saved?" the course that has been pursued has not always been the best course that might have been pursued to produce the best results, but often the reverse, as has often been ascertained when it was too late to change the result. There has never been a war waged for glory or for conquest but what one party at least has cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?"

The war of the American revolution was waged for salvation by both the British and American people—England to save her colonies, and America to save her people from the power of the British crown. Thus millions of wealth and thousands of human lives were sacrificed through a desire for salvation. In the late American civil war we also find that a desire for salvation was the motive power that animated both belligerent forces. The Southern people inaugurated the war, and fought many a bloody and desperate battle to save the institution of human slavery. The people of the North were forced to accept the situation, and fought to save the American Republic. Billions of treasure and more than a hundred thousand human lives were sacrificed upon our battle fields to obtain salvation. The South did not obtain the salvation for which it contended, and no intelligent person can justly claim that the South chose the best course to be pursued, or was even justified in bringing upon the country such a cruel and bloody strife even for the salvation of their highly cherished though barbarous institution of human slavery.

It is in obedience to the law of progress that the human race has been animated with a desire to seek salvation through all the improvements that have been developed among the different nations and races of people during all the past ages. The people have sought to be saved from their (then present) condition, and thus enjoy a higher plane of life. All the improvements that
have ever been established for the benefit of mankind in the material or physical realms of man’s existence are the result of man’s desire for salvation. And in the intellectual or mental realm the result has been the same. The unnumbered millions of money that have been expended to educate the children and youth of the world have been expended to save the people from an undesirable condition of ignorance. And this vast expense has been in the right direction, though much of it has been used to educate the people in an erroneous system of religious theology, which, we think, ever has been and now is, detrimental to the welfare and true salvation of the human race.

In the infancy of mankind upon this planet, it was but natural that ignorance should lead and control the minds and actions of the people to a certain extent, that false gods should be believed in and worshiped, and that false religions, corresponding with those false and ideal gods, should also have been established. But, through the law of progress, and through the growth and unfoldment of the human mind, a portion of mankind has gradually been saved from a belief in those false gods and false religions. And today all along the pathway through which the progressive millions have been wending their way up the steeps of time, we find the decaying relics of false religions and dead gods are strewn. At all times, and under all conditions, the cry has been from every beating heart, “What shall I do to be saved?” The most progressive souls, receiving fresh inspiration from nature’s inspiring power, have ever been striving to reach higher, and still higher, to thus obtain a higher degree of salvation. During the last two thousand years, the great anxiety in regard to salvation has not been entirely confined to the present condition of life here upon this earth, but through
theoretical teachings, that originated in the dark superstitious ages of the past, an eternal hell had been manufactured by minds who were ignorant of nature's laws and forces; and that imaginary hell was supposed by ignorant and superstitious people to be a *literal* lake composed of fire and brimstone, and inhabited by devils great and small, who could take pleasure in that fiery abode by receiving there untold millions of human souls to suffer endless torture in that sulphurous fiery region when death should release their souls from their material body, because they had failed to believe in and acknowledge faith in the atoning blood of Jesus.

And, during the last eighteen hundred years, the cry has been raised from millions of sorrowing hearts, "What shall I do to be saved?" while the all important salvation desired has been to be saved from that lake of eternal fire that the priests claimed God had prepared somewhere in the spirit realms of existence. And those same priests have reiterated times without number, "There is no way under Heaven whereby mankind can be saved, except through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus." And during these eighteen hundred years, millions of money have been expended in building costly churches and temples, and dedicating them to the God who, they claimed, had established that fiery lake in which to plunge all of his children who did not accept the offer of salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus.

Long and bloody wars have been waged and thousands of human beings have been slaughtered, while the stake and the gibbet have done their cruel and hellish work, all for the purpose of establishing and maintaining that false, cruel and absurd system of salvation through vicarious atonement. Dark, indeed,
and bloody, has been the pathway through which the nations and people called Christians have traveled during those eighteen hundred years since, as it is claimed, Jesus was crucified upon the cross for the salvation of the human race. In the fourth century of the Christian era the blood thirsty and cruel tyrant, Constantine, established the Christian religion by the sword; since that dark and eventful time thousands of human victims have been sacrificed upon the altar of ignorance and superstition for the salvation of that false, inconsistent and absurd theory, which higher intelligence and a correct mode of reasoning at the present period of time fails to save. During the long night of darkness through which the Christian religion has chained so large a number of human minds, millions of people have volunteered to teach the Christian theory to the people, and to preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified," thereby supposing they were doing service for God and humanity by pointing out to dying humanity the only way to escape the wrath of an angry and vindictive God, and thus be saved from the fiery doom and be received through the blood of Jesus into the golden-paved streets of the city of the new Jerusalem, there to sing praises to God and the Lamb forever more. And it is said there are now about sixty thousand priests thus employed in the United States alone; how many there are thus employed in other Christian countries I have not at present the means of knowing, but there are many. And then the Christian system is only embraced by a small number of the inhabitants of earth; other systems of religions are believed and cherished by others of earth's inhabitants, and many of those theories are as absurd and ridiculous as is the Christian theory. And yet all of those forms and ceremonies
are strictly adhered to for the purpose of being saved from some condition which those people do not desire to occupy.

Thus, throughout all the past ages, humanity in all conditions of life has ever been crying from the depth of its nature, “What shall we do to be saved?” and has ever been struggling to obtain and enjoy that much-sought-for and desired boon. But notwithstanding all its sorrow, all its tears, all its suffering, all its struggles and all its sacrifices for salvation, mankind on earth is not yet saved. And from the sorrowing, suffering millions in every nation and in every clime on earth today comes the long bitter cry of agony, “What shall we do to be saved?” And this cry of the millions is not all for salvation from a future hell in spirit life. Oh! no; a large proportion is for salvation from the present unhappy and deplorable conditions which are so firmly interblended with all the conditions of human life here on this mundane sphere of existence. There has probably never been a time when the masses of humanity felt the need of salvation any more than they do today. And probably there has never been a time when so many different ways and means of salvation have been advanced as there is today. Proving conclusively that the masses of the people have not yet found the true way of salvation.

Thousands of dollars are yearly expended in political campaigns to obtain salvation from the management of other political parties. And, all through the United States and Europe, thousands of laboring people combine and strike for higher wages, to, as they claim, save themselves and families from poverty and starvation. In this country while the Republican party claim that a productive tariff is the true remedy for all our political ills, the Democrat party insists that “Free-trade”
is the political highway to salvation from all our national wrongs, while Henry George and his followers advocate the absurd policy of the "one-tax system" as the only feasible way of salvation from our political, social and moral suffering, and the "United Workmen" and "Greenbackers" declare that financial reform, with "more money in circulation" will bring salvation to the mass of poverty-stricken people of this country as far as material salvation can be brought at present through the halls of legislation. The Prohibitionists teach that salvation can only come to this people in a material way by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the bounds of these United States, and an acknowledgement of the supreme power of the Christian's God in the constitution of our country's government, while the Woman Suffragists claim that justice demands that women should and must have a voice in administering this government, before the white-robed angel of salvation will bless this nation with her beautiful and loving presence. Thus in the political realm of causation the people's ideas are so diversified in regard to the course to be pursued, which is necessary to bring material salvation from the external and material ills of the present life, that the prospect looks dark indeed for any present reformation in our political field of operation that will bring us salvation in any greatly advanced degree.

And how does it stand in the spiritual realm of thought? It appears to be the desire of the sixty thousand priests who are now laboring for the salvation of mankind in the American republic to try to save it from some future unhappy condition of the soul after it has laid off the material form and passed on to spirit life. And those sixty thousand priests are mentally, spiritually, and theoretically divided into various sects, societies
and clans; each sect advocating its own peculiar notions or
creeds to follow to secure the salvation of a soul from an endless
hell beyond the river of death. But though there are many
and various creeds, and various forms and ceremonies strictly
adhered to by the different Christian sects, yet we think that all
the different Christian societies base their religion upon the
Christian's Bible, and their hope of salvation upon their faith
in the atoning blood of Jesus. For they all claim that there is
no other way under Heaven whereby men can be saved except
through "faith in the atoning blood of Jesus."

And as the Christians all base the foundation of their belief
upon the Bible, they are justified in thus believing; for we read
in that book, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved,
and he that believeth not shall be damned." Again we read
from the same book, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, not
by yourselves; it is the gift of God." Now if that way through
faith is the true and only way to be saved, it appears to me that
it would be such a plain and easy way to be saved that
humanity would universally have adopted that manner of salva-
tion, and all would have been saved long before this time. But we
find quite the reverse is the fact at this time. We find that for
almost nineteen hundred years, millions of different preachers
have been preaching and teaching that theoretical way to be
saved, and millions of earth's inhabitants have earnestly
believed that theory to be true; and that thousands of human
beings have been slaughtered by those believers because they
could not adopt all their inconsistent and absurd theories.

Though the sword, the fagot and the guillotrine have done
their hellish work upon the fair fields of earth to establish that
system of salvation, yet we find that mankind is not yet saved.
And that manner of salvation has not been successful in saving mankind. We find that although unnumbered millions of money have been expended in building churches, cathedrals and temples, and in paying priests to preach and teach therein, though those buildings have been sacredly dedicated to Jesus and the Christian's God, though thousands of hymns of praise have therein been sung in honor of their God, though upon bended knees innumerable, and earnest prayers have been offered for the salvation of the human race, though thousands of good, honest and earnest men and women have begged and supplicated in agony of soul to their God for the salvation of mankind, yet mankind is not yet saved, and the mass of mankind has not yet found the true way of salvation. And still the same earnest cry arises from every home on this fair earth, from suffering, sorrowing humanity everywhere, "What shall we do to be saved?" And this cry that arises from human hearts everywhere proves conclusively, that mankind is not yet saved on earth in any nation. Notwithstanding all the effort that has been made for the salvation of the human race, we find that the people of any nation on the globe have not been saved from wrong; they have not been saved from sin, from falsehood, from theft, from robbery, from licentiousness, from intemperance, from murder, and are not saved from all the rest of the catalogue of crimes that are continually cursing mankind with their presence upon this fair earth.

Notwithstanding all that has been believed and preached in regard to a future Heaven or hell, notwithstanding all that has been said and believed in regard to the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," men still in earth life conduct themselves as though there were no relationship between them, and
as though all were the foes of all. For society is filled with those claiming to be human beings who are continually seeking to find some way whereby they can overreach, deceive and cheat their brother man. And robbers and murderers are found among all nations on this earth. And it is necessary to build prisons, and fill them with criminals in all countries on this earth. And when we take a retrospective view of mankind as we find it on earth today, the picture is indeed dark and gloomy. Each nation is at all times preparing for war, and each nation provides itself with weapons of destruction with which they can slaughter their brother man, in case of a disagreement which cannot in their selfish conditions be peaceably settled. And the poet can truthfully sing:

Oh! selfish man, thou hast not found
Thy Savior on this dark earth ground:
For wrongs, and crimes, and wars abound
Where'er on earth mankind is found.

Some say that Jesus came from God
To save mankind on earth's cold sod,
From wrong, from sin, and hell's hot fire,
And fill all minds with pure desire.

If this is true, Oh! tell us where,
We can on earth today repair,
And find that love in every heart,
Which seeks the good of every part.

We look—ah, yes! we look in vain,
Love does not rule this dark earth plane:
But sordid self doth everywhere
Its own dark folly now declare.

And e'en among the followers here
Of their loved Jesus it is clear
That selfish hate leads church and state;
Among the small, among the great.

And thus we find on earth today,
Salvation has not come this way;
For sorrow, suffering, here we find,
Oft times bears heavy on each mind.

And still they cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" We enter our populous cities. We find them reeking with all manner of crime. Though many temples are there erected and dedicated to the God they worship, we find thousands of saloons and hundreds of thousands of drunkards, and thousands of houses of prostitution, with liars, robbers, and murderers on every street. Why is it thus? Of you, fellow travelers through this earthly pilgrimage of life we ask the question, of you, who so earnestly desire and pray for the salvation of mankind, we ask, why, after so much effort has been made to accomplish the desired object, why is it that success has not crowned the stupendous effort? Is it not because the system of salvation that has been taught is not in harmony with nature's laws? Is the popular theory of the salvation of the human race through "vicarious atonement" in harmony with nature's law? Is it in accord with natural law, or with reason, or justice, that one man can become the scapegoat for the sins of all the people, and thus bear their burdens that they may escape the penalty of their crimes? We answer, "No!" All nature answers, "No!" Every living thing in nature by the law of its own being answers, "NO!" The theory has been far-fetched, even brought from the region of ancient heathen idolotry, and does not and can not meet and supply the needs and requirements of the present age. In fact its lack of success during the period of
time it has been so earnestly, faithfully and zealously promulgated proves it to be a false and mischievous system, unworthy the confidence of reasoning men, and detrimental to the welfare and progressive unfoldment of the human race. Methinks the Christians will here ask, "What then shall we do to be saved?" or "Do you claim that there is no salvation for mankind? Must the present state of wrong, sorrow and suffering always exist? Is there no balm of salvation that can be brought to alleviate human sorrow, grief and woe? Must humanity through the coming ages continue to cry, 'What shall we do to be saved,' and never find salvation. Is it possible that there is no crown of happiness to ever rest upon the brow of the sorrowing children of earth?" We answer, "No! No! NO! Nature, through undeviating and eternal laws, answers, "NO!" Angels in realms of light answer, "NO!" The law of progress answers, "No!" Then again comes an earnest enquiry, "What, then, shall we do to be saved?"

The response from the angels in higher life comes rolling along down the corridor of Time, echoing the answer: "Knowledge is the true and only Savior of mankind. That knowledge which teaches mankind that there is no forgiveness for wrong deeds; that cause and effect are inseparably connected, and that any wrong deed is the cause from which sorrow must sooner or later be felt, and felt in proportion to the injury done; that the cause of all sorrow, suffering, woe and misery in every condition in life is the result, the consequence, of wrong done, or of a violation of nature's laws in some department of life, or of at least imperfect conditions in nature's unfolding process."

Mankind needs to learn and know that unfortunate organizations are often inherited by children from the unfortunate con-
ditions of the parents before the birth of the child. A thorough knowledge of the law of heredity by the human race on earth would save many children in the coming generations from inheriting unfortunate organizations, and would thus be the cause of less crime, less misery, less prisoners in our prisons, and thus more happiness; something of salvation would be thus experienced. Mankind needs to possess the knowledge that will teach natural and true laws and conditions of life until no one can longer believe the false and absurd theory that Jesus or any other power will or can forgive sin, and thus relieve the sinner from the consequences of his wrong deeds.

Here is a lesson that we think all should heed. Society is so constituted and intermingled in this life that the good and the bad, the saint and the sinner, those who think "their robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb," those who think their sins have been forgiven, and that they are thus especial favorites of the God of our life, those who have no faith in that way of salvation, all these are living in the same neighborhood and side by side, and all are subject to the same law. If the saint violates a natural law the same result follows as when the sinner violates the same law, but he who least violates law and who lives the best, the most virtuous, harmonious and just life, whether he be saint or sinner, a believer or an unbeliever, a church member or one of the so-called "world's people," that man or woman is the happiest and comes the nearest to being saved. Hence all the phenomena of life teach us that it is "deeds" instead of "creeds" that save or damn mankind. Here, then, is one of the first things that men and women should and must do if they would be saved. They must "cease to do evil and learn to do well." They must be kind, honest, truthful,
just and good, with an earnest desire to obtain more wisdom, with a willingness to receive wisdom from the Great Fountain of all wisdom, Infinite Life; then the white-robed angels of love and wisdom will lead them up the pathway of progressive unfoldment where salvation will be their daily companion, as they learn to be just and to live in harmony with nature's laws.

If the sixty thousand priests, who are now preaching in the United States the false theory of salvation only to be acquired through the atoning blood of Jesus, could see their error, and as earnestly and faithfully preach and teach that the only true way of salvation is through the growth and unfoldment of the human mind until all humanity would "do good and not evil," there would, we think, in a short period of time, be the greatest advancement among the inhabitants of this country that has ever been known. And here is a truth that we must proclaim though the heavens fall:

So long as it is a popular religious belief, that salvation from sin can be procured through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, or through the merits of another, so long will the people on earth be compelled to build prisons, and to fill those prisons with criminal victims, and true salvation will be an unknown quantity with a large proportion of earth's children, and they will still be asking, "What shall I do to be saved?"

The only way that salvation can ever bless humanity is through a knowledge that saves; and that knowledge each one must search for and possess themselves. Knowledge that another possesses, unless I can grasp and comprehend it through my own mental powers, is of no more use to me for my salvation, than is the dinner that another eats of use to save me from hunger. As we have before remarked, men need to seek to
understand and to know the laws of reproduction until they will be competent to produce children that are born right, and then there will be no need of regeneration for them, and they will be saved from unfavorable antenatal conditions. Truth and justice must be the leading stars to guide and govern mankind in its pilgrimage during the earth life; and mankind, to be saved from error's ways, must seek for truth, and seek to distinguish it from error, for error and injustice, coupled with their legitimate offspring, hate, leads to sorrow, suffering and misery.

While truth and justice in harmony with love lead to peace, joy, happiness, and Heaven, it is necessary for mankind to seek for wisdom to unfold the mind to higher and nobler realms of thought, that will bring a degree of salvation to the progressive mind. It is an erroneous theory entertained by some minds that God will teach them all that is necessary for them to know without any effort of their own. "Seek, and ye shall find," is now as applicable to the progress and welfare of mankind as it was when uttered by the Nazarene nearly two thousand years ago upon the plain of Judea. All the salvation that has been acquired in the lower kingdoms we have shown has been acquired through, and in obedience to, natural law. Mankind is also a product of natural law, the highest one of earth's productions. And does it not necessarily follow that man's salvation must come through the same law, or power of unfoldment, that has all through the past ages been saving, through progress, the elements of which the human race are now composed from their lower conditions of life, and thus bringing them up to their present condition of unfoldment?

But the Christian believer in the vicarious atonement will undoubtedly remark, "Oh! yes, it is true that you can trace the
progress or development of mankind from the lower kingdoms up to the various conditions of human life now upon earth, and your reasoning in regard to progress thus far we do not dispute. But when man lays off the earth-form and passes to spirit life, there to appear before the throne of God to be judged for deeds done here in the body, it is then another relation, another condition that your natural salvation does not reach. And here is where the unforgiven dying sinner can find no way to be saved except through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. The Bible reads, 'As a tree falls, so it lies,' and there is no progress beyond the grave. Man's day of repentance and his chance of salvation through repentance closes when he passes through death. And the sinner, who has not accepted his salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus, must be forever miserable, and for such there can be no salvation in spirit life, for the Bible reads, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.'

Let us briefly examine those assertions and see whether they are in harmony with logical reasoning or not. We will first notice the assertion in regard to the fallen tree. That passage is quoted to prove that there is no progress or no redemption beyond the grave. Now, if the comparison is a parallel case, it certainly will prove the progress of mankind after death. For every man who has had any experience in the nature and management of timber must know that a fallen tree does not lie in the same condition for any great length of time where it fell. Soon the elements begin to produce decomposition, and, in a few years, the tree becomes decomposed through nature's law of progress, and the elements of which the tree was composed seek salvation through other and perhaps higher forms of organic life. It is
evidently a law of nature that change is continually operating upon all things in life. Probably there is no living individual who is just the same mentally and physically on any two days in a lifetime. For man is a natural being brought into existence through natural law, and is subject to natural law while here and passes through death according to natural law. And we have no more reason to suppose that the mind or soul of man after passing through that condition of life called death shall forever remain the same, that is the same in mental and spiritual unfoldment, than we have to suppose that the fallen tree must forever remain the same. But we have good reason not only to believe but to know that the individual mind or soul still retains its individuality and its attributes, such as love, memory, sympathy, and the ability and power to progress, after the material form has been consigned to the tomb. Indeed we do not know of any thing or being that does or can exist outside of nature, for we cannot conceive of anything outside of nature; for nature must of course be necessarily boundless, and fold within its embrace all there is of life in the boundless and infinite universe of life.

Again, we think we are justified in asserting that every object or being that we see around us has been evolved, unfolded, individualized and brought into being through and by the law of progress, which is a very important natural law. We also find that the law of progress operates upon both mind and matter, for the material form of a child, in connection with the mind which is spiritual, is evolved, individualized and brought into being so closely related to the mind, that the progress of the body and mind are mutually associated. But we find the mind grows and unfolds in thought and knowledge as the material
form grows in size and increases in strength. And thus we find the mind or soul of man is as surely the result of the natural law of progressive unfoldment as is the material form.

Now it is reasonable to suppose, that *any* power (call it God or call it nature) capable of evolving from the lower elements of spirit and matter an immortal mind capable of reasoning and unfolding, as is the human mind while it remains in the earth form, and yet, during its earthly pilgrimage, only has time to learn so very little of the great book of life, and then, at the time in life when the spirit is withdrawn from the material body, to pass on to higher fields of unfolding life; that all those minds or souls, who had failed to believe a certain theory that had been taught by a few people in earth life, should then and there be condemned to eternal misery, and thus be debarred the privilege of further growth or progress, without any hope of learning more of life and its mystery; without any hope of ever being saved from their miserable condition; without any hope of ever receiving another ray of light from the infinite sun of eternal truth?

This idea is not in harmony with nature's laws or the phenomena of life as we see their manifestations around us on every side. It is a ridiculous and an absurd idea, which could only have originated in the dark ages when false gods were worshiped by heathen worshipers. And it is indeed surprising that such an absurd and false dogma can be believed by any intelligent mind at the present time. But we are not compelled to prove such a theory to be false by a philosophical course of reasoning, for we now have positive evidence from those whom we have called dead, but who have only passed through so-called death to higher life, that this absurd theory is false,
and has no foundation in fact. The Christians have taught that when a person dies they pass to a "bourn from whence no traveler returns." But the law of progress has also proved that theory to be false, for thousands of those called dead have returned to the friends they loved in earth life, have by those friends been recognized, and are daily telling their friends of their condition of life in their spiritual state of existence, and of the condition of different minds who have passed through death, and now exist as conscious and progressive individuals beyond death's river. And the facts and conditions of spirit life that those loved and loving friends who have passed death's portals tell us of, are of more value to us, are of more value to humanity in earth-life, are of more value to science and the progress of mankind, than are all the false and absurd theories that have ever been taught by ignorant and superstitious men, who know nothing by experience of spirit life or of a life beyond death. And those dear friends in spirit life, who return to tell us of their life over there, and thus bring knowledge to those in earth life, who will heed and profit by their lessons of instruction, that will lead them upward to higher planes of intellectual thought and spiritual unfoldment, and thus assist them to climb the rugged pathway of progress up the grand old mountain of living truth, are, as far as they teach truth that eradicates error from the mind, the saviors, thus far, of those who receive and profit by their instruction. And they tell us, and to me at least it appears reasonable, that salvation can only come through the growth and unfoldment of the mind, and that nothing but true knowledge can unfold the mind in the pathway that leads to salvation.

"But," says the Christian, "We do not believe, nor acknowl-
edge, that those who are dead can or do return to bring any news from beyond death's river. We still say 'Death is the pathway to a bourn whence no traveler returns.' Hence all your so-called evidence from that source is to us worthless. We, as Christians, stand upon the authority of the Bible in all things pertaining to man's future condition, his welfare and happiness.' Do you indeed? Well, my dear Christian friend, then you must acknowledge that there is a way whereby those who have passed through death have been able to return and talk with those in the earth form. Allow us, kind Christian brother, to refer you to the record in the Bible contained in the nineteenth chapter of the book of Revelation, where John was about to worship a spirit he had mistaken for God. The spirit said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren." Here we find that your Bible records the return of one spirit to earth from across the river of death. We also refer you to the record of the return to earth of Moses and Elias, Matthew, chapter seventeen. We refer you also to the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew where you will find that "many bodies of saints arose from their graves, went into the city, and appeared unto many." Also you will remember that Saul, through the medium called the "woman of Endor," held a conversation with Samuel, who had passed through death. And Samuel foretold to Saul things that proved to be true. We could if necessary refer you to many other accounts recorded in the Bible where those who had passed through death did return, and were seen by those who were yet in the form, but we think we have quoted enough for our present purpose, for if it is a fact that one has ever returned, it establishes the fact that others can return, and that death does not lead to a "bourn from which no traveler returns." "But,"
says my Christian friend, "God permitted those to return to earth for the benefit of one or more of earth's inhabitants."

Very well, the same power that heretofore permitted spirits from spirit life to return to earth for the purpose of benefiting mankind, also permits at this time thousands of spirits to return to earth to bring joy and gladness to thousands of sorrowing hearts, and to prove to earth's children that death is only the gateway through which we must pass to advance to higher fields of spirit life. And, also, to teach poor sorrowing humanity in earth life the true way that leads to salvation. And, if our dear Christian friends refuse to investigate this glorious truth that is being daily revealed to mankind by spirit friends in higher life, if they close the ears of their soul to the dear spirit voices that so often whisper to us, if they choose to close their eyes to the spiritual manifestations that are every day being brought to mankind from the spiritual realms of existence, if they choose to greet their spirit friends (who return from spirit life and who would gladly meet them in love, and bring them lessons of truth from spirit life) with cold shoulders and haughty frowns, and call them "devils dark," if they are still determined to cherish, love, and hug to their hearts those old heathen and false theories that originated in the dark and cruel ages of the past, and thus drive from the door of their spiritual comprehension the loving angel of truth who would gladly enter therein, we know of no power that will force them to abandon their unreasonable course, and nothing but mental and spiritual unfoldment will save them from their present condition of cherishing those ancient and false theories, and baptise them in the pure water of everliving truth and undying love."
"But what do those returning spirit friends tell you in regard to a future life?" asks the Christian and Agnostic.

They tell us that all life is spirit life, and that all life is a part of that infinite life that some call God and others call Nature. They tell us that when man lays off the mortal form, he passes to a life one step higher in advancement, but a life that is only a continuation of his previous earth life; that man starts in spirit life just where he left off in earth life; that man is there as here a progressive being. They teach that mankind cannot place itself outside the law of progress, hence we all are, and must be progressive beings through all eternity.

Thus progress will all minds unfold;
In time reveal the pure, bright gold,
That now lies hid in many a mind;
Search as we will, we fail to find.

The grossest soul on earth today,
In time will find a purer way:
Arise from sin and sorrow here,
And blossom in a higher sphere.

And thankful are we here today,
That angels pure reveal the way
For us to find the golden door,
Where higher mansion's we'll explore.

These spirit friends tell us that it is not creeds but deeds that save; that the murderer upon the gallows, who expects through the blood of Jesus to be welcomed into eternal bliss, and to thus be saved from the consequences of his cruel deed, will be a disappointed soul when he arrives in the land of souls. And those priests who preach and teach that false religion are blind leaders of the blind, and that the doctrine which they teach, that "sal-
vation can only come through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus," is a false and pernicious doctrine, and detrimental to the welfare and progress of mankind. They tell us there is no forgiveness for sin whereby the sinner can escape the consequences of his wrong deeds; that souls who pass to spirit life, if they have been wrong doers here, will suffer for the wrong done when they get to spirit life; but that in time all, through progress, will arise to a better and happier condition. They also teach that the better, more just and harmonious a person's life has been here, the happier will he be when he passes to spirit life. Hence:

They ever advise us to virtuous be,
Where'er we are on life's rough sea;
Let virtue, truth and love divine
Around our pathway ever shine.
Let wisdom from the realms of light,
Each day our footsteps guide aright;
And strive to lead earth's wanderer here,
To climb truth's mount to a higher sphere.

Too long has mankind been depending for salvation to come through the effort or by the virtue of another. By far too long has mankind been seeking for salvation by believing an erroneous theory, rejecting the laws and the religion of nature and nature's God, and believing and practicing a theory that has no foundation in fact or nature, and worshiping an idol God who has no real existence except in the minds of his worshipers. Salvation can only come to bless mankind through the growth and unfoldment of the mind to such a degree that truth instead of error shall be received and adopted; that justice to all and by all shall be the pleasure of all. Then goodness, truth, and love
shall take the place where now rankles selfishness, hate, and injustice, and all shall know that for one to wrong another, wrongs all—for all are brothers and sisters in the great family of mankind. Then truth and knowledge will cover the earth, and mankind will be blessed with a true and glorious salvation.

"What shall we do to saved be?"
We thus attempt to answer free:
We would through nature's laws of life,
Banish all error, wrong and strife.

Unfold all minds to see and know,
That all must seek to higher grow:
That all must rise above the plane,
Where selfishness, through wrong, seeks gain.

Unfold the minds of all to know
That all are brethren here below:
That love in one unbroken chain
Should circle all on this earth plane.

No high, no low, no rich, no poor
Can be debarred from Heaven's door,
When they have laid all wrong deeds down
And thus through sorrow earned a crown

To deck their brow in realms of light;
When above blind error's sable night,
They rise through wisdom's saving power,
To brighter realms in nature's bower.

And thus salvation is for all
Who dwell upon this earthly ball:
But each one must salvation find.
By the unfoldment of the mind.
CHAPTER XV.

Summary of what I have learned from forty years intercourse with the denizens of the spirit spheres. *

What have ye learned of truth that's clear,
By searching in the spirit sphere?
Tell us, Oh mortal, if you can,
What you have found revealed to man.

First: We have learned the great and all-important truth that so-called death does not end the career of a human being who has been born upon this earth. That when the human form passes through the change called death, the mind, soul, or spirit, loses nothing, except the material temple in which it has dwelt for a long or a short time. That the individual entity or consciousness still lives and retains its individual consciousness and mental attributes, although the external form has been laid in the grave, and has there returned to dust. We have learned that those who are called dead have not gone to a "bourn from whence no traveler returns," for they return daily to us here in earth life, when we make the conditions suitable, and tell us of their continuation of life in the higher or spiritual state of existence. Those who come to us invariably tell us that they commenced their life's work in the higher life, just exactly where they laid it down in this life when they passed away from

* I here beg the reader to excuse the tautology that may be found in this chapter, as a repetition of some things heretofore written may be necessary to complete this summary.
the earth form. They also tell us that all who pass from earth to the higher life take with them their own individual characteristics (whether they are good or bad,) and that those characteristics will adhere to them, until, through growth and unfoldment, they will be able to rise above their present condition to higher planes of mental and spiritual unfoldment. They tell us that progress is a law of human unfoldment in spirit life as surely as it is in earth life, and that all who desire to unfold more of their mental and spiritual capacity will there find ample means for satisfying that desire. But those who are evil-minded, low, and vile, and have no desire to acquire more knowledge or arise above their low and undeveloped condition, will be allowed to continue thus until the good angel of progress awakens within their dark minds a desire to advance to a higher condition, and that then they will find good and kind instructors who will willingly lead them up the pathway of progress to higher fields of unfolding life. They tell us that those who were good, truthful, just and honest in their earth lives occupy a glorious home and beautiful surroundings in the higher life, and are comparatively happy. But those who in earth life have been low, vile, dishonest and unjust, will find themselves in spirit life, if they pass there in that condition, upon the same plane of thought and action, and will sometime in spirit life suffer the fiery pangs of a guilty conscience just in proportion to their wrong deeds. They tell us that there are many different places of abode for spirits who have left the mortal form—that each one will find a home in a sphere of life that will be adapted to its mental and spiritual plane of unfoldment. They also tell us that very many men and woman spirits, for all who have laid off their mortal form are men, women and children in spirit
life, will remain upon earth for years (some for many years after their transition), for the reason that they have not grown or unfolded above the low plane which they occupied on earth. Their development was almost wholly upon the material and sensual plane, and they are earth-bound spirits; hence they cannot for a time arise above the gross earthly plane of life, and therefore must remain on earth until progress raises them upon a higher plane.

They tell us that the next higher sphere is to be found upon the first spiritual belt or zone (which surrounds the earth), and that upon this belt are to be found many spirits of different degrees of unfoldment, but the law of attraction collects together those whose mental and spiritual unfoldment are similar, and thus society upon that belt is divided into different associations similar to those on earth. In that sphere are to be found many of the different Christians and others whose dogmatic creeds chain them to the old forms and ceremonies of the past ages, and there they must remain until they shall desire to know more of life and its uses. Then they will commence like the opening flower to unfold their blossoms of mind to others who occupy a higher plane of spiritual unfoldment. The spirit friends also tell us that many who enter that plane of life expecting to find Jesus, or God, are terribly disappointed when they fail to find either of them in any of the spheres of spirit life.

Once at a materializing seance, an aged spirit, a relative of mine, materialized and walked out of the cabinet. She had been a good woman in earth life, a good and zealous member of the Methodist church for more than thirty years, and ever thought it a sacred duty to offer many prayers to the throne of
of grace. In my conversation with her I asked, "If she found that her prayers offered when she was in earth life had been of any use to her in spirit life?"

She answered, "No! not in the least. I prayed honestly, earnestly, and sincerely, upon bended knees, for more than thirty years in earth life, and those prayers never did a bit of good."

I asked her, "If she had ever seen God, Jesus, or the golden throne in spirit life?"

She answered, "No. I have never found either of them."

I asked, "Do you think there is such a person in existence as Jesus of Nazareth?"

She replied, "They tell us that Jesus is in the seventh sphere, and that when we get to the seventh sphere, we shall see him, and that is all I know about it."

I have talked with many of the denizens of the spirit realms, and I have never found one who said they had ever seen Jesus or God, or who had ever found the Christian's Heaven. No one unless it was a Catholic priest from spirit life, with whom I had a very unpleasant experience many years since. He claimed to know all about Jesus, God, Heaven and Hell, and he also claimed that all who were Catholics would go to Heaven, and all who were not Catholics would surely go to Hell. I yielded at first submissively to his control but soon became disgusted with his bigotry and lack of reason, yet I could not shut him off. For more than a year, if I seated myself for an influence, that miserable old bigot would grab me and I could not shut him off until my spirit guide would shut him up. It required the combined power of my own will and the power of my spirit guide to shut him off, but, after a time, we conquered him, and
he left me, at least I have not recognized his presence of late.

As far as I have been able to learn there is as large a variety of beliefs in spirit life as there is in earth life. And why should there not be as long as earth is daily sending to spirit life men and women representing all the different beliefs that are cherished upon earth, and those creeds, however false they may be, will be believed in by some in spirit life, until the believer of a false creed shall through growth and progress learn its absurdity and its falsity?

But we think the skeptic will here ask, "If that is true, how do you know that those who communicate with you tell the truth?"

I have found that in communicating with spirits it is best for us to judge of the truth or falsity of what they tell us, and by the same rules that we judge of the truth or untruth of what spirits who are yet in the mortal form on earth tell us. Human beings who yet occupy their material forms on earth are as surely spirits as they will be when they shall have laid off their mortal coil and passed to higher life beyond the grave. And in earth life we are compelled to associate with the good, the bad, the indifferent, the false, and the true, and are compelled to judge for ourselves in regard to the truth of what they tell us. And, by the same rule, I judge of the truth of all communications coming from all the different grades of human development in all conditions of human life, whether on earth or in the higher spheres. We suppose that until the human mind arrives at a certain degree of perfection it will be liable to make mistakes in forming a belief, or to err in judgement. Hence, it seems to us necessary that we should have some basis of absolute truth, with which we can compare ideas, theories, and beliefs
presented to us by other minds, who dwell either on earth or in the higher realms of being. And we have been able to find one and only one absolute guide, upon which we can depend with any reasonable degree of certainty, to lead us in the pathway of truth, in our search for knowledge in this earth sphere of existence. That guide is the phenomena of life in all the different departments of being.

We think we are perfectly safe in assuming that life's phenomena in all its vast variety of expression is governed by immutable law; and that like forces, like elements, and like conditions will produce the same results. That any man, woman, king, priest, or potentate cannot in the least degree change nature's law. Man may to a certain extent change the combination of some of the elements, in some small department of nature's laboratory, that may change the result, but the law will remain the same. Here then lies the only basis we have found by which we can compare our belief and ascertain whether it is true or false. For if we find that our belief or creed will not harmonize with the laws of life as they are expressed through life's unfoldings, we may at once know that there is an error in our formula or belief. To illustrate: Man has told us through the writings contained in an ancient book, and this has for thousands of years been believed by a part of mankind to be true, that this earth with all its mountains, its plains, its rivers, oceans, seas and lakes, and the whole planetary system, sun, moon and stars, were made about six thousand years ago, and that they were all made and placed in the firmament in six day's time, and that a woman was, by a nice surgical operation, made out of a rib taken out of the side of a man.
Before the human mind on earth was sufficiently unfolded to seek for truth in the realms of the phenomena of life, it was very easy for the human mind to believe such stories, especially when they were taught by the priesthood to be divine truth revealed to mankind by the great architect and builder of this world, and all other planets, and worlds in existence. But as humanity came, year after year and age after age, struggling up the pathway of progressive unfoldment, and commenced to study into the field of causation as it is revealed through the phenomena of life, which had been produced through natural and unchanging law, they found that, according to the geological structure of the earth, the ancient theory of the earth being created and made in six days' time could not be true. They also found, by comparing other ancient theories in regard to mankind and their relations with the phenomena of life, that those other theories did not harmonize with the living facts as expressed in the phenomena of life. And here arose the difference between science and theory; between the revelation of phenomena and the relation of the priesthood. Science claimed that nothing but the great divine architect could write the pages of the great book of nature, and thus speak to man through the rocky crust of old mother earth, and if that architect, by some called God, had through man revealed his power and will, through a man-written book, the written book should harmonize in all its parts with the revelation of nature's forces which man could not control. The priesthood claimed that the Bible was the only revelation that God had ever given to man, and that all things of earth were earthly, sensual and devilish. Thus has the priesthood ever been throwing dust in the eyes of those who sought to find more and a higher truth. But the
eyes of a part of humanity are getting opened, and the most intellectual people now admit that nature's laws are God's laws, and that man's creeds must harmonize with nature's laws and forces if they are to be worthy of belief.

Again: The priesthood taught the people for many years, that when persons passed through that change called death, they went to a "bourn from whence no traveler returned." And well do I remember in my youthful days, the shadow, a thousand times darker than midnight gloom, that enshrouded my mental horizon as the form of a loved one was laid at rest in the silent tomb. And, by me,

In death a monster dark was seen,
Without a ray of light between
My loved one, whom we laid away,
And us who yet on earth did stay.

Oh! dark and cruel was that power,
That taught such creeds at death's dark hour;
When hearts with grief were crushed and broken,
The priesthood brought to us no token

Of love, of life, from the friend we'd lost;
Our hearts o'er billows dark were tossed;
For then, no ray of light we'd found
From the spirit realms, to earth's cold ground.

But, by and by: Hark! "What is that?" A rap! Hark! they come, another, another, and yet more and more. We ask, "Who are you?" The answer comes, "I am the spirit of your brother, whom you thought dead. But I never died. I still live. I love you still. I never went to a 'bourn from whence no traveler returns.' I am here to tell you of our life in the spirit realms of being." But the priests tell me, "Oh No! NO! NO!
It cannot be your brother. He cannot come back. This is fraud. This is deception. This is electricity. Oh! it is the devil! And God's holy book, the Bible, denounces all such devilish manifestations."

Thus the priests denounced; and for forty and more years they have kept denouncing; and many of them that are too bigoted to investigate the phenomena still keep denouncing. For all that, our friends, and thousands of the friends of others, still come, and keep coming, regardless of the denunciation of Christian bigots; proving conclusively that the priesthood has been in an error, and that the phenomena of life has been the only source upon which we could depend to learn the glorious truth of a future life of the human soul, and the truth of spiritual intercourse with the denizens of the higher spheres of human existence. And from that source, the phenomena of life brought to the people on earth by those who have crossed death's mystic river, we have learned all that we know in regard to a future life, and of the existence of our loved ones who have passed on before. And those lessons we have thus learned in spite of the denunciations of a dark-minded and bigoted priesthood with its deceived followers.

The lessons of life, which I have learned from that source during the last forty years of my earthly pilgrimage, are of far more value to me to cheer me on my way and give me courage, strength of mind, and happiness as I wend my way down the sunset slope of earth life, than all the Orthodox sermons that have ever been preached or written or that I have ever heard or read. And these facts I now write without any desire to deceive any one who may read these pages, for I well know that I stand very near the bank of the river that rolls between this earth and
the spirit land. And I hold a belief, that with me amounts to almost knowledge, that whatever I sow here, I shall soon reap its fruitage in the realms of spirit life, whether it be good or evil. And I neither expect nor desire Jesus to forgive my sins, but I expect to meet my conditions in spirit life upon the basis of my own previous life and deeds, and enjoy or suffer according as my deeds through life have been good or evil. And that truth is taught us by all the good and truthful spirits in higher life (with whom we have communicated) who have arisen in the scale of mental and spiritual unfoldment above the unnatural and dark plane of heathen or Christian idolatry.

We have also learned that there are many in spirit life who, while in earth life, were so strongly wedded to a false creed that they entered spirit life chained mentally to that creed. And thus there are thousands of creed-bound spirits in spirit life who have not yet outgrown those dark mental conditions. But in time all will unfold mentally and spiritually to behold the absurdity of their false creeds, and then their minds will be unchained, and they will rejoice in the freedom of thought, and daily bask in the sunlight of divine wisdom and unselfish love.

Our spirit friends tell us that passing through death does not change the mind, that the mind starts in spirit life just as it was when it left the earth form, and unfolds through the same process of growth that it did in earth life. That in spirit life there can now be found all the different grades of human life that can now be found on earth, for the reason that the earth is daily sending to spirit life some of all classes of its inhabitants, and that those minds, however variable they may appear, will thus remain until progress or mental growth unfolds the petals of thought, causing it to blossom into a higher plane of unfold-
ment. They also tell us that in spirit life activity is the characteristic of that higher condition of spiritual existence. And all those who desire to progress in knowledge themselves, and who desire the progress of all those who occupy a lower plane of unfoldment than themselves, are as active workers in spirit life, as they were to obtain their earthly desires in earth life. They also tell us that there are hosts of creed-bound spirits, who, on entering spirit life, fail to find their ideal Heaven, and in their sadness and disappointment sit idly down and wait for their imaginary general judgment day, when they expect to be received into their ideal Heaven. And that those who love humanity, and realize that all are brothers and sisters of one great family, are actively engaged in laboring for the elevation and advancement of the human race. While others, who were dark minded and mischievous, disposed to do evil in earth life, carry with them to spirit life their characteristics, and are there often engaged in mischievous or evil pursuits, which are detrimental to their own welfare and happiness, as well as to those of many others with whom they come in contact. That class of spirits generally possess a very strong will power, and, through the law of psychological control, can, and sometimes do, obsess or partially control sensitive minds in the earth form, and thus lead them to commit evil deeds, when this sensitive mind does not realize the presence or power of the obsessing spirit.

Thus it is a common occurrence for a spirit who has been executed for the crime of murder, to bring its revengeful and murderous desire to bear upon the sensitive mind of some low-minded person in the earth form, and thus lead that person to commit the crime of murder. And, because such is the fact,
we suggest that murderers should not be executed, and thus turned loose in spirit life to prey in their invisible and evil condition upon humanity in earth life. They should be confined where their evil minds could not be exercised upon others, and an effort should be made to reform the criminal while thus confined. Because such are the facts in regard to spirit life and the relation of these low spirits with, and their power over, many who are in the earth form, it would be far better for mankind on earth if all knew the truth in regard to that fact, for they could then better guard against the influences of those low and undeveloped spirits. But as long as a sensitive in earth life does not realize that an invisible actor in life's drama stands by its side, and possesses the power to exercise a psychological influence over it, the sensitive is an unconscious victim of a low, unhappy spirit. Such is the cause of much sorrow and suffering in earth life.

The spirits also tell us, and we have good reason to believe it true, that many spirits who were drunkards, or who had acquired an inordinate desire for strong drink while in earth life, for a time after death will visit and hang around those saloons they were accustomed to visit in earth life, that they may thus inhale the spirit-intoxicating beverage when prepared to be drank by others. This action is in obedience to a law of their being, because, as we have before affirmed, the traits of character, whether inherited or acquired, accompany the spirit to spirit life, and, for a time, and to a certain extent, control the conduct of the translated spirit. The translation of a spirit from the material form in earth life to the spiritual realms of being does not place the translated spirit above or beyond natural law. They also assure us that the libertine takes with him to
spirit life his licentious qualities, and, in obedience to that demand, he becomes at times an invisible actor and participant in the vile deeds in some of the low dens of infamy and shame that are supported by the low and degraded ones of both sexes on the dark earth. And it is the truth that the denizens of earth and the spirit life do associate together, though often those in earth form are not aware of their invisible associates.

Thus the above expressions of life which we have been relating applies to some of the lowest expressions of human life, which we find springing from the so-called civilized people upon the earth. Of course our description above does not apply to the lower barbarous races, nor to those individual beings who have advanced to a higher and nobler plane of unfoldment, for human life is vastly diversified, from the lowest cannibal in the wilds of Africa to the most intelligent and highest spiritually unfolded being that dwells upon the earth. And all this vast variety of human life that has been individualized and commenced its career upon earth will find a place in the spirit realms of life, that will be just adapted to their plane of development in spirit life. And thus, they tell us, all are connected together in bonds of fraternal and divine love, because all are children of, and therefore a part of, Father God and Mother Nature, and all the vast and diversities in life are but the different expressions of infinite and eternal life in the different stages of growth and unfoldment. But through all the different gradations of life the lower grade is always struggling upward towards the higher—for that is nature's law. And they also tell us that there are many higher grades of human life in the spiritual realms of existence of which earth's inhabitants at present can form no true conception; also that there exists those individual
minds who have been in spirit life millions of years, who are wiser and more powerful than mankind on earth can conceive. Yet those wise and powerful spirits must ever work in obedience to natural law if they desire success to crown their efforts.

These spirits also tell us that there are spirits in the higher life so wise and powerful that they can by their power of will visit regions in space where are collected vast bodies of nebulous matter or elements under the control of those, to us, unknown forces, which make of those nebular elements a vast and mighty vortex of seething, tumbling, raging, roaring billows, mightier by far than the ordinary human mind can conceive, and from whose fiery and tumultuous bosom worlds are born and flung into trackless space by the internal forces of that gigantic vortex, and commence a grand career revolving and journeying around their common center. And they tell us that some of those ancient and powerful spirits of the past ages can stand just outside of that roaring, seething vortex, and, by the mighty power of their God-like will, they can help, to some extent (but to what extent I do not know) to control the forces that thus organizes a new planet or world and hurls it into existence. If such be the truth, who can conceive the mighty power that lies latent in every human soul? For they tell us that all mankind is journeying on towards that grand and mighty goal. And if that is true, as we believe it to be,

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be sad?
Forever advancing! all sure should be glad
That, away in the future, each soul will arise
And bask in the sunlight of wisdom's pure skies.
Here in this dark earth life, if all could but know
The love and affection that ever doth flow
From sages of wisdom, far up the archway,
Adown to poor mortals in earth life each day:

Less tears would be shed o’er the casket and grave;
From sighs and from sorrow that knowledge would save
Each wandering pilgrim in earth life below;
And instead of sad heart throbs, life’s pure joy would flow,
Could each soul in earth life in truth understand,
That he is a part of life’s infinite plan:
That he is a brother to that bright sage above:
Methinks from his earth life would out-flow pure love.

Dear friends in earth life, our guide tells us we have not overdrawn the mental picture; for we possess not the power to express a tithe of its grandeur, its beauty and its glory. Pilgrim wanderers in the dark valleys of earth life! why will ye grovel in folly, in sin, in crime, and all the evils that now curse mankind upon earth, when you are born to such a grand and glorious inheritance. They tell us that we can never inherit our glorious birthright until we arise above all falsehood, all crime, all wrong deeds, and in all and every condition of life live up to the golden rule: “Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,” and thus live to bless and not curse the human race. Yes, they tell us that the sooner we seek earnestly to prepare ourselves to enjoy that glorious and divine inheritance, the sooner shall we feel the pure joys of Heaven within our own soul, that will elevate us above all wrong, sorrow, sin and woe, and prepare us to take our places with the good, just, and pure men and women who have passed on before, and are now laboring to bless humanity in every condition of life, and who, with outstretched arms, are waiting to receive and welcome us to our heavenly inheritance, when, by good deeds, we shall have proved ourselves worthy to wear a crown upon which can justly be
written: "WELL DONE, GOOD, TRUE AND FAITHFUL SERVANT; ENTER THOU INTO THE JOYOUS ABODE OF THE HIGHER REALMS OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE."

It is very natural for those who are commencing to investigate the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism to desire to learn all they can in regard to the manner and mode of life in the spiritual realms of existence. And this question is often asked, "If the marriage relation extends to and is practical in spirit life?" Those who are well advanced in knowledge in the higher life tell us that true marriage is natural, and, therefore, practical, in all the realms of life as far as their knowledge extends; that true marriage consists in the harmonious blending together of the male and female elements and principles, in every and all conditions of life; that all matter and spirit are permeated with those principles of life, else no production or reproduction would have ever appeared in space as the expression of life and life's forces. Every atom of earth contains within itself either the male or female principle; and an interblending of those principles, or, if you please, an harmonious marriage in the atomic realms of life clothe the earth in its mantle of green and living beauty; causes the fragrant flowers to bloom and scatter their fragrance around mankind's pathway; rears upon earth each huge and mighty forest tree; fills earth's oceans, seas, lakes, rivers and brooks with fishes, and the air with insect life. Thus the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the human kingdoms that now flourish upon earth are the beautiful and grand expression of the marriage relation in the atomic realm of being.

Now, if the human kingdom on earth is the result or the expression of the marriage relation as we have affirmed, then it
follows that all spirits born upon earth, who are now denizens of the spirit realm, are also the expressed result of the marriage relation. In the atomic realms of being, it seems that the law of attraction and repulsion are the natural forces that unite atoms in the marriage relation; hence, a true marriage is the result and fruitage of such a union, whether plant, flower, shrub, tree, or fruit upon the tree, is a harmonious production; that is, it is in harmony with itself and the parentage from which it emanated.

But when we attempt to find in the human department of the animal kingdom on earth a harmonious blending of all the elements necessary to produce a harmonious union of a man and a woman, we find it a much more difficult task, for we there find other factors that hold relations to the parties, that often interfere with a harmonious blending. Natural affection, or true love for each other, is the pivot or central point around which all thought, ideas, and conditions should revolve, when two souls seek to form a true marriage relation which will form a harmonious and happy union. But often other factors influence the parties; such as a home, wealth, aggrandizement, social position, lust, and many other conditions until the central pivot, pure and unalloyed love, is covered by the vast surrounding heap of popular and selfish rubbish; and, regardless of the holy and divine element which only can consecrate a true marriage relation, the parties take upon themselves the marriage vows, and thus form a so-called marriage union, which is so only in name and appearance. And the fruitage of such a union must, according to nature's law, be inharmoniously constituted. And from such unions emerge many of the low, the fallen and the criminal classes that now dwell upon earth.
Nothing in nature’s vast fields of unfoldment can be produced, so far as we know, without union of the male and female elements and forces. And, in each department of life’s unfoldings, the more harmonious the blending of the male and female elements and forces, the more perfect will be the fruitage of that union. They tell us, that those inharmonious or false unions will not endure in the higher realms of spirit life, but will, by the law of repulsion be severed and new unions formed, these again to be severed, unless the union be true to the central principle of unselfish love.

In spirit life true unions are formed, not for the purpose of reproduction, but for the advantages to be derived from social intercourse, spiritual culture and enjoyment. It is a truth well understood by the highly unfolded denizens of spirit life, that the highest love that binds heart to heart and soul to soul is not that selfish, sensual love that seeks enjoyment through the gratification of a sexual and selfish appetite, but it is that harmonious union of soul elements and forces, that seeks the companionship of its spiritual mate, because the law of spiritual attraction binds the two halves of one spiritual being in the loving embrace of an eternal union. And as the highest and noblest production of earth, the human spirit, cannot be brought forth without the harmonious interblending of the male and female elements and forces, so also in the higher realms of spiritual existence, the highest, the noblest, and the grandest plane of spiritual unfoldment cannot be attained by either the male or female spirit separate and alone, but the two halves of soul existence, the male and female, must blend in equal parts in soul union, thus forming one divine, eternal perfected mind, capable of the highest and grandest achievements
in wisdom's ways, and in intellectual and spiritual unfoldment. And towards that grand and glorious goal all minds on earth and in spirit life are tending. And though with some minds it may require many ages for them to reach that plane of growth and unfoldment, yet that high plane of soul unfoldment must be attained before the human spirit can truly comprehend or realize the grandeur, the beauty, the richness, and the glory of life in its highest aspect, that aspect which awaits earth's poor wandering pilgrims as they are now struggling in darkness along the thorny pathway of earth-life experience.

Thus, our guide in spirit life assures us, that the human individual spirit commences its individual career in the low, often in the inharmonious cell-life of material and spiritual unfoldment upon the earth plane of life, and through the gradual growth and unfoldment of the spirit entity on earth and in the higher realms of spirit life, all intelligent human spirits will in time reach that sublime height of grandeur and spiritual glory which is only attainable through the higher unfoldment of their intellectual and spiritual attributes.

The question is often asked, "Do the denizens of the spirit land live in families as they do in earth life?" Our spirit friends tell us that all those families that in earth life were held together by the law of attraction or love will in spirit life, for a time at least, form a family group, and in some location in the spirit realms suited to their needs their home will be found, and this home will thus remain as long as that condition supplies all the needs and desires of each member of the family. But when the needs, or desires, or aspirations of any member of the family can no longer be supplied in that condition, the dissatisfied members will withdraw and seek for what they
desire in other conditions. They also tell us that as the law of progress is continually demanding change, and as change is as necessary to growth in spirit life as in earth life, we may of course expect that change is written upon all things in spirit life as surely as it is in earth life. But in spirit life more associations are formed than there are in earth life. That is: Many families and friends who occupy about the same plane of mental and spiritual unfoldment associate together in such a manner that all who belong to the same association will enjoy the same home. And often many advantages in various ways are gained by such associations. They also tell us that many religious associations are in existence in spirit life, which have been formed by those who in earth life belonged to some association or church in which a creed was their governor. And when, after their arrival in the higher life, they cannot at once arise above their former creeds, they form associations and communities, and adhere as tenaciously to their former religious creeds as they did in their earth life. And some of them remain in that undesirable condition for many years, while others who are not so strongly wedded to former creeds, lay off sooner their robes of credulity, and commence to learn higher lessons in the truths of life’s unfoldings, and thus move gradually and joyfully up the pathway of progress, that leads upward and onward, as they believe, forever. But of course that belief is above and beyond the knowledge of any finite mind and must so remain, only as we assume by reasoning from what we do know to what we do not know, or until endless eternity proves it true or false.

They tell us that the Catholic spirits are more firmly bound to their religious creeds than any of the Protestant sects, for the pope through the priesthood holds the Catholic laity
chained in complete mental slavery, and that condition of mental servitude follows the members to spirit life. Through the long hundreds of past years, but very few, comparatively, have escaped from that dark and deplorable heresy, and found the pathway of religious truth that leads to higher and grander fields of knowledge in the spirit realms or existence. The spirits tell us that though there are many of the Protestant sects nearly as strongly fettered by false creeds as their Catholic friends, yet the Protestant laity, and even the Protestant priests, are not chained as firmly to old errors as are the Catholics. And they tell us that the good, the wise, the true, and the highly advanced spirits in spirit life deeply deplore the dark and unprogressive condition of those sectarian spirits, and are laboring diligently to bring about their emancipation from their dark and ancient castle of superstitious bigotry and blind faith. And they also tell us that, in time, light will triumph over darkness; truth will triumph over error; right will triumph over wrong; and the human race, both on earth and in spirit life, will be redeemed from those blind beliefs in false religions and idol and false gods, that lead their devotees down the slippery glades of life, where the sorrows, griefs, woes, and crimes hold high revelry, as they now do upon earth, sinking a large portion of the human race into the dark valley of suffering and woe, if not into the fiery region of Hades. They also tell us that when the time of mankind's emancipation arrives, old religions, old creeds, old dogmas, old faiths, old political parties, old priests, old kings, old beggars, and olden and false Gods will have fallen, never more to rise, melted away under the warm rays of the brilliant sunlight of divine and eternal truth. Then old religions will be superseded by a regenerated humanity.
which will manifest the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human race by acts of love and by good deeds to all. Then old creeds and old dogmas will be superseded by truth and reason; old faith will be superseded by knowledge; old political parties, by administrative justice; old priests will be superseded by highly developed spiritual beings: old kings, by pure democratic government; old beggars, by a bountiful supply bestowed upon all humanity, which will gladden and make rich the hearts of all, whether giver or receiver. And old and heathen gods will be superseded by that wisdom that unfolds the human mind to see and comprehend the presence and power of divine life.

In every plant, and shrub, and tree,
That grows in vast immensity.
That God is that pure fragrant power
That dwells in every blooming flower.
And in the hearts of all mankind
Pure germs of God we there may find;
Thus the new God will surely be
Enthroned in all humanity.

The question is often asked by many, "Do spirits in spirit life need clothing, and, if so, how do they obtain it?" Most assuredly they need clothing, and obtain the same from some source; for I have clairvoyantly seen many spirits, and also many that were materialized, and I have never seen but one in a nude condition, and that one was an infant that my guide told me had been murdered before it had been dressed. They also showed me the mother of the child and the mother's sister, who were the guilty parties, and both were then in spirit life, and in a dark and unhappy condition. I have seen spirits clothed in various costumes—some dark and dingy, some plain,
but looking clean and neat, some beautiful, and some that were beautifully illuminated, very different from anything I have ever seen clothing a material earth form. All that I know in regard to how they obtain their clothing is what they have told me, and what I have myself seen. They have often told me that people in earth life are daily, by their good or bad deeds, spinning the warp and woof of future apparel, and weaving the garments that will at first clothe their spirit forms when they lay off the mortal form and enter the spiritual realm of existence; that good and bad deeds furnish the elements that, when woven into garments, clothed each doer of these deeds, and correspond in beauty and purity with the good or bad quality of the deeds; that from the good deeds are woven the clean, bright, beautiful garments; while from bad deeds are formed the dark and dingy garments which we have seen worn as clothing by some of the denizens in spirit life.

Whether all or any part of the above-related message in regard to clothing of spirits is allegorical or real, I shall leave for the reader to judge. I should consider it allegorical, if it were not for what I have witnessed many times in materializing seances. I have several times seen lace materialized and made into shawls right before my eyes, and the fabric thus made, was apparently as substantial and real as any fabric that I have ever seen woven in any of our factories on earth. And many times I have seen both men and women spirits clothed in different garments, at the same seance, and those garments were never to be found after the close of the seance, and when there was no possible way for their disappearance but by dematerialization. The spirits have told me that earth's atmosphere contains all the different elements necessary to form all kinds of clothing, and
that, through some chemical laws or science which earth's chemists do not yet understand, they are able to gather from the atmosphere and the members of the circle and the medium the elements to form the fabric they desire to clothe themselves with, and that they thus produce the garments they wear when they come to us in materialized form.

After witnessing many times the above mentioned phenomena I am not prepared to dispute what they have told me in regard to the production of spirit clothing, although I know nothing about the law through which the wonderful production is accomplished. I do know that it has been thus produced; but of the philosophy, or science, by and through which it is done, I here acknowledge my ignorance. But it is the truth that such phenomena frequently occur in the realms of spirit causation, though the science is today beyond my limited knowledge.

But many truths in life's great field
Cannot be now to babes revealed;
Through unfolding growth, our minds must soar.
If from life's wisdom we would learn more.

Oh! let us then learn all we can,
Of truth revealed through life to man;
If we would higher realms explore,
We must open nature's magic door,

And never fear to walk therein,
Though priests declare it is a sin
To search beyond their man-made creeds;
Or seek for Heaven through noble deeds.

From priestly rule we'll step aside,
And in the laws of life abide;
No matter what the priests may say,
In nature's realms we'll seek our way.
Another inquiry which we have often heard is this: "Do spirits in spirit life desire and partake of food?" Again we must remark that all we know, in regard to that question is what those who dwell in higher life have told us when they have at different times visited us and told us of their life on the spirit side. Personally I have not had as much experience in regard to their food, as I have had in regard to their clothing. But they tell us that they not only desire food, but that it is a necessity that must be supplied. And the philosophy which they have given me of that condition is this: The spiritual body is composed of spiritual substance corresponding with that material body which they laid aside at their transition. The elements of which the spirit body is composed have been withdrawn from the material body, and although those elements are so refined that they cannot be seen by the external vision, yet they compose an organic structure which is subject to waste like all other organic structures of substance. And it is necessary for that waste to be supplied from some source. They tell us there is a great difference in the refinement of the substance of which the various spiritual bodies are composed. A well-educated, refined, and spiritually-minded person, when passing through so-called death, will furnish a much more refined substance for the construction of his spiritual body than will a wild Indian or an African cannibal, hence will need more refined food to supply the waste. Thus all spiritual bodies are composed of elements in the degree of fineness corresponding with the elements of the material body from which they were withdrawn. Hence a variety of food is necessary in spirit life to supply the needs of those men, women, and children who have passed from earth to spirit life. They tell us also that the most
refined spiritual bodies in spirit life can inhale refined elements from the atmosphere which surrounds their spirit home, to nearly or quite supply the demand; but there is for such, and others who are still less refined, the most delicious spiritual fruit growing spontaneously in those beautiful locations where the good and true will find their home in the realms of spirit life, and to partake of that fruit fully supplies the needs of those spiritual beings.

Then we trace the degree of quality backwards and downwards to more gross conditions, until we find the very lowest classes, who must, of necessity, remain on earth for many years after they have laid off the mortal form, before they can be prepared to enter the joys of a higher spiritual existence. We are somewhat acquainted with an Indian spirit, called Seneca, who belongs to the spirit band of a well-known materializing medium, and that spirit, though he has been in spirit life many years, still retains his appetite for cooked chickens, which he calls "fly-birds." In a materializing seance last summer he told me that he was as fond of "fly-birds" as ever. When the medium has been seated at a table where there was cooked chicken, we have seen Seneca take control of the medium, entrance her, and then compel her to eat an enormous amount—often enough to make her sick for a short time—to satisfy his (Seneca's) appetite for fowl. I have questioned Seneca in regard to this, and he told me that when he could control the medium to eat, he could get the spirit of the food which he relished so well, and which he claimed did him good. But I do not suppose that class of spirits occupy a very high position in spiritual unfoldment; yet they are sometimes very powerful in producing physical phenomena. It sometimes occurs that a
materialized spirit will eat an orange or some other fruit. It once occurred at a seance at our home when Harry Bastian was the medium, that the controlling spirit, George Fox, ate a small piece of custard pie. Afterwards I enquired of the spirit, "What became of the pie when his form was dematerialized?" His answer was that, "The pie was no more material than was his form when he ate the pie, and the pie was dematerialized with the material form." This appeared to me to be a reasonable explanation. I have also learned that spirits who had in earth life formed an appetite for liquor carried that appetite with them to spirit life, and that, to satisfy that desire, many spirits of that class often visit and hang around liquor saloons, and while those in the form swallow the visible substance, the invisible spirits can swallow the spirit of the liquor, which partially satisfies their desire. I have heard of an instance where the spirit thus became intoxicated, but no such instance has ever been observed by me. But, during my forty years of investigation, I have learned to my satisfaction, that passing through so-called death does not make the spirit any better or any worse than it was before its transition, but it is the same individual spirit, possessing the same desires and traits of character, and that an effort must be made in spirit life, as well as in earth life, if the spirit would learn more knowledge, and thus become wiser, better and consequently happier.

From my spirit instructors I have learned to view life, its laws, relations, forces and uses, in a far different light than I did when I seated myself at the table at the time when forty years ago I received the first, to me, conscious message from beyond the river of death. I have learned to believe that Life is the INFINITE SPIRIT OF DEITY, that Life that, constantly
and forever, has been, is, and forever will be pulsating and vibrat-
ing through the boundless universe of spirit and matter, from the smallest atom on earth to the most ponderous orb that rolls through the boundless regions of space. I have learned to believe, that one uncreate eternal law binds, and holds all things in existence in a natural relationship, because all are parts of the eternal life, individualized and expressed in all the various organizations in existence. And these truths have taught me that I dwell in God and God dwells in me; in other words, I am a part of God, as are all things else in existence. Thus I have learned, that all human beings are brothers and sisters in the great unfolding fields of life eternal. From these truths I assume that, because life never had a beginning, my life always existed; that because eternal life cannot end, I shall always continue to exist; that the little intelligence that I possess is a part of infinite intelligence; hence I can never cease to be. And farther I have learned, that because infinite intelligence is a combination of all the intelligence in life, and because I am a progressive being, and am a part of infinite and eternal life, I shall continue to progress or unfold more of divine thought and wisdom, as the unending ages of eternity roll their ceaseless rounds. And because all mankind belongs to the same great family of infinite life, all human beings will in time, walk the spiral pathway of progress, towards the grand achievement of infinite wisdom and boundless love. I have also learned that because some are lowly born, and some are slow to progress, and some are born with an unfavorable organism, the progress or unfoldment of each one will be either rapid or slow, according to the degree of internal power that produces growth and unfoldment modified by its relation to external surroundings.
Through my forty years intercourse with the denizens of the spirit spheres, I have learned to view life in its boundless diversity of organic and inorganic existence as seen in a higher, deeper, broader and grander field of comprehension. I now see that all individual life is but the expression of that infinite and eternal life of which I am a part. And through that spiritual intercourse, I have demonstrated the truth of a future existence. And I can truly say that I know that my friends whose forms we had laid in the tomb, still live and love us still. And as I stand today, almost upon the border of the spirit land, and know that I must soon cross the mystic river, I fear not the tide, neither the crossing; for I have had a glimpse of the other shore, and know that my loved ones are waiting and watching for me to join them on the other side in that higher and happier state of existence.

Before I close this chapter I desire to add a little more of my later experiences in the realms of spirit life. It is now May 1st, 1892. On the eighteenth day of last February, my sister, Emeline Williams, aged seventy-three years, passed to the higher sphere. She was a Spiritualist, and, before the material form had been consigned to the grave, she came to me, accompanied by my brother and my daughter, to tell me of her happy reunion with her loved ones in spirit life, and wished us to rejoice with her in her happiness on entering the higher life. "For," said she, "it is more joyous and beautiful here than I had imagined it could be." She appeared joyous and happy, and I truly felt to rejoice with her happiness on her entering the higher life.

On the fifth of March, two weeks after the transition of sister Emeline, another of my sisters, Mrs. Melenza Riggs, aged
eighty-eight years, very suddenly passed to the higher life. She was an ardent lover of Jesus, and a believer in the atonement through his sacrificial blood. A few days after her transition, our two sisters came to our home together, and wished Mrs. Litchfield and myself to rejoice with them in their happy condition in the higher life, and they also wished us to sing the hymn commencing, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move." We sang the hymn, and in our sensitiveness we could fairly feel their joy. Our sister Melenza said that "She had not seen Jesus or God, but had found many of her friends who had passed over before; and that it was a beautiful and lovely place where they dwelt, but so different from what she had expected to find that she was almost lost in amazement."

A few weeks after that visit our sister Melenza visited us again, and wished me to write to her daughter and tell her that she did not "fall asleep in the arms of Jesus;" that she had not seen Jesus, nor God, nor the golden throne, nor the city of the new Jerusalem with its golden-paved streets, and she had given up all hope of ever finding them; for all of the good and true spirits she had met told her that belief was an idle theory having no real existence in spirit life. But she had found true that "what we sow, that we shall surely reap;" that she had found all of her near and dear relatives and friends that were in spirit life, and some of them had suffered keenly in spirit life, and that their suffering was the harvest of their deeds sown in their earth life. But they were now all striving to rise higher by their unselfish effort to help their fellow men, and were all progressing, and hoped in the future to be comparatively happy.

At another time my sister Melenza came to my bedside and was weeping. I asked her the cause of her grief. She raised
her arm and pointed afar off. I asked her if it was on account of the condition of her daughter, who yet remained in earth life? She bowed her head as an affirmative answer and disappeared. She afterward told me that she was happy, except the sympathy which she felt for the sorrows of others.

Dear reader, the above related experiences are the last that I shall record in this work, although I am almost daily receiving messages from some of my friends in the higher life. I also desire you to remember that the experiences herein recorded in regard to my earth life experiences, and of my intercourse with the denizens of the higher spheres are only a small portion of the many experiences through which I have passed during the sixty-eight years of my earthly pilgrimage. And though I have not yet learned the first letters in the great alphabet of life, I have learned enough to fill my being with joy and happiness, as I contemplate the height, the depth, the breadth, the grandeur and the glory of human life. And in my closing remarks allow me to say that I am thankful that I commenced in my younger days to seek for light and knowledge in the spiritual phenomena. For the fact, the philosophy and the science of Spiritualism has been and still is the bright and golden morning star that has through the past forty years of my earthly pilgrimage led me on, and will in the future lead me up the mount of progress to higher and still higher realms of spiritual unfoldment in the infinite temple of unfolding life.

To my friends in spirit life, who have for forty or more years been guiding and guarding my footsteps along life's thorny pathway, and with untiring patience and undying love have ever been willing and anxious to bring to me lessons of truth and wisdom from the infinite fields of knowledge, as fast as my
poor weak and undeveloped mind could comprehend those
grand and sublime truths, I hereby return my most sincere
thanks, my warmest gratitude, and my ardent and undying love.
And now, dear reader,—you have followed me as I have here
reviewed some of my devious and wandering ways, during my
earthly pilgrimage to the present, and I sincerely hope you
may have found recorded in these pages some thought or
example, some word of consolation, some ray of light, that you
can apply to your own case, and thus receive a benefit from
your perusal of these pages. It has been my earnest desire
while writing these pages, not only to reveal to the reader the
external life-lines of my earthly journey, but I have also desired
to open the door to the inner temple of my mental and spiritual
life, that the reader may, if possible, read therein and profit
thereby. And now, dear reader, whoever you may be, and
whatever may be your political principles or your religious
creed, whether you were born in a hovel or a palace, whether
you are rich or poor, whether you are a saint waiting for the
heavenly gates to be opened for your special admittance, or a
sinner struggling along the pathway of earth life, I greet you
here as my BROTHER, as my SISTER, for I well know that we
all had our origin in the same great and infinite spirit of
eternal life. Whatever may be your position in life, I hereby
extend to you—one and all—the hand of friendship and fraternal
love, as I bid you a reluctant adieu.

Adieu! adieu! dear reader true,
May blessings round thy way,
Fall gently as the evening dew,
And ever with thee stay!

BEALS E. LITCHFIELD.
POEMS.
ANTICIPATION.

Oh! the thought is so exalting, it lifts the soul above
All earth's jarring discord, and fills our souls with love
To life, the active power that made this world so fair,
And all the star-lit regions that float in azure air.

And in thankfulness our heart ascends, while here on earth below,
For the grand and glorious blessings that ever to us flow;
For over on the other shore, our friends, with love so warm,
In rapturous bliss will greet us, and shield us from all storm.

Oh! a mother's love will greet us upon that lovely shore,
And a father there will meet us, as in the days of yore,
And our sisters and our brothers in love will bring us cheer,
While our children, who have gone before, we'll meet in that bright sphere.

Pen fails to paint the rapture of bliss that's all divine,
That will thrill our living being in that bright heavenly clime;
That on the wings of progress, life's fields we will explore,
While the living soul of life divine in truth we will adore.
A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.*

Dear cousin Laura, we would bring
A song from out our own bright home;
And if our song you choose to sing,
You need not o'er death's billows roam
To catch an echo from our home.

Our home, where flowers immortal bloom,
And shed their fragrance round our way;
Oh! in our home, no dark'ning gloom
E'er casts its shadow round our way,
To drive our happy thoughts away.

Like happy songsters of the air,
And free as happy birds, we roam
'Mid spirit fields where all is fair,
And flowers of love divinely bloom,
Within our lovely spirit home.

We ask no priest, with robe and gown,
To bless our spirit home so fair,
Upon their mummary we would frown;
For light, and love, and beauty rare,
Within our home is everywhere.

* From Lillis in spirit life to her cousin Laura Kelly, through B. E. L.
Within our home the God of life
   We see in every blooming flower,
Unangered by contending strife,
   But gently smiling in each bower,
Proclaims his majesty and power.

We feel the throbbing power of life
   Pulsating through earth, sky, and air;
And, in the different forms of strife,
   We see the law of progress there
Striving to make those forms more fair.

Our home is not for self alone;
   We welcome wandering pilgrims in,
And teach them they must sure atone
   For every vile and wicked sin;
   That thus their progress will begin.

But Alice* came into our home
   Untainted by the power of sin;
She need not in dark regions roam,
   For she is ready to come in
   To homes that are unstained by sin.

But Alice daily seeks her home
   Upon earth's fields, where blight oft falls;
For dear she loves her old earth home,
   And oft she feels her parents' calls,
   As loneliness round them falls.

* A daughter of cousin Laura before mentioned.
Our spirit home is not so far away,
   But we can feel our loved ones call;
And we can visit them each day,
   And bring our dearest love to all,
From whom we feel the loving call.

Oh! dearest friends, on earth's dark shore,
   Mourn not for us who passed away;
We would return to earth no more,
   To in the earth form once more stay;
Oh no! we've passed to brighter day.

We know the time is soon to come,
   When we shall meet on the spirit shore,
And welcome thee to our bright home,
   To dwell 'mid earthly storms no more;
A spirit on the spirit shore.

Thus life with life forever blends;
   There is no death along the way;
'Tis only change, that progress sends
   To free the soul from clogging clay,
And lift it to a brighter day.

Then, friends on earth and friends above,
   We'll sing the grand old song once more;
The song so full of human love;
   And let it ring from shore to shore,
Till hatred shall be known no more.
Let love divine warm every heart,
That in the fields of life doth grow;
Let each one of us act our part,
That truth and love may with us glow;
And thus life's beauties we may know.

And as our barque of life doth glide
Triumphant o'er life's rolling sea,
We'll, with our loved ones, take that ride,
Where'er in space our barque may be,
Through the endless voyage, ETERNITY.

Ellicottville, N. Y., November 11, 1891.

LILLIS J. LITCHFIELD.
COME UP HIGHER.

"Come up higher!" saith the law divine,
That speaks through nature everywhere;
And the rolling orbs above that shine,
Proclaim that law truthful and fair.

"Come up higher!" says the sunlight power;
When the earth sends forth her gems of green;
Life's potent forces every hour
Respond unto the law supreme.

"Come up higher!" sings the passing breeze,
As o'er the hills and vales of earth,
It bends the boughs of giant trees,
And whispers of a higher birth.

"Come up higher!" speaks the apple bloom;
And through sunlight the force is stirred;
And after days of light and gloom,
The fruit proclaims the voice was heard.

"Come up higher!" shrieks the eagle loud,
As o'er the earth he soars away;
Yes, o'er yon summer floating cloud,
The daring eagle cleaves his way.
"Come up higher!" smiles the little flower,
   As it unfolds its blossom fair;
Within the earth is felt the power
   That brings the fragrant blossom there.

"Come up higher!" coos the lovely dove,
   As circling round her mate doth fly;
While in their nest that law of love
   Has brought those little doves to lie.

"Come up higher!" speaks the law of life,
   And forms of youth start everywhere;
From elements, with progress rife,
   Spring forms of beauty, rich and fair.

"Come up higher!" croons the mother's heart,
   And the infant breathes earth's atmosphere;
From forms beneath it bears its part,
   As it awakes to a higher sphere.

"Come higher still!" the mother sighs,
   And soon the child begins to walk;
"Higher! yet higher still!" she cries,
   And soon the child begins to talk.

"Come higher up! this way, my dear,"
   The mother's heart in love doth say;
"Come learn this lesson, it is clear"
   "To unfold thy mind in life's true way."
"Come to the school where science true
"Is taught, thy mind to thus unfold;
"And climb fame’s mountain, drink the dew,
"Of thought that falls along thy way so bold!"

"Come higher yet!" the priest doth say,
"And taste this wine, we to thee bring;
"We’ll bless to thee this holy bread,
"And hymns of praise to Jesus sing."

"Come higher up! and join our church,
"And freely give unto the Lord;
"We’ll take your wealth, however much,
"Into the priest’s most sacred hoard."

"Higher, yet higher! Here! This way!
"More, yes, more of wealth we crave;
"According as you give, we’ll say
"Our prayers, thy sinful soul to save."

"Come higher up this Christian way,
"Or sure we’ll let you sink in woe;
"Unto our church each holy day,
"You surely must not fail to go."

"Have faith in the baptismal flood;
"But don’t forget ourselves to pay;
"Be washed from sin in Jesus' blood,
"Give us a little gold we pray."
"Come higher up! give me thy hand!
"(The hand that holds the gold I mean);
"I'll lead thee to a heavenly land,
"Where all free givers will be seen."

"Won't come this way? won't give to me?
"A heretic thou surely art;
"The joys of Heaven you ne'er shall see;
"In hell's hot fire you'll have your part."

"Oh! come up higher!" says common sense,
"Arise above those old church creeds;
"Let truth send error shamefaced hence;
"And science teach to man his needs."

"Oh! come up higher!" says nature's law,
"Scan well life's forces everywhere;
"They'll teach thee truth without a flaw,
"And help thee to life's blessings share."

"Oh! come up higher!" say those of earth,
Who have those old, false creeds outgrown;
And learn of man's grand second birth,
When from old forms he has outflown.

"Oh! come up higher! says truth so bright,
"Let science quench hell's hottest fire;
"Let angels, with true wisdom's light,
"Conquer the priesthood's angry ire."
"Oh! come up higher!" say our angel friends,
Who have passed through death's open door;
"If your life on earth with virtue blends,
"In love you'll live forever more."

"Oh!" come up higher, higher, yet more high!
"Forsake all wrong, while on earth here;
"Then thy kind heart will heave no sigh,
"When thou shalt pass to the spirit sphere."

"Oh! come up higher!" the angels say,
"Let truth unfold thy mental power;
"Walk boldly forth in wisdom's way,
"And we will guide thee every hour."

The law of progress everywhere,
Is ever calling to mankind,
To climb progression's upward stair,
And holier, higher thoughts there find.

The great eternal life of God,
That pulsates through all forms so fair,
Doth speak through all things on earth's sod;
And bids them rise to higher air.

Thus through the earth and spheres above,
Methinks I hear its echo roll;
"Come higher up life's stairs of love,
And learn truth's lesson, earth-bound soul."
And on, and on, forever more
That glorious anthem still will sound;
Higher, still higher, we may soar,
Till heavenly bliss for all is found.

Then, when we hear that voice of love
Call sweetly from a higher shore,
"Come higher up life's way above
"And bask in love forever more"

We'll shout, "Oh yes! thou life of all,
"Thee in thy goodness we adore;
"We'll gladly heed thy loving call,
And climb truth's stairway evermore."

And up, and up, we'll wend our way,
While age on age forever rolls;
Learning new truths each day by day,
Unfolding the immortal soul.

And ever thankful will we be
That in our heart pure love doth flow;
We'll labor hard that all may see,
That law divine, where all may grow.

And upward through yon arching skies,
Our pathway through life's fields we'll trace
Far higher than the eagle flies,
From star to star, from place to place.

We'll through life's trackless ether roam,
In answer to that great command,
"Come higher up, and seek thy home,
As life's grand mission doth demand."
A PRAYER FROM A SYMPATHETIC HEART.

Oh life eternal! supreme! divine!
How long before thy light of truth will shine
Around earth's dark and sorrowing souls,
Who are by error now controlled?
How long, Oh life! must error's power
Lead wandering souls from virtue's bower?
How long, Oh life! do tell us pray,
Must avarice lead mankind astray
Away from sympathy and love supreme,
That others' sorrows cannot be seen;
That others' wants and woes, though known,
In sorrow each must bear alone?

How long, Oh life! will the dark'ning pall
Of intemperance round earth's wanderers fall?
How long must tears of grief be shed
By wife and children round the senseless head
Of him who should act the father's part,
And in love and wisdom lead the heart
Of wife and little ones each day
To seek and find the better way?
How long, Oh life! ere crime will cease to be
With its dark'ning pall o'er land and sea?
Cursing humanity with its darkest gloom,
Oft sending the murdered victim to the tomb.

Oh! will the time on earth ne'er come,
When peace and love shall rule each home?
When discord and wrong, that reign o'er all,
Shall cease to be on this earthly ball?

REPLY BY AN ANGEL.

Listen, dear sympathetic soul,
While I, in answer to your prayer,
Reveal to you what will control
In future time mankind so fair.

You ask how long the time will be
Before the light from life's own sphere,
Shall set the wandering pilgrim free,
By shining round his pathway here?

We answer—not until each one shall learn
To walk in wisdom's light divine;
And thus the laws of life discern
That ever through life's shadows shine.

'Tis only through progression's power,
Mankind can reach that hight sublime,
Where love, and truth, man's highest dower,
Shall wisdom bring to all mankind.

The time—Oh! long the time will be,
Ere mankind finds that happy goal,
Where from all sorrow, all life shall be free,
And peace that's pure enter in to each soul.
That time on earth must surely come,
For progress ever leads the van;
And in each humble cot or palace home,
Wisdom and truth will lead each man,
And woman, too, above all wrong and sin;
Then crime on earth shall be no more.
For truth and love shall dwell within,
And wisdom reign on earth's dark shore.

Before that glorious boon can come,
False creeds and dogmas must be slain;
Each murmuring error must be dumb,
And truth on earth alone remain.
To reach that higher, happier goal,
Each one must labor day by day;
In truth and love unfold the soul,
And thus walk up progression's way.

No blood of Jesus, goats or sheep,
Can ever lead thee up the way;
By progress you must climb the steep
Of life's unfolding law each day.
Then let us all false creeds forsake,
And bury them so deep and low,
They ne'er can from their tomb awake;
Hence no more seeds of folly sow.

Then let us seek, each day, to find
Along life's way a germ of truth;
And thus each gem thought of the mind
Weave in a web, to clothe each youth.
While angels from life's higher realms,
    Will help thee upward walk each day,
And bring to thee thy loving friends
    To cheer thee on thy toilsome way.

Then father, mother, sister, child and brother
    Will greet thee here on earth's dark shore;
And all in love will meet each other,
    And dwell in peace forever more.

Then "halleluiah" we will echo
    All around on earth's cold shore;
And our heart throbs will re-echo,
    When earth's sorrows are no more.
THOUGHT FLOWERS.*

When the mists from our minds have departed,
   And false gods unto us are revealed,
In the sunshine of truth we'll get started;
   For all life is truth's infinite field.
The flowers that in spring time with beauty,
   Bloom so lovely along on our way,
Should teach us our own noble duty,
   As we travel life's journey each day.

Those blossoms in beauty and splendor,
   By the sunlight on earth do unfold
Their own lovely petals so tender,
   In beauty and fragrance unrolled.
From the dust of the valley so humble,
   They start from the cold earthly sod;
At the sunlight or cold they ne'er grumble,
   As they bloom in the garden of God;

But ever their petals reach upward,
   Imploringly seeking more light,
As the rays from old Sol journey earthward,
   Reflecting his lovelight so bright.

* Written for Mrs. Jemima Clarke, of Michigan, by her brother B. E. Litchfield, and believed by him to have been imparted by their brother Elisha in spirit life.
And their fragrance they lovingly scatter
   So free on humanity's way,
In sunlight or storm—it don't matter—
   They surely will bloom while they may.

Each flower is an emblem supernal,
   Of mind that dwells here on earth's sod,
Borne on life's fields all eternal,
   Fresh from the mansions of God.
Dear sister, pray let us resemble
   Those beautiful blossoms of earth;
From the sunlight of truth ne'er dissemble,
   Life's laws gave each mind its own birth.

Our minds are life's thought-gems supernal,
   To blossom in earth life below;
In earth life or spheres more eternal,
   They bloom wheresoever we go.
Then let us look up for the sunlight
   Of infinite wisdom and truth,
That flows from the infinite soul-life,
   Unfolding each mind in its youth.

Each thought that we grasp from the fountain
   Of infinite wisdom and truth,
Will help us ascend life's green mountain,
   And blossom while yet in our youth.
Let us treasure the thought-gems they give us,
   From the fields of life's beauty and love,
They'll unfold the divine that is in us,
   And prepare us for blest mansions above.
Above all the flowers that blossom on the cold earth-fields of life,
Is the human mind immortal, born amid earth's cares and strife;
Let us cherish well the treasure, it is of God a part,
Unfold its tender petals, and clasp them to our heart.

Let us ever seek for wisdom from truth's most brilliant sun,
And when on earth this life is ended and the victory is won,
By nature's laws translated to grander fields above,
We'll blossom there forever, in our Father's home of love.

Dear sister, when you lay aside this earthly form of dross,
We'll meet you at the river, and ferry you across;
And by the hand we'll lead you upon the spirit shore,
Till freed from sin and sorrow, you'll suffer pain no more.

Oh no! we cannot lead you to the gold-paved streets above,
To the "city of the new Jerusalem," which in youth we so much
loved
To sing about, when standing close by each other's side,
Before your heart in sadness felt that your brother died.

Oh no! that mystic city, with the mystic golden throne,
With God and Jesus placed thereon, to us is all unknown;
It was a pagan fancy, in ignorance 'twas born,
Before the sun of light and truth awoke the present morn.

But we'll lead you to a temple not built by mortal man,
Its architect and builder no finite mind can scan;
Its basis is the granite of life's eternal law;
Its been building through all ages without a fault or flaw.
Its dome it reaches upward, far beyond the arching sky;
It catches every teardrop, echoes every groan and sigh
That flows from sorrowing human hearts, wherever they may be,
Borne upon the ever-rolling waves of life's tempestuous sea.

Oh! it is a grand old temple, it reaches all around,
As boundless as the universe wherever life is found;
Its halls are filled with lessons of living truth so bright,
To lead poor sorrowing ones of earth from darkness into light.

And now, methinks, dear sister, a question you would ask;
"Shall I find God and Jesus there to help me learn my task?
"Within this grand old temple, dear Jesus shall I see,
"And God, the loving Father, with compassion smile on me?"

"Oh yes! you'll find them both within this temple grand and true,
"But before you'll comprehend them, many lessons to you new
"You'll need to learn, to thus unfold the spiritual power of mind,
"To help you understand the law—and God and Jesus find."

"You'll not find God a person sitting on a golden throne,
"With Jesus at his right hand, your sins there to atone;
"That is a heathen fable, born in ages dark and drear,
"Before the light of truth and love were known on this earth-sphere."

"'I am the way, the truth, the life,' you read that Jesus said,
"When a pilgrim wandering on the earth with not where to lay his head;
"The way, the truth, the life I am, is the truth to you I bring,
"As I open to you nature's door, and truths around you fling."
"No man unto the Father comes, except he comes through me;"
You also find so plainly penned, that all who read can see,
That to come to God, the Father, and learn his truth and power,
Is to understand and learn to read life's holy laws each hour.

Thus when you learn some lessons within this temple grand,
You'll soon begin to comprehend, and then to understand,
That if you would find the Savior, you must search within the law,
That God, through nature, does reveal to man without a flaw.

Those laws, in all their fullness, are the perfect word of God,
They'll save the race from suffering, if obeyed and understood;
The true sunlight of the Father scattered free along our way,
To drive away our darkness, and usher in the day.

Thus if you'd find the Father, you must come up through this door,
For those who come some other way are thieves and robbers sure;
In truth there is no other way for us to ever find
The infinite Father of all life, to satisfy the mind.

And when we truly read those laws within the temple grand,
We'll find the living life of all in sea, in air, on land;
And thus the everliving Father speaketh unto finite man,
Through the unfolding laws of life, and we those lessons scan.

And thus God's grand expressions we everywhere may see
Within each leafy bower and within the giant tree;
They sparkle in the dewdrop, glew in the falling shower,
Revealed in every blade of grass, in every blooming flower.
And thus the God of life and love forever talks to me;
I hear him in the murmuring rill and in the grand old sea;
I feel him in the breeze that's wafted o'er the lea;
I know he's in each tiny form, so small we cannot see;

I see him in the lightning flash, and when the thunders peal;
I know, tis thus he speaks to us, his workings to reveal;
I see his life-light twinkle in every distant star,
And in every rolling orb in space, whether near or yet more far.

Oh! I feel his thrilling life divine within my being warm;
I feel that I am a part of him, and he dwells in my form;
The human form is a temple grand, in which God forever dwells,
Whether in the spheres of heavenly bliss, or in the sorrowing hells.

Oh! I see God's thought-gems flashing from every human eye;
And thus I see and feel and know, that mind can never die;
And when I know the power divine that binds us all together
I feel the pulsing power of love within my being quiver.

And thus the power of sympathy attracts me here to earth,
For well I know that in God's life all living things have birth;
And I feel the scalding teardrop, and I hear the sorrowing sigh
That pulsates through the universe, e'en through the arching sky.

And thus I labor day and night to bring some thought-gems bright,
To guide some sin sick traveler to the realms of purer light;
For well I know, tis only through the law of progress grand,
That dark and sorrowing minds can find their way to "summer land."
And the throbbing powers of life divine from out God's being flow,
And unites as one vast family all human hearts below;
And the angels bright, in spirit life, are brethren of us all,
Where'er they dwell in spheres above or on this earthly ball.

Think you, dear sister, I can enjoy a heaven of quiet rest,
When prayers and groans and grief and tears come sorrowing to my breast,
From minds on earth in darkness chained, without one ray of light
To guide their wandering footsteps, in the path of wisdom bright?

Can I rest in quiet in my home, in the bright "summer land,"
And wrap the cloak of cold self love around me where I stand,
And not reach forth a helping hand, or voice of love to save
My erring fallen friends from error's surging wave?

Can I see superstition's curse blight all things in its way,
And false religions chain mankind in darkness every day;
Can I see the truth thus crucified between earth's priestly thieves,
While self love and folly shout "hurrah," and gather in the sheaves?

Can I see thousands yearly each filling a drunkard's grave,
And prisons built to punish those who in its fiery liquid lave?
Can I see all the errors dark, that curse mankind below,
And not extend a power to save? My whole soul answers, No!

Oh no! a place of rest to me would be like a prison cell;
Its galling chains to me would be like the burning fires of hell;
Oh no! I'll work for brother man wherever he may be;
I'll strike false shackles from the mind, and set the prisoner free.
The power of ignorance so dark, the devil of mankind,
We'd crucify with truth so bright that all mankind may find
The way that leads to happiness—the heaven of harmony and love,
Where wisdom reigns and truth abounds in higher life above.

The false religions and false gods, that have cursed the race with creeds;
That chain the noble powers of mind on which superstition feeds,
That built the fires around the stakes where human victims fell,
Have caused more war, bloodshed and strife, than human tongue can tell.

And priestcraft with its minions dark too long has ruled earth land;
We'll strike its power some coming hour, and hurl it from their hand.
Intemperance, too, that loathsome curse that sweeps its thousands down,
We'd banish from all lives on earth, wherever man is found.

We'll raise our standard high above all false creeds of the past,
Unfurl our banner to the breeze, and nail it to the mast;
Upon our banner you may see, in letters true and grand,
"Progression" is our motto, in each and every land.

"Onward" is our watchward, where'er the foe is found;
Our hosts will never say, "Retreat," while a foe is on the ground;
Truth is our sword and buckler, and Reason is our shield;
Our battery is Intelligence; our foes must surely yield.
Our army numbers millions in earth and spirit land;
Our leaders are brave sages, a wise and glorious band;
With such a noble army, we'll sweep the dark earth o'er,
Till error's false and cruel creeds shall fall to rise no more.

"Hurrah!" Our friends are shouting, our foes begin to yield;
They are spiking many of their guns, they soon will quit the field;
They are throwing off their garments of blood-stained hell renown,
And putting on new clothing, in which more truth is found.

Oh! we'll have a joyous meeting in the mansions of the blest,
When Truth's foes shall all be conquered, and Error's devils laid at rest;
When the foemen, all as brothers, shall meet in realms above,
And know that Knowledge is the Savior, and Heaven is Harmony and Love.

Oh! for this glad day we watch and labor, for we know 'twill come,
Then one temple more will be builded, from base to towering dome,
(With its base upon the earth land, its dome above yon bright star,)
Wherein no jarring discord our happiness will mar.

Dear sister, will you help us to build this temple grand?
Will you dig a thought of granite from truth's progressive land,
And place it in this temple of hope, of truth and holy love?
'Twill help you climb the stairway to higher fields above.
Then, hand in hand, we'll journey through the star-paved fields of light,
While age on age forever, their scintillations bright
Will scatter round our pathway, where saints before have trod,
As we climb progression's pathway, through the boundless fields of God.

And now, my own dear sister, methinks that you will ask;
Where is this loving brother, who would help me learn my task?
His form I know was buried beneath earth's cold, damp sod;
And I thought and hoped his spirit had gone to dwell with God.

And yet, some of my friends do tell me that he returns to earth
To tell us he is yet living in a life of grander, nobler birth;
Oh! if this thing is really true, why don't my brother to me come
And tell me of his life above here in my own dear home?

I want to know where he has been for fifty years and more;
And what he has been doing since he left the old earth shore;
Oh I wish that he would tell me all about his living over there,
In the land of the hereafter, which they say is all so fair.

And now, my own dear sister, some things I'll try to answer true;
As I travel much about this earth I very often come to you,
But I cannot make you know it, for you will not observe the law,
Through which we must ever operate, as we always have to draw
A force that is magnetic from some mind encased within the form;
Before we can communicate we must keep back the opposing storm;
But all those laws and forces you must learn to understand,
Before you can advance very far, when you get to "summer land."

And this is just the reason why we fail to make you know we're there;
You do not understand the law, nor make conditions fair;
Where have I been, what have I done, for fifty years and more?
I've traveled many times this earth land on every sea and shore.

And far away in "summer land" with minds so pure and bright
I've felt the power of kindest love, as I've been searching for more light;
For fifty years my work has been more knowledge to obtain;
And when obtained, to scatter plain wherever I find grief remain.

And to obtain more knowledge, I've searched o'er sea and land,
'Mid the jungles of old Asia and Africa's burning sands;
To read the useful lessons of nature's laws divine
I've searched this world all over, in every land and clime.

And 'mid the spirit forces, from which all forms have birth,
Many useful lessons I have learned upon this rolling earth;
And now the truth I'll tell you, knowledge we can only find,
By searching life's grand mysteries, to bring them to the mind.
I'm not yet fairly started in my search for wisdom grand,
But eternity is before me, and a true and noble band
Of sisters and of brothers, dwelling in the spirit spheres,
Are ever searching with me nature's laws for new ideas.

And the love of life eternal animates each loving heart,
And in sympathy and kindness each acts their own true part;
No jarring discord divides us, we've passed above that selfish plane;
To do good to each and every other is our happiness and aim.

And we often meet in life's grand temple within the "summer land,"
And listen to the teaching of sages of a higher band,
Who in love are ever willing their true knowledge to impart,
To unfold our minds in wisdom, and help us upward start.

Then in love we come to friends in earth life, as now we come to you,
To impart to them instruction, and teach them lessons true;
For we know that all our brothers, whether high or low or great,
All are destined like each other, to progress soon or late.

And the sooner we can start them on life's progressive way,
The sooner will their sorrow cease, as they move along each day;
And the sooner love can conquer hate, the better it will be,
On earth as in the spirit land, for pure love makes us free.

And this is but a little of what we find to do each day,
As we journey on together through life's unending way;
And in love we'll ever greet you, as we come to you on earth,
And we shall come to greet you till you have your spirit birth.
We cannot tell you all we find in the spheres of life above,
All is not joy and bliss we find, nor is all perfect love;
For earth is each day sending over minds vicious, dark and low,
And we must reform and teach them before they upward go.

This is now our mission, to work for the good of all,
Whether in the spirit spheres or on this earthly ball;
There are minds each day coming from the earth sphere below,
From whose eyes we wipe the teardrop, and assuage their grief and woe.

Oh! let us offer thanksgivings to the great unfolding mind,
For in the coming ages, all true happiness will find;
And up progression's ladder, all humanity can go
Until they find true Heaven and bliss above all grief and woe.

THANKFULNESS.

Our heart goes out in thankful love
To the source of life who rules above;
For all the love and affection warm,
That greet us here in earth's cold storm.

And then more thankful we can be,
As we look across life's rolling sea,
And see our friends on the other shore,
Living in love forever more.
Sorrow and Hope.

Oh, yes! beneath that sorrow dark,
   With which our souls are riven,
We catch a glimpse of yon bright spark,
   That leads us up towards Heaven.
And when the waves of anguish beat
   Around our sorrowing souls,
Through hope we view that grand retreat,
   Where joy alone controls.

And when by cares and ills of life,
   Our spirits low are crushed,
We'll firmly meet those waves of strife,
   Until the storm is hushed.
And o'er the rolling billows dark,
   Of life's resistless tide,
May angels ever guide our barque,
   Nor from our presence hide.

We feel they'll lead us through life's storms,
   Wherever we may be,
Up through life's sunrise, glorious morn,
   Where all the good are free.
Then let our hearts in love ascend
   To the great eternal mind,
Until as one, our feelings blend,
   And heavenly joys we find.
MY MOTHER.*

Oh memory sweet! thy holy shrine
Contains a story all divine;
When a loving mother's care
Was round my childhood everywhere.

She listened to the lisping mind,
And watched the flashing eye, to find
Whether within were feelings fair,
Or thought-gems flashing rich and rare;

Or whether angry fires there burned,
Which in future years would sure be spurned
By all the lovers of mankind,
When they those angry fires should find.

Oh mother dear! my love for thee is strong and warm,
Though threescore years have come and gone,
Since to thy arms an infant came,
And I received my christening name.

* M. Litchfield. through B. E. L.
Sweet memory roams back o'er the past;
And long past scenes crowd thick and fast
Upon the mind as childhood's days I scan;
Now I've become a white-haired man.

I see myself again a little boy
Amused with many a trifling toy,
That mother's hand was, oh, so strong,
To guide my toddling feet along.

Again I see my mother dear,
My sorrowing heart trying to cheer,
When some sad thing had gone awry,
And I would utter a childish cry.

Again my mother's voice I hear
Uttering religious thoughts so clear;
Impressing them upon the mind,
That I through them might salvation find.

Again along life's fleeting way,
I see my mother day by day,
Laboring hard from early dawn,
To feed, and clothe her children warm.

Again as back my memory flies,
Methinks I hear my mother's sighs,
As by wrong deeds, her youngest boy,
Oft to her pleasure brought alloy.
Oh, mother dear, could I again
Pass through those scenes where I gave
pain,
And the depth of a mother's love could
know,
I never would cause those tears to flow.

Again my mother, old and grey,
Comes traveling on a later day,
With love so pure, and affection warm,
She meets life's cold and blustering storm.

And day by day and year by year,
While dwelling on this earthly sphere,
She travels joy's and sorrow's road,
Till death relieves her of her load
Of cares and sorrows, which she feels,
As angels bright to her reveals
The glory of life's opening day,
As from the form she passed away.

When her dear form is laid to rest,
With the cold earth sod above her breast,
Our heart a saddening sorrow feels,
Which our great loss at once reveals.

A mother's love is pure and warm,
To guide our path through earth's dark storm;
We never know its power divine,
Its holy love, pure and sublime,
Until that form in death did lay;  
And the spirit dear had passed away  
From earthly scenes; no more to cheer  
Our sorrowing souls still dwelling here.

Our sighs and sorrows, our tears and grief,  
Unto our heart brought no relief;  
For we knew not where our mother strayed,  
When her form within the grave was laid.

Our heart went out in earnest prayer,  
To learn life’s lessons “over there;”  
To know if she did now abide  
In life and love on the “other side.”

And if her heart was warm with love,  
Since she had passed to realms above;  
And if her memory she retained,  
And loved us who on earth remained.

And thus each day with earnest prayer,  
We sought to hear from over there;  
To catch an echo from that shore,  
Where our much loved had gone before.

Thus day by day, and every night,  
Our heart went out in prayer for light;  
But, hark! methinks a voice I hear!  
It whispers, yet ’tis, oh, so clear.
Hark! we hear—My son we've heard thy prayer,
Our heart responds from over here;
We are not dead, we love thee still;
To teach thee wisdom is our will.

We leave our lovely spirit home,
And back again to earth we roam;
For gladly we'd reveal to you,
The beauties of our home so true.

We live and love forever more,
Upon the bright celestial shore,
The children to whom we gave birth
While dwelling on the cold, dark earth.

Our mother heart is warm as yore,
When dwelling on the old earth shore;
Yea, stronger still appears our love,
Since we have passed to spheres above.

A mother's love we bring to you;
Oh! listen to our thoughts so true;
For with the strength of love so warm,
We'd shield thee from misfortune's storm.

Did we watch o'er your infant sleep
With a mother's love, your form to keep
In health, that in strength and beauty you might grow,
And in earth life might no sickness know?
Did we in earth life watch and pray  
That evil should not find thy way?  
Did we try to lead thy youthful mind,  
That virtue's pathway you might find?

Did we try to unfold the powers within,  
And teach thee not to yield to sin?  
"Oh, yes!" methinks thy heart will say,  
As you review your childhood's day.

If thus in earth life we tried to shield  
Our children dear, that unto wrong they might not yield,  
How much more anxious are we here;  
To teach them truths of a higher sphere.

Our children, one and all, today;  
Through love we'd lead to a better way;  
With a mother's heart, with love so warm,  
We'd guide them from old error's storm.

With a mother's hand we'd lead them up,  
Till they could drink from wisdom's cup;  
Oh, if we could, we'd cause them to see  
The beauties of our home so free.

Three of our children are with us here  
Living within the spirit sphere;  
And eight yet on the earth remain  
'Mid sickness, sorrow, grief and pain.
These three within our home above,
Oft come to earth with thoughts of love,
And try to cheer their friends so dear,
And lead them to a higher sphere.

Two of them say: "We do not know;
"We doubt if this is truly so."
One of them says: "The devil reigns,
And tries to bind them with his chains."

The other five we gladly know,
Oft listen to the thoughts that flow
From out our mother-heart so warm,
As we greet them here in earth's cold storm.

Ye doubting ones, if we had power,
We'd bring thee knowledge this very hour,
To let you know we did not die,
And now oft hear your sorrowing sigh.

Our poor, misguided daughter dear,
Who thinks the devil always near;
If we had power we'd let her know,
That darkness is her greatest foe.

Oh, doubting ones, pray doubt no more;
We bring you truths from spirit shore;
And soon you'll meet us over there,
'Mid verdant fields and flowers so fair.
To you who think the devil reigns,
To bind mankind with his strong chains;
Oh, fear to quench the dawning light,
That falls around your way so bright.

For angels sometimes come to you,
With thoughts of wisdom, good and true;
Don't let old creeds now all outgrown,
Drive those bright angels from thy home.

Oh, read the laws of God divine,
That through life's forces ever shine;
Those laws will teach that angels dear
Oft come to earth, their friends to cheer.

And though you call them devils dark,
And think of truth they've not a spark;
They yet will lead you far above
Those fables false which you now love.

Oh, yes! they'll take you by the hand,
And welcome you to the spirit land;
And lead you on forever more,
The Father's mansions to explore.

And as you bask in glorious light
Revealed to you by angels bright,
Your heart in rapture will adore
All life divine, on that blest shore.
To you my children on the earth,
Who've caught a glimpse of a higher birth,
Let not that vision fade away,
But keep it with you every day.

Oh, seek with all your powers of mind.
Life's higher thought gems pure to find;
Be virtuous, truthful, good and free,
Then angel friends will smile on thee.

And a mother's heart, with love so warm,
Will fly to you in life's cold storm;
And, as she watched in days of yore,
She'll watch you here on earth's dark shore;

And though you all are getting old,
Your hearts with love we would enfold;
We'd bring that heavenly power within,
And lead you far above all sin.

And let you always see and know
That angels come to earth below
To bring you truths from life above,
And fill your souls with heavenly love.

And when your earth life here shall end,
In love you'll meet some spirit friend,
To lead you on the spirit shore,
Where you can progress ever more.
And thus our heart doth ever pray,
That all may find that better way,
That leads to life's elysian fields,
Which God's eternal love reveals.

But prayers will do but little good,
If we cannot be understood;
Our labors all will be in vain,
If false creeds yet with you remain.

But thanks to truth's most brilliant sun,
Your progress surely has begun;
And up and up life's shining way,
We try to lead you day by day.

And thus our mother heart in love
Will ever thank the powers above
For life, for love, for children dear,
To lead from earth to a higher sphere.

And still while endless ages roll,
May love our willing minds control;
Each heart with heart forever blends,
Till all humanity are friends.

No high, no low, no rich, no great
Shall dwell within that heavenly gate;
But all will feel the quickening power
Of love fraternal, every hour.

And thus to you, our children dear,
Who dwell upon the earthly sphere,
We greet you with a mother's love,
Until we meet in realms above.
THE SUNRISE OF TRUTH.*

Behold! the light is breaking in yonder eastern sky,
The shades of night receding, the day is drawing nigh;
Awake, ye slumbering people! Throw off your slavish fear!
The power of truth and reason to earth is coming near.

The sunlight of life eternal is rising in the east,
It brings to every nation of truth a glorious feast;
Its scintillations scatter along our sorrowing way,
To drive away our darkness, and usher in truth's day.

The rays of truth's grand sunlight warm every human heart,
That sees its grand effulgence that from life's forces start;
The flower of mind immortal into living beauty grows,
When quickened by the sunlight that from life's being flows.

Prepare the soil, ye millions that dwell upon earth's sod,
To receive the rays of sunlight, that flow from nature's God;
Plow deep mind's soil with reason, let no false creeds there grow,
Then truth, and love, and beauty, thy life on earth shall know.

* This poem was published in the Spiritual Offering of October, 1883.
And angels good and holy, who dwell in spheres above,
Will greet you here in earth life with their undying love,
And help you to gather the golden sheaves outgrown,
Where the seeds of love you scattered in the early sunlit morn.

Then up, ye slumbering millions, truth's sun is shining bright,
And scattering round your pathway the rays of living light;
Receive those rays of sunlight within your willing mind,
They'll help you to develop, and higher wisdom find.

**Friendship.**

Friendship is but an idle dream,
If, when the storm blows strong,
We cannot stand the surging stream,
And keep our friendship warm.
AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

I walk upon life's ocean strand;
I view its boundless waves;
Oh! tell me, angels, pure and grand,
Where is the power that saves
The sorrowing soul from grief and woe,
After wrong deeds are done?
Can I through faith to Heaven go
Through Jesus, God's own son?

An angel, pure and grand, I see
Close standing by my side,
And thus he speaketh unto me:
Good deeds will always ride
Triumphant o'er life's stormy wave,
Wherever you may go.
Deeds have the only power to save;
Faith will not save from woe.

Only as faith leads the soul to climb
Progression's mountain higher,
And thus from low and sordid crime
Escape contrition's fire.
Do unto others as you would
   Others should do to you.
Is saving power to do more good,
   Because it is more true.

The only power to save mankind
   From sorrow, grief and pain,
Is through progression's law we find,
   Wherever souls remain.
No flower unfolds its blossom bright
   Here on your earth below;
Or even in a land more light,
   Only as it doth grow.

And thus no soul can scale the mount
   Of progress at one bound;
Or bathe in life's celestial fount,
   Until that fount is found.
To climb that mount, seek day by day,
   Truth's open path to find;
Walk in the true and better way,
   And thus unfold thy mind.

Then, like the blossom pure and sweet
   That blooms along your way,
Your mind, within that grand retreat,
   Will grow each passing day.
Thus as you climb truth's rugged mount,
Celestial waters, pure and free,
Will form of truth a crystal fount,
Where you baptized may be.

You sure will be just what you are,
No matter where you roam,
Until through growth you find the star
Of truth to lead you home.
Then seek, Oh wandering child of earth,
For wisdom to unfold
The immortal mind to higher birth,
Till Heaven you thus behold.
Winter.

Cold blows the wind, keen is the blast,
Snowflakes are falling white and fast;
The clouds are thick, the sunshine gone,
The birds to southern climes have flown.

The wild beasts seek their lonely lair
'Mid forests wild on mountain bare;
The summer's gone and hushed its breath,
The cricket's voice is stilled in death.

The forest trees are brown and bare,
Death seems triumphant everywhere.
No sunlight's seen in yonder sky;
Naught but the cold snow flakes near by.

Yet wandering far out in the storm,
Are many travelers brave and strong;
Bravely they face the wintry blast,
Hoping to reach their home at last.

And many more have lost their way
On the cold snow-crowned plains today;
In sleepy sadness down they lie
Amid the frozen snow to die.
And others yet still pass along
Hoping soon to reach some cottage warm;
But lost, they know not where to go
Amid the cold fast-falling snow.

And thus they travel round and round
Upon the cold snow-covered ground;
Ever wishing, praying, for some light
To guide their wandering feet aright.

Some of them soon will reach their home,
And some no more in cold on earth will roam;
For death will close their mortal eyes,
And their spirits pass to fairer skies.

The herdsman wandering o'er the moor
Is glad to reach his humble door;
He shakes the snow from off his feet,
And steps within his cottage neat.

His loving wife has dinner warm,
And welcomes him from out the storm;
His children dear around him gather,
Though it is cold and wintry weather.

Out on the moor fierce blows the storm,
But in the cot pure love is warm;
The streams are frozen solid o'er;
Old winter's knocking at the door.
Within the cottage all is warm;
Oh pity those out in the storm;
And those who have no bread to eat,
Nor shoes to wear upon their feet.

In life, are many children sad,
No mother's kiss doth make them glad;
No father's love doth make them warm,
When he comes home from out the storm.

For many mothers have passed away
To higher fields of endless day;
And many fathers too have gone,
Far beyond this wintry storm,

And left their loving children here,
Upon this cold, bleak, wintry sphere;
No mother's love to keep them warm,
No father to shield them from the storm.

On such have pity, brothers dear,
Who dwell upon the earthly sphere;
And give from out thy ample store,
To cheer the hearts of children poor.

For human life on earth below
Is like a wanderer in the snow;
And many of them lose their way,
And wander on, day after day.
They cannot find a cottage warm,
To shield them from misfortune's storm;
No wife or children comes to greet
With kiss of love, so pure and sweet.

But ever searching for a door
To lead them off the cold, dark moor,
They wander on day after day,
And do not know they've missed their way,

And wonder why they do not find
A cottage warm, with love divine
Outflowing from kind friends within,
To shield them from the storm of sin.

Some of them find a saloon door,
And soon fall drunk upon the floor;
Or else go staggering through the street,
A sorrow to all friends they meet.

Some of them taste the sensual cup,
And often saddest sorrow sup;
Some others steal, then find the way
That leads to prison walls some day.

Some of them fight, and some do slay,
Then feel the hangman's rope for pay;
Some of them lie, and swear, and cheat,
Who Friday will not taste of meat.
Some of them go to church and pray
To Christ to "wash their sins away;"
And then they think they are forgiven,
And that's the road that leads to Heaven.

And yet they roam upon the moor,
While storms of sorrow round them pour;
The blood of Christ don't make them good,
Though they've been plunged within its flood.

And when we look o'er earth below,
Where storms of sorrow ever blow,
We find the Christian, with infidel,
Traveling the road that leads to hell.

And yet the bleak snow storms do blow
On the cold, dark moor on earth below;
And many wanderers there we find,
Weary, hungry, and almost blind.

Weary of their load of wrong;
Hungry for some love that's strong;
Blind because they cannot see
The way that leads to Heaven so free.

Weary wanderer, with your load of wrong,
Cease from evil, live for good and virtue strong;
Then soon you'll find the way so smooth and fair,
To a cottage humble you may share.
Hungry wanderer on earth's cold moor,
Searching for love's open door,
Where you within may welcome find,
With love and blessings all refined,

Throw thy hatred all away;
Let not discord with thee stay;
Live for others; let envy go;
Then love around thy way will flow.

Poor blind wanderer, crushed with care,
Gold doth lead thee everywhere;
All the heaven that thou canst see
Grows upon a golden tree.

All the God that thou canst love
Dwells within a golden dove;
Blind and weary, on earth's cold moor,
Searching for some golden door,

Poor blind wanderer, canst thou not see,
Age is creeping fast on thee?
From earth's cold and wintry blast,
Death will free thy soul at last.

To thee what good will thy wealth be?
Thou canst not take it away with thee;
Over on the other shore,
Thy gold will be of use no more.
Ye blind and weary, sick and poor
Wandering on earth's wintry moor,
Stop and think! then look around,
Happiness cannot thus be found.

If you would find a lovely home,
Where in bliss no more you'd roam;
You must that lovely cottage find,
In the deep recesses of your mind.

If from the cold and snowclad moor,
You'd enter through life's cottage door,
Where loving friends, with dinner warm,
Will welcome you from the wintry storm,

You must build that cottage grand and neat,
With goodness, love and virtue sweet,
As here on earth's cold wintry way,
You journey towards life's endless day.

Then when you pass through death's wide door,
You'll gladly leave earth's wintry moor;
There you'll find friends, with love so warm,
To shield you from the wintry storm.

Then, when those wintry storms are o'er,
And you've passed to a warmer shore,
You'll see the coming spring so bright,
And bask within the glorious light.
Then up, and on forever more,
They'll lead you to the spirit shore,
Where fields of life are ever green,
And summer's sun is ever seen.

And as the coming ages roll,
Progress shall lead your willing soul;
And on, and up forever more,
New fields of life you will explore.

And as you journey o'er and o'er,
The "summer land" thus to explore,
Your heart in thankful praise will blend
With life eternal without end.

And thus through progress all divine,
A glorious life you sure will find,
When winter's storms have passed away,
And progress brings a brighter day.
CONSOLATION.

When bowed beneath life's sorrow,
   We bear our heavy load,
Let us in faith wait for the morrow,
   As we travel life's rough road.

Though sorrows round us gather,
   And clouds surround us here;
We know there's brighter weather,
   In the higher spirit sphere.

Though from our hearts in anguish
   Oft starts the scalding tear;
Let us not in sorrow languish,
   While we are dwelling here.

But like the fruitful vineyard
   Receive the shower of rain;
Knowing that in the morning,
   The sun will shine again.

But clouds, and rain, and darkness,
   Must blend along our way,
Our soul life here to nourish
   For bloom some future day.
Oh, let us then be thankful,
   For the clouds o'er our way cast;
They will unfold our spirit natures,
   And lead us home at last,

Where fields of living beauty,
   We'll find on that bright shore;
And the homes of earth's poor children
   Will be sold from them no more.

**Anticipation.**

Oh, who would wish to always stay
   Here on this earth below,
'Mid sorrow, grief and suffering,
   When a brighter sphere we know,
Awaits us, on the other shore,
   Where our loved friends have gone;
And soon we'll meet them over there,
   And sing redemption's song.
THE SHIP OF PROGRESS.*

The grand ship of progress, how proudly she sails
O'er the dark waves of earth life, with the spiritual mails!
The force that moves this grand ship along,
Is the love-breeze of sympathy singing its song.

How proudly she sails o'er life's turbulent sea,
Freighted with passengers from the spiritual lea,
Bearing aloft the bright banner of love,
Greeting their earth friends from Heaven above.

They bring from the realms of the spirit so fair,
Letters of love, gems of truth rich and rare;
They scatter them freely on man's earthly way,
To show him the beauty of life's endless day.

In the laps of earth's media, good, faithful and true,
The mail-bag is emptied for them to review,
And scatter the contents, wherever they find
A man or a woman to progress inclined.

* These lines were given me inspirationally to explain the meaning of a ship, which I saw clairvoyantly, sailing with many people upon her deck—seen while sitting in a circle February, 16, 1885.
This grand ship of progress we showed unto you,
To help you remember and your promise renew,
To scatter the thought gems brought to your mind,
Wherever truth-seekers you meet and do find.

Then nobly and truly, your mission fulfil;
Receive all the mail from the valley or hill,
That's brought to you daily from nature's full store,
On the grand ship of progress, now and evermore.

Oh do not get weary and fall by the way;
And do not heed what Mrs. Grundy may say;
Your mission is holy; your life work divine;
Let the thought gems of wisdom around your way shine.

And when, here in earth life, your work shall be done,
On the old ship of progress we'll take you as one
Of the army of workers for the redemption of man
From false creeds and dogmas, and error's false plan.

All hail! the old ship of progress so grand
Unfurls her white sails to the breeze of all lands;
Let the song from her deck echo boundless and free,
Mankind is redeemed from false gods we now see.
**The Spirit Child's Consolation.**

'Twas only the dust of your darling,
You tearfully laid in the tomb,
The life gem, the soul, of your darling,
Has flown where there's plenty of room
To unfold its powers all immortal,
On the glorious evergreen shore,
And speak to you from life's golden portal:
Dear mother weep for me no more.

For dear loving arms were extended,
To welcome me over death's stream,
And life, only life, is now blended;
Dear mother, this is not a dream;
For I see the bright angels around me,
And I feel from their lips a warm kiss,
And with love-light they always surround me;
Oh, mother, to me this is bliss.

Don't sorrow because from the earth life,
When an infant, I faded away;

*Lines written for Mrs. Amy Blood, on the passing to spirit life of her infant child. February, 1887.*
For thus I escaped all dark earth strife,
    To dwell in life's unending day.
In pain, in sickness, and in sorrow,
    I passed my short life on earth's sphere;
But the glorious dawn of life's morrow
    Received me with no falling tear.

And they tell me that in the bright ages,
    That to all of earth's children must come,
Will be written on life's glowing pages,
    The mother at last has come home,
To meet in the fields of life's beauty,
    The child whom her heart loved so well,
And there in the home of life's duty,
    The story of child life will tell.

Oh, ye mothers who mourn, and who sorrow
    For your loved ones who've passed on before;
Could you light from the spirit world borrow,
    You'd weep for your loved ones no more.
For there in the home of bright angels,
    Who know all the needs of the soul,
Those dear little minds, by the angels,
    Are taught all life's wrongs to control,

And unfold their pure soul life eternal,
    Through all of the ages to come;
And drink from life's fountain supernal,
    That flows from life's infinite throne.
And partake of that infinite knowledge,
    That glows in those mansions above,
As they climb life's bright pathway of knowledge,
    Through the fields of God's infinite love.

Let our hearts in thankfulness ever
    Flow out to the infinite heart,
For the cold hand of death cannot sever
    The love of dear friends when they part.
But on through the ages forever,
    Pure love for each other will flow;
And warmer and happier ever,
    Will friendship in harmony grow.
IMMORTALITY.*

Oh! mourning hearts with sorrow riven,
The friend you mourn still lives in Heaven;
Yes, just across death's shadowy way,
She dwells in life's unending day.

Thy friend, companion, Mother dear,
Has only passed to a higher sphere;
And there she'll wait for thee to come,
When death shall call thy spirit home.

There, heart to heart and soul to soul,
The waves of life will round thee roll;
Oh! there with life's elixir sweet,
Thy loved and lost with joy thou'lt greet.

Oh! let our hearts go out in love
To the Great Source of life above;
And let us ever thankful be,
That we shall live eternally.

* Lines written on the birth into spirit life of Almyra Litchfield, on the fifteenth of October, 1885, and published in the Ellicottville News.
A N I N V O C A T I O N.

Oh, Life divine! Thy quickening power
Sustains our footsteps every hour;
When waves of darkness round us roll,
Thou quickenest light within the soul.

When we climb Calvary's rugged side,
And on our cross our sins do ride,
Thou art with us upon our way,
To lead us to a brighter day.

And when on Calvary's brow we stand,
And to the cross are nailed our hands,
"Lama Sabachthani" we'll cry,
Until we feel Thy presence nigh.

And when, within the tomb is laid
Our mortal form which Thou hast made,
May angels come and ope the door,
That we may rise forever more.
And as we move through realms above,
Oh! may we feel Thy quickening love
To guide our footsteps day by day,
Along life's glorious upward way.

And as through fields of light we'll roam,
Amid Thy star-paved glorious home,
Our heart Thy beauties will adore,
And thankful be forever more.
IN MEMORY OF THEO.*

Then little loved one weep no more,
While dwelling on the spirit shore;
But oft return to us while here,
And tell us of thy higher sphere.

Thy little form, so still and cold,
Must slowly change to earthly mold;
But, Oh, thy little soul so pure,
Will through eternity endure.

Thy merry laugh and prattling play,
How much we’ll miss them every day,
But there, with the bright angel band,
Thy mind will unfold pure and grand.

Oh life divine! give us this day
The power divine we need, to say
"Take her to Thee, our little one,
And let Thy will, O God, be done."

* A poem written on the passage to spirit life of Theo, child of Mr. and Mrs. Orlin Griffes.
Hard, hard, it is to clearly see
The way of life prepared for thee;
Oh! may we trust the power of love,
That encircles all, below, above.

Oh, may we rise from this deep grief;
May angels bring us that relief,
That flows from out their home above,
And comes to us in holy love.

Oh, may our loved one, pure and sweet,
Return to us from death's retreat,
And tell us of her life so fair,
In fields of beauty over there.

Then will we bless the power above,
That rules all things in holy love,
When we shall meet on any shore,
And clasp our Theo then once more.
Ode to Life.

FIRST PART.

Ever present art thou here,
Life of all that is most dear;
Here thou comest with morning light,
Living, moving, with thy might.

With thy majesty and power,
Thou art with us every hour;
Moving, loving in the snow,
Even if the strong winds blow.

Life, Oh life, we ask of thee,
Whence thou art, and what thou be—
Breathing in all things around,
Even snow flakes on the ground?

As we awake this wintry morn,
And from our window view the storm,
The winds they whistle around our door,
As they so oft have done before.

Full of life and full of song,
Wintry winds their notes prolong;
Ever whistling round our door,
Teach us lessons o'er and o'er.
Oh life, dost thou dwell in the snow,
As well as in the flowers that grow?
Dost thou dwell in the insect part,
As well as in the human heart?

Dost thou dwell in the lowest mind,
As well as in the more refined?
Dost thou dwell in the sinner here,
As in the good in a higher sphere?

Art thou the same grand life of all
That moves upon this earthly ball?
And the same life that shines so clear,
Among the stars in another sphere?

What art thou, life, and dost thou know
All things that transpire here below?
Hast thou a mind to understand
All the laws and truths of every land?

Art thou the same life—all divine—
That was, before a star or sun did shine?
Art thou a unit in space's vast sea,
Or canst thyself divided be?

Oh life, we bow before thy power,
And seek more wisdom every hour;
We feel that truth (to us) can only flow,
As life's phenomena we know.
Oh life, we listen here this hour,
For inspiration's glorious power;
When from higher realms of thought will flow,
Truths that we now seek to know.

SECOND PART.

THE REPLY.

Listen! Upon the waves of life as borne along,
I catch the music of life's sweet song;
As plain I catch the music's flow,
As the winds that round my door doth blow.

It sings—Oh I am life that's all divine,
On every world, in every clime;
I am in each snow-flake that blows around,
And in each flower that blooms from out the ground.

I am life within the insect part,
And love within the human heart;
I am life within the lowest mind,
As well as in the most refined.

I am the life of the sinner here,
And of the saint in a higher sphere;
I am the same pure life of all
That moves upon this earthly ball.

I am the life that shines so clear,
'Mid all the stars in every sphere;
But what I am, that you must learn,
As my grand movements you discern.
By some, I am called "the living God,"
Who sometimes visits'earth's cold sod,
That, by so doing, he may know,
What's happening on the earth below.

Mistaken fancy that must be,
For I am Life's Infinite Sea;
And know just what I ever find,
According to the growth of mind.

When I dwell in the insect here
That flits within earth's atmosphere,
I only know the insect power,
That flits a moment or an hour.

When I dwell in the cold snow-flake,
No realms of thought my being wake;
When in the wind the storm king blows,
That wind is all my being knows.

When in the flowers I bloom awhile,
My being then their fragrance smiles
As by the kiss of yon bright sun,
My mission in the flower is done.

And when I find myself encased
Within the form of some wild beast,
All that I know or care to see,
Is what within that beast I be.
And when within the infant form,
I find that I am growing strong,
I think just as the infant mind,
Through growth the field of thought doth find.

And when through time's resistless power,
I find myself within a higher bower,
Where thought and reason ever flow,
And mind desires more truth to know,

Oh then I grasp a higher thought,
Which can't in lower realms be bought;
And bind that gem of thought so grand,
Unto myself—PROGRESSIVE MAN.

And when in higher realms above,
I find I am, in blissful love,
Bound to each loving truthful heart,
From them we wish no more to part.

And thus of life we are a part;
And thus are bound to every heart;
And thus life has a mind to know,
All that transpires above, below.

And thus a mind to understand
All the laws and truths of every land;
When thought shall penetrate the veil,
And mind shall everywhere prevail.
I am the same life all divine,
That was, before a star or sun did shine;
I am a unit in life's unrolling sea,
And yet I can divided be.

Divided, yet I am the same;
All parts from the great fountain came;
All life includes the various parts,
That through infinity oft starts.

And thus all truth I can define,
And teach it to the immortal mind;
But mind must grow to higher thought,
Before the higher can be taught.

There is no way to unfold the mind,
Except through life's grand laws we find
The truths that flow through life's high dome,
And mind can bring those grand truths home,

And understand the living power
That breathes through all things every hour;
Thus mind can climb the rugged way,
That leads through fields of endless day.

And thus through thought and growth unfold
The higher qualities of soul;
And thus through progress day by day,
Through fields of life we'll wend our way.
KNOWLEDGE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Oh knowledge grand! There is no dead!
When silent lies the mortal head,
The much-loved friend has only gone
To dwell above earth's cold, dark storm.

With us, it is not Hope today,
'Tis KNOWLEDGE opes the higher way,
And brings us lessons all divine
From those who dwell in spirit clime.

And as we meet on earth's dark shore
Our loving friends who've gone before;
To the Source of Life our thanks ascend,
For the light of life that angels send.

THANKFULNESS.

Oh, let us thank the powers above
   For sunshine and for storm;
And ever feel that God is love,
   And that His love is strong.
REFLECTION.

Oh! who would live always in this world below,
'Mid sorrow and sighing wherever we go;
When the sunlight of love in the mansions above,
Unites all together in wisdom and love.

Oh! who would repine o'er the pathway sublime,
Where sages and saints through the ages have climbed
From the low forms of earth to a nobler birth?
Let us chant the grand anthem of heavenly mirth.

Oh! I would not live always in this form of clay;
In the low fields of earth life I would not always stay;
For I see the way open, through progression's bright door,
Where some of our loved ones have passed on before.

And I love Truth's bright sunshine that streams from yon skies;
And I thank the great Father that mind never dies;
And thankful am I, that from sin, all shall be,
Through growth and unfoldment, made happy and free.
ODE TO CHANGE.

FIRST PART.

Oh change! Ye fickle goddess fair,
Who floats upon the summer air,
Like frost upon the window pane;
Why not leave some things just the same?

When we have climbed the mountain fair,
And breathed its gentle fragrant air;
Why must we to the vale return,
While in our bosom sorrows burn?

Is it to unfold the human mind,
That higher pathways we may find?
If so, let freedom clip old error's wings,
While truth new lessons ever sings.

Oh change! Art thou the power that leads
All things in life to higher deeds?
Do we owe all advancement here,
To thee, Oh change? If so, thou art most dear.

SECOND PART.

THE REPLY.

Dear friend, I am not a fickle goddess fair;
Yet I float upon the summer air;
I dwell within the winter's storm,
And always sing progression's song.
I love each hill and flowery dale,
Each murmuring brook that seeks the vale;
I love each river grand and free,
Flowing on toward the sea.

I dwell within each atom here,
That now exists on this earth-sphere;
I unfold the blossom of the rose;
From the forms I decompose.

I grow the flowers so fragrant, sweet,
That bloom along man's lone retreat;
I've built man's form from mouldering clay,
And placed him in progression's way.

I've trained man's mind to upward rise,
And sometimes opened purblind eyes;
I've taught mankind on earth today,
That false religions now hold sway.

I am in each being everywhere,
And nature's law I do declare,
Is the grand power that moves me along,
And makes me sing progression's song.

I always was; shall always be;
No birth was ever given to me;
Yet unto all a birth I've given
To lead them toward a higher Heaven.
Through countless years of toil and pain,
I've ever wrought—and not in vain—
For worlds I've made, to circle round,
From gases which in space I found.

And now in majesty I ride
Upon the ocean's rolling tide;
I'm in the cyclone that doth sweep
Forests and towns to ruins deep.

On Mars and Jupiter I ride,
In mighty power and unknown pride;
And all the stars and worlds on high,
That roll through all the boundless sky,

Cannot for a single day,
From my presence flee away.
I am grown to them, and am a part
Of all there is, of form and heart.

Then fickle, call me not, my dear,
For I am everywhere, 'tis clear;
Ever striving day by day,
To teach mankind the better way.

I change the elements of earth
To infant forms, then give them birth;
And then I change the infant mind,
And teach it higher truths to find.
And ever while on earth they stay, 
I try to change their minds each day; 
And bring them thoughts from nature's store, 
That they may weep and sigh no more.

And when from earth they pass away, 
I never leave them for a day; 
I gently take them by the hand, 
And lead them in the spirit land.

And ope for them progression's door, 
That they new beauties may explore; 
And thus, through nature's laws divine, 
New truths of life they daily find.
A SOLILOQUIY.

In life's shady forest I stand all alone,
My friends and companions have left me and gone;
Like the oak that is riven by nature's keen blast,
Of my own family circle I may be the last.

Many of my friends from the form have passed away;
My children all have gone to a far brighter day;
Yet I, in my sadness, am left to repine,
While around me their memory must ever entwine.

And I look back today o'er the years that have fled,
Since we in youth's springtime were lovingly wed;
And I dream (as it were) o'er the joys of the past,
And sometimes regret that life's springtime can't last.

But the springtime must pass with its bloom and its beauty;
The summer must follow with its cares and its duty;
While the cold chilling winds of autumn prepare
For the tomb all the flowers so fragrant and fair.

Then the winter must come with its icy cold arms,
And rob all the flowers of their fragrance and charms;
While the snow doth enshroud us in wintry gloom,
Burying vegetation in winter's cold tomb.
Sometimes, in my sadness, I almost incline
To question the wisdom of that life divine,
That warms with love's beauty the soft human heart,
Then, through death, forces us with our loved ones to part.

And I sit 'neath the shade of life's evergreen tree,
And list to the voice that oft whispers to me;
That tells me of springtime, and life's wintry gloom,
And the life that awaits us beyond death's dark tomb.

It tells of the flowers that in winter doth die,
And in spring are revived by the breeze's soft sigh;
When warmed by the sunlight, and kissed by the shower,
Springs again into beauty in life's vernal bower.

It tells me the noblest of all flowers on earth
Is the mind all immortal; that here has its birth;
When the cold frost of death this grand flower shall fade,
And the earth form within the dark tomb is laid.

Then the soul of the flower, the mind all divine,
In bright fields of beauty forever will shine,
When warmed by the sunlight of infinite love,
And kissed by life's forces that stream from above.

It whispers to me of my children so dear,
Who left this dark earth life for the bright spirit sphere;
It tells me they bloom in the bright fields above,
And often return to bring me their love.
It tells me that childhood, like the unfolding rose,
In that bright land of beauty through progression grows;
And unfolds in wisdom as the ages roll by,
In that life, all supernal, where none ever die.

It whispers to me of our friends we love dear,
Who've passed on before to the bright spirit sphere;
It tells me, though laid were their forms in the grave,
They love me, and watch me, and gladly would save

My heart from all sorrow, my mind from all wrong,
And gladly would save us from sin's raging storm;
But sin brings its sorrow, brings suffering and woe,
Wherever we wander, wherever we go.

But it whispers to me that all minds on earth's sod
Are yet part of the infinite spirit of God;
And, though, for a time, sin and folly may lead them astray,
The power of unfoldment will save them some day,

And raise them above all the wrongs that are rife
In the unfolding processes of human life;
There are none that are perfect, progression doth say,
Though many oft boast of salvation's sure way

Through shedding the blood of an innocent one,
Even of Jesus, the Father's blest son;
Thus many expect to escape all the woe
Attached to wrong doing, wherever they go.
But when they the lessons of life have learned well
They'll find that the blood of another can't save them from hell;
Each one must atone for the wrongs he has done,
And only through knowledge can salvation come.

That knowledge, that leads us to shun all wrong deeds,
Is the only salvation that God ever heeds;
Though each day, on our knees, we offer our prayer,
Wrong deeds will bring suffering everywhere.

That sweet whispering voice, in accents of love,
Would teach us the way to blest mansions above;
In the All-Father's house, where love all divine
Through human affection all hearts will entwine.

When from sin and from sorrow mankind shall all be,
Through the power of unfoldment, made happy and free;
Then each human heart in love will adore
The Infinite Spirit of life evermore.

And it tells me that ties of affection and love
Can never be severed in those pure realms above;
That souls who have wandered in darkness and sin,
Through the light of unfoldment will bring Heaven within.

That the family circle, though broken on earth,
Will again be united, when, through the new birth,
Each one shall have passed through death's open door
To dwell in those bright fields of life evermore.
Then I'll no longer question that wisdom divine,
That unites us together in that higher clime;
But I'll sound the grand anthem o'er life's rolling sea—
Light triumphs o'er darkness, and mankind is free.

Free from the follies and wrongs of the past,
Free from the ignorance that chained mankind fast
Through the long tedious ages of error's dark night,
With no reason unfolded to lead mankind right.

I'll rejoice evermore though I stand all alone,
E'en though my companions have left me and gone;
I'll bravely receive all of nature's keen blast,
E'en though I should be of my kindred the last,

To lay off this earth form, and thus pass away
To dwell in those bright fields of unending day;
For I know that my friends on the evergreen shore,
Will be waiting and watching to welcome me o'er.

When my barque o'er death's waters shall silently glide,
I know I have friends, on the evergreen side,
Who will meet me and greet me with affection's true kiss,
And thus I shall realize life's purest bliss.

Oh life! thou art grand! most glorious and great!
For angels are waiting at life's golden gate;
And we fear not death's waters, though dark they may seem,
For angels will lead us in love o'er the stream.
We labor here in spring time, we toil to plant and sow,  
Expecting through the summer, a bounteous crop will grow;  
If we sow the perfect seeds a perfect crop we'll gain;  
If we sow tares and thistles, the same they will remain.

Thus earth life is the spring time, when all mankind doth sow,  
At death there comes the harvest, that reaps whate'er we grow;  
If we sow deeds of goodness along our earthly way,  
Our home o'er there'll be lighted by life's unending day.

But if along our pathway wrong deeds of tares we sow,  
And the thistle seeds of falsehood plant, be sure that they will grow,  
And when grim Death the reaper shall call our spirits home,  
Sorrow, grief, and darkness, we'll find within our home.

And thus each day we're weaving the garments we shall wear,  
When we pass o'er the river to mansions over there;  
If we fill the warp of kindness, with the woof of truth and love,  
Our garments will show brightness, in the Father's home above.
But if while in the earth form our spirits doth remain,  
We fill our warp of being with thoughts sinful, low, and vain,  
If we weave the woof of wrong deeds within the warp of human woe,  
Our garments they will show the stain wherever we may go.

But thankful are we ever to the Power that rules above,  
That the glorious law of progress will unfold all minds in love;  
Though darkness, sin, and sorrow, for a time may chain the mind,  
The heaven of life's unfoldment, all souls will sometime find.
Salvation Through Knowledge

Knowledge of life, when truly found,
Will save all minds on this earth ground,
From sorrow, suffering, wrong and sin,
And bring a heaven of love within

Each human heart on earth below,
And teach it how to wiser grow;
To shun all wrong, and do the right,
And heathen darkness change to light.

Thus will I labor, if I can,
For the redemption of poor man
From all the wrongs and ills that grow
Along his pathway here below.

Methinks, if I could help to save
One creed-bound soul, old error's slave,
From heathen darkness, error's power,
I should rejoice that very hour.

Then I could sing a happier lay,
Than though I'd fooled away each day
Loitering around some "Golden Throne,"
Waiting for blessings not my own.
WHAT I SEE, AND WHAT I HEAR.

Oh! I see a world revolving
Through the boundless fields of space,
'Mid the starry realms of being,
Ever active in the race.

Oh! I see upon its surface,
Many people small and great,
'Mid their mental darkness wondering,
Why their life, and what their fate.

Oh! the people of all nations,
I see with vision clear,
Ever laboring for salvation,
From conditions which they fear.

Oh! here I see the beggar,
As he goes from door to door;
For clothing, food and shelter,
Each one he does implore.

Oh! here I see the mother,
With her infant on her knee;
And with all her prayerful watching,
Knows not what her child will be.
Oh! here I see a young man,
From the country come to town,
And the drunkard's glass there tempts him,
Till with stupor he falls down.

And the wretch behind the counter,
With a knowing wink and grin,
Rejoices, for such stupor
Helps him "scrape the money in."

Again I see this young man
Arrested as a thief;
And the trial that they give him
Is very fair but brief.

They prove the young man guilty
Of robbery in the town;
With hand-cuffs, chains and fetters,
The young man then is bound.

Again I see a prison,
With its dark walls of gloom;
And there, with many others,
The young man has a room.

And for the State he labors
For years—one, two and three;
And when that time is ended,
They set the prisoner free.
But look! there stands a gallows,
   Oh see! the drop falls down!
I see the victim hanging,
   I know that evil frown.

'Tis the same young man who started
   From his rustic country home,
And tempted by the wineglass,
   In sin has loved to roam,

Until the law has found him
   A murderer dark and bold;
Oh! the curses of the winecup,
   By man can not be told.

But look! what's over yonder?
   Two armies on the ground;
With musket, sword, and cannon,
   They sweep ten thousands down.

We see the wounded bleeding,
   And the dead close by them lie;
Oh! the shouts, and groans, and anguish,
   As the slaughtered thousands die.

We see just in the back ground,
   Two monarchs on their thrones;
For sordid selfish grandeur
   They've caused those fearful groans.
What makes the suffering people
  So eager for the fray?
Is it for lack of knowledge?
  Oh tell us true, we pray!

The monarchs and the priesthood say,
  The masses too much know;
If they had good understanding,
  We could not lead them so.

If they only knew their power,
  They'd hurl from us the crown;
And the dark and selfish priesthood
  Would lay its scepter down.

We tell them that a law divine,
  Above poor sinful man,
Has placed upon our head the crown;
  And thus we lead the van.

While the priests, united with us,
  Proclaim God's holy law,
Through hell's hot fire, and holy ire,
  The masses to us draw.

Thus we control the multitude,
  And bring them to the fray;
Through fire and blood we lead them,
  And thus our thousands slay.
What if the orphan's tears do flow,
   And the widow's hearts are broken?
In meek submission they will yield,
   And bring us many a token

Of love, that from their sorrows flow,
   And homage to our crown;
While the priesthood follows in their wake,
   To crush the people down.

And thus we see o'er Europe's fields,
   The monarchs—each his crown;
And before the priests, the people kneel,
   And lay their offerings down.

They grind the poor into the dust,
   No sympathy they feel;
Their souls with wealth are crusted o'er,
   Their hearts are hard as steel.

Let us haste away from Europe
   To far off eastern lands;
And at the people take a look,
   Amid old Asia's sands.

We'll take a look at China,
   And Turkey we'll explore;
To India and Hindostan,
   And then to Canaan's shore.
Oh see! what hosts of Chinamen
Dwell on old China's shore!
Their false gods which they worship,
Let them progress no more.

Three hundred millions bow the knee
At that old heathen shrine,
That called the hosts to worship,
In the long-past olden time.

And as we enter Hindostan,
God Brahma there we meet,
With Vishnu, Siva, Durga, Yam—
Once thought a power complete.

And once those poor deluded souls,
To serve the God that they adore,
In Ganges waves their children cast,
And saw them rise no more.

And Turkey is no better,
She's wedded to the past;
The Turks are not progressive,
They are chained to old forms fast.

While India, once a country fine,
Where the idol Buddha reigned,
Is now much cursed by English gold,
And hence is much less famed.
And Egypt, once the leading star
   Of advancement in the earth,
Though cursed with many idols,
   To noble thoughts gave birth.

And Canaan, that happy land,
   Noted so long in song,
Produces none the better race,
   Because the Jews were strong

Enough to drive the people out,
   And rob them of their gold,
Their houses, cattle and their lands;
   Oh! Israel's meanness can't be told.

Oh! we see the seven-hilled city—
   Once the mistress of the world,
Shorn of her ancient glory,
   And her power to darkness hurled.

By the learned and Christian priesthood,
   She is sunk in pagan night;
They love the heathen darkness,
   And they hate the dawning light.

We see Russia with her Nihilists,
   And Austria with her crown;
Poland with her tyranny,
   And Ireland with her frown;
England, with all her colonies,
   "On which the sun doth ever shine;"
While proud and bloody France aspires
   To be called a republic fine.

And proud old Spain, they say, is cursed
   With a priesthood dark as ever;
While Italy, the land of song,
   Would her relation sever

From tyrant's crowns. Some of her sons
   Their glorious land would see
Relieved of superstition's curse,
   That her people might be free.

So thus where'er we turn our gaze
   On eastern downtrod people,
We see a dark and misty haze,
   Enshrouding all the people.

And when to Asia we have been,
   Or to Afric's jungles strayed,
We see that superstition's curse,
   Has every people swayed;

From the dark and heathen Hottentots,
   Who build their huts of clay,
And wallow in their dirt and filth
   "Contented," as they say;
Because they know not of a life,
    Where art and science they may find
To build their temples, clothe their forms,
    And thus unfold the mind.

From the lowest realms of human life,
    That we can find on earth,
Up through the different grades of all,
    That ever have had birth,

We see all stand upon a plane,
    Where Life, or Fate, has placed them;
And naught can raise their lowly souls,
    Till knowledge doth awake them.

'Tis not alone the Hottentot,
    Who needs more knowledge grand;
But all the races on the earth,
    Of every clime and land,

Need to feel the power of truth,
    Sharp touched by wisdom's wand;
While nobler, wiser, thoughts find birth
    Within their minds so grand.

And as we turn from eastern shores,
    And seek Columbia's land;
Through fire and smoke, and battle scarred,
    March brave the noble band
Who fought for freedom, progress, law,
    To raise a people once trod down,
And save them from "old England's paw,"
    And on base tyrants frown.

South America we will not scan,
    Nor Mexico explore;
And Canada we'll now pass by,
    Nor stop upon her shore.

Through the towns of the United States,
    We'll take a careful lock;
And some things which we find therein,
    We'll write within our book.

We find in every town of note,
    Within our boasted land,
Many of the same low vices,
    That disgrace a heathen band.

Murder we find in many towns,
A very common thing;
Close by the Christian pulpit
    Where the priests their offerings bring.

Licentiousness and falsehood
    Do everywhere abound;
While the people pray to Jesus
    From their sins to be made sound.
Robbery, theft, and slander,
    We see on every side;
And prisons filled with victims,
    Who've been by Christian judges tried.

And yonder stands the gallows!
    See the victim dangling in the air!
The sheriff has just touched the drop,
    And the priest hath said his prayer.

And they've sent a soul to Jesus,
    According to the Christian creed;
Though his heart and hands are stained with
    blood,
    Jesus paid for the bloody deed.

For, after he was arrested,
    Convicted and condemned,
The priest led him to Jesus,
    That pardon Christ might send.

So they swung him from the gallows,
    Straight into Heaven so light,
While the poor one whom he murdered,
    He sent to endless night.

For without a moment's warning,
    The man was stricken down
By the murderous assassin
    Without a priest to call forgiveness down.
Oh! ye blind and foolish people,
When will you heed the law,
That God through nature does reveal,
To man without a flaw.

For in that law is written,
(By the power of life divine,)
That the murderer cannot thus escape,
And Heaven so quickly find.

And you, ye vain, proud priesthood
Go hide yourselves in shame;
It is for lack of reasoning power,
That you such creeds proclaim.

Within your legislative halls,
We now will look, and see,
If, with all your boasted freedom,
The people here are free.

We step within the archway,
The door is open wide;
We hear the chaplain pray to God,
Their acts of state to guide.

We think his God is helpless,
Or else his prayer don't hear;
For justice there we fail to find,
And gold doth rule, 'tis clear.
Oh, look within the lobby!
   See that man with visage dark!
He's hired by a railroad millionaire,
   Like a little dog to bark.

And the legislators heed him,
   For they love the tyrant's gold.
Oh! for that filthy lucre,
   How oft is justice sold.

Deeper than the flow of wisdom,
   Stronger than the voice of God,
Is the wealth so freely offered,
   To keep the people 'neath the rod.

On the poor they take no pity;
   Justice pure from them has flown.
They make the rich much richer,
   While the poor have poorer grown.

Volcanic fires are rumbling,
   We hear them all around,
With the laboring classes thundering,
   For justice to be found.

Ye would-be lordly tyrants,
   The peoples voice ye'd better heed,
Before their slumbering vengeance
   Causes your forms to burn or bleed.
Now as we stand and take a look
O'er all this rolling earth,
We find there're many people strug-gling,
To find a higher, nobler birth.

To throw off the tyrant's fetters,
With which they have been bound,
And taste the sweets of liberty,
Which lately some have found.

Oh, life divine! Will it ever be,
That tyrants crowns shall fall;
And the people of all climes be free
To meet in wisdom's hall;

And legislate in wisdom,
For the good of all mankind,
Without a tyrant or monopoly,
With gold their power to bind?

Oh! tell us, will the time ne'er come,
When false creeds shall be unknown;
And false religions, and false Gods,
By man shall be outgrown?

Must man in darkness ever
Bow to a heathen shrine?
And never think or step above
The ancient heathen time?
Oh! in looking round about me,
I see an angel stand,
Close watching the dark ways that be,
While she holds within her hand

A Book in which is written
Some things she would us tell
Of the Present, and the Future.
Let us heed her lessons well.

Then the angel spoke unto me,
"Oh man! Thou wouldst know
Something of the coming future;
And we this to thee will show.

Oh, man, unfold thy vision!
Look up and see the light,
That flows from fields elysian,
To drive from earth the night,

That now as with a mantle,
(Darker than midnight gloom)
Enshrouds the earth in sadness,
As mankind journeys to the tomb."

Oh! I look around about me,
I see a halo bright,
Encircling the lovely angel,
As she shows to me the light.
Oh! I see a world of mind awaking
   From superstition's night;
And men old creeds forsaking,
   As they receive more light.

I see a mother weeping
   (By the grave so dark and drear)
Where the form she loved lies sleeping ;
   She sees not her loved one near.

I see her mind doth wander,
   Far away from earthly strife,
To a heaven of bliss up yonder,
   Above all cares of life.

For she knows not that her loved one-
   Can return unto her here,
From the realms of spirit-being,
   Her sorrowing heart to cheer.

I see an angel descending,
   From the bright spheres above ,
And around the mother blending
   Bright hues of truth and love.

And the angel whispers to her ;
   (By the free magnetic law)
"I came to you, dear mother,
   When your tears of grief I saw."
Oh! I see a glorious halo
   Around the mother dear,
As she listens to the teachings,
   Of her child from the spirit sphere.

And I see the teardrops lessen,
   Which before so freely fell;
As she hears the words of wisdom,
   That her spirit child doth tell.

Oh, I see a host of angels coming
   To bring to earth more light;
And lead poor sorrowing mortals,
   Away from heathen night.

But I see the power of error,
   Through ignorance dark and low;
And the seeds of tares and discord,
   Laboring hard on earth to sow.

I see the Christian priesthood,
   As leaders in the van,
Try to crush out truth and reason,
   From the unfolding mind of man.

But many of the people
   Heed not their selfish power,
But listen to the teachings,
   That flow to earth each hour,
From those, who've been translated
    From earth to the spirit sphere;
And in love return unto us,
    Our saddened hearts to cheer.

I see human minds unfolding,
    As they catch the dawning light,
From minds in higher life unrolling,
    To earth their wisdom bright.

Oh! I see many hearts rejoicing,
    Who with grief and saddening woe,
Were traveling life's rough pathway,
    But a little while ago.

Then, they could only see the glimmer
    Of earthly life while here;
Now, they see the loving angels,
    As they come from the spirit sphere.

Oh! I see the low and fallen,
    The poor, the rich, the great,
With pure and warm affection,
    Rise above their former state,

As they clasp hands with angels,
    And know that they are free
From the discord of earth's follies,
    When they've crossed death's trackless sea.
Oh! I see their minds expanding,
As they learn the law of love;
Their immortal souls unfolding,
As life's music rolls above.

Oh! I see their crowns are falling
From many a monarch's brow;
For the people are progressing,
As the angels teach them how.

Oh! I see the tyrants trembling
On many a tottering throne;
And while their power they're losing,
The cause, it is unknown.

I see them vainly struggling
To keep the people down;
And every effort making
To save each tottering crown.

Oh! I see the priests contending,
With all their power and might,
To keep back truth and reason,
And thus checkmate the light.

And still the Christian priesthood,
Unheeding life's progressive power,
Call those angels "sordid Devils,"
And fight them every hour.
The crown and church united,
In the ages of the past,
Do still hang close together,
But their power they're losing fast.

For the people they are thinking;
Thinking what that power can be,
Which gave the crown unto the king,
And the power to the Papal see.

Oh! we see the people rising
From the errors of the past;
Throwing off old superstition,
While they grasp the truth at last.

We see the poor, and lowly,
And those who've been crushed low,
In the strength of mankind rising,
While their rights they learn to know.

And the angels are them teaching,
That sin can't be forgiven;
That the murderer from the gallows
Can't be swung straight into Heaven.

That the law of living justice
Is a law of God divine;
And around man's pathway ever,
Will that law of justice twine.
And the man whose soul is blackened
   By the darkening power of sin,
Is almost, wholly, unprepared,
   Heaven's joys to enter in.

'The tale "Christ's blood can save them,
   And wash their dark souls clean,"
Is a foolish heathen fable,
   As unnumbered souls have seen.

By the laws of progress ever
   Must grow their souls above
All the power of sin and error,
   And their souls be filled with love.

Like the pure and spotless lily,
   That springs from out the mud,
'Neath the dark and turbid waters,
   And then puts forth a bud,

When kissed by the warm sunlight,
   And has felt the dew and shower,
In all its lovely beauty
   Unfolds its fragrant flower,

So the soul of man immortal,
   If born on earth's dark sod,
Must feel the kiss of wisdom,
   By angels brought from God.
Then the budding mind will blossom,
Like the lily of the lake;
And fragrant thoughts from Heaven,
In the human soul will wake

New harmonies in the soul divine,
That leads to Heaven's throne,
Enshrined within the breast of man;
THE ONLY HEAVEN THAT'S KNOWN.

Oh! I see the power of wealth on earth,
Uniting with the crown,
To crush the unfolding power of mind,
And chain its victims down.

But hark! methinks I hear a voice,
From out the arching skies,
In tones of sweetest music,
Bid the low of earth arise,

And throw those old dark fetters off,
With which they've long been bound;
For the divinity of mankind,
By man has now been found.

Seek for more light and wisdom
To unfold thy growing mind;
For KNOWLEDGE is the only SAVIOR
That you will ever find,
To lead you up life's pathway,
    Above all wrongs of earth;
That you may taste the sweetness
    Of a higher, nobler birth.

And now we see the struggles,
    Throughout the earth today;
Old forms and creeds are falling,
    And sure must pass away.

Though slowly they are going,
    They are going sure and strong;
And as we see them going,
    We cry, "Oh, Lord! How long?"

In answer to our earnest cry,
    We hear the angels say:
"Have patience, friends in earth life,
    For you must lead the way,
"Up from the pit of dark despair,
    And governmental gloom;
"You must lead the sorrowing ones of earth,
    Till they find a better, lovelier home.
"And amid religious darkness,
    You must bring the glowing light,
"To scatter around the pathway,
    Of those who walk in night.
"And when they see the better way,
"That leads to a heaven of love,
"They'll climb progression's stairway,
"To higher fields above."

Oh! we see a host in earth life,
Combined with angel bands,
Laboring for the redemption
Of mankind in all earth lands.

But 'twill take some time to grow them,
As it does a flower of earth;
But truth and love will raise them
To a grander, nobler birth.

For God, through truth and law and reason,
Controls all things in life;
And we see that in the distant future,
Man will rise above this present strife.

Then the king, the priest, the laborer
Will meet upon one common plane,
When the crown and robe have fallen,
And monopoly has been slain.

Oh! we see in the coming future,
A grand brotherhood on earth;
Then justice will be the ruler,
And love, with joy and mirth,
Shall dwell within each human heart
Here on this earth below,
As upward through the unfolding fields
Of life sublime they go.

Then man on earth, and angels
In the spheres of life above,
Each day shall work in union;
For all shall dwell in love,

And know that all are brothers
Destined to eternal life;
And that peace and truth shall lead them
Above all wars and strife.

Oh! this you say is prophecy!
Yes, but I see it will prove true,
In the great eternal future,
As we the coming ages view

Through the power of inspiration
That flows to us this day,
From the realms of life eternal,
And shows us the future way.

Oh! then what glorious beauty
Will be seen on earth below;
Men and angels interchanging
While all this truth shall know:
That all are a band of brothers  
   And sisters everywhere;  
That to love, and help each other,  
   Will be their pleasure there.

Then the only ruling monarchs  
   Will be Wisdom, Truth and Love;  
And the lovely priestess, Reason,  
   Life's grand lessons from above

Will teach unto the low and humble,  
   As well as to the rich and great;  
For upward moving all will be,  
   To find life's pearly gate,

Where happiness and love supreme,  
   Around all souls shall flow;  
And sorrow, sin, and suffering,  
   No human hearts shall know.

Oh! we see the joyful millions  
   Of human souls arise,  
Above all the jarring discord,  
   As they cleave you arching skies.

Oh! we hear the shouts of triumph,  
   While here on earth we be,  
Ring clear and strong from the moving throng,  
	"Thank God that man is free!"
And we hear the echo ringing
From the far off Heavenly shore,
"Welcome to our home ye loved ones,
In Life forever more."
SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

Oh! the shadows that come rolling, rolling, rolling o'er the heart,
Often cause a saddening feeling, while the scalding tear drops start;
And we listen to the wailing of the sad souls' dismal sound,
Wherever here, in earth life, those sad, sad souls are found.

Can we never bring redemption to the sorrowing souls of earth?
Can we never feel that Heaven in all human hearts has birth?
How long, Oh life eternal! must the waves of sorrow roll,
Shutting out the light supernal from earth's dark and sorrowing souls?

Hark! Methinks I hear an angel speaking from yon arching sky,
Saying: "Truth and Love and Justice must cause all wrong to die;
"And Wisdom, from Life's fountain, must unfold the mind of man,
"To comprehend the nature of Life's majestic plan."

And when through Love and Wisdom, Life's laws shall be obeyed,
Sure Love and Truth and Wisdom will drive away all shade;
And then the "silvery lining" will not only brightly shine,
But all dark clouds be lighted by the lamp of life divine.
THE CITY OF LIGHT.*

There's a beautiful city where angels now dwell,
   Who once trod the dark pathway of earth;
Far fairer and brighter than language can tell;
   Language that is now spoken on earth.

CHORUS

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

That city is built in that land over there,
   Where sorrow and wrong never come;
Its mansions and temples are brilliant and fair;
   There the pure loving spirits find home,

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

* One morning I had a vision of the most beautiful city that I ever saw. It was truly a city of Light. I also saw a great number of people traveling toward the city, and in explanation I have today, (May, 30th, 1886, received the following poem, or song.
The streets of that city are wide, fair, and clean,
   And all at right-angles do cross;
No falsehood nor selfishness there can be seen,
   'Tis far beyond all of such dross.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

That city is light, for the sunlight of love,
   Flowing out from the infinite soul,
Lights all of those mansions with rays from above,
   As its radiance over it rolls.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

The souls that now dwell in that city of light,
   Once trod these dark pathways of earth;
But now they have passed from error's dark night,
   Through progress received a new birth.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!
Between us and that city a dark gulf we see,
    Where death's waters silently flow;
But the angels of love, with wisdom so free,
    Have bridged that gulf over we know.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

Oh! we see a vast throng, all are passing along,
    Traveling on towards that city so bright,
As they journey along, they sing a new song,
    Led on by the angels of light.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

Would you join that brave throng, and sing the new song,
    And dwell in that city of light?
Then bid farewell to all wrong, be firm, brave, and strong,
    And faithfully work for the right.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!
Your mind must unfold as the days onward roll,
Must grasp nobler thoughts that are true;
Progress must unroll your immortal soul,
Until that bright city you view.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

When you enter that land where that bright city stands,
And hear the sweet music that rolls;
When those bright spirit bands you clasp by the hands;
Then you'll know that Divine Love controls.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!

Then our hearts will expand with love for poor man,
Who yet dwells in darkness below;
And we'll join those brave bands, and return when we can,
And that city of light to them show.

CHORUS.

'Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
'Tis a beautiful city of light!
When the last one of earth shall receive that new birth,
   And bask in the city of love,
Then a song above earth, full of joy, love and mirth,
   Shall resound through the bright fields above.

CHORUS.

"Tis a beautiful city; a beautiful city;
"Tis a beautiful city of light!
THE LOOM OF LIFE;

Oh! the loom of life is everywhere found,
In every clime on old earth ground;
And the weavers are many, who weave each day,
Whether to them it is work or play.

The wise and great, the knaves and fools,
In the loom of life becometh the tools,
To throw the shuttle containing the threads;
To weave a fabric to cover their heads.

Away flies the shuttle from the fool's own hand;
It contains a thread to weave into a band,
To bind him in folly here below,
That wisdom in life he may not know.

Away flies the shuttle from the hand of the knave,
He fills in the woof that makes him a slave
To his own selfish folly, and, when it is done,
The contempt of his neighbors he only has won.

Away flies the shuttle from the hand of the great,
Never once thinking he's weaving his fate,
Or the web that will cover his own naked form,
When his spirit is into a higher life born.
The king and the beggar, though far, far apart, 
Each in life's loom are now weaving their part; 
Spinning the woof, in life's shuttle to throw; 
Weaving their fabric wherever they go.

The priest, with his robe so spotless and white, 
May be weaving a garment, that will not look as bright, 
When viewed by the angels through life's open door, 
Where deception and falsehood can shield him no more.

The proud and false-hearted political knave 
Is weaving the web which he thinks sure will save, 
When once wrapped around him, though loathsome to see, 
His falsehood and cunning in the sight of the free.

Oh! all of ye weavers in life's loom today, 
Are you weaving a web from woof that will pay, 
To clothe you in beauty when earth life is o'er 
When you've passed through the valley of death's open door?

Remember each thread of woof that you spin, 
And weave in the warp; if tinctured with sin, 
A dark spot 'twill leave on the garment you'll wear, 
In the home of the angels—the life over there.

Ye spinners, be careful that each thread you spin, 
Shall be free from all folly, corruption and sin; 
Far better to weave in a thread that is fine, 
Your spirit to clothe with a garment divine.
WHERE AND WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Oh! Where is Heaven? The Christian says
Its around God's holy throne;
Where saints and angels sing His praise,
And sorrow is unknown.
Oh! What is Heaven? The Christians claim
'Tis a city walled on high,
Where all who worship Jesus' name,
Shall enter when they die.

What will those Christians do up there
In that "walled city," when
One who believes not climbs the stair,
And seeks an entrance? Then
Jesus will say, "I know you not
"You cannot enter here;
"A home in Hades is your lot,
"In that hot, fiery sphere."

A shout of praise will then resound
From saints who shed no tear;
Because in Heaven there is not found
A sympathetic tear.
No tear is shed for sorrowing friend;
For self's their only care;
They'll shout, "Hosanna!" as their friend
Sinks down in dark despair.

Such is the Heaven, where, Christians say,
"The streets are paved with gold."
Such is the Heaven, where, many a day,
God's love is all untold.
"Is such the Heaven," we hear you ask,
"Where saints in glory dwell,
"And shout God's praise, while others bask
"In the fires of endless hell?"

REPLY BY A GOOD SPIRIT.

Such place would be no heaven for me;
I could not dwell therein,
'Twould fill my heart with grief to see
Such selfishness within
A human soul, where love divine,
With true and holy power,
Should ever find love's light to shine,
Around its way one hour.

No happiness could I thus know,
To hear the word "Depart!"
Said unto him who sure must go
With sad and aching heart.
I'd yearn to follow that sad soul,
   And bid him look around,
And seek for truth, as it doth roll
   From life's own light profound.

Oh! this to me is Heaven's joy,
   Where'er in life I roam,
My time and effort to employ,
   To lead poor sinners home,
Beyond all wrong, above all sin,
   And thus unfold the mind,
And plant the germ of good within,
   That they true Heaven may find.

It is a heaven for me to know
   That mankind in every sphere,
Are all the children of one God,
   And each one, it is clear,
Is climbing up the rugged way,
   Where undeveloped mind
Seldom finds of light a ray
   To help them Heaven to find.

And this to me is Heaven each day,
   To feel a joy·within,
That some poor soul along life's way,
   I've helped to lead from sin.
'Tis a Heaven for me to feel and know,
    That I am a part of God;
And that all mankind above, below,
    Who've dwelt upon earth's sod,

Are brothers and sisters to each other,
    And all together must climb,
And up life's road help one another,
    To find life's mount sublime.
For all the Heaven that I can find
    Must flow in my own breast;
And thus bring Heaven within my mind;
    That I may then be blest.

When love to all my fellow men,
    Within my being glows,
And hatred finds no secret den,
    To lurk as human foes;
Oh! then I find God's life divine,
    And Heaven's joys within;
Then light and love around me shine,
    And free my soul from sin.

Thus will I seek each day by day,
    To more of Heaven find;
And scatter thought gems on my way,
    To help unfold some mind,
POEMS BY BEALS E. LITCHFIELD,

Who by some chance may scan them o'er,
While journeying on their way;
And then desire to seek for more,
And find progression's way.

For, thus through progress, all who need
The joys of Heaven to find,
Can through good deeds, instead of creeds,
Seek to unfold their mind.
Then seek for truth from nature's store,
'Twill lead you on life's way;
And daily may you seek for more,
As you journey on each day.

Come, all ye sin-sick, sore of heart,
Along life's rugged way,
Who are wandering in old error's mart,
And heed not where you stray,
Shake off old error's bloodstained duty,
That doth thy mind surround!
For in life's fair fields of beauty,
Truest lessons can be found.

Come all ye mourning ones of earth,
Who know not Heaven's joy,
Unfoldment is the only birth,
That brings Heaven without alloy.
Then clasp within thy growing mind,
    Life's thought gems, rich and rare;
Those gems of beauty you will find
    Along life's way so fair.

Come all ye wandering pilgrims here,
    Upon this earth below,
Remember deeds sown in earth's sphere
    Are sure to sprout and grow.
"Whate'er ye sow, that ye shall reap,"
    Is nature's law we find.
Then sow good deeds; their fruit will keep,
    And Heaven bring to thy mind.

For Heaven is happiness we find
    Only glowing in the soul
Of those who with unfolded mind,
    Life's beauties do behold.
But all can climb truth's mountain grand,
    And bask in heavenly light,
When on that holy mount they stand,
    Clothed in truth's garments bright.

No blood-stained cross blockades the door,
    On which you must believe,
Ere you can enter Heaven's door,
    And of sorrow be relieved.
Forgiveness through the bloody cross,
    Is an ancient heathen plan;
Contains no truth; it all is dross,
    And a detriment to man.

A detriment because it leads
    The simple mind of man
In faith to trust to foolish creeds,
    And thus accept that plan.
When naught but goodness, truth, and love
    Will open heaven's door,
And lead the sorrowing souls above,
    Life's beauties to adore.

Then onward, upward, may the mind
    Of mankind ever soar;
Until through progress it shall find
    Heaven's mansions to explore.
Those mansions in each human form;
    God's temples here below;
Oh! make those temples free from storm,
    And let God's love outflow,

From every human form on earth;
    For God must dwell therein,
Or else no spirit could have birth,
    Even on this world of sin.
For life is God, and God is all
Of spirit in all spheres;
Hence men, embryotic on this ball,
Grow gods through endless years.

Oh gods, who dwell in human forms,
Upon this earth below;
Why will ye grovel in earth storms,
And seek not Heaven to know?
Why not proclaim your birthright here,
And in strength and goodness stand,
In truth and love, upon this sphere,
And thus in truth, be God in man?

Then God in MAN, and Man in GOD,
Lived true upon this sphere,
Would bring for woe upon earth's sod,
The joys of Heaven so dear;
Would truly bind each heart to heart,
In love and friendship pure;
Through angry strife no friends would part,
But friendship would endure,

While time shall roll its ceaseless rounds,
Or love in hearts shall glow;
For God in all things would be found
Even on this earth below.
Then Heaven's joys would sure be found
In human hearts while here;
And heavenly peace and love abound
Upon this dark earth-sphere.

And for that time, Oh friends on earth!
We labor day by day,
To teach mankind that higher birth,
Up through progression's way.
Demons call us not, Oh, mortals;
Because we seek to bring
Earth's poor children to those portals,
Where songs of Heaven they'll sing.

LILLIS LITCHFIELD.