

PSYGHIG EXPERIENCES

BY ELLA M. DOLE.

CHICAGO:
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1900.

Dedication.

I dedicate this book to all
workers for humanity.

I Cor., 12:21—Now, concerning spiritual
gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.”

Affidavit.

State of Illinois,

ss.

County of Cook,

Mrs. Ella M. Dole, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that the contents of this book, "PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES," are absolutely true.

MRS. ELLA M. DOLE.

Subscribed to and sworn to before me this 25th day of October, 1900.

FRANCES E. BROWNELL,
Notary Public.

Preface.

At the earnest solicitation of friends, and also many comparative strangers, I place before the public some few incidents of my work in the psychic line, for the past twenty-five years. I have waited until the shadows of age point to the closing of my work, to preclude the possibility of the thought of this book as an advertisement. With the hope that many may be convinced of the fact that the bridge has been built between the spirit world and this, and that those with psychic power may be encouraged to use it, I am, with a heart-felt interest in humanity,

Sincerely yours,

ELLA M. DOLE.

Sketch of My Life.

A Virginian by birth, my mother's ancestors aristocratic, my father's plebeian, but noted for their goodness and honesty, it being said of my father: "He is too honest for his own good."

Through pride my mother refused my father's first offer of marriage, marrying in her own station of life. After seven years she was left a widow, and after remaining so seven years she married my father after his patient waiting of fourteen years. The figure seven predominated in my mother's life—married at seventeen; losing her husband after seven years; remaining a widow seven years, when she married my father; after his death living seven years. She was the mother of seven children.

My mother, I now realize, was psychic to such a degree that, if living now, she would be considered to possess remarkable powers, but as all investigation of the occult was at that time unknown, she was thought to be a talented person with a charming personality that endeared her to all. My parents were strict Episcopalians, rearing me in that faith. I devoted my life for years to that church, and to this day its beautiful service impresses me.

The shadow of death rested heavily upon me while still young, and I found that its teachings did not comfort me, as we were taught that we must wait for death to recognize the loving presence of dear ones who have passed to the higher life. I think the mental suffering of those years had a large influence in the development of my own psychic power, and the cause of my strong desire to strive to prevent others from wandering in the darkness of sorrow that only the light of the truth of spirit communion can dispel. Having a skeptical

mind, it required years of investigation to convince me, and all this was for the best, as it has caused me to be patient with those who are slow to believe or even investigate.

Clairaudience.

“The power of discriminating in a mesmeric trance sounds not discernible by persons in a normal state.” This definition does not fully cover clairaudience, as many at the present day have the gift of clear hearing of Voices from the unseen spirit side of life. How this gift came to me I will now state. Many years ago, although, as I have stated, a believer in the blessed fact of spirit return, I was not aware (though I had been often told so) that I had psychic power. One day while busy about my home I heard a Voice speaking these words:

“Not in sadness or with tears,
Pass thou through this vale of tears.”

After looking about the room and seeing no one I thought the lines were remembered from

something I had read. Soon again I heard the Voice, saying: "Take your pencil and write." This satisfied me that this Voice was not of earth, and taking a pencil and a piece of wrapping paper lying near, I wrote the following poem as I heard the words. This poem I give in full:

Not in sadness or with fears,
Pass thou through this vale of tears.
Always trust in God above,
Who is mercy, truth and love.
Do not live for self alone—
All such thought as that disown.
Live a noble, generous life,
Free from discord or vain strife.
Make thy spirit pure within;
Strive to ferret out each sin;
Learn to labor and be true
To the work you have to do.
Leave thy future to thy God.
Never fear the chastening rod,
Dealt in mercy from above,

To fit thee for the land of love.
Life on earth oft seems to be
Only like the troubled sea.
Trials oft are hard to bear,
For they seem of no good here.
But this discipline, we see,
Fits the soul for eternity.
Learn thou, then, thy lesson well,
Till thou comest here to dwell.
Seek thy mission to fulfill;
Tell thy troubled heart, "be still;"
Feel there is a power to save
In this life and beyond the grave.
Oh, thou source of light and love,
Teach her soul to soar above;
Shed o'er her the grace divine
That o'er the path of angels shine.
Guard her in each trying hour;
Fill her being with the power
Of spirit influence, to shed
Angel love o'er many a head.
Cease to doubt the truth and love

Given thee from those above,
Till your work on earth is done
And your spirit has gone home,
To this land of peace above,
There to meet the ones you love.

As this poem spoke so decidedly of a work I had to do, I asked the question: "In what line will it be?" The reply was: "Go before the public. We will take care of that." I was not pleased with this indefinite answer, and concluded it was an unwise influence. I said: "You must see that with a delicate husband and children, my duty is to them." The reply came: "We will leave you for a time."

Ten years passed away. In the meantime my husband passing to spirit life, my children no longer needing my care. After an illness of months, following the death of my husband, on recovering my health I thought of the wish he had expressed that I should visit the Centennial, and concluded to go. The night before leaving I heard the Voice again say:

“Go to the Centennial; then come home and go to work.” I said: “I do not know how to go to work.” The old indefinite answer came: “We will take care of that.”

I could fill a volume of the ways and means taken to press me into the work, some of which many would call cruel and unkind, but for which I am now thankful, for as the Voice once said: “All means are justifiable to bring about good results. “After two years of struggle, in sheer desperation, I placed myself in a position to experiment with this Voice, fully expecting and, I fear, hoping to fail. I soon found that through clairaudience and symbolism I could be of use to suffering souls, so I for years have tried to faithfully use the gift so strangely given, and I earnestly urge all blessed in this manner to go not only willingly but fearlessly before the world, for only by coming in contact with mental and bodily sufferers can they determine the value of the gift bestowed upon them? No one who conscientiously handles

this gift can fail to be happy, or feel that she (or he) has lived in vain, and the memory of souls comforted and made strong to battle with life is a daily blessing.

My Search for a Suitable Home to Give Readings.

As the house was sold in which I lived, I was compelled to seek another home, and hearing that a lady wished to find some one to take her house for a short time, I thought this might be the place, as I was sure a little while would convince this unknown spirit that they were making a mistake in selecting me for work. I went to see her and found her from home. After waiting two weeks for her return, I went again. She seemed to feel that I was just the person she was seeking for, so we made all the arrangements for me to take the house, and while doing so we went into a cellar that she considered one of the advantages the house possessed. While there I heard this Voice say:

“Tell her not to rent this home to you or to any one; her husband will be ill and she will need her home.” I would have been thankful, I think, at that moment to have the earth swallow me up. I dropped down onto a wash-bench standing near, and said: “Do not think me an escaped lunatic when I tell you of my experience and what I have heard to tell you,” and then gave her the message. She did not reply for a few moments, and then said: “Well, I do not know anything about such experiences, but I have a dear sister who has had something similar, so if you are willing to give it up, I am.”

I went home feeling that I was a victim of either a foolish or unwise spirit. I was so annoyed and unhappy, and so filled with doubt, that I failed to think of the possibility of good coming out of my failure to secure a home; but after time had passed and the lady sent me her thanks for being the means of her keeping her home, as her husband had been ill, I realized

that I was a poor judge of the power about me. In a short time I secured a home more desirable than the other could possibly have been, and reluctantly prepared for work.

My First Patron.

As this Voice had told me—as a ray of comfort, I supposed—that I would never need to advertise, I naturally wondered who would be the first “victim” for spirit experiment as to my ability. The person came in this singular way: A lady called upon me who had far more confidence in the unknown Voice than I had, having received information through it, which I was impelled to give, that led to her success in recovering property unjustly kept from her. On her asking me one day from what source I thought I had received the information given her, I had presented to me the symbol of an orange. I said to her: “So sensible; an orange shown me, when you should have a name.” To my astonishment she replied: “My

husband's given name was Orange." I was more surprised than she seemed to be. She had urged me to obey this Voice, and was calling to express her gratification that I was at last doing my duty, as she expressed it. While talking to her during this call of my doubts of success, my arm began to move in a strange way, up and down. "Can you account for this," I said.

"No," she replied; "but there is some good reason for it."

"I think there need to be," I said, supposing it was a stranger. I felt thoroughly discouraged, but the old saying, "It is darkest just before dawn," proved true in my case, as you will learn.

After vainly trying to comfort me, she went home, and that evening at the table where she was boarding she noticed a stranger, a young gentleman. After dinner, desiring to make his new home pleasant for him, she engaged him in conversation, and while talking to him, to

her great surprise his arm began to move as mine had done in the morning. He explained to her that he had a nervous affection of the arm. She said: "It is a little singular that I should have seen the same thing before today," and went on to tell of her experience with me. "Where does this lady live?" he inquired. "I will find her at once," which he did the same evening. I explained to him that I had never had my arm move in that way before, and also told him of my strange experiences, of persecution, as I then expressed it. After listening apparently with great interest, he said: "Suppose you begin with me." He was a young man, about twenty-two, so on account of his years I considered him a poor subject, but as he insisted that I should read for him, I finally consented, with the understanding that there should be no money consideration, as I fully expected to fail. After a few minutes' silence there seemed to form in the air a picture. This picture showed a mill at the foot of a hill. I

saw moving down this hill a little girl with a basket on her arm. She entered the mill and fell into the wheel, disappearing from sight. I said: "Now, if I tell you what I have seen, you will see that it is all visionary;" but, to my astonishment, he told me that it represented an actual occurrence at his old home. A neighbor's child being lost in that way. "Yes," I said, "the mother lost her mind, and the dog died of grief." "Strictly correct," he replied. Feeling encouraged, I continued the reading for an hour and a half, making no mistake in my statements, but when I told him he would have the position next above him where employed, he replied: "I think that is a mistake," giving his reasons for it, which were good. "Do not consider it," he said, "but go on and use your wonderful gift." In less than a month he came to tell me he had the position I spoke of, and was anxious for another interview.

I wondered at that time what power made him urge and plead with me that I would use

my sight for others. In the next interview I stated that he would own a span of horses. He said: "That cannot be. I never can save enough money to purchase a span of horses."

"They will be given you," I said, "but will be of no service, for I see them burn in a fire." Of course, he could not credit this, for which I did not blame him, not believing the statement myself, but two years after this it actually occurred. He married a young lady in the country, and her father gave him a span of horses, and a few nights after the barn burned and the horses were lost.

Can any one explain how, if not by spirit power, I saw this two years before the actual occurrence, and why this young gentleman's arm never troubled him after his first interview with me?

The lady I have mentioned was so pleased with my success, that the next day she sent a gentleman, a member of a prominent business firm in this city, to see me. I thought he was

a reporter for a paper, as she had not told me he was coming, so I grew nervous and could not see for him. He kindly said to me: "The fact that you have told me that you could see nothing for me proves to me that you are sincere in this, and I will send some one else to you," which he did, and being successful, this person sent others, till I soon had as much patronage as I was equal to with undeveloped power. Reading for about seven out of ten, for one or two years, always thankful that I could either see well or not at all; realizing as this Voice had told me, "All occult gifts require time and experience for development." Is this not true of all occupations, that time and experience are needed?

I had decided that I would give one year to this work, thinking it would be more than sufficient to convince this unseen power that a very great mistake had been made in their selection of me to work in this line; but ere three months had passed I fully recognized that a great field

of usefulness lay before me, and although hard to take up the work and hard to work on in it, I have never felt it could be laid aside for personal pleasure or happiness, and am thankful for the seeming persecution that forced me to take it up.

Symbolism.

Symbolism is a representation of a fact by a sign. As I have alluded to my handling my readings through symbolism as well as clair-audience, I will give a few instances of the manner of doing so.

A lady came to me very anxious, she said, for advice, but did not state the cause of anxiety. She came from another city, and was very skeptical regarding all occult manifestation, coming at the request of a sister to see me, who also lived in a distant city. She was introduced by her sister as a friend, she being anxious for her to feel satisfied that I knew nothing of her life from her having seen me herself some months before. In a few moments I saw before me on my table an apple,

this apple having a decayed spot upon its surface. I saw the apple cut in quarters, showing it to be perfectly sound with the exception of the decayed spot. On telling her what I saw, she said: "What do you see about the decayed spot in the apple?" Like a flash of light the apple appeared to my sight again with the spot removed, as if cut out by a knife. "You have satisfied me," she said, "that it is best to submit to a surgical operation that I have felt doubtful about, fearing I might only have temporary relief on account of the diseased condition of my system." She submitted to the operation, becoming afterward a writer and lecturer, and having no return of the symptoms that threatened cancer.

In giving a reading, I heard at the conclusion of the same the Voice say: "Tell her of a horse owned by herself and brother now in spirit life; that she still has the horse in her possession." She said: "This is perfectly true," and added, "Is it unreasonable to ask that

the name of the horse be given?" I replied: "As I seldom give names of persons, I would hardly give that of a horse." As the request disturbed me, I thought that the symbol that came before me while speaking was simply to quiet me. It was a beautiful sunset scene, and I spoke of it to her, when she exclaimed: "Why, the name of the horse is Sunset." I assure you she was no more astonished than I was.

One more instance: In a large company gathered together to investigate the occult through physical manifestation, I was invited to give symbols with interpretations of their meaning. As I passed around the circle I saw before a lady (a perfect stranger to me and to all in the circle except the gentlemen who came with her) a box locked with the key hidden under it. She seemed to be searching for the key, but always turned the box in such a way that the key remained hidden. I gave as the meaning of this symbol that the box represented health that she had failed to find. As she was

young, beautiful, and a picture of health, my symbol amused the company; but the amusement was not lasting, as the lady at once certified to the fact that she had been searching for health for years. She obtained my address and came to see me, saying that if I could discover her loss of health with appearance against me, she felt I could cure her. I helped her, but did not cure her, as I took her condition of suffering, interfering with my own health and work. The Voice interfered, saying healing would shorten my life, so I reluctantly gave up that line of work, that I had followed to some extent, only at times since then helping unbalanced minds to recover their brain power. Of this class I will only relate one instance: A gentleman sent to me after physicians had given up all hope regarding him. He had had a fine position in a college, but brain fever had injured his brain. He came to me one day as I was leaving home—and here I will state that that afternoon, although ready to go, I felt I

must not leave home. I felt quite out of patience, as the afternoon was waning away and I had a long distance to go. After the letter carrier had passed with no mail, I resolved to break the spell and leave. At the door I met this gentleman, handing me a note from a mutual friend, begging me to try to help him. When I said that I was just leaving home, he burst into tears, saying: "My last hope is gone." Then I heard the Voice: "This is your work." So I said: "Come back to me tomorrow," which he did. In this case I was successful, he afterward filling his old position in college in another city. About a year afterward, in passing through Chicago, he with his wife, whom I had never seen, called on me expressing their gratitude, and although I have never seen them since, they still retain their interest in me, only dissatisfied that I would accept no remuneration for services. Much of my work I cannot be paid for; this is an instance. I think my feeling regarding money

compensation, when of so much use, will never be understood till I reach the life where money is unknown.

My First Strange Experience.

There came one day to see me a gentleman about thirty years of age. I could neither see nor hear anything for him. On expressing his disappointment, I said: "Perhaps at some future time I may be of service to you." With a sarcastic smile, he placed his card in a corner of a picture that hung in the room, saying: "When that time comes, send for me." I never removed the card from the picture, and weeks afterward I heard the Voice say: "Go where the card in the picture tells you to go." General Grant was in the city, the cars crowded and the weather extremely warm, and as I decided not to go, the Voice spoke sternly to me, saying: "Go at once." I knew it would not do to resist, so I went with great difficulty

to the place named on the card. It was an office in a building where I had never been. As I went up the steps there came over me the feeling that annihilation would be a blessing. I rang the bell and the gentleman I was seeking came to the door. I hastily explained why I came, and said: "Now, be candid with me and tell me if there is any reason why I should be sent to you." He did not reply, but stepping to a small table he uncovered a revolver, and said: "For three hours I have been fighting the desire to take my life, and had you not come I am sure I should now be in eternity. The thought of my mother and my sisters had no influence. I thought of you, how you had failed to help me, and I said: 'Is there not some power that will come to my aid?'"

"Well," I said, "the aid has now come, and if this power could bring me here, they surely can tell me the cause of such mental distress. And if they will tell me, I believe I can be of service to you." In a few moments the cause

was correctly given me. Then I told him to come to me whenever the desire to take his life came to him, which he felt was inherited.

“I am too poor,” he said, “for any such arrangement;” but I told him money could not pay for work of this kind. The Voice then made a prophecy regarding his financial success, which was afterward fulfilled. He promised to come to me when he felt the need of help, which he did, and at a great sacrifice of time I removed from his mind the insane thought of self-destruction. I am obliged to omit several interesting items, as the person is still living, and it is my desire to avoid all personal mention in what I relate.

Another Strange Experience.

One day while going to a lunch party, hurrying along, as I was late, being detained by cars, I suddenly found myself ringing the doorbell of a residence where I had not the least intention to stop. I had been at this home once before to give a reading, the lady being an invalid and unable to come to me. She was, of course, greatly surprised to see me, but I explained to her that I could not account for my coming in, but felt that there must be a reason for it, as I had never been foolishly led anywhere. She very kindly said: "I am sure there must be a reason for it. Do not be disturbed." After remaining quiet a few moments, I heard these words: "Tell her what she heard yesterday that disturbed her so much

that she walked the floor all night and begged for help from some source amounts to nothing, and will burst as a bubble; and tell her that I am glad she went where she did last evening, if she did have to take the old carriage." As she showed no sign of nervousness, it was hard to repeat these words, but no sooner had she heard them than she exclaimed: "It is all true. I did walk the floor and beg for help, and now it has come like an answer to prayer; and I did use the old carriage, deciding to use it at the last moment, my best one being away for repairs." She generously urged me to accept money, but I refused, saying to her: "It is hard enough to do things of this kind without accepting money for it." Time proved I was correct as to the bubble bursting. It was a plan of a relative to extort money.

An Unusual Financial Experience.

While visiting in a distant city, I met an artist, a young girl, in limited circumstances. It occurred to me that I could aid her by bringing home with me a crayon sketch to sell for her. My offer was accepted, and soon after my return a lady who came for a reading, admiring the picture, said: "Keep that picture until I return from New York, and then I will give you its price—fifteen dollars." Many weeks passed without my hearing from her, I in the meantime refusing offers for it, as I considered it sold. While wondering what was best to do, the artist wrote to me expressing her thanks for my effort to aid her, and requesting the return of the picture; that she felt she must sell, as the price of the same, fifteen dollars,

would cover the amount of debt that she must pay on the following Saturday. The letter naturally disturbed me, and not receiving it till Wednesday evening, I had only one day of grace to arrange the matter. I did not feel that I could spare the money, and unwilling to send the picture back, the thought came forcibly to me to appeal to the Voice representing the unseen power about me. It was more of a demand than an appeal, for I said: "In this transaction I have had no selfish motive, only striving to help another; the way must be made for me to send this money before the time it is needed. I will give my day's work tomorrow; the rest must be added." The Voice replied: "It shall be done tomorrow." Strange to say that, while generally doubting, I had faith to believe this would be done, making the statement to the friend with me in my home that the next night would find me in possession of the money. The next morning I began my work with a rather discouraging outlook, as on

reading for the first one coming I realized that she needed the money she expected to pay me, so said to her: "I cannot take your money, when you have so little." She insisted, so we finally compromised on one-half, and I laid the fifty cents aside. The next lady astonished me by saying: "I have felt since here that I must give five dollars instead of one, to give you a rest of a few days while the weather is so warm." As she had abundant means, I thankfully received it, and went on with my work until four o'clock, receiving four dollars more. My faith did not grow dim, although my engagements were all filled. About five o'clock a gentleman from Cincinnati came in. I knew at once that his coming meant five dollars, as he had always given that amount to help me to read for those without means. He apologized for coming after my hours of work, saying: "I felt I must come today, although late, and no special reason for my doing so." I thought I understood, but did not explain to him. I now

only needed fifty cents to complete the amount, and it came in this singular manner. In the evening a lady with her husband called. She was carrying a bottle that I took occasion to comment upon. Her husband said: "We have been to a sale at a grocery nearby and bought this bottle of olives at half price." On replying to his question if I was fond of olives, he gave me fifty cents to purchase a bottle. My sum was complete, so I next morning sent a postoffice order, reaching its destination Saturday morning, the time needed. The letter I received from the artist fully repaid me for the effort to aid her. Now, if all this simply "happened," has my reader ever had or known of a similar occurrence? The Voice said: "Your desire to help others attracts to you spirits glad to help you in any good work."

The picture hangs in my home, and when doubtful of success in any line, I have only to glance at it to gather strength and hope to go on, as I do from two other pictures, small

paintings, of a stormy and a calm sea, representing the life of one I had aided; the stormy sea his life when first coming to me; the calm sea his life after having been guided into peace.

My Visit to a Prison.

After a lady had gone home, to whom I had given a reading, I heard a Voice speaking to me, saying: "I am still here, the same spirit to whom you have been listening." I remembered the lady had told me who this spirit was, so I said: "What do you wish?"

She replied: "I wish to send some messages to my husband who is in prison, and you must take them."

"I cannot do that," I replied. "You must see it is impossible."

"Won't you please take the messages?" the Voice said. "Won't you please write them? The way will be made to take them at the right time."

I could not refuse her pleading voice, so I

took my pencil and wrote as she dictated to me. There were six messages, two of which were so improbable that I at once concluded that I need pay no further attention to it. I did not, however, destroy the messages, putting them carefully away with no particular reason of my own that I can remember, and not for one moment expecting to go on the mission. Months after this I received a letter from a lady where the prison was located, requesting me to come to see her, as she was ill. She sent me money to defray expenses. As she was almost a stranger, it at once flashed through my mind the request that had been made, that the way would be open for me to go at the right time, but I decided not to go, and wrote to the lady to that effect. Her reply was such an urgent appeal for me to come that I was greatly disturbed, and I wrote to a friend for consolation and advice. She replied that she could not understand my lack of faith, and urged me to go, and to my surprise the letter contained a letter

of introduction to the warden of the prison, he being an old friend of her family. But this did not decide me to go. A few days after receiving this letter I was invited to spend a Sabbath with the family of a prominent railroad official, to whom I told these strange occurrences, as it was his daughter to whom I had given the reading that led to the strange request. He at once said: "You cannot refuse to do this. You must go."

"The person will not receive me, if I go," I said. "I could not expect him to do so."

"I will arrange all that," he said. "He is a brother Mason, and we do not refuse the requests of each other when possible to heed them."

He gave me a masonic card on which was written these words: "This lady is a friend of myself and family. You can rely upon all she tells you as being strictly truthful. Please receive her."

I went home with the feeling that I was being

managed by some strange power, and my mind being so troubled that I could not give attention to my work, I reluctantly decided to go, and wrote to the lady who had sent for me that I would do so. She replied that she had written to a friend of hers to come with me, so I need not come alone. We went the next day. The weather was stormy and the trip a cold, disagreeable one. We received a warm welcome, and the night's rest made me feel less despondent. The friend who went with me offered to go to the prison with me, but as we were preparing to go I heard the familiar Voice say: "Go alone;" so alone I went. On reaching the prison I entered the reception room, finding a small boy dusting the place. I said: "I wish to see the warden."

"He has gone out of the city," he replied.

"Well, then, the assistant warden."

"He has gone away for an hour, but I will bring some one to see you;" which he did. I

stated to him that I desired to see a prisoner, giving the name.

“Are you a relative?” he asked.

“No,” I said.

“Are you a friend?”

I evaded this by saying, “I would hardly be here if not a friend.”

“He will not see you. He will see no one, relatives or friends.”

“Hand him this card,” I said, giving him the card with the Masonic introduction. Before I had time to compose myself for the ordeal ahead, the person appeared, receiving me kindly and courteously, asking me to state why I desired to see him. I briefly told him all the circumstances, and added: “Now, I have done my part. Will you receive the messages or not?”

“Gladly,” he said.

It was hard for me to read them, for if not correct they were fearful mistakes. The interview was too personal and sacred for me to

repeat it on paper. He assured me of the correctness of the messages with one exception. This was a prophecy of the future, which he said could not possibly prove true, in a logical way striving to prove to me the impossibility of such an occurrence. Time, however, proved it to be strictly correct. With his eyes full of tears, he said: "What can I say in thanks to you for your goodness. I would be willing to remain here years longer than I expect to, rather than not to have seen you. This interview lasted just twenty minutes, and then I said: "I will detain you no longer," and arose to leave. He replied: "I think it best, but why not see the prison while here," which I concluded to do, but on reaching the hall I heard the Voice saying: "Go home at once." As I left the prison I saw a street car standing so far away that I made no effort to take it. Then I saw the driver motioning to me to hurry, which I did, and as I stepped on the car I said: "Do you wait for people like this?"

“No,” he gruffly replied, “and I don’t know why I waited for you.”

“Well,” I said, “don’t spoil the favor by being so cross about it.”

I fully realized why he was held, as a violent snow-storm prevented any other car from going to the prison that day, and the railroad was so blocked with snow I did not reach home until twenty-four hours later than I expected. I was so happy over the comfort I had given the prison convict that if I had had to contend with fire and brimstone I would not have felt any disposition to complain. I felt I would never doubt this power again, and remained in this frame of mind until the next request was made of me. This experience did teach me the lesson, that I could not afford to refuse to do the bidding of this Voice; also that I was as helpless as a straw in the wind if this power should choose to handle me.

Aid to a Life.

One day there came to me two young men asking for work. I gave them a carpet to clean and lay again. While directing the work I heard the Voice say: "You can reform one of these young men." I naturally wondered which one, but on making some inquiries as to their life, one refused to reply to my questions, so it was soon evident which one I was to attempt to help. He frankly spoke of his past, how when quite young he had run away from his home, and falling into bad company he had learned to drink. He went on to say he was tired of the life, and desired to do better, and would try to give up drink if I would help him. I will not weary the reader with an account of his many failures, finally having his foot frozen

while intoxicated, taken to a hospital, and losing part of his foot. I did not know of this, and neither seeing nor hearing from him, I concluded my work had proven a failure, although the Voice said, "Only unfinished work."

After being discharged from the hospital he again appeared, and having heard that my work was unfinished, I listened to his plea for one more trial, giving him money for food and lodging. He kept his word, and soon secured employment, and succeeding, he saved money and went back to his old home, finding his parents still living. After this I heard nothing from him.

About two years afterward I went to Ashland, Wis., to accompany some friends on a trip on Lake Superior. We arranged to go on Wednesday, but Tuesday I heard the Voice saying: "Do not go on the lake till Thursday," giving no reason. As Wednesday proved to be a beautiful day, all felt disappointed; but we

waited until Thursday. As we were waiting the passengers came on the boat, and my attention was directed to a young man with a lady leaning on his arm. I judged from his appearance he was a student of some kind. You can imagine my surprise to have him rush to me, asking: "Do you not recognize me?" Of course, I did. The sister was very grateful. She said: "Night and morning my mother prays for you, for you have made her declining years happy." When we parted he placed in my hand money enough to cover all I had expended for him. Can any one deny that good was accomplished by the aid of this voice?

A Dream and the Result.

A lady who had been ill a long time, with no hope of recovery, had a dream in which my name was given her. She was told that if I would place my hands upon her she would live several months longer, which she greatly desired to do. As she had never heard of me, she felt at a loss how to find me. On telling her dream to a friend, she offered to find me, which she did, urging me to go and see her. While willing to grant the request, I hesitated, thinking if I had the power it would not be a wise thing to prolong a life of suffering. The Voice said: "Go to her, and do your part." So I went one beautiful summer morning to see her, and arranged for a regular time to visit her at least three times a week. I told her I could only go to her for two months, as I had

an engagement at the end of that time to leave the city. As there was to be no compensation except car fare, I had to rise at five o'clock to give me time to reach home for my usual work, as I had twelve blocks to walk each way, besides taking car. As I disliked to walk, the prospect ahead of me in this line was not pleasant, but to my surprise I could not realize the distance, space seeming to be unnoticed by me. I often tried to count the blocks as I passed along, but never could go beyond one or two in my counting, and it would seem at times as if my feet did not touch the earth at all. I was faithful to her, and as I write I can see her face at the window, waiting patiently for me. She kept trace of the time, and when she knew it was my last visit, she said: "You have thought your visits useless, but it is not so. I dreaded death, and now I have no fear, and am content to go, and I will bless you from the other life for your kindness." Two days after this visit she passed peacefully away.

It was while visiting this lady that a most curious experience occurred. On passing a block of flats, I thought as I passed I once lived there, doing a great deal of good, and had a happy time. As I had never lived there, I was disturbed, thinking overwork had taxed my brain. I decided that I would annihilate the thought, and did so, for two years afterward I moved into this flat without having the slightest remembrance of it, and was there several days before it came into my mind again. This is my solution of the problem: that my spirit reached into the future, and looked back. Who can limit the power of the spirit? Who can doubt that loving care from the spirit side of life gave the dream to this lady that led to the peaceful ending of her life?

The reader will notice that I have written but little of my daily work, my object being to give only the unusual occurrences in connection with it. It would be impossible to enter into details of the daily readings. I tried at

first to keep a record from day to day of the good accomplished through the aid of the Voice, but after fifty persons had assured me that I had saved them from self-destruction, and many more testified to help in time of need, and the readings running into the thousands, I gave up the attempt to measure the work, realizing that there was no limitation to it, except what would arise from a failure on my part. In no egotistical way I express the belief that no pastor of a church has had a wider field of work than myself. I came too late into the field of occult investigation to meet with persecution, but all who work for humanity in any line expect to find that it involves much personal sacrifice; but as personal happiness is not a high aim in life, it is not considered of first importance by those who feel they have a mission to others. The law of compensation never fails, and in meeting refined, intelligent, appreciative souls, who have shown an interest and sympathy in my work, I have felt amply repaid

for any criticisms arising from ignorance, or lack of interest or desire to investigate into the higher natural laws of life.

In publishing this book at the request of friends, I am also obeying the Voice that has never led me into error. I have, as the reader has noticed, testified under oath to the truthfulness of all the statements it contains, realizing that to many, especially those who have not given any attention to the occult, this clair-audient hearing and the practical work done through it will seem incredible. To prevent inquiry regarding the persons mentioned, their names have been withheld, as I could not give them without betrayal of personal confidence. If only a few are led to investigate the great truth of spirit return, and those with spiritual gifts encouraged to cultivate them, I shall feel amply repaid. Trusting that my readers will send the same kind thought to me that I extend to them, and that none may feel the time lost given to these pages, I am sincerely yours for truth and progress.