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The Truth About Our Dead

Told By
Those Who Know

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"The Master Demand,"
"The Magnet," etc.

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Dedication

To all whose hearts are sad at the seeming loss of dear ones this book is dedicated with love and perfect understanding by its author whose every closest tie has been sundered by so-called death, and who, because of this, has spent years in learning the actual, proven truth about our dead.

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I

Who Can Speak Truly of the Dead?

DOES any one *know* the truth about our dead? Can statements which are not mere hopes, beliefs, speculations, theories founded on Bible passages which may be variously interpreted, communications, real or alleged, received through psychics—aside from all or any of these has any one told us, can any one tell us, the truth about our dead?

Would it not be far more strange if nothing tangible and definite had been learned about the dead than if something had? Is it reasonable to suppose that in this matter which has always most deeply and universally concerned mankind, which most deeply and universally concerns mankind now and must continue to so concern it, that no searching, sensible research should be made, no adequate investigation instituted, no definite conclusions arrived at?

Physical science has brought to our notice and made ready for our use many significant things, but nothing which ministers to man's physical needs or convenience can ever have

one per cent of the significance of that which meets the clamors and cravings of his heart and soul. *Always* the life has been, always must be, "more than meat, and the body more than raiment."

When the electric telegraph flashed its first message between Washington and Baltimore was there among the amazed and admiring ones a soul whose loved one had passed through "The Gate of Silence" whose heart would not have been more uplifted, could a sane, sensible, convincing message have come to him from that one? Sitting in the Liberal Arts Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, with a telephone receiver at one's ear, it was thrilling to hear a man in New York tell a man in San Francisco the state of the eastern weather and the time of day. Who can deny that a thousand times more thrilling would have been "the sound of a voice that is still," or the report of one who could have given, coherently and convincingly, what that voice had bidden him say? Watching the boy aviator, "Art" Smith, mount almost out of sight in his bird-like car, one exulted that the air currents had come to be held in man's

hand like a bridle, and the winds to be harnessed as steeds. One can easily conceive that ecstasy would have replaced exultation could those flights have assured one on credible authority that in those ether spaces were real planes, real homes for real people living in real ways.

With hearts of earlier decades torn, as some are torn now, by the blasphemous doctrine of an everlasting burning hell, with lives stultified, stagnated, benumbed by doubt and dread concerning the hereafter, with existence rent and tortured by anxieties which only positive knowledge could lessen or destroy and only credible information could relieve, the wonder is not that real and definite knowledge should be demanded, but that it was not demanded and secured long ago.

The truth about our dead *has now been sought and found*: not guesses or deductions, but the real truth; not theories *about* the dead, but *experiences among them*; not faith *about* their world, but *observances of it*.

By whom has this truth, these experiences, these observations been obtained? Not wholly or mostly through Spiritualists, though Spirit-

ualism has rendered an inestimable service to the world by its proofs that our dead are far more vividly alive in their new state than they were in the old, but by such unimpeachable and thorough experimenters and investigators as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Sir Alfred Russell Wallace, William T. Stead and many less known but equally reliable persons.

Just as there is, as St. Paul declares, a natural, or physical, body and a spiritual body, so there is a physical science and a spiritual science, the one dealing, very largely, with things physically seen, the other with things spiritually seen. And the things spiritually seen are *just as real, just as inevitably governed by law, just as certain in action, just as natural as the things seen physically.*

Through an understanding of occult laws and scientific development of soul powers, such as unerring clairvoyance and claudience, and the ability to function consciously on several planes of existence, a number of people, small in comparison but large in the aggregate, have become as truly able to speak with confidence of the realms of the so-called

dead as is the physical scientist to speak with confidence of the realms of nature.

May one believe their verdict, put faith in their findings? If they are people whose lives, practices and knowledge command respect, who are known to be of sane mind and sound judgment, whose word one could not hesitate to take on any subject of the physical world; is not one bound by all fairness and common-sense to believe their wholly sensible and comprehensible statements about their investigations and observances of the spiritual world?

The conservatism of Science, its refusal to admit the truth of anything not absolutely proven, is well known. The foremost living scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, openly declares that he *knows* there is another life after the physical, which is lived in an actual place, and that this place has been visited, investigated and reported upon by people still living in physical bodies: a decision in which he is joined by his famous and fully-trusted compeers, Sir Alfred Russell Wallace—who became convinced of the truth of these statements by experiments made to disprove them—and Sir William Crookes.

By millions to one the human race accepts the verdict of Science about myriads of things when it cannot possibly prove this verdict true and which to its senses seems utterly false. The Earth appears flat and immeasurably larger than any star we can see. Science tells us that it is round and, compared to most of the planets, is as an apple seed to the apple. Our senses declare that we see all objects right side up. Science assures us that we see all things inverted, but that the brain instantaneously corrects this impression. We seem to drink clear water. Science pronounces it filled with thousands of forms of life. The statements made by the scientists named and by those whom they recognize as actual and honest other-sphere investigators are to any open mind and reasoning brain far more comprehensible and easy of acceptance than the verdicts cited and thousands of others. The belief in these investigators is greatly strengthened by the knowledge that for their prodigious labors they gain neither money nor prestige, and by the fact that in some groups, at least, in which several of them are banded together for this work their findings are never

accepted as conclusive unless three of them, working entirely apart and without consultation with each other, render to the person appointed to receive them verdicts which agree in all their main features, differing only in minor points, as three people might differ in their estimates of Boston, Berlin and Paris: differences in points of view which prove the absence of collusion.

These investigators are not recluses living in caves or inaccessible places. While a few students are working with teachers in such centers as the Great White Lodge of the Himalayas, far more are mingling with their fellows, engaged in different occupations (some of them very humble), for the most part unknown as investigators, and giving out their knowledge in discreet ways where they know it is craved and they believe will not be "trodden under foot" or used for selfish purposes. This knowledge is in no way supernatural and may be *gained by any one* of purity of mind, body and purpose, and with the patience, practice and persistence cultivated by these investigators, who are out of the normal only because, knowing the relative value of "things

temporal and things spiritual, "they cease to strive for the one and lay hold of the other, and are far less selfish in their dealings than is less understanding humanity.

Feeling the great universal desire and demand of a groping, bewildered, heart-aching world, they have offered up their own earthly enrichment, and in many cases their material comfort, that they may help to secure mental, moral and spiritual enrichment and comfort for those who are seldom aware of their existence. One investigator, who is openly known and universally trusted, relinquished his profession of attorney to devote his life to this work. In consequence he has sometimes been in absolute want. During the last ten years he has written over thirty thousand letters to inquiring men and women, and has, in a large majority of cases, received not even a postage stamp as recompense.

Occasionally one meets an untrained person with level head and practical mind who tells of personal experiences, under special conditions, while out of the physical body. One such is a New York dressmaker who without ever having been taught that such

things were possible, made visits and observations which absolutely agree with the reports of trained investigators.

That except under unusual conditions untrained eyes cannot see other worlds and their inhabitants is no proof that such worlds and inhabitants do not exist. The telescope and other scientific instruments are constantly discovering objects in the heavens and on the earth which only by the use of such instruments would be revealed. Our physical eyes respond to a very small part of the undulations, or vibrations, of even the physical realm in which we live. It is easy to understand that it is impossible for them to respond to the far finer and higher undulations, or vibrations, which obtain in the more rarified matter and infinitely finer atmosphere of the spiritual planes.

II

What Norms Have They?

HAVE you ever seen a ghost?" was asked of David Warfield, whose masterly production of "The Return of Peter Grimm" had called out the question.

"A ghost?" answered Mr. Warfield. "No! And I hope I never shall. It would frighten me terribly if I did. But *my father*, who died several years ago, often comes and sits at the table with me."

"I forget that mother is gone," said a healthy, cheerful young woman. "She is so often with me, and we talk and laugh and plan just as we used to."

"Whenever I am in trouble with my affairs my father comes and advises me," said a well-known professor of psychology.

"Mother is often here with me. I love to have her about, she looks so natural and makes everything seem so homelike," said a man who for some years had charge of a pumping-station near Boston, and who for hours each day was alone in his engine room; a man who never read anything but newspapers and an occasional book or article about

machinery, and who would not have known what the term psychic meant.

"Our minds do surely play us uncanny tricks," said a young man who believed, or tried to believe, in annihilation. "Repeatedly I have seen what appears to be my father, looking and appearing just as he always did. One morning before I was up he came to my hotel room, dressed in his usual way and, with his newspaper and pipe, sat down in a chair, leaned back and crossed his knees just as I have seen him do hundreds of times at home. I sat up in bed to be sure that I was awake—it was after sunrise—and looked at the figure for fully five minutes. I turned my head to speak to my brother, who was asleep on a couch in the same room, and when I again looked for the figure it was gone."

"Did you speak to it?" was asked.

"Of course not!" was the answer. "I knew it was a delusion. My father had been dead a number of years. But in figure, face and pose it was *exactly like his earthly self*."

In no other line have there been more conscientious, thorough and never-ceasing tests and investigations than in those which have sought to disprove or prove the continuance

of life after physical existence and the impossibility or possibility of communion with those who have cast off their physical bodies: tests and investigations carried on by scientists, scholars, professional men and laymen, honest, conscientious and thorough workers bound to have the real truth.

In the face of these tests and investigations and what they have established it is as absurd to assert that the so-called dead do not survive and do not sometimes return as it would be to declare that they were never born and have never passed on from this life.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, late President of the Society for Psychical Research, began his investigations of psychical phenomena with a decided belief they were all caused by physical means and manipulations. The more deeply he explored, the longer he experimented, and in spite of the numberless fakeries and frauds which he brought to light—as is the case with every investigator—the more utterly did he become convinced that the so-called dead are the vitally-living, and that, under special conditions, they may, and do, communicate with dwellers on the earth.

The fair-minded person must admit that a future life is as surely proved as is the existence of oxygen in air or hydrogen in water, and that while thousands of manufactured messages are given forth, it is equally true that thousands of genuine ones are received.

The three most significant and precious facts established by the classes named, and, to the ordinary mind most surely of all, by such witnesses as are quoted at the head of this chapter, are these:

Our so-called dead really live.

They live as their own natural selves in natural bodies.

They keep their natural love for and interest in their families and friends.

It was no ghost or wraith or misty, moonshiny *something* that came to David Warfield, that visited the young woman in her home, that sought the engineer in his pumping-station, that appeared to the son in his hotel apartment; not ghost nor mist nor moonshine that has, according to testimony too often repeated and from too widely scattered sources to be always false or mistaken, come to thousands of others, but the real father, mother, sister, brother, child, lover or friend, the *very*

dear ones themselves who lived and loved and worked and hoped and suffered with us here; not something changed out of all recognition by casting off the physical body, but *our very own* with the same atmosphere and ways, the same turns of expression and characteristic tones and gestures.

They sometimes assume habits and garments which were theirs here, but which do not obtain in their present world, for purposes of identification, as did the young man's father, who, garbed in the old way, sat in his favorite attitude, pipe in mouth and newspaper in hand.

We are coming in these latter days to know something of the shaping and building power of thought; to know that, working in the plastic ether, it forms actual and perfect designs. During the last few years several instruments have been devised which show the exact forms caused by sound vibrations and some which demonstrate that a real image is created by thought without speech. One of these instruments is a camera invented by the late Dr. J. Mount Bleyer, of New York, assisted by Mr. K. L. Dickson, ex-photographic expert of Edison's Laboratory, which pro-

duces, at the rate of one hundred a second, the exact forms caused by the voice in speaking or singing, thus proving that every mentality brings forth "according to its kind."

The picture caused by a sharp, disagreeable voice is that of a snake coiled to strike. Soft, loving tones make lovely images, such as beautiful flowers. The singing by a sympathetic voice of "Home, Sweet Home" displays upon the screen "marvellously pretty submarine vegetation intermingled with reefs and spidery forms, orchids and other plants, and tracings in new and strange patterns."

These experiments and many others which prove that "thoughts are things" and literally result in visible objects are entirely corroborative of the testimony of physical scientists who have turned their attention to other-world matters and that of our other-sphere observers who assure us that the exceedingly fine, plastic and impressionable ether-stuff of the planes outside our own may readily be shaped by thought to garments, homes, articles for any and every kind of use. How easy and natural, then, the reproduction of the familiar suit and the once habitual pipe and newspaper, that no stranger in a strange garb

might confront the son, but his easily recognizable *very own father*.

"Our friend Rene is gone," said a lady sometime ago to her housemate. "Her sister May, looking exactly as she used to look before her last illness, and dressed in that soft gray silk she used to wear, came to me just as I awoke and told me that Rene went at six this morning." The answer to a telegram sent to the house of this mutual friend confirmed the statement that Rene had died that morning at six.

The doubting son called the appearance to him a hallucination; sceptical friends declared the coming of the dead girl's sister May a dream that "happened" to state a fact. Is it not far easier and more reasonable to believe that a father, naturally pained and made anxious by his son's disbelief in a future life and eager to convince him of his mistake, should, as the strongest proof of what he desired to convey, come to him as his own unmistakable self than that a healthy, normal, clear-brained young man should, in broad daylight, conjure up such a vision? Is it not as difficult to comprehend that one appearing in every particular as she did in earthly life should go

in a dream to the friend of her sister and herself and give such accurate and quickly verifiable information as that she should go to her friend in her spirit body and tell her what had occurred? Is it not more difficult and more unreasonable to believe that the investigators with their different viewpoints and modes of procedure, the witnesses of all civilized races, classes, colors, creeds and ages, have each and all been utterly mistaken than to believe that our so-called dead are our vitally-alive, wearing bodies and living lives which are as natural to their new world and its atmosphere and surroundings as were their earthly bodies and lives to this earth and its atmosphere?

How entirely without supernatural or unnatural elements was the appearance of Jesus to Mary and His disciples. Without phenomena, without any undue happenings, He was there, the Lord they loved, the Master they mourned as being far away in some unnatural body and unnatural place. Warm, living, *just Himself*, there He was, with just His dear ways and wise words, bidding the doubting Thomas, who probably thought that the real appearance of the loved one was too good to be true, handle Him, thrust his hands

into the wound made by the spear—and early and notable instance of assuming a former condition for sure identification—that he might be convinced that here was no deception or hallucination. How sensible, how reasonable, how natural it all was!

How sensible, how reasonable, how natural it is to decide that the Great Intelligence, the Great Wisdom, the Great Love we call God would not, after, by millions of years' processes, bringing a bit of shapeless, seemingly lifeless protoplasm up to a big-brained, intellectually-minded, spiritually-informed man, end the evolutionary process by a meaningless crash of annihilation, but would raise His creation, body by body, world by world, to higher and higher expression until it became what He evidently intended it to be: His own veritable image and likeness! Nowhere among the earth processes or among the great swinging worlds above is known or indicated waste, disorder or lack of law. How then can the thinking mind or reasoning brain conceive of such waste, disorder or lack of law as would be predicated by the destruction, at a comparatively early stage of its development, of the noblest and most intricate creation of all the

worlds! How unnaturally would Infinite Wisdom permit this to be!

The truth is, our going out of human life is just as natural, and not one shade more wonderful, than our coming into it. Our having other and better bodies in another and better world is just as natural, and nothing more amazing, than that the man of today should have a better body and a more desirable dwelling place than did the cave dweller of ages ago. The inevitably-natural and naturally-inevitable trend of all things, man included, is, as everything in Nature shows, upward, forward, onward. Strange indeed if man must miss his part and be balked of his full evolution in this great plan!

And those natural, sensible bodies, not mist nor moonshine nor abstract mind, but real bodies, what are they like? We are assured by those who know that they are, or grow to be, just replicas of the earthly bodies when those bodies were at their zenith of growth, beauty, vigor and grace: bodies with every defect, defacement and disease eliminated. In throwing off the earth body one discards all deformities, decays and hindrances which are characteristic of this "Sorrowful Star" but

not of the higher spheres. The earth body is the sculptor's rough model; the spiritual body is the statue.

"Shall I know mother?" "What will my husband, my wife, my baby, my brother, my sister, my friend be like?" are questions often asked. They will every one be *like themselves* because they will *be* themselves; their vital, vigorous selves, the *spirit* selves which made them what you knew and loved. There will be no shade meeting shade, no drifting together of mist and mist, no mingling of unformed mind with mind, but real people meeting real people, the warm handshake, the tender embrace, the tears of joy, the laugh of pleasure; the *natural* meeting and intercourse of natural relatives and friends in natural, though different, bodies. Those who want to be angel. and "with the angels stand" will have their wish, but unless they have learned the *real* truth about angels, and expect to see extraordinary beings with wings and crowns and harps, they will be utterly disappointed—most pleasantly and agreeably disappointed probably. They will learn that angel means messenger, and that angels are men, women and children who in that sphere do the works

of God, give help, comfort and succor, as many a soul does here. An ancient song speaks of "the angel in the old gray shawl," and an angel, many of whom walk the earth, may just as surely, and far more naturally, appear in an old gray shawl as in misty robes and with wings and a harp. As even in this world of dense and heavy matter the clean, white, loving, serving soul makes the face to shine with spiritual beauty breaking through, so in that infinitely finer-ethered and far more tenuous atmosphere the angels, loving, serving, succoring men, women and youths, do take on a shining quality, a luminous appearance, which, as they advance in spiritual development and rise from plane to plane, does give them a wonderfully beautiful glow of body, countenance and expression, but does not make them supernatural or unnatural or less than or unlike our very own and their very real selves.

And why may we not see and talk with them? Nearly every adult person and many a child, by some experience of his own or that of others, has proved to his private satisfaction that we do sometimes see and talk with them. Many hold the belief that the time

is not far distant when the veils between the living and the so-called dead will be entirely removed and the different spheres become one, as adjoining towns are a part of one State. "I look forward to the time," said the late Mary A. Livermore, "when one will be no more surprised or dismayed to meet on the street, or in his home, or any other place, one who has cast off the physical body than he is now surprised or dismayed to meet an earthly friend in any of these places. One meeting and recognition will be as natural as the other."

On what grounds does one base such a belief?

We may note that in every case on record where the living and the so-called dead have consciously met that the former has been in a state which in some measure set him free from physical dominion and depression and so placed him in a swifter vibratory mental atmosphere. These mutually conscious meetings usually occur in early morning, during the twilight or night, or when one is lost in revery; in brief, when the dense physical vibrations of the brain caused by the mental burdens and soul-benumbing cares of our

slow-vibrating earthly sphere are in a considerable degree released, or relaxed, thus allowing the radiations of the earth plane, rid of their usual heavy pressure, to become higher and swifter, and so able to come into tune, vibrate with, the fine, high, swift radiations; or vibrations, of those in the spirit realm. For the time the obstructing earth curtain is rolled aside, and, as a heavy shade pushed from across a window lets in the light, the removed obstruction of dense matter makes possible clear seeing, or what is generally known as clarivoyance.

Sometimes a person has claraudience, or clear hearing, and not clarivoyance. Others have both. It is all a question of stilling the earth clamor, of throwing off the caking earth clay and clogging earth mould which those bright, fine, other-sphere vibrations, or radiations can no more penetrate or illumine than can the sun's rays pierce and illumine the sods of the field or the clods of the swamp.

Those who have become recognized as true seers—of past ages or of this age—prophesying truly of events and conditions to come in the seen and unseen spheres, to whom one plane of action is as real, as actual, as natural

and as familiar as another, to whom the quick and the dead are all vitally-alive beings—the so-called dead far more so than the acknowledged living—functioning in different spheres, these seers are those who, though many of them are engaged in ordinary vocations, have, by years of prayer, meditation, self-denial and service to mankind, freed themselves, body, soul and spirit, and are today as surely as they ever will be living in a spirit world, vibrating with spirit intelligences, seeing spirit-bodies and speaking with spirit friends at will. For them the veils are already rent in twain. They are earthly angels with heavenly vision and privileges.

A fact which is being thrust upon the notice of even the ordinarily unnoticing and unthinking is that, in spite of wars and strife and many other deplored conditions; partly, indeed, because of these things which break up the sloth and dredge the mud-inertia of lust and greed and selfishness which have so deadened and darkened the world that the God vibrations have been able to illumine it only occasionally and to shallow depths, the present age is literally finding out that godliness is a condition not a theory, and the only condition that the

sensible soul can make its permanent one and be physically, morally and spiritually safe, sane and happy. The scum of degradation is being thrown to the surface and by the always adequate Hand of God skimmed off and put again into the simmering pot of evolution to come forth a strained and useful thing.

More rapid strides in spiritual development and towards mastership are being made now than ever before on our planet, and hence there is less and less density of brain and clogging of spiritual pores, and so more possibility and actuality of communion—not through paid psychics but face-to-face—with the dwellers in other and more ethereal spheres. In Just the degree that we can come into tune with the radiations of our so-called dead, blend into their spirit-tones, can we come into actual communion with them. When we have a redeemed earth—and that we shall have one is no mere wish, hope or vision but a fact to which all common-sense as well as all prophecy points—there will be, for those who go and those who stay, no dying and no death, but the glad and conscious passing from a good state to a better.

III.

Where Are They?

OUR dead not being mist, moonshine or unformed mind, but vitally, tangibly, naturally-alive people, must live *somewhere*, and as naturally must live in places and ways which befit their new lives. One of the most comforting assurances that we receive from our investigators is that they are not only in a *real* place but in a *natural* place, amid natural surroundings, living in natural ways.

And it is only natural that this should be so. We are promised the desires of our hearts. Has any one ever desired to leave the warm, vivid, colorful earth, even with all its sicknesses, sorrows and disappointments, to enter a place of jasper walls, gates of pearl and gold-paved streets where he will stand *forever* playing a harp and praising a Deity seated on a marble throne? Did ever any one, deep down in his heart, believe that such things could be? If he did thus believe would he not sympathize with the little girl in "Gates Ajar" who, in consternation at the idea of such a

heaven, asked her mother if she were a good girl if she did not think that God would allow her to go down to hell Saturday afternoons and play? When the writer was a small child and the victim of the old-fashioned Sabbath on which it was considered wicked for children to play or to act in any natural way on the "Lord's Day," she used to hear her elders sing a hymn that sent the cold shivers down her back and dread to her heart. It spoke of a place where

"Congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end."

Three views which common-sense and reason suggest our probing scientists and other-sphere explorers pronounce the only true ones to adopt:

Death, so-called, is just as natural as birth, and is simply a transition to another plane and somewhat changed mode of existence.

That plane is as really a tangible place, with as real and tangible modes and means of living, as is the earth.

To those who are on it that plane is as real and substantial and fitted to their needs as is the earth substantial and fitted to the needs of those who dwell upon it.

Because two places are different it does not follow that either is unnatural. Each winter the State of Maine is covered by snow and swept by icy winds while California's grass is green and her breezes balmy. No one would declare that either State was unnatural. They are simply different, and the disbelief of any one that this condition of things was true would not make it untrue.

When Jesus told His disciples that He was going to prepare a "*place*" for them and spoke of "many mansions" in his Father's house He was not speaking allegorically but of actually existing things. To prove the reality of this and of the entire reasonableness of the statements of our investigators physical science has now put its stamp of truth upon both.

It has been the custom of those who "sit in the seat of the scornful," those who believe, or pretend to believe, that death ends all, those sad and wistful ones who would so gladly believe but know not how or what to believe—it has been the custom of all these as well as of those who reason of the matter not at all, to regard and to speak of our planet as the "solid earth," and to believe that because the dead

have left this solidity and have gone, if anywhere, to realms of ethereal matter, that they cannot live in any real bodies or real places or have any real existence. When the comparatively few taught and comprehending ones state the real facts of the case they are largely met by open incredulity, the doubts of those who dare not believe, or the cynical demand to be "shown" sensible reasons for belief in the statements made.

And it is a natural, proper and valuable thing for humanity that the world at large should be "shown" that that which it has scorned to believe, or longed and failed to believe, or demanded proof of before it would believe is sane, sensible, certain, above all *natural*.

A fact which startles the believing, the unbelieving and the would-be believing alike is put forth and attested by such eminent scientists as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Norman Lockyer, J. J. Thomson, Professor Osborne Reynolds and many other equally reliable investigators: the fact that in all the universe *there is no solid earth*; that there is not *anywhere* solid, or indivisible, matter; that there is "nothing but

ether waves" of atoms in more or less rapid motion which assume a greater or less degree of density, or apparent solidity, according to the rate at which they are vibrating and the positions in which they are thrown.

The summer whirlwind will illustrate this point. Toward a center which acts as a magnet are drawn, in circling waves, leaves, sticks, stones and grains of sand, which are packed by the power of the central force into a more or less dense, or solid, mass. A less powerful center magnet causes less leaves and smaller sticks, stones and grains of sand to gather in a looser, less compact, and hence less dense, and more diffused mass.

This whirlwind is a miniature making of worlds, *all* worlds, from out tiny Earth to enormous Jupiter and every star that spins in space, and, according to those same great scientists, of everything, from the smallest mote in the air or the tiniest fish in the sea to man, of everything in this world and all worlds. Put very simply the facts are these:

There is only one substance out of which to make anything or *anybody*. This Universal Substance is called by Sir William Crookes

“Protyle,” by other scientists other names. Those who have investigated most deeply and by means of spiritual science call it simply God or Spirit. By His own power and out of His own substance, always by a central magnetic force which draws different expressions of substance together, everything and everybody, large and small, is brought into its present shape. And no thing, and no body—the grain of sand or the mountain, the drop of water or the sea, the tiniest ant or the man—is ever in a fixed, or solid, state, but all its component parts, atoms, molecules, are bits of ether moving in ether, changing, dividing, coalescing, never still, always in such rapid motion that often there seems to be negation, or entire absence of motion.

The whirlwind which has the most rapid motion at the center, and so causes the most rapid circular motion, will always draw the largest leaves, sticks, stones and grains of sand, and *pile them most thickly and compactly*, thus making by the *position* of its parts the most dense, or seemingly solid, substance. The whirlwind which has as a center a less powerful magnet and a correspondingly less power-

ful circular movement, results in a less compact, or seemingly solid, substance. Just so on this earthly plane, where the great play of Evolution is in progress, where the physical, moral and spiritual sinews are strained to the utmost by constantly pulling against opposing currents, greater density, or solidity, is required for the operations going on in dense bodies than is necessary for the operation of forces and the functioning of bodies of infinitely lighter texture and the far more facile working out of ordained purposes. In brief, the common-sense and the best science of the entire world postulate and substantiate the truth that in an ordered universe governed by Supreme Intelligence and immutable Law that men live in bodies and in worlds appropriate to the plan which they are working out, and one body and one world *is just as natural as another*, and does not become supernatural or abnormal because it is *different* from other bodies and worlds. Every world, say both physical and spiritual science, is an ethereal world—formed, with all that it contains of ether—every body an etherial body. We are each in eternity, which is simply continuing

time, or absence of time, as much now as we ever shall be. Death is another and more advanced phase of life, and one is as natural as the other. On no plane can we escape Law, which is simply God in action.

And where are these other worlds, or planes?

Just as there are the primary school, the grammar school, the high school, the college and the university, and different grades in each, to meet the needs of the unfolding and expanding of the differently evolving intellects, so there are worlds and different planes of each to meet the needs of differently unfolding and expanding souls. And just as the pupil enters the school and the grade of the school for which he is prepared by his previous efforts and attainments, so do those who pass away from the grossest and densest plane, which is the one on which we now live, go to those planes for which their earthly desires, efforts and attainments make them eligible.

The plane to which the vast majority of people go when they leave this physical earth is not away off in space, as we were

formerly taught, but just outside and around us, mingling with our world as mist mingles with rain; merely a far more refined plane of *this* world, which, because of the clear, vivid, shining atmosphere of its upper strata, is largely known as the Astral—starry—World, which is the Purgatory of the Catholic; the place between this lower sphere and the more beautiful spheres beyond.

And in this perfectly natural world are the perfectly natural things which belong to it: real homes for those who desire homes—for there as here there are “free lances” who crave no steady abiding place—on real streets or among real fields, shaded by real trees, overlooked by real mountains; with brooks and birds and shrubs and flowers, institutions of learning, libraries, places of recreation, everything which belongs to a beautiful, amply and adequately provided-for world. We might say that the vitality, beauty, joy and opportunities of heaven are the vitality, beauty, joy and opportunities of earth *immeasurably plused*.

Only such natural surroundings could satisfy our naturally-alive dead, and only natural surroundings and conditions could obtain un-

der natural laws which never cease to govern on any plane where the soul, which is the real man, may have its existence.

IV.

What Are Their Occupations and Recreations?

WE must always remember that we are not dealing with supernatural or unnatural beings, but with those who are just as truly themselves as they ever were. A man is no more changed by putting off a dense body and appearing in an ethereal one than he is changed when he exchanges a heavy garment for a light one. What, then, would naturally and, since there he is not hampered in his choice, almost inevitably be one's occupation and recreation?

During earth life comparatively few people are able to follow the dictates of their own hearts as to employment and diversion. To obtain money necessary to meet their own needs and perhaps the needs of those dependent upon them they labor at tasks which are far from being their chosen work. Many a man is following the plow who would like to follow the law, many a woman making gowns who would like to make poems, many a man painting houses who dreams of painting pic-

tures. Think what it would mean were any one of these set free from the necessity of earning a livelihood for himself or another and assured that he could choose what he would do and that the very best conditions and instructors would be provided for him, free.

But it is almost invariably the case that one going out of physical environment does not immediately assume any occupation. On earth when a person is about to take up his abode and certain duties in a foreign land he is received and welcomed there by friends or some interested one, and devotes some time to relaxation and in becoming accustomed to the country, its inhabitants and their ways. So in the astral world he is received by those who love him and have looked forward to his coming, or, in one of the very rare cases where he has no friends there, by loving and ministering "angels," service-giving men and women, and is made at home, put at ease, and gradually introduced to the scenery and initiated into the existing conditions and customs of his new abode. No one is ever allowed to enter that sphere unwelcomed, uncared for or uninstructed.

Think what this change means to him, will mean to you. Think what it means to him, will mean to you, to be in a sphere infinitely more beautiful than the earth, amid surroundings that meet every need, satisfy every artistic sense of fitness, and among those whose going out made life a desolation, and that without fear of death for them or for yourself; where grinding care can no more lay hold upon one, where every craving of the heart for tender, answering love, for vivid, glorious life, for progress in the ways which have been so craved and always denied is there for the taking; to be free with a splendid, full-blown freedom of body, mind and spirit, in a splendid world of splendid privileges! Free to rest at first, as myriads do, especially after long years of toil at the heavy and often distasteful tasks of earthly existence, and with the knowledge, in itself a rest, that nothing will be lacking to you or yours because of this pause and recuperation. Think what it means to our dead, what it will mean to us, to have love enough, vigor enough, opportunities enough, time enough, means enough, *all* things enough! And all *natural* things in a natural

world among natural environment and with natural people!

This is no picture of the imagination but according to the reports of actual investigators of actual conditions.

The newcomer is perhaps among those who have ardently longed to travel and to see the beautiful places of the world, but who have lacked time and money for this purpose. Now he has plenty of time, and when he has learned the modes of locomotion entirely possible to him he can not only visit the lovely places of the earth, but, in due time and under conditions which he will learn to easily fulfil, the starry worlds in space. Maybe here is one who has starved for good music, never having had means to buy entrance to those places where it was to be heard or been in touch with any one who could gratify his longing. Now, without money and without price, he may have his fill of such music as no amount of money could have brought within reach on earth. If he has dreamed of the beautiful in Art which his work-filled days and unfilled purse have kept him from beholding, here he may, at leisure and with no deprivation dogging him in

consequence, contemplate masterpieces which no earthly artist could ever have produced. He may read or study to his heart's content in magnificent libraries. He may have the privilege of witnessing such dramas as no earthly talent has ever produced. He may go to the halls of recreation where he may see for the first time the *real* "poetry of motion" in dancing such as is best exemplified here by artists like Pavlowa; dancing in which he may soon learn to take a graceful part, and where he may hear the actually care-free laugh which bubbles up from the actually care-free heart, may come to know genuine merriment and real joy.

Dance, laugh, play, bubble over with merriment and joy in heaven? Surely! That is what heaven is for. What else could we expect from natural people in a natural world with "every weight" cast aside? It is a declaration of one of the great Masters of Wisdom—one of those who have overcome all limitations and function as readily and consciously on one plane as another; who live for the help, enlightenment and evolution of their fellows—that to attain to mastership, to become

one's best, to reach the place of utmost physical, mental, moral and spiritual adequacy, one must have a sense of humor, a brain which can conceive humorous thoughts, a heart which takes freely and frequently to laughter. Would not a joy-bereft, laughless earth be simply a place of grim endurance? Would such a heaven deserve its name, or be a natural place for natural people?

And the capability for perception and enjoyment is a hundred per cent plused. Why is this so? Because in that realm the spirit body is *acting on its own plane*. The astral world, the plane just beyond the earth plane, really a finer and higher part of our earth, is the plane of the emotions. Rid of the clogging earth body and the dense earth brain, in a world whose high, fine ether pulsations, or vibrations, give it an intensely vital and vivid atmosphere and colors and shades—many of which are never seen on this plane—of palpitating hues and loveliness, vibrating in tune with all the encompassing vividness and beauty, the artist can conceive and paint, the musician compose and send forth, the actor dream and dramatize, every brain, heart and

hand create and make manifest as it could never do in this only slightly flexible earth ether and clouded atmosphere.

After a day of drudgery and numbing care we have each lain down so sluggish of brain and spent of body that no clear-cut thought or celerity of motion was possible to us. After a night's sleep and relaxation we have arisen with every brain cell aglow with vivid thought and a body "eager as a strong man to run a race." Even so do the released spirit brain and the relieved spirit body glow with wonderful conceptions and express themselves in significant creations, and with superlative pleasure and enthusiasm appreciate, understand and enjoy the productions of others.

All along the line real people in real worlds are doing the real things which are in accordance with the laws of those worlds.

There, as here, the great majority of people would find that while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," that all play and no work would make a still duller boy and does not forward the soul in its evolution. There, as here, the vacation ended, the necessary or chosen rest-time done, souls long for

work, reach out for accomplishment. And in that world, where desire melts into fulfillment as the bud merges into the flower, they find the work that is *theirs*, that expresses *them*.

But in that sphere, even as here, there is a work far more needed than that of the artist, musician or poet, necessary and beautiful as are these, and the soul who comes to these realms already fitted by preference and practice to do this work is the happiest of all and has by far the most beautiful appearance.

Because of the ignorance which largely prevails concerning after-death conditions, or in consequence of the widespread false belief in an everlasting burning hell, thousands arrive on this plane sick with fear and dread which is often a more pitiable condition than the one left with their physical bodies. Then begins the work of those men and women who were the unrecognized "angels" of the earth sphere, whose delight and privilege it is to reassure, teach and explain the truth to these bewildered, mistaken ones, and to bring them not to their former state of poise, health and happiness, but to a realization of safety, vitality, joy and exhilaration such as they had never

dreamed could exist. The happiest as well as the greatest in the kingdom of heaven is, literally and always, he who is man's most loving and unselfish servant.

And for him who does not paint nor write nor make music nor act nor lean toward the teaching, comforting or succoring of his fellows; who loves the sight of upturned soil, the presence of animals, the realization of growing things? He, too, will have his heart's desire, his very own chosen work.

A woman who functions consciously on the astral plane was asked by a friend to find her father, a well known lawyer who had passed out some months before, and to report what his present occupation was. After some search the man was found but the psychic declared that she hesitated to tell her friend where she had discovered him and how he was employed. At last, however, she revealed to her the fact that she had looked for him in vain in those professional circles where a man of his calling would naturally be found and had discovered him in the midst of stretching green meadows on which fed an immense flock of sheep. "Ah!" exclaimed the friend. "The very thing

he always wanted! How often he used to say that his ideal life would be to have many acres of land and thousands of sheep."

A certain accomplished machinist was from boyhood occupied in plying his trade. Some months after he had put off his physical body a powerful unprofessional psychic told his sister that she saw him with a very happy face and air of great enjoyment working in a large garden filled with beautiful flowers. The sister declared that for years before going out he had thought, dreamed, talked of his hope that sometime he should own land and be able to cultivate growing things.

Many are usefully and happily employed during more or less of their time building and rebuilding the homes in which they are to live, or do live, with those already arrived or for loved ones who are to come, and in beautifying and perfecting their grounds.

We are told that although many things needed and used on earth are not needed or used there, that many other things natural to and required in that realm are there produced, thus giving scope and outlet for every type of mind and trend of accomplishment, making a

world far more busy and diversified in its employments, as well as its opportunities and enjoyments, than the earth.

Unlike the earth the astral world bestows its bounties alike on the idle and the industrious, but it is he who lives upward and works onward who has the far more beautiful body, the far more vital life, and who goes by far the more rapidly from strength to strength, from glory to glory, from sphere to sphere, from power to greater power, from happiness to greater happiness.

In those myriads of cases where through lack of opportunity and money one has been unable to fit himself to do well the work which his heart has chosen as his, he has there access to the most perfectly equipped schools in which, under the most zealous and advanced instructors, he may become a master workman in his own selected profession.

It is no myth but a declaration full of utmost significance and truth that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive those things which God hath prepared for those who love Him." Experience and observation

on every plane show that it is a literal and proven truth that "all things work together for good to those who love God," or Good.

V.

Do They Influence Us or We Them?

SINCE we are dealing with natural people living in a natural, though different, world, under natural, though in many respects different, conditions, and with laws which are natural to and adequate for these conditions, what must be the natural, indeed the inevitable, attitude of those who have passed on towards the dear ones they have left on the earth? Do those dear ones forget them? Do they not, on the contrary, where there are real soul ties between them, forget their every foible, disregard their every mistake and love them with a fullness and intensity never known when both were on earth? Obeying the natural law of the plane where the emotions, undeadened by heavy, physical vibrations, are in full expression, the other-world dwellers love their own far more intensely and vividly than they did here.

And by "their own" is not meant just those who were related to them by family relations or marriage. It often occurs that a soul takes a body in and becomes a part of a family be-

cause there he may learn the lesson, or lessons, that his present term of the earth-school is intended to teach—such as love, patience, forbearance, diligence—but who has no affinity with that family, is not congenial with it or happy in it, is, indeed, a trial and a discipline to it: things which the family needed or they would not have been sent to it. In the astral world, where like, and *only* like, attracts like, that soul will never be drawn to or become a part of that family. Even here such a member of a family, when he becomes free to choose his own way and is able to earn his own livelihood, almost invariably drifts away from his connection with it, and becomes outwardly what he has always been inwardly, practically its mere acquaintance. There he would never be more than an acquaintance.

On the other hand, individuals by multiplied thousands have formed ties with seeming strangers whose lives melted into and mingled with their own as the dawn melts into and mingles with the sunrise, and between them an undying affection was born.

In the one case the soul which came to a certain family merely to learn, and perhaps to

give, a lesson is not that family's own any more than one who goes to a tailor to learn to fashion clothing thereby becomes his own. In the second case there is a harmony of vibration and of soul-keynotes which complement and complete each other as do blue and orange. In such cases it is safe to conclude that the two have in some former incarnation been very much to each other, and they will as naturally and inevitably be drawn together on other planes as are the magnet and iron filings. Whether they are together on the same plane or seemingly separated by death one is the other's very own.

True affinity, of which the unholy sex attraction which sometimes calls itself by this name is only a wicked masquerade, is the only condition of companionship and close association in those after-world realms. Never fear that you will be troubled there by those who have made your life a torment here, or that you will miss close communion with those whose comradeship would alone go far toward making heaven for you. The desire of your heart, which you have been promised and will have, precludes the one and includes the

other. It must, therefore, follow that fellowship there is a much more satisfactory and joyous thing than it ever is here, where at least some slight alien influence lessens its volume and taints its flavor.

A mistaken idea has been disseminated that on the other planes no special ties are recognized and no special groups arranged, but that all are in a conglomerate mass and "like unto the angels in heaven." We shall, indeed, as our greatest Teacher declared, be as the angels in heaven, who neither marry nor bear children, those useful, busy, happy men, women, and youths who are doing natural, needed things in a world which to *be* natural and under natural laws must have its home-centers, its different societies, its gatherings of congenial friends, people of like interests congregating as surely as they do here for different serious objects and for entertainment and refreshment.

The influence of those on the other planes on the minds, lives and accomplishments of dwellers here is incalculable. The great pattern-world is there and from its prototypes, impressed upon the minds of men, come many of

our wonderful inventions and marvelous constructions. It is the desired and appointed work of some of the denizens of those after-worlds to watch over and aid in the management, development and evolution of this earthly realm. Any idea, ideal or purpose held strongly and steadily here is bound to draw more intensity and power from minds with similar ideas, ideals and purposes in those exceedingly responsive planes. Frequently a great statesman here owes many of his ideas and the power which makes them potent to a great statesman there, one of those "ministering angels" who are literally and truly "given charge concerning him" and the well-being and the well-doing of his kind. Many a poet sings a sweeter song, many a writer strikes a stronger note, many a speaker wields a more dynamic influence than would have been possible but for the overshadowing and inspiration of these same ministering angels. Those who become the wonders of the world in any line, benevolent or malevolent, are the mental and moral clearing-houses for many minds. One becomes responsible for the evil committed or the good done because it is his to originate the quality of

the magnetic influence which invariably draws that which is like unto itself.

Sometimes information is given, work outlined, problems solved, questions settled by first-hand interviews between the living and the so-called dead. In a large majority of cases every time one falls asleep he goes out in his astral body to the astral realms. His astral body being exactly like those which have been released by death and governed by the same laws, his intercourse with those on that plane is just as natural and free as is intercourse between two people in earthly bodies. The only difference between death and sleep is that in the former one goes out permanently, in the other temporarily from the physical body. In the case of a very sluggish, unlonging, unimaginative nature the astral body usually hovers near the physical one during sleep, but few there are whose emotions, desires and attachments are not sufficiently keen to draw them away to some other sphere where loved and so-called lost ones abide.

Only occasionally can the befogged physical brain bring through clear memories of that

astral world or of the experiences there, but often the information gained is sufficiently retained to be acted upon. Some years ago a young man teaching a mixed country school had pupils older than himself. On a certain day one of these pupils applied to him for help in solving a difficult problem in arithmetic. With dismay the young teacher realized that he had no idea how to work out the example. "Leave it with me," he said, "and I will explain it to you later in the day or tomorrow morning." He took the example home and worked on it the entire evening without obtaining the correct answer. He went to bed worn out, his last thought being, "O, Lord, show me how to work that example!" He awoke in the morning with the whole solution perfectly clear in his mind and returned the example to his student with the correct answer and a lucid explanation of how it was obtained. There was nothing unexplainable about this transaction. Just as the pupil had brought the problem to one who he believed could solve it, so the astral intelligence with its knowledge and remembrance of skilled intellects in the higher plane, took the example

to one who could work it out and explain the process. One can best come to a conclusion concerning any matter when he has "slept over it," otherwise when the fog of the earth-brain is lifted and the clear unhampered spirit intelligence has had an opportunity to work, or when he has taken counsel with other clear and unhampered intelligences.

While few remember the intercourse they have had during sleep with other-plane dwellers, often one who yesterday was discouraged and depressed feels in the morning cheered and strengthened and able to look life squarely in the face and to go bravely and strongly on.

Thus sleep has an important two-fold value: it gives the machinery of the body opportunity to rest and repair itself and the spirit man the inestimable privilege of consorting not only with those loved ones who have passed on, but with wise and helpful ones whose companionship and counsel are, though he is for the most part unconscious of this, of great benefit in his daily earth-life. To a vast number of people who enter them after death these other-world spheres will not be strange, but

like a land which one has many times visited, perhaps in which he has studied or worked, for not a few while still living here are taught there or take part in some of their various tasks.

When the time comes, as many for strong reasons believe it will come, and that ere long, when each of us shall remember all our sleep experiences there will truly be for us no death. In the other world one remembers what occurs in this. One day he will remember in this world what occurs there.

And are our departed ones always in touch with us, seeing us, realizing what we are feeling, thinking, doing? If so, are they not made unhappy by our trials and unhappinesses?

Would it be natural, or, if rationally viewed, conceivable that all of those departed ones should neglect the duties, the studies, the pleasures of their now very own legitimate sphere to constantly and habitually give their time and attention to this world, which, for the present at least, has ceased to be theirs? Just as sensibly and naturally would one who has entered the university turn back to constantly watch over and spend his time with

his brother who was in the high school. Probably with his higher understanding and more developed nature he loves his brother better than he ever did before. He never loses sight of him or interest in him. His joys and sorrows affect him, and he will add to the one and relieve the other if he can. He looks forward happily to his entrance into the university, and will do all in his power to make that entrance pleasant and profitable. But, naturally, his own world and his own work claim him and the major part of his time and attention.

So with our departed ones. Being in spirit bodies with spirit senses they see that which is naturally seen by their spirit sight, which is our spirit bodies. Being on the plane of pure, unhampered loving, their affection for us is purer, deeper, stronger than ever before, and they never forget or lose sight of us. Our sorrows and joys affect them, and they do all in their power to diminish the one and add to the other. They look forward with joy to our entrance into their world and will strive zealously to make it pleasant and profitable to us. But just as it would be unnatural, unreasonable and selfish for the boy in high school to

continually mourn that his brother was away from him, and so distract him by his grief or by constantly imploring him to come to him as to hinder his advancement and impede his accomplishment, so our sustained grieving and constant calling on our so-called dead for sympathy, advice and companionship cloud their happiness, retard their progress and impede their accomplishment in that place where now their legitimate duties and pleasures lie.

They are tragically mistaken who think that by never-ceasing tears and lamentations and the wearing of sombre weeds they are showing love and loyalty to the mourned ones. All these things are torturing clogs to the otherwise free soul and should be done away with as selfish and harmful. Many a one who might be happily ascending towards higher spheres and engaging in superlative pleasures is held sorrowfully to earth by the, probably unconscious, selfishness of a weeping, demanding loved one.

Moreover, grief and despondency make a heavy and murky atmosphere into which light and bright spirit entities cannot penetrate to give comfort and cheer, but which attracts the

✓ presence of those earth-bound ones whose depression adds to the already-existing gloom. Always and everywhere like attracts like. It was to the light-hearted young woman that the mother came to laugh and talk; to the engine-room of the unmourning, tranquil son that the loved one made home; at the busy, unlamenting actor's table that the father appeared. Thus for one's own sake as well as for that of his departed dear one he should put off grief and put on joy.

And just as the student in the university loved to go, when he had the time, to visit his brother, so they love to come to us. After a time, as they go farther and farther on and become engrossed in more and more important tasks, they return less often to earth, but never reach a place where they lose sight of us or fail to meet us when we enter the higher realms. If it is in any way known that a troubled spirit haunts the earth it is always a kindness to learn what he desires done or adjusted and to promise him that his wish shall be attended to, thus enabling him to go happily on.

The acute suffering which our departed loved ones, with their old love for us intensi-

fied and their quick responsiveness to our emotions redoubled, would otherwise undergo is greatly modified by their clearer light and more comprehensive view which show them this earthly life as the quick passing of a troubled dream in which every soul is learning the lessons which make for his evolutionary progress and upliftment. They are calmed and comforted by the knowledge that St. Paul spoke only the actual and literal truth when he said: "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They want us to have the *best*, and they have come to know that lessons learned here, even through pain and suffering, will not have to be learned again, and that the sooner the "affliction" the sooner the "eternal weight of glory."

Being just themselves, now lighter, finer, wiser, happier, still more true and loving selves, just our very own, as we are just their very own, they must, they do, constantly influence us, as we must, we do, constantly influence them. Hence our responsibility.

VI.

Where Live the Ungodly?

AS a matter of fact there are, at the stage of evolution which we know, no really ungodly nor godly. A certain miller declared that in the thousands of bushels of corn he had ground he had never failed to find, in even the least sound kernel, a bit of golden pith. Going through a California garden two friends searched diligently, and searched in vain, for one absolutely perfect flower.

So with human beings, until they have evolved to heights and reached worlds and spheres of worlds which are as real and natural and as really under natural law and with as natural conditions and occupations as our earth, but with which we are not now concerned, there is not one who does not have some saving golden pith, not one who is absolutely perfect. The declaration that each one of us is a god in the making is as literally true as that the caterpillar is a butterfly in the making.

When Jesus said, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that *one* of these little ones should perish." He was speaking of the *omnipotent* Will, the always-operative Will which can never be balked or gainsaid.

Three facts of immense importance which have come to us through our investigators are:

There is no *burning* hell.

There is no *everlasting* punishment.

No soul can be *forever* lost.

Does this mean that there are no effects of wrong-doing and that all are in the same condition and all alike happy after death? Far from it! Remember that the man who slips off his physical body is nowise changed by the act in his character, his thoughts, his desires any more than here the real *you* is changed by slipping off your outside garment. He whose life is coarse, low, vile does not gravitate towards the refined, the uplifted, the pure, nor is he allowed to enter their circle. This division and exclusion obtain even more completely after death than before. Occasionally here a man of low type who has obtained great worldly riches or an important position

is, in spite of his obvious bad character, received into what is known as "good society." Not so there. In many passages of the Christian Bible people are declared to have died and gone to "*their own place*." In every sphere, including finally and sometime the earth sphere, this law that every one shall go to *his own place* holds good, and this not as a punishment of the Father whose will it is that "not one of these little ones should perish," but because, exercising the free will which places him apart from and beyond all others of the creations of God, he has indulged in thoughts and practices and contracted habits which make the abode and the company of those of similar thoughts, practices and habits his natural habitation and associates. "Birds of a fedder go mit demselves," declared the Dutchman.

Always and everywhere like attracts like. In the after-death spheres, from the most inglorious to the most inconceivably glorious, the law of affinity, which, rightly interpreted, is a correlative law of perfect justice, works with exact and never-failing precision. Here deceit and evasion are possible and often practiced.

Never there. The very appearance of the astral, or spiritual, body reveals one's character and the natural place for him. And in that lower and lowest part of the astral realm the lower and lowest type of mankind will unquestionably suffer, not from literal flames, but from the cravings for drink, the clamorings of lust, the clutchings of greed for gold and many other insistent demands which can never be satisfied, and from the remorse which crime and cruelty and tyranny entail. As this astral realm is the plane where feeling and emotion have their superlatively vital expression, it naturally follows that as those who go to the higher astral realms—and *who outnumber by millions to one those whose places are in the lower spheres*—enjoy their surroundings and experiences with an intensity undreamed of here, so those in places of more or less torment suffer far more acutely than any earthly deprivation or remorse could have caused them to suffer.

But this, though a real mental hell, is no place of *everlasting* bondage or punishment. "If I make my bed in hell," says the psalmist, "behold thou art there." Aye verily! The

great omnipresent, omniscient, ever-loving Supreme Intelligence, call it by what name we may, which has decreed that that spark of Itself which every man is shall not perish but, sometime, somehow, somewhere, shall have everlasting life, does not forget or overlook the hells. Even here the crime-stained, the lust-wracked, the besotted man is in a more promising position than he was on the earth, where, in a large majority of cases, his weakened will did not prevent his continued indulgence in the things which made for demoralization, and where any transient thought of reform or yearning toward betterment met feeble, if any, response from those who had come to distrust him and to disbelieve in his desire for moral change. In the astral realms his unworthy demands meet with no supply and so are gradually worn out, and the first glimmer of repentance, the faintest spark of upward inspiration, is known to those helpers, the real angels, who constantly go down to these denser astral spaces and work as diligently, and far more lovingly and intelligently— since they have a much clearer knowledge of the exact state of things and

far finer facilities for reaching the heart and understanding of those they would assist—as do the zealous slum workers in our cities.

Here untold numbers of those vital, shining “angels” of the higher spheres find frequent employment, and a “great host who no man can number” are now rejoicing in the high upper spheres who were lured by love from those murkiest depths into which the very vitality and intensity of their natures which raised them so rapidly to great heights pulled them swiftly down. There, as here, the greatest saint is ever the greatest potential sinner with his significance, his vitality, his responsiveness to atmosphere and attraction, *turned upward*.

In a higher, less murky plane of the astral world are the “neither hot nor cold” ones who have not committed serious offences nor done any special good; who have, perhaps, been interested only in dress, cards, plays, dances, but whose minds and hands have never vigorously taken hold of any work whose object was for the help, betterment or comforting of mankind. Their own place is a negative one which most of them find very monotonous. But,

like those in the lower realm, they can, by choosing and seeking for rational service and employment and higher forms of entertainment, lift themselves out of this drab environment and become enthused with vivid, changeful lives and possessors of shining bodies and raiment.

Though one may linger, always by his own will or lack of will, many years in these lower regions, *sometime* the upward ascent must be begun. It is destined that finally, however late, unto God, the Good, "every knee shall bend and every tongue confess." "The *way* of the ungodly shall perish." This statement of the psalmist is literally true. Not the ungodly but his *way* shall perish. But let no parent, no teacher, no individual be unaware or lose sight of the terrific strain, pain, waste and woe which having that "*way*" entails. Righteousness and unrighteousness both pay high dividends. The difference in the *quality* of these dividends is the varying differences between the lives on the different planes of existence. It is as true as the most rigid theologian has ever taught that a man's place in the after-life is determined by his life here,

but it is *not* true that it is *fixed* by that life. There is no stagnation, fixity, anywhere. Constant motion, continual vibration, eternal progression, these are God's law.

It has been argued by some that because Jesus said to the repentant thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise" that death-bed repentance places one directly in heaven. Death-bed repentance, like any other-time repentance, is far better than no repentance at all, for it is the aspiration upward, the fresh stand of the soul, which enables the liberated man to *begin* his after-death experiences at a higher level and under better circumstances than would have been his had there been no such aspiration and new stand. But as here the youth who repents of his idleness at school and resolves to be more diligent is given thereby a higher mental position and better circumstances under which to work towards and finally into college, but cannot *enter* college before he has *earned* its privileges, so the thus tardy repentant man cannot at once have a place among those who for years have been diligent in generating love and giving unselfish service. To be "in paradise" with Jesus

was to be in one of those realms where the good that He was always doing, the help He was always rendering, the comfort He was always bestowing, might be taken up and made the means by which the former thief might, without delay, begin to win his way to loftier heights.

Most comforting is the knowledge that in this astral realm the exact state of a man's heart is seen and exact justice done him. Jesus declared to the cold, formal, selfish and self righteous ones who heard Him that even the harlots would enter the kingdom of heaven before them, and assured others that unto many of them who should cry unto Him, Lord Lord, that He should reply that He never knew them and should bid them depart. It is no fairy tale or mere opinion that the woman who sold her body as the only means of keeping starvation or cold or nakedness from loved ones; the man who drank but who was always helpful, big hearted, generous; the thief who stole that his theft might relieve misery will, in that realm where motive, feeling, intention are carefully weighed and taken into account, have a more desirable place than one

whose absorption in himself and lack of interest in others alone keep him unsullied. Lack of love, dearth of service, unresponsiveness to the needs of others are, on every plane, the cardinal sins, or mistakes.

"That man is earning a beautiful mansion in the skies," said a lady to a friend, speaking of one, in many respects not a lovely character, who was habitually taking abandoned, wounded, starving cats and dogs from the streets and ministering to them in the best way of which he could conceive.

Many a man and many a woman rated very low in the world's estimation is assured a desirable place and enjoyable conditions in the astral realms by devotion to and self sacrificing effort for family, friend or cause. Love is God, the very essence of God, and is, therefore, power itself, magnetism itself, that which accomplishes in part or wholly according to its volume and intensity. It is literally the one thing that, used as a means of bringing about *anything*, "never faileth."

In ascending a high mountain the path winds round and round, even occasionally for the time being going downward, and it some-

times seems as though no progress were being made toward the top, but, in reality, every circle brings one nearer to the summit. So in ascending the spiral curves of evolution the soul that for purposes of awakening and cleansing is held in that realm which the Catholics call purgatory and we the lower astral world seems to be making no upward ascent, but in reality it is always preparing itself, even by that temporary downward plunge, for the final, though sometimes infinitely delayed, redemption which the Love that cannot be denied and the Power that cannot be balked have ordained and that upward sweep which is the great Urge on to Perfection.

VII.

What Are the Lives of Children?

THOSE whom the gods love die young." It might well be that these words were written by one who knew what joy dying brought to the young. Of all those who pass out, however happy they may be, the children are undoubtedly the happiest. Over and over some heart-broken mother has exclaimed, "My poor little darling, out there alone and without me!" Nothing could be farther from the truth than that any child is alone in the astral world or without its mother. It may be truly said that in, apparently, losing one mother it has gained many, for the mothers who welcome little ones to the other side and tenderly and wisely care for them are legion. As a matter of fact the child never loses its mother at all, and the only reason that its going away seems a loss to her is that her physical brain will not bring through the memory of the hours she spends with it during what is to her night and to it day. Every earthly night her longing for it will as surely draw her to it in sleep as the

longing of a lover will draw him to his beloved as soon as he is free to seek her. And when both mother and child are free in their spirit bodies their intercourse is as real and free and natural as it ever was in this life.

Here many a mother goes to outside daily tasks leaving her baby at a day nursery, calling for it in the evening, and it is in her arms or by her side during the night. After its passing out she is just as surely with it during what is her night and its day, caring for it, teaching it, joining in its games.

As on earth the nursery attendants care for and amuse the children left in their charge, so in the astral world whenever a child lacks the ministration of its earthly mother it is cared for in every needed way by its foster mothers and always plentiful attendants.

The conditions and facilities of that world being so superior to those of this, and the freed childish souls so impressionable and responsive, bubbling, joyous happiness is the result. Think what the astral realm means to these little ones. Millions of them were among the dwellers in city slums, half-covered by dirty clothing, half-fed with cheap and un-

wholesome food, weakened by disease engendered by filth, vermin and general deprivation: the waifs and strays of humanity to whom a week among clean surroundings and green fields and with abundant and tasty food, or an opportunity to be taken on a trip by a floating hospital was the one event which, in anticipation or retrospection, colored their year. Imagine these where there is no cold or hunger or nakedness or disease, lovingly cared for in beautiful homes, taught by wise and tender instructors, having for playgrounds wide, green, lovely spaces in the vivid, invigorating atmosphere, for playfellows scores of other happy, healthy children, for playthings hundreds of things never procurable here, but easily called into being in that place where thought force fashions so quickly and perfectly objects of desire. Here a gorgeous chariot with prancing horses to draw it; there a boat and a lake on which to float it; again a just-the-right-size ball and bat or a big beautiful doll in marvelous costume in a wonderful cradle or carriage, all come temporarily into shape for the use and delight of these riotously happy little ones. For every tiny

baby which goes out tender mother-arms are waiting, and nothing is wanting for its comfort and happiness.

Children in the earth-life, like adults, are often lonely, and even oftener than in the case of the adult it is for the same cause. To say that even the best circumstanced person, adult or child, is continually happy or without loneliness is to state something which the experience of every one of us decisively contradicts. Children, thank God, enjoy more care-free days and heart-light hours than adults, but their times of dearth and desolation are certain and very real and many times inexplicable as, in numerous instances, are the "blue" attacks and vague longings which sometimes beset the most happily placed individuals. Some of you will remember when you were taken to a boarding school, or went to college, or began new work in a strange town. You were there for a good reason; to gain knowledge to perfect yourself in something in which you had been deficient. You acquiesced in the arrangement and were thankful for the privileges afforded you. You were, nevertheless, always remembering the

old home and the familiar places, always longing if not for the old haunts for their essence, their familiar flavor, the something that made you *at home*. Now, none of us are *at home* on this planet. To every one of us it is a school in which we have been placed, a strange land in which we have taken up our residence that we may learn needed lessons, become expert in something in which we were deficient. We acquiesce and are grateful for our privileges. The dense, slow-vibrating matter of our earthly brain-stuff does not permit us to distinctly remember what the soul's home is like, but we have vague, unformed realizations of it, and, for the most part unconsciously, we miss the essence, the flavor, the something that made the soul *at home* and will again make it at home.

Often the child's inexplicable sadness and much of his gladness are caused by his living very largely in two worlds. Just as one who has recently left home has the far fresher memory of that home and the much keener touch with those left behind, so the soul so recently come from the higher realms retains the infinitely more vivid recollection and more

realistic sense of communion with the inhabitants of that sphere.

A three-year-old girl living in a Maine country town one evening stood by a window gazing out into a perfectly dark yard and, detail by detail and with frequent exclamations of admiration and delight, described a fancy ball with all its wonderful settings and accessories and the rich and varied costumes of those who were taking part therein. The aunt to whom she was speaking, who was a picturesque and vivid writer and had seen much of society and its functions, declared that she could never have made so accurate and glowing a picture of any scene as was presented by this baby who had never on earth seen even a country dance.

It not infrequently happens that a child is seen evidently playing and talking with companions who are entirely invisible to the earthly friends about her. Such a child was a six-year-old girl called Pearl. She did not seek the children of the neighborhood in which she lived, evidently quite satisfied with the companionship of invisible "Rosa" and "Edith" who, apparently, seldom missed a day in com-

ing to her, to whom she talked and to whose remarks—heard only by herself—she answered as characteristically and naturally as any child speaks and replies to its playfellows. “Why, mother,” she one day exclaimed in an indignant tone, “you shut the door in Rosa’s and Edith’s faces. Didn’t you see them coming it?” In Mrs. Burnett’s wonderful story “The Secret Garden” there is given a picture of this childish two-world communion which is very charming.

Children are often reproved, sometimes punished, for telling “stories” when they are only speaking of things which they really see and hear, but which are not visible or audible to those elders who are longer away from their parent realms and far more deeply emmeshed in dense and deadening matter. A good many interesting facts might be gathered from children were they fairly and sensibly understood, reasoned with and questioned instead of doubted, blamed or punished for being more perceptive and clear sighted than those about them. It often occurs that a child whose seeming improvisations make him unusually interesting becomes dull and commonplace as

he grows into more advanced youth; when his memory of other-world things becomes less keen and his brain less responsive to other-world vibrations. As it would not be so much of a change for a boy who had been at school for only a short time to return home as it would for his older brother who had been for some time in college, so it is not so much of a change for a child to return to the other realms as it is for an older person.

With the children who are seemingly born only to die, who go out of life as mere infants or in tender years, it is the rule rather than the exception that they stay in the other world only a short time and then return to earth, often in the same family. Countless mothers tell their children of little brothers or sisters who "are in heaven" while those same baby souls are wearing the bodies of the listening ones. Often a child who is named for its "dead" brother or sister is simply given back his or her own name.

Sometimes a child, as well as an occasional grown person, remembers one or more of its former incarnations in the body. On unimpeachable authority a story is told of a girl of

four who while one day walking in Santa Barbara, California, with her parents ran up to a stranger and called him "papa." Although her father was with her she could not be persuaded that the stranger was not also her papa. "Don't you remember," she said to him, "the little house with the trees all 'round it? And you whipped me for going across the water on a big tree. Mama was sick and you went away, and I don't remember any more." Then the bewildered stranger told how some years before he had built a log house in an Australian forest, in which he had lived with his wife and child. When the child was able to walk one day he discovered her trying to cross a nearby stream on a tree which had fallen across it. To prevent a repetition of this dangerous attempt he had lightly chastised her. When the child was five years old the mother became so ill of fever that he had left the two and had started for the nearest settlement in search of a doctor. A murder had been committed in a neighboring place. Officers searching the woods for the murderer came upon the hastening man and arrested him on suspicion. In spite of his explanations

and protests he was taken to England for examination. When he was released and hurried to his home he found his wife and child dead of starvation. He abandoned the place, and five years later found himself in the town where he was claimed by the little one as father.

Among the tests applied to the memory of the child was that of placing before her a large number of photographs among which was one of the stranger's wife. On taking this into her hand the child at once exclaimed, "O, papa, here's mama!" A Theosophist friend was consulted, and brought before the puzzled trio the theory and strong proofs of reincarnation, or repeated appearances on earth in different bodies, and henceforth the child enjoyed the ministrations and generosity of two earthly fathers.

Some children who go out remain in the spiritual realms and grow up there into manhood and womanhood, enjoying the natural life and opportunities of those planes as naturally and surely as growing children and youth enjoy these things here. They do not forget or grow strange to their parents or

brothers and sisters, as almost inevitably do children or youths here who are for years separated from their families, because they are so often with them while their physical bodies are asleep. A man who went out some four years ago was found by a reliable investigator by whom he sent word to his wife that their daughter, who had died as an infant, was now a beautiful young lady and his constant guide, companion and teacher.

There, as here, children love to "help," to be of use. And very efficient and delightful help they become. They early learn to instruct, to comfort, to entertain, to add largely and continually to the satisfaction and enjoyment of their glorious worlds, and thus to find a never-ceasing increase in the loveliness of their bodies and their lives. When the time comes, and many signs indicate that it is on the way, that the "ether-veils" between the physical and astral worlds are dispersed and things in those after-spheres are seen as they are, no mother will weep over her baby's grave for she will no longer lack constant and conscious communication with her dear one or fail of utter certainty that it is indeed "well with the child."

VIII.

What Does it all Mean?

NOTHING is more apparent than that it means, all of it, the carrying out of the Great Designer's plan for man's evolution into perfection. It means that the earthly life which, while we live it, seems all-important, is to the ordinarily good person the shortest, the hardest and the most sorrowful of all the seasons which he spends upon the different planes. It is what may be called the gymnasium of the school through whose grades he is passing, in which he pulls and pushes and lifts weights and runs and wrestles to bring himself into fit condition to go out as a healthier, more normal and adequate individual.

As during one's school course he spends far less time in the gymnasium than in the class and study-rooms where instruction is given and knowledge acquired, so man's time in this earthly sphere is of far briefer duration than it is on those more adequate, higher, happier planes.

He comes, during his evolution, again and again, the number depending upon the ad-

vancement he makes each time he is here. A certain young man was graduated from Harvard at seventeen; another was graduated at thirty. Some people make character work so rapidly towards perfection during their lives here that far fewer incarnations are required than for many another to fit them for the state where they will not need to return again, but may remain in the worlds and live and love and serve in kingdoms of whose glories and joys the earthly imagination can form no conception.

We sometimes hear the quotation, "I shall not pass this way again." Very occasionally there is one dwelling here who after his present incarnation will, indeed, not pass this way again, but for one of that order there are millions who will pass this away again not once but many times. As the student who does not master the studies of the primary school must, for term after term, be returned there until he is fitted for the grammar grade, where he must be sent month after month till he is able to enter the high school in which he must go over and over his tasks until he is ready for college, so one returns again and again to the same or

similar position and environment until he masters what he was put there to learn and is fitted to move on to something higher and more desirable. Almost invariably, however, even if one does not during one earth-life learn its needed lesson with such completeness as to enable him in his next to enter a different life and environment, he has partially learned it and is moved, in his succeeding incarnation, to a higher and more satisfying position in that same kind of life and environment, as two men may be poor but one live among more intellectual and interesting associates and in a better house and neighborhood than the other. It is a long stride, or series of strides, from the atom to divinity, but it *always leads Home*.

Is the unperfected man arbitrarily forced back to earth again and again until he gains perfection? No. Free will obtains in all the spheres. But just as many a man after leaving school has, with the increased mentality and more seasoned thought of maturity, realized what benefits would accrue to himself and to others by his return to his unfinished tasks, and has voluntarily chosen to again take

them up, so, with the wider outlook and broader wisdom which come with the freer and less trammelled understanding of the after spheres, unperfected men, seeing the advantages to themselves and others which will result from their returning and working at the unfinished task of perfecting themselves, *choose* to come.

There are on the earth a number of souls who have perfected themselves and for whose own sake there was no need that they should return, but, who, seeing the travail and troubles of this world, its sore need of teachers, helpers, comforters, chose to relinquish the glory, the ease, the joys of high celestial spaces and companionship that they might become the servers and savers of their struggling brothers and sisters. Among these, able as they are to function consciously on several planes, with one of which they are as familiar as with the other, are a number of our informers concerning the people, things and conditions of those regions where dwell our so-called dead. Some of these are never known among men for what they really are, but are recognized as "saints," "the salt of the earth," people whom no one

understands but all revere and love. Others are known as Masters and have as their earthly dwellings, from which they can go out at will in their spirit bodies and to any desired place, different secluded communities or Lodges.

Many a soul, granting reincarnation to be true, has been haunted by the fear that the departed one whose presence would alone make heaven might before his arrival have taken another earthly body. Only once in millions of cases would this be so. In this one case there would be a most unusual and pressing reason why the reincarnating ego should return to earth within a short time after leaving it. These occasions are so rare as to be practically negligible. We are credibly informed that the time which a soul passes between the seasons—so brief in comparison—on earth averages from twelve to fifteen hundred years. Of course the time for some is less, for others more than this, but for all adults it many times exceeds the longest life on earth.

Another thought which renders anxious many a heart is that before the going out of the earthly one the loved dead may have moved

on to a sphere so far beyond the astral that he will not be there to give the welcome or share the gladness which without him could never have real richness and flavor. Let such a one fully understand that real love between any two souls would inevitably draw them together though one had ascended to the sphere of the archangels and the other had just entered the astral realms. As a beloved subject might not be privileged to enter the domains of a monarch, but that monarch could enter and find rare delight in the humble dwelling of the subject, so though, except in rare cases, those who have lately left the earth body may not yet enter the higher spheres, a dweller there, may, and when love attracts does, enter and find happiness and enjoyment in that intermediate realm through which he has himself passed and to which his dear one has now come. Those who have attained to the higher spheres may visit all realms below them. But a very large majority of people remain on the astral plane through the number of years which cover the lifetime of their friends, and thus on their coming are there to welcome and companion them.

Real, deep, unselfish love between any two people, or among a group of people, will not only inevitably draw them together in the after-worlds, but in repeated earth incarnations will again and again unite them as brother and sister, husband and wife, devoted friends, partners in business, associates in professions, or in some other intimate relation. Undoubtedly between such lovers as the Brownings, such friends as the poet Tennyson and that Hallam of whom he so sorrowfully and wonderfully sung in "In Memorium," Madame de Stäel and Madame Récamier, and thousands of unknown and unsung ones, there will be, over and over again, close earth relations. These statements about repeated associations in different lives are not mere guesses or conjectures, but certainly proved facts. Thus we see what Whittier gave forth an absolutely literal and certified truth when he declared that

Life is ever lord of death,

And Love can never lose its own.

Farther along in evolution we shall remember our different incarnations in earthly bodies, the causes for them and the circum-

stances attending them. Some highly evolved souls do this now.

And so the meaning of it all is not life which ends in negation and death, but a continual unfolding and ongoing to never-ending life, finally perfect life. And there is a meaning more precious still without which unending life would only mean unending and intolerable sense of loss, longing and sorrow: a final state of consciousness which literally disarms and vanquishes that "last enemy" death who will never again be able to rob us, even temporarily, of the companionship of our own, for our finer vibrations, our developed spiritual sight, our perfected spiritual hearing will never lose them from view or be obliged to allow them to stray beyond the place where we may hold converse with them.

It means an ordered universe in which, as surely, as gradually, as perfectly as from the slight gathering of star-dust there emerges the glowing planet, man from his original bit of protoplasm, through a systematic chain of lives, emerges into a glorified, glorious, god-like existence, with godlike knowledge, godlike wisdom, godlike power, godlike hap-

piness. This, and this only, is the inevitable course of man, accelerated or retarded by his own wish, will, and endeavors, according to the verdict gathered from many parts of the earth by those "ministering angels," literally those "just men made perfect," who have sacrificed heavenly bliss, as did the Lord of all, that in divine service they might, as they have done before, lose their lives and find them. They speak, and we repeat, things that they *know*. They picture and we repicture, not merely things as the human heart *wishes* they might be, but as they *are*.

Realize the truth about your so-called dead and let your hearts rejoice, and help theirs, which have, perhaps, been troubled by your trouble, depressed by your depression, held near the earth by your refusal or failure to lift yourself up into lighter air, to yet more rejoice and go freely and joyfully on to those heights to which, one glad day, with the old familiar smile, the same warm handclasp, the characteristic manner, these vitally-alive, naturally envired, naturally employed dear ones will welcome *you*.