

THE LEADING OF A MINISTER

BY

Miss Amelia Fargo Staley



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Dedicated
In Loving Memory to
My Husband
Reverend John Jacob Staley

“To grow, to change, to move, may now
Be called the spirit of the age.
Each step of progress we accept
As written on life’s mottled page.

But dare we now accept or leave
This way of progress to our goal;
Might we not do without the rest,
When we have proved we have a soul?”

Nellie Staley Sheldon.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I have known Mr. and Mrs. John J. Staley for many years. My acquaintance began when Mrs. Staley was a member of my choir in Lansing, Michigan.

One day Mr. Staley came to me with a manuscript which he wished me to read. When I had done so he told me that it was the work of a spirit. My antagonism to spiritualism was so strong that I reproved him in the most vigorous terms and showed him the extreme danger of tampering with such things.

He was active in church work especially among the young people. One day he told me that he felt that he was called to preach. This was rather a surprise to me, but I told him I would direct his reading and he could test the matter. Meanwhile he said nothing about any further attempt to communicate with the unseen.

After several years, when he had through great efforts and a remarkable development, become an ordained minister, we met at Chautauqua, and he again made bold to show me a manuscript. I was so impressed with its resemblance to some things in Swedenborg that I suggested that he had been reading the works of the Swedish seer. When he told me that he was ignorant of these writings, I asked for further information. As a result I visited him in his home and witnessed what, for lack of a better term, may be called the mediumship of Mrs. Staley.

Sometimes by automatic writing and sometimes by clair-audience she delivered messages purporting to come from my friends who had for some time been in the spirit world. Some of these communications had in them such intimate touches, such knowledge of my family life and such acquaintance with my inmost thoughts that I was decidedly impressed.

Because of my intimate acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Staley all question of conscious fraud or unworthy

purpose were eliminated, from the beginning. The whole thing was as inexplicable to them as to me. The story of how it had grown and how they had been led from step to step is exceedingly interesting as a human document.

Much can be explained as a product of the subconscious activity, more by telepathy. But there is a residue which is much more apparent to those immediately interested than it can possibly be to any one else, that cannot be explained in either of these ways.

My own theory is that there are openings into the subconsciousness from the sides, so to speak, through which information and influences come to us from other beings like ourselves, whether in the body or out of the body, and also an opening into the Universal Mind through which come stirrings from the Divine Spirit. All these mix with the contents of the individual consciousness and it is impossible to separate them, although we may sometimes be practically certain as to the origin of some of the elements.

With more of experimentation and more careful analysis we may be able to make the separation more complete and satisfactory. When we do, I believe we shall decide that there is some contact between us and those who have preceded us into the spirit world, and we may hope, through the efforts of those who are so earnestly studying these problems to reach assured conviction that the gate between the two worlds is not an absolutely closed gate.

Meanwhile I feel that this book is a distinct contribution to the growing literature of psychical research.

By Rev. C. H. Beale, D. D.

Pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PREFACE

Most of us have something in life that is especially sacred to us. Something so dear and sacred that any adverse criticism of it is like a sword thrust. That is how I feel about the messages. For years they have been so near and so dear to us that we reverence them almost as much as we do the Holy Scriptures. I believe in them so thoroughly; they have done so much for me and mine, that now as I give them to the world, I do so with fear and trembling. Not from any fear of criticism of myself, but criticism of the messages. I should not blame the world, for well do I remember when I was as skeptical as any one could possibly be.

I never attended a spiritualistic seance and never had a wish to do so. All I know about spiritism is my own personal experience. I believe when we fully recognize this All Power of Spirit, its omnipresence, its omniscience, we will be given the knowledge to use it, not only upon occasion, but always, under all circumstances; and in the measure we cultivate our understanding, in just that measure shall we see and hear and know.

So I have learned when I feel a Presence, it is some one in the Spirit World who wishes to speak to me. I have spent many and profitable hours conversing with friends I could not see. Sometimes it seems that I must take them by the hand and look into their faces. In my younger years I had a great, a most terrifying dread of death and often would work myself into a distressingly nervous state, as I thought of dying and being buried. Oh, the horrors of that awful hole in the ground, for, I would say, 'It will surely come some day.'

But now, all that is past. I no longer have any fear of death, but feel sure that when the last call comes to me I will just step into that other room. Then, indeed, I shall see those loved faces and "feel the touch of a vanished hand, and hear the voice that is still."

A. F. S.

The Leading of a Minister

CHAPTER I

My first experience was in 1888 when I saw my father, Mason Fargo, who passed away in 1881. He came and sat at the table just opposite me, looked straight into my eyes and smiled. I was so overcome, I left the table where guests were seated. My mother followed me to my room, begging me to tell her if I were ill. I told her what I had seen, saying that I was sure it was a warning of some evil to come. I made a memorandum of the day and hour. Nothing happened, but it was just one year from that day and hour that my mother passed away. I saw my father very distinctly. I had not been thinking of him and certainly I was not dreaming.

A few weeks before my mother left me, I came into possession of a Planchette board. For hours at a time we would sit at this board, never seeming to tire, reading the wonderful messages that came to us. And we believed them to come from the spirit world. One person after another would come, and we became so well acquainted with them we could often tell who they were as soon as they began speaking, if they had ever spoken to us before.

Each had a personality as when on earth, characterized by all the peculiarities and mannerisms in speech manifested by them as when in the flesh. Some we learned to love very dearly because they were so kind in their advice.

Some of them would now and then write a little rhyme, serious or comic. We were greatly surprised when some of them would tell us their names. We enjoyed the poet Burns very much. Sometimes he would speak in the Scottish dialect, then we would have to resort to a glossary before we could interpret him.

I recall those days and evenings when we would

reverently seat ourselves to commune with the dear ones gone on to that other land and how near Heaven seemed to us then.

We confided in a few friends only. Some were ready and anxious to know more. Others were skeptical and went so far as to say, "If you keep this up you will lose your mind and end in the insane asylum." That was over twenty-five years ago and we "kept it up" all thru those blessed years, and neither my husband nor I became insane.

One well known old time statesman came at regular intervals and proved a most valuable friend and teacher. My husband's grandfather who was a Baptist clergyman, told my husband how the friends were watching over him, and leading him and there must come a great change in his life.

Now for the contemplation of those who are so certain that a Planchette board is the "instrument of the devil," let me say that more than one soul has found God thru our Planchette board. First, and to me the dearest, was the great change that came into the life of my husband. These are some of the principal reasons why I am telling the story of our experiences.

After a time some of our unseen friends told me there was another way for me to receive the messages. I asked how? The reply was "automatic writing." I had heard of it but had never seen any. They told me to sit quietly with paper and pencil, and they would move my arm and write. Of course this was a new experience and I could not help wondering what the sensation would be like. But I did as they told me. I got no results and after many trials, became almost discouraged.

Every day they would say "try again." At last, not getting any results, one told me to have some one touch the top of the pencil and words would be written. My husband took hold of the end of the pencil and my hand began to move, and these words were very crookedly written across the page:

"By their works ye shall know them. Purity dwells here. Love and trust God."

Another time the following was written:

"Happy are they who dwell in the house of the Lord. I watch over you. Your loving grandfather."

March first, 1893, the following was received:

"Go on with the automatic writing." After a time the writing became more legible but the words ran together, making the messages very hard to read. The power that moved my arm did not lift it from the paper but kept on moving after the edge of the paper was reached. Here I used my own power and placed the pencil back to begin another line.

We received messages in this way for a long time. I do not remember how long, when one day I was told I was clairaudient and could hear the voices of spirits if I would listen in the right way. This statement rather unnerved me.

So, great was my surprise one evening, as I was sitting alone reading, to hear a tiny breath of a voice in my ear saying, "I wish to speak." I was in a way prepared for this, but I cannot tell you the feeling that swept over me as I realized this voice was of one in spirit land. As I wished to record all I received, I told my husband what I had heard and as I repeated the words he wrote them down. This message was of a very personal nature and I cannot give it here, but it was most satisfactory to us. This same voice spoke to me for some time, then others began to come and speak, until all who came would give their messages in this way.

So many have asked if the voices are natural, but I cannot explain it. They sound clear enough and yet they seem a long way off. It was often a great effort for me to get the message. Sometimes the voices seem nearby and so soft and mellow that it is easy to hear them, and it is a pleasure.

Do you call this self-deception, or insanity?

All during the first years of our experiences my husband was preparing himself for the ministry. By and by you will read his "call" to this work and be surprised as we were when we heard it. In 1894 my husband was ordained and took his first pastorate.

1893—"This I have promised you—that you shall write automatically. There is soon to come to men the test that science has never yet given. It is this: The electric current will be used to show the spirit of man, as it goes back to God who gave it. It will be so plain that none will doubt. Not even the weakest will doubt.

I am grandfather Staley."

"Each life has its guardian angel. Think in spirit, then you can talk in the spirit. Wireless is the spirit of the air.

"Bishop Fallows calls himself an Immortalist. He is unafraid, one of many brave men."

We received many communications from one who called Mr. Staley "my son," and who continued to commune with us thru the years as my husband's constant adviser.

"Now my dear son, whenever you need any help, just talk it over with me. I handled people too many years not to be able to help you do the same."—Was his first offering, and invaluable indeed was this man's advice to the young minister all thru the years of his ministry.

We were told to obey the voices. Being human and somewhat skeptical in those days, we preferred our own judgment in human affairs which invariably led us into trouble as the following experience will show.

Before Mr. Staley had begun his studies for the ministry he applied for a government position, as his health would not permit him to continue in his regular business. Just when he needed some good advice the above mentioned statesman said, "I'll tell you what you do. Go to work for Uncle Sam." Mr. Staley said, "Why how can I do that? A man must have a pretty good pull to get a job of that kind." Mr. C——— replied, "Oh very well, I know that. I'll attend to the pull," and told Mr. Staley to whom to go to ask for the position. He told him to go to Mr. F——— and make his application. He did so. Mr. F. said he would do all he could to bring it

about. Then Mr. C. told my husband to go to Gov. Luce for a recommendation, saying, "He will help you." He's the one and you won't need any other." Gov. Luce had known Mr. Staley as a boy at his birthplace, in Angola, Indiana.

One day Mr. Staley had a talk with Mr. F. and asked him about going to Gov. Luce for a recommendation for the position. Mr. F.'s reply was, "Oh, no, I do not think it would do any good at all to ask Gov. Luce for a recommendation. He is concerned only with state affairs. This would not come under his jurisdiction at all."

This was rather discouraging as it was against Mr. C.'s advice. Mr. F. told Mr. Staley to go to two influential citizens. He said their word would go much further than Gov. Luce's in this case. He did so, but when the distribution of offices came, it was the man who was recommended by Gov. Luce who was given the position.

This was a lesson we never forgot. Ever after that the advice from Spirit Land was law to us, and all went well. Sometimes it seemed very hard when it would seem to us that some other way would be better, but invariably the voices' leading was much safer, as we could see as time passed. But until we learned this, we met with disappointments.

I feel, in giving these experiences of my husband, he will in some measure share with me the great pleasure I have in telling our story.

We did not believe in so-called spiritualism. But in the silence, when the soul is wrapped in love to God and the loved ones, seeing and knowing their opportunity, speak to us. They say they have never left us. Heaven is surely all around us. Mankind is just learning to use its spiritual forces and some day, they tell us, it will be no uncommon thing to commune with the spirits just the other side of the veil. There is a growing desire in the hearts and minds of men to know these truths. A clergyman once said to me, "It's surprising the number of people who are interested in spiritism. Let me just drop a word along that line in the pulpit and they are all atten-

tion. It's funny to see them sit up and listen." This has happened in my husband's church also, more than once.

All men have dreams of the life beyond. They long to know how their loved ones are employed and if they are happy. Is there a hell? Is it a literal hell? What about fire and brimstone? How did the human race originate? What about the Virgin Birth? Is there any truth in Reincarnation? What happens just after the breath leaves the body? What is Christ like? What is God like? What is the unpardonable sin? What is on the planets we see from earth and are they inhabited? Do we see the saints?

I might go on and on with these hundreds of questions that the human race is asking, and has been asking all thru the centuries.

All I can do is to tell you what has been told to us. You get it the same as we did. I shall not attempt to answer these questions, but you will find the answers in the messages that follow. Is it true that they are voices from the spirit world? I answer—yes! I believe they are. If it is self deception, then I am happy in my belief.

CHAPTER II

In 1904 we were called upon to part with our daughter Claudia, a beautiful girl just entering young womanhood. She was loved by all who knew her, both young and old. She possessed a cheerful nature, was always happy in disposition, and loved her friends and liked company. Possessing a keen sense of humor, she always saw the funny side of things. She was the life of our home, but she had to leave us. It was a cross I was all unprepared to bear and I felt it should not have been. Young and beautiful and full of life, why should she of all others be chosen? But now I know why for she has told me all about it. And now the young man who was her affianced husband has passed on too. She says she has seen him and he is very happy.

When Claudia had been gone from us about three years, I sat one day alone, thinking of her, wondering if she had young friends there whom she could enjoy, or if she were so busy working for others (as that is their principal occupation there) that she had no time for enjoyments she loved so well here.

I was thinking this in spite of the fact that I had been told "they" knew no such thing as time "there." As I sat thinking these things, I had a vision. Oh what a beautiful vision it was.

As if in answer to my longing, the vision came. I saw a white cloud rise. It seemed to just gradually develop, coming from nowhere in particular. It rose toward the ceiling and spread across the room. Then it seemed to be streaked across at regular intervals. These streaks soon grew plainer and plainer, when I saw they were tiers and tiers of beautiful seats that rose from floor to ceiling. Then the most exquisite draperies came into view. There were wheels, so soft and white, under it all. The whiteness of it all was like no whiteness I had ever seen. And

then, beautiful faces appeared; then the whole figure of rows of lovely laughing girls, young like my Claudia. All looked so angelic and pure, so sweet, so lovely. This chariot rolled towards me, and from the seat in the middle of the first row, Claudia arose, for she was one of them, and with outstretched hands came toward me, and with a sweet smile upon her face said, "Marmie!"

I half rose, I was so dazed, so happy and yet so surprised, I could not speak. But as I rose the vision melted away and I was alone in my own home, in the Manse. But I knew Claudia was happy in the companionship of girls of her age.

Now some will say, as some always say, "Oh she dropped asleep, and dreamed." No, I did not go to sleep and it was not a dream. It was broad daylight. The sun was shining into the room. No, I saw Claudia as she was. Afterwards she told me Christ permitted her to come to comfort me.

Was this too, self deception or pure imagination?

Followed many pleasant talks with Claudia. She told me she had had many happy visits with my mother who had passed into that life.

I See My Mother.

The first time that my mother came to me, she did not speak. The second and last time she spoke. The first time that I saw her I was very much frightened and wept; but the second time I was not afraid. At that time I had been, and was still a teacher of voice culture. I sang in the church choir on Sundays and taught during the week, so I had no time for rest and often Sabbath morning found me with a severe headache. And so it happened this particular Sabbath. As I woke I said, Oh how can I go to church and sing my solo with this terrible headache? As I said this, I heard my mother's voice so sweetly but distinctly saying, "Get up and take a walk dear and your headache will leave you." I sat up and looked to see where the voice came from, and as I did so, I caught just a glimpse of my mother. She had been

gone from us but a short time. She afterwards told me she did not stay because she feared she would frighten me.

After receiving the foregoing messages and many more of a similar nature, my husband was called to his first pastorate at Leslie. I am going to write of some of our experiences during our first summer in Leslie.

Living in New England were two elderly ladies, sisters of my father, Mrs. Seaver and Mrs. Choate. They have now passed beyond the veil and no doubt are standing by my side reading these words as I write them, for these aunts had a great part in our experiences that summer in Leslie.

They were coming to make us a visit. Some months before this I had received messages for them which I made bold to forward to them. They wrote me they were very much interested; thanked me for sending the messages, saying, "Send all you get. We are open to conviction." Now this visit would enable them to get the messages first hand and they were not disappointed, but convinced.

These aunts remained with us two months and what a glorious summer it was! They were natives of the East, were reared in culture, possessed keen minds and were not in the least degree gullible. They were deeply interested in our study and willing to be convinced as they later were. We lived so much upon the Borderland that summer that we did not mind the intense heat that was burning up foliage and grass, licking up the streams and withering crops. It mattered not to us that for ten long weeks not a drop of rain had fallen, and that the trees and lawns were gray and dust-laden.

When my aunts had been with us a few days, a letter came from my eldest brother saying that he and his wife were making a tour of Michigan and would arrive at our house upon a certain date, for a two days visit. This was most welcome news to us, but we would miss our little evening visits with our dear ones beyond the veil. However, we decided we would not mention the messages, after some discussion about what had been told

us of my brother's opinion of such things. He was very decided in his opinions of most things, and this theme was treated with his greatest contempt. He told us afterwards that he had told our sisters, whom he had just visited, that he was going to "burst that bubble" and put a stop to the whole thing.

Now there is one word always used in connection with messages from Spirit Land, which I can never endure. That word is "Medium." I have heard it so much in connection with frauds that I could never endure having it used or applied to myself. I think my brother detested the word as much as I.

So when he said to me the next morning after his arrival,—“Well, they tell me you are a ‘medium,’ ”—I fairly winced. By “they” he meant our sisters. My reply was,—‘No, I am not a medium, Wilson, but I do receive messages and I do believe in Spirit communication.’ I will give the conversation as it occurred. His answer to my statement was, “Oh, you do, do you?”

“I not only believe it, I know it.”

“How do you know it?”

“It has been proven to us in many ways.”

“Well I would like to see how you do it.”

Now this brother of mine was a dear brother, and we loved each other dearly, but the thought that his sister was a “medium” was a very bitter one to him. I said, “Very well, come in.” (We were standing out of doors.)

As we stepped into the room where my aunts were nervously awaiting us (they had overheard a part of our conversation) I said, “Wilson wishes to see some of the messages.”

“Oh very well,” said Mrs. Seaver, “I will get a tablet.” She did so and Wilson and I sat down very close together, as he wished to get “a good close view of things.” His keen business mind was going to see thru that, at once.

The pages of the tablet were large, and it was only a moment before the writing began. The writing was very rapid, more so than usual, with never an instant's stop until the sheet was filled. During the writing my brother

kept saying, "Don't you know what you are writing?" "Do you know what that message is about?" I told him I did not, any more than he did. He would lean close and watch and watch, but the pencil flew on and on. My brother watched every move; watched the muscles of my arm; studied the expression of my face.

Well at last the message ended with never a stop from start to finish and was signed—Your father D. M. Fargo. Wilson read it thru, then sat silent for a long time. Then he said, "Try it again." This was his undoing; as it proved to be a message from an old friend of his whom I had never seen and of whom I had never heard. This message was also quite a lengthy one and contained conversations they had had together. It told my brother of things which he knew I could not possibly have any knowledge of. It was signed, Your old friend, Ike Howard.

"Ike Howard," I said, "I have never heard of him."

"No," my brother said, "I don't believe you ever have," and turning to my aunts said, "Doesn't that beat the dickens?" (I give this literally). They then asked him what he thought of the writing, and his reply was, "Well, I don't know what to think. But this I do know, that nobody on earth can sit down and fill a yard or two of paper full like that, and never stop to do a little thinking, but she never stopped from start to finish."

After that he received communications from other of his friends, who had passed out of this life. Some were of a business nature. He saw it was impossible for me to know anything about those matters and it could not be called telepathy, for he said some of the communications were from people he had not thought about in years. He then confessed he was convinced, telling us laughingly how he had told our sisters that he was coming to Leslie to "explode the whole thing and put a stop to it all."

His wife who was a witness to all this, became a convert, and she too received word from loved ones. And even in after years when they became good Christian Scientists, they always believed and could never get

away from the wonderful truths they learned while in Leslie.

You see they came to make a visit of two days, but remained two weeks; went away for a week with some other friends; returned to Leslie and remained another week, saying they wished they could stay all summer. That was the way he "pricked the bubble and exploded the whole business."

Messages were sent them from time to time, which they were always glad to receive. An aunt of my sister-in-law passed away, and wishing for some word from her, my sister-in-law wrote me that she had lost a "dear friend" and said, "will you see if she will come and write to me?"

Of course I had no way of knowing who this friend was. My sister gave no name. I sat for a moment concentrating upon the wished for thought and asked, could the friend of my sister-in-law come and write thru me. Soon the pencil moved and quite a lengthy message was written and the full name of my sister-in-law's aunt was signed. Soon after this message was received my sister wrote me saying she purposely withheld all information to see if her aunt would give her a test. I give these experiences at length as examples of many such which came to us.

CHAPTER III

Years of labor and growth followed this happy season. Going from Leslie to Boston for a time, then thru advice from his adviser—Mr. B.—my husband accepted a call to the church at Dexter. During three years of earnest endeavor and many denials, while his soul yearned for the mountain tops, his climb was slow but sure, and his talents as an orator as well as a pastor were coming to be recognized by those who heard him. One day another call came and Mr. Staley was soon installed in a church in Belding. Still a small church was his. The time had not yet come for him to use his wings as he longed to do.

After two years at Belding his hopes were realized. Before leaving this page I must write of the patient obedience to the messages, of how the young minister never took the initiative, but followed closely the advice of his leader, and what a mighty leader was he. I would not convey the idea that Mr. B. was in any way a leader in the place of Christ, for no man ever believed more in the power of prayer than did Mr. Staley. So with the advice from the Spirit world as a powerful factor in his life, he was led day by day by the hand of God, as was shown in his work and relations to men.

It was in August, 1902, that Mr. B. our adviser, told my husband he wished him to go to Manistee. The first Congregational church there was without a pastor at that time. His reply to Mr. B. was,—“I am afraid I cannot serve so large a church as that.” Mr. B. then said, “Oh yes you can. You could serve any church in the state.”

Soon after this our good friend Mr. D. of Lansing, called at the Manse and said, “Mr. Staley, I have heard such very good reports of your work here in Belding that it seems to me you could serve a larger church. Now there are two good churches, at C——— and at Manistee,

that are pastorless and I would like to see you have one of them." Mr. D. said that with Mr. Staley's permission he would write to a friend of his whom he thought might have some influence in the church at Manistee, and he thought Mr. Staley would be invited to preach to them one Sunday, and he felt sure it would lead to a call. So with Mr. Staley's consent he wrote to his friend, Judge McAlvay, and in course of time my husband was invited to go to Manistee for one Sunday.

In December the church at Manistee gave Mr. Staley an unanimous call and he continued to serve that church nearly fourteen years until he was called to that "Higher Field" which Mr. B. had spoken of so often. My husband and I often wished to tell our friend Mr. D. about Mr. B.'s prophecy and tell him how he was God's instrument to bring this all about. I saw him a year ago and told him. He was surprised at my account of our experience. He was sent of God as truly as any one who was ever sent of God. How many are unconscious of being God's instruments when they are helping a fellow man.

Because of our position in society, because it was beyond all reason for a minister of the gospel to dabble in spiritism, we kept our secret, while mothers and fathers mourned for loss of children; while sorrow and grief ran rampant thru hearts and homes. We could speak thus far, but no further. Oh how we longed to give of our knowledge to those suffering ones.

Many times in the past, some mother who had been bereft of a child, or some wife who had been called upon to part with her husband, has said to me, "Oh, if I only knew they are alive again. Oh, if they could only come and talk to me." And I had to keep the silence I so longed to break and give her the comfort I enjoyed.

The beauty of the messages, especially the more personal intimate ones, is the way the spirit friends led my husband along in his work from week to week and year to year. It meant so much to him, and I regret that he cannot tell in his own words how he was encouraged and made to see clearly many things that otherwise would have hindered his work as a minister of the gospel.

Always when in doubt, he consulted these friends who never failed him. When a choice of two ways was to be made he was guided to the safe way by these helpers. He knew he always had them near and gave them his close confidence. In this way, for the most part, his work was without serious friction. In this way too was he often warned of some evil to come that sometimes meant grief to him, such as untrue friendship, etc. He was always brave and met all discouragements as friends, and would say, "It will all be for the best, that I know."

Men loved the minister, and his friends in all walks of life were legion. Sabbath evening was his favorite time for consulting the "friends beyond the veil." It soothed and rested him after his day's work as nothing else did.

Mr. B. would always come with some encouraging word and in Mr. Staley's closing years when he had reached the "zenith of his power," Mr. B. would praise him. Once he said to Mr. Staley, "I couldn't have done that better myself," which amused Mr. Staley. There are many things I might write down of my husband's experiences but I have not the power to do the subject the justice it deserves.

To one who is inclined to doubt the source of these messages, an alleged message from the apostle Paul would seem the acme of impossibilities. The idea that one of the Martyred Saints could or would come back to earth and communicate with sinful mortals, is beyond comprehension. My husband and I were just emerging from this state of mind, so when the name Paul the Apostle was spelled out, we were inclined to the belief that we were being treated to a huge joke. But our doubts were soon dispelled, for in his stately dignified manner he told us truths we never knew and made us see that before us a mighty door was opening and that we were called to be the doorkeepers. The responsibility was indeed great, but never did we doubt the source again. The following is one of the first messages received:

"1891. 'Ye are the way. Search for souls to come upon you. Through just these little sermons ye give

more than ye know. In that little simple place of worship you are sowing some of the seed your grandparents prophesied for you. Prove now thyself. The start is made. Those men convened will soon need you, instead of you needing them. By their works ye shall know them, and thus will ye be known among men. By Christ alone can this be done. So be not puffed up, but let a simple watchful life be your every day aim, and this is your reward; that Heaven and God await you.'

Signed—Paul The Apostle."

"1891. 'Paul indeed. It is surely a great God who would give his creatures such a privilege as this. Keep the faith, for if thou art indeed faithful, thou shalt have more and more given to thee and greater truths shall be opened up to thee. I have communion in Spirit, in reality. Your leader, Mr. B. is my deciple. There are many who could see and hear who are entirely undeveloped and without any knowledge of their gifts. How great is the incentive to good. I knew about this great world, unseen of men, because I could see and hear. I must leave you now my children. You know me now.

Paul."

I hesitate as I contemplate putting the messages from the Apostles Paul and Luke, as well as Timothy, into this book. But why not? They were just men. To be sure they have been in that other world many hundreds of years, but they tell us there is no such thing as time there.

CHAPTER IV

After Mr. Staley's conversion his whole life changed. He seemed to live in a different atmosphere and from the very beginning he sought to tell to others what he experienced. There was no gradual letting go of the old life; it was as tho some great strong hand had lifted him clear from it all and set him in another world. The whole of his life was transformed, and as he often told me; it seemed to him as tho he walked in air and always felt a great presence. He was so alive to everything spiritual that his very face shone with a radiance that told of the touch of Christ Himself. So often he would exclaim: "Oh, if I could only tell others what I feel and lead them to a better life." So when St. Paul said to him, "Arise, come forth and minister to the souls of men," he knew that the call came from Heaven itself. I remember so well how he raised his eyes in a prayerful ecstasy and exclaimed: "Oh God! if I only could," and tears poured down his face while I held his hands in sympathy and prayed with him that it might be.

1892. "I wish, my friends, that you may converse with the loved in God's home. For this purpose I promise thee that I, Paul, will guide thy thoughts aright and after thy sister's departure, gather ye around this book (The Bible) and I will help thee to read it aright. I will make impress upon thy mind, my son, and in truth as God is my witness, tell upon its face the words in thy mind. I would thus bring comfort and knowledge to thee, loved of God and Christ, and never, my friend, take this in hand until thou hast cleansed thy mind of the day's business and cares, by an earnest faithful prayer to God, that I, Paul, may guide thee aright."

(Interruption). "My friend has let me in. Ye mayhap rather it were Paul, but within thy softened heart I see the stars shining that are some day to glisten in thy

crown. I would say,—Courage brother, and forward to the prize. Would ye who I am?

Timothy."

1892. "Choose the good paths, let what will come. Stick to and swerve not from them. Thy desires are good. Now bring thy life to correspond with them. Resolutions are good but worthless without works. Let thy light shine on all that they may see thy good works and only the good that is within thee and love thee.

Signed—Luke the Physician."

1892. St. Paul calls Mr. Staley to the ministry.

"Verily ye have the Spirit of God ever with you, quenching the desires at will, bowing with dignity, yet willingly. Keep ever the Son of Man before thee, following His example. Fear not, the Kingdom of God is opened to thee. Stay not the hand nor rest till the law be fulfilled that God designs for thee. My son, keep the law of God. Go work in His vineyard while yet it is called day. Hear ye the Lord's command—"With sword unsheathed and armor bright and bare, let naught daunt thee nor turn thee from the way. The Lord God of Hosts is thy Helper and thy Shield. Withhold not thy right arm. Here is work to be done worth a crown to thee, and a shining star therewith; souls refulgent and resplendent with great glory, if only the Light of the Lamb be let in upon them. Stay not then thy prayers, thy example, thy words of love and sympathy. For fear ye may be blind of my conversation, I say unto thee, these of whom I speak are at your very door, and I, Paul, call to thee across the centuries to arise; come forth and minister to the souls of men. To this were ye ordained of God from the beginning of the world. Amen. And now may the Peace that passeth all understanding be and abide with thee now and forever more, thru all Eternity Amen and Amen.

Signed—Paul The Apostle."

After my husband received this message he sat as one dumb. He could not realize that he could be chosen to preach the gospel. Always gifted by nature with, it seemed every requisite to make a successful public speaker, he had often had dreams of perhaps some day, entering public life in some capacity, politics, perhaps. But never had he dreamed that he would or could ever become a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But now with this great new awakening that had come to his soul, and his great desire that he might make others feel what he felt, it did not seem so impossible to him to respond to the call of the great apostle. However he could not yet comprehend the bigness of it all. He did not hesitate, but started immediately to respond to and obey the call, and prepare himself for the great work before him. St. Paul made no mistake when he called the young (man) minister, for no man was better fitted for his calling than was Mr. Staley. The moment he stepped into his pulpit one felt a thrill and a satisfaction.

"You have a work to do my son. I have told you. The worm that is trying to blast this fruit is slowly but surely dying in its own web. I would you fully understood what this has meant in your life. You will understand things as they come along in your life; and you will remember my words.

Signed—Grandfather Staley."

Extract from a letter received about 1898, from an eminent Divine and dear friend, "C. H. B."

"Dear Staley:

"The communication received this morning. It was great, made me give in. Have just been glancing at a Swedenborg book called 'Heaven Revealed' by Barrett. Everything tallies with what we have received. This does not take away from the wonderful nature of your communications, for they are entirely independent and touch us now. They are down to date. Tell Mrs. Staley that she is indeed blessed among women."

To me the following vision or allegory is a literal,

rather than a fantastic interpretation of the development of salvation of a human life.

AN ALLEGORY OR VISION

"Before me I see something that at first looks like a small object being blown by the wind here and there. I see it first one side, then the other, tossed about as a plaything that has lost its charm. I turn away and think no more about it. I look again in that direction and what is that I see? Not the plaything I watched before, but a young bird just fluttering from the fangs of a wounded serpent. The bird too is wounded but not unto death. I turn upon the serpent to crush out its hated life, when lo, it is already dead."

"But the poor little songster, I take in my hand, and what do I see? Not a bird now wounded and torn, but a human soul; a soul born of God; full of God's life and brimming over with His Spirit. A soul that has within itself the embodiment of a mind that has the capabilities of reaching out as few souls have. I look again and lo, there is a door to this soul. I say, 'Ah, if I can only open that door, what might not this soul be able to do.'"

"I hear a voice. I turn and Christ says to me, 'Here is the key, take it, touch the spring and all you find within, I will share with you.'"

"I insert the key. The lock is rusty, the metal impaired by evils it has passed. The hinges creak, but joy of Heaven, it is loosed at last. And then rising even to the Throne of God, leaping and laughing for joy, this soul emerges and soars to heights before unknown, and, limp and lifeless the old shell falls away and is buried in the dusty embers of the past."

"And now the I, the real, walks abroad, hand in hand with one of the greatest souls that ever entered into the Kingdom."

"Christ has put His seal upon it and given me the keeping. It is my charge and I am happy. All around is the shining light of God's everlasting presence; and together we go out into the world that had well nigh

been the destruction of this soul. It is a new world now. The people are all new; the faces are faces you never saw before. The book that now you prize above all other books, you never saw before; you never read it before."

"Well, we must not tarry here too long. The cry is long and loud for help."

"I see what may unfold and develop, so I look the situation over, determined that the best opportunity shall be given this soul for its greatest growth. God opens a way and we start on together."

"In the impetuosity of comparative youth, this soul rebels somewhat and says, 'Not that way, and not that way.' I smile at this and lead gently on."

"All at once we come out upon a plain broad and high, and I hold your hand and still hold it, and those who knew you before, know you not now. Your standard shall now be the Father's standard, and you shall be brave and blest with a harvest that any man may crave. And you shall stand among the crowned ones, one of the crowned; favored of both God and man."

Mr. B. Speaks Prophetically.

"This I prophesy—not as coming too long from now. Be willing to climb, be willing to bear the storms and buffetings of the world. A day of surprises is in store for you and yours. And she who has labored so long and faithfully, shall reap a reward you do not dream could be. I say 'good cheer, good cheer.' I could not refrain from telling you these things, and praise God that He, in His great love, has permitted me to have this pleasure. It is one of my rewards."

"Is it not worth all the work and sacrifice to be able to bring such comforting truths and encouragement to a struggling soul?"

"Ques. Who are you?"

"Ans. One who is trying to do God's work. How the joy of your heart rejoices me. Now, work as you have never worked before, and your reward shall be what God this day, thru my instrumentality, hath promised thee." Mr. B.

At this point I recall Mr. B.'s first "visit" to us. In substance he said thru me to Mr. Staley.

1890. "I have come to you because I have chosen you. We each can make a choice as to whom we can help of those left upon earth. It is my pleasure to choose one in whom I see great possibilities. From henceforth, you are my beloved son; I will guide you and teach you, and together we will bring great knowledge and comfort to human souls. I ask but one thing, obedience. This I must have or we fail. Are you willing to make the promise?"

Ans. "I am just so far as in me lies, I will listen and obey."

"Thank you my son, God's blessing is upon you."

CHAPTER V

As a young woman I spent some years studying grand opera, and was ambitious to some day become a grand opera star. While in Toledo, Ohio, I met a lady who afterwards became a very dear friend, and whose kindness to me is one of my sweetest memories. In some way we came into possession of a planchette board. As Mrs. B and I sat at the board different ones came and talked to us.

The one who came most often was that delightful prima donna Litta. She passed out of this life many years ago. After returning home, subsequent circumstances forced me to renounce the stage, and I had begun teaching, altho I was suffering deep disappointment that I must give up what I had worked and lived for. During this time, Litta came to me and gave me encouragement thru the following message:

1891. "Do not question; God's ways are past finding out. Our ways are not His ways. We know not why He does thus and so. So now remember He never does anything that He has not a good reason for doing. It is always for your good. The future will prove to you the why and wherefore of this disappointment, and you will rejoice, even as now you mourn. You will recall what I say my dear lady. I have watched your career; and I know God needed your voice and you for a higher cause and that is why I come to you. Your voice and mine are much alike. I love to hear you sing. It is for you to use, but not as I did.

Signed—Litta, The Prima Donna."

This message came thru Planchette. As the messages proceeded we realized we were to have a new experience. It did not seem just like our former experiences for we seemed to feel that there was some new

force. It gave us a sort of elation, an exhilaration of spirit we had not felt before. We both remarked this and when Mr. B. told us his name, we somehow felt for the first time that the messages were sacred and we should no longer doubt their source.

"Oh how that element of Fear has interfered with so many of God's plans. My son, the truth that there is possible and probable communication between the Spirit world and man **must** be established. It is coming to be in the future years an ordinary thing for men to communicate openly with spiritual beings, even some with Christ Himself **The time is also coming when angels shall walk the earth hand in hand with men, but not subject to the forces of earth.** Then men will be transfigured. They shall in some instances pass from earth life to life in Heaven without death as it is known to man now. But this will not come to pass to such men as live today. The sting of death will all be removed. A longing instead of a dread shall possess them and often when man's work—if it be pure—is unfinished and needs his further advice and management after he shall have taken on the spiritual body, he shall still remain and continue in his work until he is not needed any longer. But this shall never be against his will.

"It is altogether wrong for people to weep and mourn for loved ones who die. That should be a time for rejoicing. They try to open our eyes that we may see them as they are."

Mr. B. Gives Encouragement and Speaks of an Old Friend.

"Hope, that great anchor of the soul; Faith, the real possession of all things both temporal and spiritual, these two are the foundation of all religion and all life. These fill your heart and flood your world with great flashes of Light that reveal to you more and more each day, the glory that awaits you as a reward for a life profitable in the service of the Eternal Father, placing you in the race, a winner of the gold medal of Life Eternal. In these words of encouragement, I stand not be-

fore you in the attitude of a proclaimer, but a messenger sent by God, a **willing** bearer of the Good news."

"You have met with many discouragements, many disappointments, but here are no such things. We expect we receive, we love and love comes in return; we trust and are never betrayed. We praise and receive praise.

I wish that Mrs. Porter could soon be with you. It would mean such an uplift to her."

Sometimes the messages contained some very shocking truths, as this one of a man whom we knew well and had respected. No one will ever know to whom it refers, but oh the pity of it all. And we exclaimed, 'Oh if only men knew, and would be honest and true. Quoting from Emerson, "Death stamps the character and conditions of men for eternity, as death finds them in this world, so they will be in the next."

"The man over whose body you stood and talked today, is in darkness. He sees it all now, how he persistently shunned God. His inner life was not in accord with what you knew and saw. He deceived, so **basely** deceived and is **now**, poor soul, without a place to rest; hunted and alone. Repentance is yet a long way off and God has much to forgive. He wept beside his own casket, and even now stands upon the frozen mound; stark and alone, without one ray of hope that he can see. None to meet him, none to cheer him. When in God's own time he will begin to see the Light, he will appreciate it. All that kind do. Yes, yes, God punishes the hypocrite a plenty."

Little bits of advice and warning were often doled out by Mr. B. To one all unused to such pitfalls, the following advice was invaluable. Upon this occasion it was a very practical hint.

1895: "Talk on contentment next Sabbath. I will help you. Some of your people need it. You can work in the material you already have. I agree with you

about the house to house visits with the women. Don't do it. See the sick and the old and the infirm, now and then a grouch, and all shut-ins; make friends with the husbands and brothers. The children will come to you for you love them. Avoid every appearance of evil. Thank God, you see this as I see it. There are trouble makers where ever you go. You find them in the church as well as out. Be tactful; live at home; a happy home such as yours is a gift of God. It's what every preacher needs and ought to have. In this you are a lucky man. You are strong in your moral nature. Be thankful for this. You despise immorality and hypocrisy. Speak plainly on these sins. They go hand in hand."

My dear Son:

1896: "When your life shall come to its close it will be the end of one of the greatest miracles of all time. Your soul strength will be great when you enter here. Your human weaknesses will be as naught when counted with what you will have gained in spiritual growth and strength. Is it not worth hard work and study to have gained so much my son? You will have the same experiences I had and most preachers have."

"Some will seem to be your friends but down in their hearts is eating the canker worm of deceit. Some you will love very much, who are trying to work your undoing. Poor deluded souls, they do not know that in the end their cup will be filled with worm-wood and ashes; and they will drink the dregs with bitter tears streamng down their cheeks when they shall behold their works. They cannot say, 'I did all I could to help him and make life easy for him.' Rather their thoughts will be, 'Oh if he could come back, how I would help him.'

"It is ever thus my son. Just keep to the straight way and God will prosper your work and many real friends you will find among your people, who will rise up and call you blessed."

Since some of us believe in communication with the spirit world, it may not be to our discredit to also believe that the men who were once leaders in the affairs of our

nation should still be interested in its welfare, and try to guide the old ship of state on its wobbly course. On February 22, 1896 I received clairaudiently the following communication. As I review the conditions brought about by the world war, it seems to me that we conscientiously believe that the prophecy herein contained has been, or is being, fulfilled, which leads us to suspect, that after all there may be prophets in the spirit world who have the power to predict our doings here upon earth, and know whereof they speak. (Or was it my Subliminal self, my subconscious mind, looking down thru the years to come, foresaw the great event and caused me to place the record upon paper. The afore mentioned years passed by, and behold I am yet among the living and have seen many things, (naturally, being a ministers wife) and among them, America as the Peace maker.

February, 22 1896. "This is a day that ought to be observed with more reverent demonstration than the American nation observes it today. There should be a better observance of more than Washington's birthday in order to awaken more true patriotism in the hearts of the young.

America is the great lever that will one day move the world in which you live. America will rise above all pettiness; all desire to rule; and those nations who today rule with an iron hand, will become submissive to the persuasions of America for "Peace and good will towards men." Some of them have good rulers, true, conscientious to the last degree. But the Ministers of State are the real rulers and until God in His Infinite mercy takes the scepter into His own hands, wars and trouble and turmoils will prevail.

Let America be the Peace maker, as God intended. George Washington came here many years ago, but he is still marching down thru the years, like a mighty king, and his spirit will continue to lead the grand procession of such men as have graced the chair of state which he once occupied; and these followers will never turn

back. Think you a Lincoln's work could ever be done? Ah, my son, his spirit is still and will always sweeten the minds of men; and the world will ever hear the echo of his footsteps. He is a man approved of God. Such men march on forever. Solid fronted, they pace the shores of Eternity, flinging forth the banner of the Hosts of the Great Beyond. They stand beneath its folds, watching and trusting, looking not backward, but forward toward the future of all things.

Patriotism? It does not mean wars and disturbances. It means brotherly fealty; it means race free; it means a freedom that cannot be limited; a freedom so big, so deep, so glorious that it can clasp the whole world in its embrace and say indeed and in truth, "Peace on earth good will toward men."'

CHAPTER VI

I have read criticisms of messages received by others, and much fault is found because little or nothing is told of what goes on in the spirit world. Back in the year 1897, long before I had read these criticisms and long before I ever dreamed that the world would be in the least concerned one way or another, we received the following account of the celebration of Easter Sunday in Spirit World.

The minister had spent much time and thought in the preparation of his sermon for that day, but he did not feel at all satisfied with what he had done. Then, to use his own words he said, "I wish Mr. B. would give me a few "pointers" on my Easter sermon. Without further solicitation this message was given, clairaudiently. While it contained little that could be used in a sermon, it was instructive, and a pleasure to hear about. Ever after Easter brought the memory of that discription.

April, 1897. "It is one of the easiest things in the world to talk upon an Easter topic. There is but one great central thought no matter how you may embellish it. There is no other subject that inspires as the subject of the Resurrection. Have no fear, you will receive the inspiration. You are somewhat depressed by the cloudy sky. All that will pass off and you will see clearly enough by and by."

"I wish you could see the celebration of the Resurrection here for we do celebrate it here. We all feel a quiet creeping upon us and about us. There is a joyous sensation which thrills us. I cannot tell you all we experience for it is felt spiritually, but we seem to be lifted up and borne about in a delightful bath of mellow light all purified by a feeling of great love. Then we hear the angelic Hosts breathing ever so softly and

gently their chants of praise in low, love strains. Then burst the hallelujahs and glories from all Heaven. This is not deafening as it would be to you, but a joyous glad refrain, and the chorus lasts a long time. We are all abroad with flowers and every delightful experience is ours.

"We see Christ standing in our midst with His glorious smile upon His face as it were the smile of welcome to a dying saint, but so sweet and tender as it grows, as He says, with uplifted hand, "Not to me, but to my Father and thine, sing these hallelujahs today." Then we bow before Him and worship Him. The music does not cease, but grows mellow and softer, and for a long time we sing these songs of Paradise; and the celebration does not come to any abrupt ending, but blends into what comes to us as we go on from work to work. Then when **your** celebration of the event is ended, we go on with our earthly ministrations. I can never tell you, nor can you understand, but **some** day you will hear it with me as we will stand in the midst of it, and recall this poor attempt of mine to describe it to you. I will be with you on the morrow my son, and many more will be with me."

Judging from the words of praise, and commendation of Mr. B. it is fair to presume that the ministers Easter sermon was satisfactory.

Easter, 1897: "I promised you a good time today, my son, and you cannot imagine any **better** results from any sermon you have preached since coming to D. Tomorrow you must send the message to your friend. You will get more help from your missionary society than all the rest of the church. Many do not favor gifts for missions. Tonight your sermon will be the means of starting more than one sinner upon the race."

"These Sabbath afternoons are the times when your friend longs for some word from us. (This reference is made to Dr. C. H. B.) You are most fortunate

my son. I shall be with you tonight and you will feel my presence."

"You have touched a new chord in the hearts and lives of some of your hearers. You have today removed a great stumbling block from the path of one who listened. The man on the front seat needs a little hard personal work. I want you to know I was present and to prove to you that I could read his desire, I will tell you that in the not far distant future he will come to you and tell you the effect your sermon this morning had upon him, to the end that he should make a decision." (This man afterwards came to the minister saying he had chosen to live a better life and unite with the church.)

"Faithfully you are doing your duty; sacred indeed is this duty, but so hard oftimes to perform. The days approaching hold some discouragements for you, but do not falter; nothing now can change the course of events, that is a settled fact."

"Your sermon Sabbath morning is recorded here. Such demonstrations in the hearts of your listeners cannot be passed unnoticed. Do not wait for a reaction, but keep putting just that kind of sermon **at them and into them**, and presently you will see grand results. You can do this. Be faithful and work on."

"I want you to preach Christ so plainly that men can see Him as He rises **out of that tomb**. Spare no effect, no action. Put **yourself** in that sacred place and God will inspire you and fill your heart with power and fire of angelic speech."

"Dexter, 1897: "I see ahead a marked change coming toward you from which you will receive strength and advancement. A larger and more useful field is now before you. I will not say further than this now."

Mr. B.

Feb. 1898. "I wish you knew all the good you are doing. You are not winning hearts to yourself only, but you are winning hearts for Christ. Sermons like yours today are not without a great power for good. I stood beside you today and saw the truth you proclaimed, go home to more than one heart there. The man who

has sung for you is all but a Christian and you can make him one. He has that within him that is very pleasing to God, and you can develop that spirit into a righteous life." (This came true)

"I wish you to be content with what you have for a while longer. Be content, I say. That word has many meanings, but in this sense, it has but one and you will understand. I shall be with you in your service to-night and help you, and it will be well with you. You are improving, gaining all the time."

Mr. B.

Seldom was there a confusion of voices, but often there were sounds that I could not account for. Once we were singing the hymn 'Bread of Heaven' which we had been told was Mr. B's favorite hymn, when I heard his voice join with ours to the conclusion of the hymn. He then exclaimed, "Why not?"

Most of the messages at this time were received clairaudiently. They were the most satisfactory and to me most interesting, perhaps because I felt an elation, a sort of out-of-the-body feeling, so to speak. A lifting out of worldly things into a purer atmosphere, as tho I were receiving personally, exclusive of what it might mean to others. I knew not whence, nor whither, but with Emerson, "Always our being is descending into us from we know not whence." I could feel those active spirits working with all their might, to help us. And the voices? Well, I cannot say more. Perhaps your imagination may supply the rest. To hear again the voice of a loved one gone into spirit life.

Emerson says, "The spirit of prophecy is innate in every man." Not all possess the gift to use the prophetic power. In many it strikes a discord, and from their limited knowledge they exclaim, 'Bosh!' I have heard it and read it to my souls bitter content. But let us have patience, we who seem so dwarfed in mind, and let the future with its certain truths drag the veil from human eyes. Then all will see, hear, and know.

“Have patience I replied; ourselves are full of
Social wrongs, and may be wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.
For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport-half-science, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs; there is a hand that guides
Tennyson.

CHAPTER VII

July 1894. "I wish you could see with what avidity we take hold of this work. We look forward to these meetings with as much pleasure as you do. I must explain that there are various avenues thru which we can work. There are others who can do many things because of different manifestations. Some have one power developed, some another. These gifts are varied according to temperament, etc."

"Electricity is a word you cannot understand. There are several branches from the fountain head. They are known as 'magnetism', 'automatic writing,' 'clairvoyance,' 'clairaudience' and the power to see. You could scarcely expect to find all these in one person, but some have more than one. One who is clairvoyant scarcely ever has any of the other powers developed. We, here, do not favor clairvoyance. It is injurious to the body, and where indulged in for long periods, is apt to affect the mind, while these other methods are perfectly sane and harmless. You see man's nervous system is so constructed that it cannot be played upon **all** the time without getting out of tune. Clairaudience is by far the highest order of communication. Very few possess this power. Few have developed it."

"Never ask for tests simply for the sake of cold curiosity. You know us now and believe in us because you have seen our works."

Mr. B.

Some of the impersonal portions of the messages give reasonable explanations of life after death, especially in what they designate as the earth realm.

THE REALMS

"As the spirit advances from realm to realm, we call this growth. The realm nearest to earth is called the earth realm, while there is no end to these realms, or conditions of the soul here, there is a desire in most of us to go on and on, altho we know now that there is no end to be reached. Eternity is eternity. It means **no end**. Life here is learning, learning all the time. New things all the time. It would seem that we must reach a climax some time, somewhere. But mind you we earn every step of the way. No laggards here. We cannot lean on others here. It is every fellow for himself, and while there is no rivalry there is the greatest delight in accomplishment. As we advance we take on other and brighter conditions. Our transportation from realm to realm is always accompanied by a train of angelic ones, who sing and rejoice with us."

"Respecting our occupations, we carry on business here the same as on earth. You may say, "I thought everybody was busy saving souls." I say, "What are we saving them for?" "What is the ultimate aim and end of their existence? Are they simply to be saved and nothing more?" (A reproduction of this **message some of you** may have seen in a most delightfully fascinating book called 'The World Beautiful', third edition by the noted authoress, Miss Lilian Whiting, whom I met in Boston, in the late nineties, and who published a few extracts from some of the messages received by me.)

"God has business for us all. We help to manipulate the business of earth thru different avenues by corresponding business here, manipulated in a different way of course, and far advanced. No heavy material, no clanging of machinery is heard, but we all manage some kind of business. We have our tools to work with, our material to manufacture and put in use. We have our stations where we go for information and instructions,—all this is done above a certain realm. Up to that stage there is simply soul saving."

"The work I speak of is on a higher plain of heaven-

ly existence after we have worked out our soul's salvation. All homes have their foundation in what is called character. You must finish them after you come here. There are explorations to be made, but science has no victory here. Nothing is undiscovered pertaining to science."

"We live in an atmosphere of holy communion on this higher plane. We visit, we plan, go forth when and where we will in our realm, because after we have reached this plane we are supposed to, and in reality do, possess a pure and purified existence and are at liberty to go and come at will. We cannot, it is impossible for us, to do anything contrary to God's law here. It is High Heaven. 'The Great White Throne' is here, but not as you think about it. There are angles here, and archangels going everywhere ministering unto others and doing the will of the Master."

July, 1894: "The first awakening of the spirit is to believe in the existence of God. Then the upbuilding begins. This Heaven to which you will come belongs to all earth's people. Myriads of worlds there are. Myriads of Heavens there are, but one God, one Christ Spirit for them all. This earth heaven is the only one I can tell you about now.

"There is but one great Father who loves and governs all. Had you a thousand years to live, and I were permitted, I could not tell you even the smallest part of it."

"Something new and great is coming up all the time. Now I have spoken of labor here, not as you know it, for there is no fatigue, no weariness attached to it. There are means of discovering the invisible. You know this now, that Heaven is all around you, but created as you are you cannot see behind the veil without the means to lift it. There is between the mind of man to man, darting backward and forward with lightning speed, attracting forces, an electric current, which, if united, would create a circle. Thoughts go on this electric circle flying from place to place. It takes in the whole of your world. Your thoughts fly from place to place where you have

loved ones and friends. This forms a circle around you, and like lightning goes this force, round and round, then to the central station. Oh how powerful is thought. All this is visible to us. Thought goes swiftly and strikes deep. Can you not see how necessary it is to think pure thoughts?"

"There are those gone into spirit life with the same lackadaisical useless spirit they had here on earth, and to these, missionaries are sent to rouse them and stir the latent forces within them, ere they sink to despair; telling them what awaits them if they will only try. Sometimes the saints are sent upon this mission, just to show these earth plane spirits what it is possible for them to become if they will only awaken and bestir themselves to action. Some of these spirits wander around without desire, without aim; others have the desire, but without help they are unable to break away and rise. So you see the great need for missionaries. All the preaching that is necessary is to encourage and help them to be lifted up; that is all, because they realize the existence of Christ and the fatherhood of God. That has become a positive thing to them. The mysteries are all done away with, all solved now. Just reality now, forever more."

There are those sitting in total darkness, who seem to have no desire for anything, not even to come out of their darkness. So stupid are they in their sins, they do not realize their terrible condition. They are so dazed with evil that seemingly, they cannot awake enough to have a desire to be anything more than they are. There are always numberless helpers ready and waiting to assist the wayward ones. No jealousy is here. Each rejoices in the others attainments."

Given an interesting account of occupations in the spirit world, together with unrevealed sources of inventions and discoveries, I always feel that in all the messages there is a lack, a fragmentariness, a sense of something left out, something they wish to say, but cannot.

While to us it may seem highly fanciful, (a very

human way of putting it,) who knows how near to the human, life in spirit land may be. Their descriptions of their occupations, are certainly very like ours, altho with a tremendous difference.

"Earth has a great mission to perform. Every plan, every movement is directed from this side. All the discoveries, all the inventions, are gradually doled out from this side, keeping in reserve all the time for each generation."

"My son, you are in need of greater opportunity and to this end I am hastening your affairs. The pendulum is coming towards us now with a steady swing, and its mighty weight is well balanced, for as I have means of judging, together, as pastor and people, you have accomplished a great deal. Now, in spite of all their entreaties to remain with them, I see you must deny them, and it is best so. I have more to say upon this subject, but not now.

Mr. B.

The above was given after Mr. Staley's call to another church. His people were loath to give him up, but Mr. B. said the change must be made. And his word was law.

CHAPTER VIII

Deep in our hearts we wished to know more about Christ; His personal appearance and what he is like now, and we thirsted for more knowledge of his earthly life, but as we had been requested not to ask many questions we waited and hoped that our longing would be satisfied. I cannot say that we were ever quite satisfied, but little by little it was given to us, something like the following.

August, 1894. "Christ is made manifest to all Heaven, as He sees fit,—thru what I shall call a process of photography perhaps. Thus impressions are made manifest to spirit eyes in the different realms, high and low, and we all understand that these impressions upon which we gaze should be received by us as sacredly and reverently as the very presence itself. Nor does He shut Himself away from any, for as the case demands He comes in His full glory to us, and it is to us often more than we can bear. We could no more endure this Presence continually, as the impression comes to us, than could your eyes endure a continuous gaze into a blazing midday sun. So He tempers these impressions, according as we are able to endure. And we know He is ever with us."

Reverently I approach the subject of the Virgin Birth. I have nothing to add. It is too sacred a subject for me to attempt to comment upon. I shall never forget the voice who gave it to me. It was in 1896.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

"You take away the 'Virgin Birth' and you bury your Christ. Christ knew from the beginning that His conception never came thru the loins of man. He thus

would have been conceived in sin and Christ was not conceived in sin. Mary was a pure virgin because she was pure in mind and body, and was different in many ways from other maidens of her time. Mary was not what you would call in your time a strictly intellectual person. She was sweet and simple and modest to a fault, temperamentally quiet and unassuming, and lived in her higher self. She was very pious. God spoke to Mary in her early youth and she always felt that she was chosen for some good work, but did not know what it was to be. Mary stood ready to be used in any way her Lord desired. Her perfectly pure life thus fitted her to be the bride of the Holy Spirit. God then performed his greatest miracle."

Question: What about those who do not believe in the Immaculate Conception and talk and preach against it?

Answer: "Oh, they will continue to do so, but the fact remains just the same. You would be surprised, could I tell you of the numbers who have come to believe thru this means alone," (Spirit Communication).

Again we are told of a miracle to be performed; when or how, we do not know. The spirit of Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to give us just this little hint of great things to come. We should always keep ourselves open to these statements of truth. It is wonderful to think of communication with the inhabitants of other planets, but more wonderful still is it that the means given will be conceived in the mind of a boy. And yet, "A little child shall lead them." Then comes the prophecy—"And the world shall believe it." Is it because it is on a material plane, instead of a spiritual one? Yet how infinitely more important it is to believe that communication with the spirit world is a fact today.

CHAPTER IX

1911. "The mind of a boy is to conceive it and the world is to believe it. It is the opening of the veil.' You will not see it as your children will. But man has cut the cord at last and God is moving back the curtain. Angel faces are peeping thru only waiting for the command to go forth upon their mission. They have heretofore been unseen but now they go among you seen of men. Let your minds be open to them for no unbeliever shall see. Once seeing, always believing.

You of earth can never feel the restraint of the laws of God as we feel them here. You are anxious to commune with us, but your anxiety is very tame compared with ours. Some of the money hoarded by men who have accumulated millions, is to be used for this demonstration. The irony of it! And as yet it is to be conceived in the mind of a boy. Oh it won't be so long! And this too is to come to pass in the present century—"Communication with the planets." This is to be a chance discovery and men will wonder that it was not known before. Its very simplicity is a wonder. It does away with space, with distance. Venus will be first visited. There is a similarity between this discovery and the wireless. It will not need to wait for response, but will record conditions with its mechanism. Now you must wait. I will tell you more another time. I do not wish to gorge you. My mission is to awaken interest so your thoughts may help to bring these things about sooner.

We were permitted to ask questions about spirit warnings. While the replies were not altogether satisfactory, they gave us food for thought. There seems to be a purpose in all things, even the disasters that mark the way of human life. Spirit being all knowing and omnipresent, they see and know all that we mortals have to

contend with. Receptive listening seems to be necessary in order to be open to the warnings. Sometimes as we know, they come as presentiments, and to some they come when they see the spirit form of someone gone out of this life. The minister to whom this message was given, never had any such experience, but he believed the testimony of some who had.

Diametrically opposed opinions of whatsoever kind, have been maintained among men since ever he began to reason.

Now there are some rather startling statements in these messages. It takes strong faith and deep desire for spiritual knowledge to so much as tolerate them. However the minister was big enough and broad enough to hark back to the time, when he himself scoffed at "the whole business." So in giving out these strange messages I recall his sweet toleration toward unbelievers and those who scoffed whenever he broached the subject of spiritism. He was told that in times when warnings are given, spirit hands are laid upon us in such a way that we seem to know they mean danger. We do not know it is spirit warnings, we only sense danger. Sometimes a lesson must be taught and the disaster is allowed to come with no warning to us. What we call hair-breadth-escapes are the intervention of Providence.

"There are few people who can resist the forces we throw out. We cannot and would not control the life of any man but we can and do use a great influence for good. In many cases we succeed in pulling a man out of many bad predicaments. Some people do not wish to be influenced for good. That is where they battle with conscience till very often the devil in them wins, and on they go to the destruction they seem to court. You would be amazed, could you stand here as we do and witness some of these battles and see how they seem to rejoice when they have gotten the better of conscience and turn smilingly toward evil. They cannot see one step ahead of them but on they go, stumbling along in the dark, doing

the evil thing that wise conscience has begged them not to do. Perhaps remorse sets in, to last only until next time. The labor of the good forces has been in vain in such cases.

Mr. B."

CHAPTER X

More advice and encouragement is given the young minister who had rather belittled his ability to meet the requirements of his chosen profession. Always grateful for advice from the spirit world, he now accepts greedily the knowledge of the possibility of better things to come.

1897. "The fragrance of the rose is pleasing to the senses, but continually inhaled, it becomes lost, as a delightful odor, and is no more a choice pleasure, but a common thing. One's appreciation slackens and the keen pleasure ceases to give joy. The freshest blossoms do not seem to be what they once were, and are cast aside as no longer desirable. One after another God's choicest blessings are often cast aside, no longer desired by those upon whom He has bestowed them.

"My son, use every blessing for there is none so poor that it cannot add in some measure to your growth and fit you for the great work of life to which you are called. Let none become to you an insignificant thing. You have just entered upon a newer broader field of thought. It is rich with knowledge. 'Digging into it' you can only pierce the sub-soil. However your searchings will be rewarded. But my son, in this field you will find many great boulders. Those you must go around for you can never move them. With care, you will go on and on. Step lightly, and be sure the torch you carry is lit by God, not man.

"I have told you before that the old shall be made new. It surely will be. It's a constant 'theory', but this truth looks to the uninitiated to be the very crater of hell itself. You cannot jump to the heights to which it will lead you, but by slow ascent you will grasp a great deal, enough to be one to whom is given the privilege to give this unfoldment of Truth to the world in its right form.

For long periods this Truth has lain dormant and with now and then a partial resurrection. Now it will come in power. Don't get radical on the subject. Be solid and sane in your views. It is but a stepping stone to broader views. The world has become dissatisfied with the childish doctrines of long ago and demands the real truth about things.

"There was a figure in that old story, sight of which must never be lost. There was and is truth in it all. But men understand God better now. Let those who may, say to the contrary. Men worshipped a God of fear. There is to come great warfare and strife. It will come but do not worry. It comes to purify. Please God in all things and pray in secret, much.

Mr. B."

It seems to me that in the face of present facts, the closing lines of this communication given us in 1897, are peculiarly prophetic and worthy of consideration.

From among the mass of various kinds of writings that I have stored away, testimonials from that unknown world, I have chosen those writings which I deem of the most importance to those of us who know little or nothing of such things. When realms and conditions there, are mentioned, we have only to meet the question with our most vivid imagination. Even then we are like helpless leaves in the wind. But we listen and strive to learn, while our poor human brains ache with the impossibleness of its task. But we want more each day; we go to the quiet place and listen and we are always rewarded by something new made known to us.

Nearly all the remaining messages of this book were given me clairaudiently, a few by automatic writing, and still fewer by planchette.

"Dear Son:

"Where I am now there are those who have spent a

lifetime in the service of the Master, together with those who have advanced thru purity of life on earth thru the realms below.

“There are certain conditions more than places. There are places. The homes as you rise from realm to realm are grander and more beautiful. And here arises a question: Why are these homes in these several realms if the soul is eternally rising? Ans. You carry your home with you. You see, we do not build with brick and mortar here. They are spiritual homes, so as we rise our homes rise with us. The first foundation of these homes is character. As we progress, they grow more and more beautiful, beyond anything even we can comprehend. They become spiritual palaces, a delight to us all, the description of which I am incapable of giving you.

“Congenial souls blend here and never separate. I shall always be near you, because there has grown up between us this bond of love and helpfulness, ordained of God. You say where are our friends? They are scattered just as all are scattered. Some come immediately to me, others, and some of those my best loved, will have a long tedious journey. But I am waiting and God is merciful. Their dwelling place will be far away for a long time. Oh I would have gathered them as a hen gathers her brood, but they would not. But I see them sometimes. I am well pleased with you my son, whom I have chosen to carry on my work. Yes, I am well pleased, but I knew it.

“Your application was great. Many a time have I thrashed my people with my own shortcomings and transgressions, and those very sermons did more good than any of my attempts at theology. I guess I never had much theology about me anyway. The seed you sowed today will soon sprout. The great Inspirer will expand that growth.

Mr. B.”

In the above I believe Mr. B. referred to his own shortcomings to sort of sooth the young minister's unrest over a sermon he had preached the previous day, for he

had remarked to me that he felt all thru the sermon as though he were preaching to himself, and that he needed it.

CHAPTER XI

Follows a mention of the presence of Jesus Christ among the hosts of Heaven, materialization of spirit bodies, preparation for the future life, etc.

“There are points of light that illumine the souls of men. Here we know it is the Light of God, mortals call it a desire for the good. As Jesus Christ, in His masterful way moves among the angels here we who have been mortals are lifted to the heights in an ecstasy of feeling we cannot describe. After He has passed we are so filled with love, spirit tho we are, that we seem to take on again the mortal form and crucify it again and again so to be like Him.

“It is then that it is easiest to materialize. If only we can reach the soul on earth whose belief is strong enough to see. Some are strong and willing to see, even anxious. Sometimes our visits are ill-timed and the world and its cares or excitements, stand between us and we wait, but all to no purpose. Often they say, I felt my loved one very close to me today. It seemed I could see him, but I did not. Now, for those who have this feeling, let me say at once become quiet and speak aloud to the loved one and give him a chance to speak to you. Get a pencil and paper, rest your arm lightly upon the table and see if you will not get a message. Sometimes it would be put into your mind very distinctly when it could not come thru your fingers by automatic writing. But I say, always give us a chance. Too often the door is closed in our faces. Too often we are motioned away.

“If you only knew how hard we try to make our presence known and felt, and the longing of our spirits to have our earth friends welcome us. I have stood by the hour, by my dear wife before she came here, begging her to speak to me. But she did not know. There was

one near to her who condemned this truth, who some day will stand where I stand and he will call and call, and none will answer. There are many such. I wish you knew what God thinks of a conceited man.

"To those who waver, let me say, it doesn't pay. You are only wasting time. When you come here you must begin at the bottom. The bottom of what? Why you must begin as a little child. If you have not grown in this Truth while on earth, you cannot expect to enter the senior class any more than a babe could enter a class in physics or chemistry or any high grade of education. And you can't escape it either. You will want to, oh, how you'll want to, but it cannot be done. Down you go into the baby class.

"You look ahead and around you and see those whom you consider your inferiors and say, 'How does it come that these can go on, and I am put here with these weaklings. Don't you know how I was always a leader of men? A man of wealth and position, a man of great education? Why I was one of earth's great men and here I am classed with these.' No use my friend, you should have thought of that before. It's too late now. God is no respecter of persons. Now, is your chance. You have the opportunity to study and learn of great things.

"The Truth that Jesus taught was the sureness of life after death and the fact that earth souls could communicate with those gone on to their long home, was demonstrated in His time. Don't turn a deaf ear to a sure thing. Don't revel in your self-conceit, thinking because you do not believe a certain thing, it simply does not exist. Re-adjust your thinking. Get into the Spirit of trust. Think less of yourself and your conceits and more about God and His wonders.

"That mystery of mysteries,—what happens just after the body dies?

"A bad man sees before him the remorse he afterwards finds burning his soul and taking away his happiness. Most spirits try to re-enter the body. They know that body was once their hiding place, and if they can only get back into it, they will be hidden from the agony

they felt from just that one glimpse of Heaven. Often there is great darkness and gloom. Sometimes those he has wronged in earth life come to meet him. Of course he is forgiven, but he doesn't know it.

"A good man leaves his body without regret and soon enters the magnificent home he built while on earth,—we call it character." (We were cautioned about preserving these records, for some day they would be read by others than ourselves. We asked Mr. B. to tell us how warnings were given. His answer was this):

"I come to you and say, 'Come, I have something to say to you, come with me. I have something to say to you. Why do you not come with me? I keep on in this way until our spirits seem to blend and you feel the presence and that presence causes fear to enter your mind and that fear develops caution. You cannot account for it, but you yield to it and are saved from some possible disaster. There is a side to every one that is open to ethereal influence. It is never closed. Through this we gain access to the soul of man. Through this are given warnings."

The mystery of the separation of the spirit body from the human body is explained here. Mr. B. gives more interesting information.

"When the soul departs from the body, in other words, when the body drops away from the soul, the soul or spirit does not immediately leave. To be sure, it is free, but unlike the locust, it does not immediately take its flight. Like the seed planted in the earth, the new life germinates. Now do not understand me as saying there is anything holding the soul to the body. But there is a lingering in the vicinity of the body. Now, the departing soul should feel no regret, except pity for those who mourn.

"In the case of those who take their lives, the soul is crushed for a time with the body and cannot rise. This is a part of their punishment. God has not called this soul. It is man's work and clumsily done. Not left to

free itself thru the aid of the Father of all Spirits. It is very hard for you to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. Some deliberately and wilfully take upon themselves this responsibility, while others suffer from a weakened intellect which has made them irresponsible. It has been said that no man in his right mind would do this thing, but this is wrong. There are hundreds who deliberately force themselves into the presence of the Almighty, unasked. It has been explained what their fate is here. The worst phase of this is, many of them have until just before their entrance here, at least, for a short time, been innocent. God is merciful and just, and in His mercy and justice, He discriminates between these two classes and they are each dealt with according to His will.

"The young girl betrayed and rejected, forced into this world, is not brought to the same class or grade of punishment with the man who has broken the commandments and dreads the discovery of his crime. Time must pass ere this last class of criminals is permitted to enter Heaven except the very lowest grades of the earth realm. Yet, even here, God is merciful. The remorse and suffering of these spirits, which are called floating spirits, because they know no rest, is most deplorable. The visionary may perhaps conceive some small part of the meaning of my words. But to an ordinary mind there is no knowledge, or the smallest conception of what I mean. Let me give you an idea, slight as it may be, of one other condition.

"Those who have striven to rise from realm to realm, who have committed some crime, like murder, or been instrumental in taking another's life, have prayed for forgiveness. It has been granted. They come here and all is well, until, in their advancement from realm to realm, they encounter the soul they ushered into this place. Here again words fail me. They shrink and would hide forever. You see, God has forgiven them, has accepted them, because they asked His forgiveness, and He loves them, but that did not take away the awful sting of remorse. They fain would remain forever in

these lower realms in order to escape contact with this soul. They follow from afar and not until after long struggles can they overcome and mount up where this one must come in contact with them.

"It is very hard to translate spirit language back into the one we knew on earth. Mistakes must be made. We cannot help it."

MESSAGE FROM CLAUDIA

"From all I have told you dear Marmie, you know now that I am happy. Not only I, but everybody here. In spite of the wretchedness of earth, in spite of the fact that we see and know it all, we are happy. I have always had companions of my own age, congenial souls, and we never grow old here. We never see decrepit old bodies dragging themselves along as you see them. The spirit body is perfect in every respect, and grows more and more beautiful by contact with this world. It is such a joy to see only fresh young faces. Not a soul here but suffers remorse sooner or later, but each bears his own burden and the hope that is within us buoys us up to high aims and joyous expectations.

"We have fun here, yes, there are regular laugh feasts. You know I couldn't get along without my fun. You'd laugh to see the old sobersides here. Well, there aren't any. This is no place for a sobersides. It is laugh or be miserable. Why innocent laughter, such as you know, is inborn in the spirit, just as much as a longing to be good is inborn in most human beings.

"I seem to be a favorite with children here, Marmie. I think it is because I have always been a child myself. The way things are planned here for the entertainment of children is beyond description. They must grow, and there is every facility for their proper growth, and not a hindrance anywhere. Such beautiful playtimes; such glorious music; birds and every joyous thing that children love. And above all, no quarreling. Ha ha! Isn't that an unheard of thing? Just laughter and love and happiness among them. No snatching of playthings, no crying,

no pouting, and last but not least, no smutty faces. Sweet clean little cherubs! How I love them. Don't think that I have seen all the children in Spirit world.

"There are laws here the same as in your world. There must be laws.

"Nell, you cannot realize what awaits you here. I could tell you a lot about it, but I am afraid I might make you discontented. You are doing some fine work about now. Keep it up.

"A young man that you and I never knew on earth is here, and we are great companions. His name was Dell.

"I am glad to see Helene's future so bright. Art is the finest work of God. His work is all a work of art, that no man can ever attain to. I shall be very near you during the Easter time, for then is when the angels visit the earth in a more glorious garb and with a holier mission than at any other time.

"I wish you to tell my friends of all this. I am sorry Doctor is no closer. He will believe some day, but we must never censure nor blame. It is too wonderful for some to believe. Think you God has stopped at this crude stage? Is the world perfect in the present rough state? Oh, no. He has wonderful surprises in store for this world, but they must come one at a time. The present age is one of the greatest because it is the one that draws aside the veil between the earth and the spirit world. Greater things are to come.

"Well, I must not weary you. I will come again soon.

Claudia."

(The Nellie referred to here, is Claudia's sister. Helene, is the daughter of Nellie.)

CHAPTER XII

"The flowers of heaven are like the flowers of earth in many respects. They do not grow from soil, but just spring everywhere. When one is broken from its stem another comes to take its place. No devastation is seen anywhere, order and beauty rule supreme. Not alone do flowers and plants exude perfume, but every thing has its own ravishingly delicate scent, which prevades everything. No material thing is here, but sometimes the semblance of it. Everything is tempered to our needs. We have all freedom wherein to wander, and all opportunity to advance. We have senses, of course they too are spirit senses, and oh, how happy we are.

"Our mode of travel from place to place as you call it? You wonder how this is done. Oh, we just appear. We have told you, thought brings us. I will tell you as nearly as I can, so you may understand in part. I wish to go to 'my son Mr. Staley' at Chautauqua. His thought is calling me. I am spirit. I have at my command the power of spirit to go and come at will, a free agent. I cannot explain to you our mode of transportation, except that we go on spirit waves. It is not possible, but God has so planned that we have always with us, what you would call a vehicle. What I am about to explain is but a faint semblance of its actual appearance.

"A cloud of mist rolled up, gathered together with jewels glistening brightly, with glory that is shed from rays from the Master's face. This vehicle, which I shall call Mercy, since it is used for that purpose, is adapted to, and fitted for the work we have to do. There is about it on all sides, and encased in it, an aura which designates our personality and by which we are known to all, wherever we may be. It is not that I am seen as you see. The spirits here are attracted only by the glory of my vehicle.

This description is a very poor one, but I cannot make it plainer to you.

Mr. B."

"This work to which you are called is no child's play. The words spoken, which you have taken pains to copy, are inspired words. No scripture was ever more pure than this. These records you are preserving shall one day be read from one end of your earth to the other. Around the earth this truth is bound to reach. You will rejoice some day that you were chosen God's desciple to do this work, but not as you will when you behold the golden letters between the lines, when Christ shall come in His glory and lay before you the open book, and upon its pages you shall read, 'This mighty Truth was spread by me, and thru my instrumentality many souls were converted to Christ.' This you shall one day realize. I can feel the interest you have taken in this work. Do not wish to lay down the burden, but go on as you are led.

"Some of the most noted men of the next century are being raised up to preach this gospel. There are few, some of the great ones, who are brave enough to preach it today. They are gradually giving out more and more of it to their people, so this seed is being sown, little by little, grain upon grain, in soil which is ready to receive it. This has been a gradual growth in one way. When we are ready we shall not wait, but all at once it shall be opened and poured out upon the heads of the people. It will be a shower some of them are not expecting. Part of the world no doubt will be shocked, but the time has come when it needs shocking. There are more believers today than anyone knows of.

Mr. B."

1894. "All eyes seem directed to me this morning, because I am the favored one and can speak to you. You may be sure we shall not be idle. The friends you expect to see soon are now on their way." (This referred to the friends spoken of in the first pages of this book who came to Leslie, and who had wonderful experiences while there).

THE VOICE OF GOD

"You read that the prophets of old heard the voice of God. This is true, in that they heard it just as you hear it today. That desire deep in the soul of every man, a good impression, you call it a desire to be, or do. The difference is, the old prophets not only heard this voice, but obeyed it. They recognized these good desires as the voice of God and honoured it by obedience to its commands. Whenever they turned aside as some did, disaster was sure to follow. So they learned that to obey was the law of God, and this was God's way of leading them as you are being led today. For he has said—'if you hear my voice and love me, you will obey me.' Men hear, but it is like the passing of the wind. They feel it upon their cheek, but heed it not."

(Mr. B—— here incites to greater care of the body).

"We have stationed sentinels, you would call them, we call them protecting angels, all along the way. You wonder sometimes at your impressions and say, 'Is that genuine or bogus?' When we have a task to perform we never doubt. The face of the Master is not always visible to us, but His Glory ever, and we are content.

"When those real heart impressions come to you, remember to obey them. You have been told that this is your training school and I bid you go into the world and preach this truth. Some of these things have been given you from some of your friends and acquaintances here who are suffering remorse from sins against their bodies. God has given you a body and placed within it your soul. All there can ever be of you. It is the temporal home of your soul. Your body should be kept sacred and pure for that purpose and you have no more right to contaminate that body than you have to stick a knife into your neighbor. It's worse than murder, for you kill your soul, while on the other hand you kill only the body of your neighbor. Any object you may wrongfully crave, any indulgence you may cherish, rots your soul and pollutes your body. It is God's body, do you know it? Loaned to

you for a time as a carriage to transport your soul thru the world. Therefore I say, it does not belong to you to abuse and destroy. My dear son, your great desire is to do good to others, and I shall help you. Warn men of the great disgrace of abusing their bodies. When they learn for a certainty that spirit world is all around them, they will be ashamed of their disgraceful actions and turn to God. Yes we see it all, every bit.

"We ask you to be very prayerful. The angels are singing in glory for the souls that have been saved, for the souls here that have been advanced and grown more beautiful, because of the interest that has been awakened in you toward them. There has been established between you and them a strain that vibrates in tune to your heart, a strain more sweet than any music earth has ever heard, creating within your heart the true spirit of happiness, charming all about you with a beauty of purpose the reality of which is beyond the comprehension of the mind of man. Compare your present attitude toward God with your former knowledge of Him and His works, your small possessions of heart and mind with the great riches you now possess, riches you can bring with you when you come here. They are only crumbs from the Master's table but you are now ready for the feast, the great feast of the soul upon God.

"Some things we have discussed seemed of little importance to you. Some seemed impossibilities, some have passed without a full understanding. We have tried not to mislead you. You have had doubts and fears, but now I see in your heart a sweet and perfect trust, a feeling that you have been with God and walked with Him.

"You and yours now know that your friends have not gone out of your lives, but that they have entered into them, and are a part of them. And you now feel you have a great and mighty power behind and ahead of you, a priceless jewel above all calculation. Yes, my friend, you have seen Heaven and walked and talked with the angels. You have made the connection between us a perfect one, a complete line, that can never be broken.

We stand ready and willing at your slightest invitation to help you.

"Be not over-anxious; seek not for signs and wonders, seek knowledge but only through the purest channels. The purpose is yet to be shown. A work has been started with you that shall spread throughout the world. It is Christ born again. You must be ready and willing to accept persecutions, remembering it is all for the glory of God and His son, Jesus Christ. It is the second coming of your Lord and Master, promised in the Bible, for he will be seen of men. 'Be ye lifted up, even as the son of Man was lifted up, that ye may show forth His great glory and bring to, and establish upon earth, His Kingdom, Amen.'"

Some of his family had warned the minister of the shame and disgrace that awaited him should his church people make the horrible discovery that their pastor was "dabbling in spiritism." Followed a useless discussion in which Mr. B. finally took a hand.

1894. "Probe as deeply as they may into this truth, turn upon it their strongest lens, they will find no fault. Those great ones may come and pry and probe, but they are only stepping into a new life and before they know it, will be living in the atmosphere of a wonderful world. We have nothing to hide. We need no screens to shield us or our doings from the world, for we are in obedience to the command of Christ, the Savior of us all.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of. You will see this when you consider the fact that God has seen fit to so privilege us, to commune and advise with those who are upon another plane of life. It seems to me that instead of censure or distrust and shame, that poor mortal man should bow his head in his weakness, and fear lest his doubts destroy him. So 'Lift up the Standard before the people. Open ye the Gates that the King of Glory may come in.' All space is peopled with the hosts from the Heavenly Shrine. Some are purified who roam at will.

Others, who, like us, have chosen one to whom they can render assistance. I repeat what has been said before. The next decade is the beginning of a great awakening and wonderful development of this power.

"This truth creates such a delightful atmosphere in the home. It raises the standard of society. Too much time is frittered away. Amusement is commendable, but you cannot see as we see, and to you it does not seem dreadful, these society amusements. Could you look deeper, as we do, my friends, and see 'Society' with its vices, its weaknesses, oft times among refined, educated people, your spirit would shudder as mine does, and wonder how God in His Infinite mercy stays His hand so long. However, retribution is sure to come and in an hour when they think not. But we are all around them too, and all heaven knows and sees what they do and can also read their hearts.

Mr. B."

CHAPTER XIII

For my own satisfaction, (for it may not be of the slightest interest to my readers), I insert the following message given my husband only three months before he passed out of this life. I believe he portrayed the minister's life in this little parable. To me it is a prophecy of the passing of the minister.

Jan. 1915. "To my dear son:—You are indeed, as has been said of you, in the 'zenith of your power.' I rejoice to see this day. I have seen the single drop of dew that settled upon the mountain-top, seen it mingle with the unseen forces of nature, until it has attracted to it the elements of rock and earth and sky; until it has become a tiny sparkling rivulet that has danced its way down the mountainside and leaping off into space unknown, has found security and room to move in the deeper broader river and thence into the great expanse of ocean, whose great bosom swells and mothers this child that has come to her. The world moves in great ships upon its surface and feels the freedom and joy of its vastness. Where now is that tiny drop? Where the dancing brooklet, and the majestic river? And has it entered this great body only to remain stagnant? Oh, no! It throws on high its sweetest essence and from the very clouds is distilled the influence which shall drop into human lives and souls and there leaven and enliven the forces put there by the Great Infinite.

"Now all these manuscripts you have, you must preserve, see that no harm shall come to them. They will yet go out to the world beside Swedenborg's works, only on a still higher plane, and you do not know what great importance attaches to the fact that they be preserved.

"Now my friend, there is yet to come the seed which is already growing, that shall be greatly instrumental in

giving this truth out to the world. The world today is ready, and waiting for it; from the east, west, north and south, comes the demand for a purification of even the churches of Christ, something more tangible, something people can have to look upon, to hear and see that they have not in this. So shall this truth spread from pole to pole, and through all countries, and among all nations, and Christ will come again in all his glory. Amen!

Mr. B."

Ralph Waldo Trine declares: "There is a great law in connection with the coming of truth. It is this: Whenever a man or woman shuts himself or herself to the entrance of truth on account of intellectual pride, prejudices, preconceived opinions, or for whatever reason, there is a great law which says that truth in its fulness will come to that one from no source, and on the other hand, when a man or woman opens himself or herself fully to the entrance of truth from whatever source it may come, there is an equally great law which says, that truth will flow in to him or her from all sources, from all quarters. Such becomes the free man, the free woman, for it is the truth that makes us free. The other remains in bondage, for truth has had no invitation and will not enter where it is not fully and freely welcomed."

And there you are!

CHAPTER XIV

Mr. Staley preached many sermons on the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. It was his favorite theme. He wanted men to know that his God was a God of love, who cared when His children were suffering, when in need of sympathy and help. He wanted them to come to Him. Something had been said about the belief of God as a Force, which of course takes away that sweet relationship of Father, as we believe and think of God. Mr. Staley then made this remark: "I wonder what Mr. B. and the rest of them think about it." But nothing was given us for some time. When the answer came to a dear friend and myself through Planchette, it was this:

FATHERHOOD OF GOD

"Try for a little while to let go of all you have learned to know and love in God as your Heavenly Father, and think of Him as simply cold Force or Power, or just Impetus that shoots things ahead, season after season. What incentive does that give a man to be good and pure or care what he does? On the other hand, think of a real, loving God, as a Father who loves you, is leading you and guiding you, who cares for you and who grieves when you go wrong, who has prepared a future home for you, when you are thru with mortal life. Which of these appeals to your soul? Who wants to go back and live another life on the earth which perhaps could be no better than the last one had been, when one can go on progressing higher and higher, with no more death, no more sickness and no more sorrow, which I say, appeals to your real self?"

We were bidden to try the spirits to see if they be true or false. At times we were led to believe some "floating spirit" might be trying to deceive us, but we had very little cause to doubt the source of the communica-

tions. They were all of such an high order and so pure in text and tone that we knew they could not come from an evil source. But when they began to tell us about visiting the planets, describing conditions upon Mars, etc., we own to feeling sort of nonplused. It seemed unbelievable at first, just as it seems to you who read about it here. But the more we were told, the greater became our belief that what was told us was true. What would their object be in dragging the heavenly bodies into the communications, since they had no end of far more interesting things to tell us? However we came to believe in Mars as being inhabited, and hoped we might be so fortunate as to some day enter its portals. By this time Mars was no more a mysterious place to us than New York or London. So when Mr. J. W. told us he was soon to visit Mars, we thought it was a very usual thing for him to do, and bade him God speed. His message seems to have a prophetic tone when he speaks of giving to God through His poor suffering children. The one who gave us this message was the father of a very dear friend, who exclaimed, "Just imagine my father going to Mars. Isn't it strange and wonderful?" Yes to us it is strange and wonderful, but no more wonderful than the fact of the messages themselves.

1910. "To my child:—I am soon going to visit Mars. You see Mars is far advanced, and annually throws off its evil forces because the good dominates and they are growing better and better all the time, these Martians as you call them. Well, when this force is thrust out, thrown off, it goes flying into space and roams around until it strikes some other body, when it expresses itself again, just as it was before. Then woe unto the unfortunate wanderer who happens to come in contact with it. I am happy that I am going to see Mars. I shall probably remain there sometime. You see this is a part of our education and we go on and on and that makes eternity. How strange this seems to you my child. But do not try to solve the problem. You never can, neither can we.

"Give my love to the rest, be good to the poor, cheer the lonely, comfort the sorrowing and suffering ones, and pray for the poor struggling world. Be faithful, trust and know your God is your defense in every time of need. You have much to live for. Stand and cry to those who oppress the poor, 'Recompense, turn I command you and give to God thru his poor suffering children, and receive your reward.' My love is great. Your father has spoken. Heed my words.

J. W."

Says Emerson—"Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, 'How do you know it is truth, and not an error of your own?' We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake that we are awake." Then quoting Swedenborg—"It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases, but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false. This is the mark and character of intelligence."

While Emerson in his essay "The Over Soul" discourages the very thing this book teaches, I reflect that the author wrote his essays many years ago.

The desire to communicate with friends is shown in this wish of J. W. as he tells us how our friends are all around us. I have had people tell me with a shiver, "Oh, mercy! I don't want my friends to come back. I would be scared to death, etc." I cannot understand such an attitude, for it is very comforting to me to know my departed friends are all about me.

"Give me a little time. Such a chance is not given to many. Now while you are sitting quietly together, the room is filled with those you have loved and given back to God. (Question: Why can we not feel them and know they are here). Ans. You would not be able to endure it yet. They are all around you. Spirit is real and the only real thing in the universe.

Mr. J. W."

MESSAGE GIVEN TO A FRIEND AND MYSELF

May 12, 1909. "There is to be one Universal Church some day, and it will never be an orthodox church. Can you imagine such a church? It will come as surely as you are talking to me. Your two lives will never be the same again. You are growing in grace and you must use your influence for good. I told 'my son' long years ago to preach this truth. But he has had to be careful. You will sow much seed. Oh the joy we feel to see you studying these truths. Your lives are becoming more and more beautiful. (We remarked that we read our Bible with more interest and understanding than ever before). Ans. The Bible should be your constant companion. You can always get a meal out of it. Some time you will understand it better than you do now. Let your thoughts dwell upon it more, and worldly matters less. Sometime you will be thrown together far away from people, where you will have a feast of fat things, and you will take a journey together. Ques. Where? Ans. Northwest. I do not often prophesy.

"The present generation will communicate direct with us. Contact with this world is a great privilege and one but very few have. It is a great purifier and a help to more spiritual living. Do you not find it so?

"Ques. Where is the machinery to work out God's will?

"Ans. Why my dear sister, in your own hearts. See that you keep them without sin or blemish. You must always take a little time to talk over the message. Some things about Mars will be given you next time.

Mr. B."

Oh man,—go on with your attempts to communicate with Mars. Enlarge your telescopes, build your observatories higher and higher. Use every device known to man to invent a code that will be understood by the beings of another planet, if so be there is life upon the other planet (?) But forget not this, spirit waves will be the vehicle to bear your messages. To man, distance is the barrier, but to spirit it is but the span of a breath."

"Mars is much in advance of earth and where some few of earth dwell."

Ques. Then some few of earth dwell upon Mars?

Ans. You could not communicate with Mars otherwise. There are some few men, of extraordinary inventive talents, who have been sent to Mars from earth and when they have succeeded in communicating with earth, they will pass on higher thru transfiguration. You will know all about it some day. You see, Mars is an immensely advanced world or planet. They have great electrical resources and have chained the atmosphere almost to an atom. They have been signalling other planets but especially earth for many years. The mirror scheme will only help to develop the real instrument. We know a great many conclusions but cannot give the process for we are not allowed to foretell God's work.

Ques. Who is talking?

Ans. No.

Ques. Why?

Ans. You are doing now just what you condemn in others—not satisfied. So good bye.

CHAPTER XV

Mrs. H. was a friend who had passed on a few years before Mr. Staley. She was a woman who was everybody's friend. She possessed a fine sense of humor and a wit which flashed out with surprising brilliancy. While she was not a pious woman, she was a Christian in every sense of the word. She began speaking to us first through Planchette, then by automatic writing. Her messages were always intensely interesting and many of them extremely funny, showing she is still true to her nature.

"Humor, or a sense of humor, is everywhere here. I was a different woman after I read science. Christ was more to me, and now, just think, I have seen Him and talked with Him. The thought is too great. You cannot comprehend it, can you? You cannot realize it. That Man you read about so much in the Bible! But the half was never told of Him. His presence is so sweet to us we cannot describe it. We are blessed indeed, so you will be.

Mrs. H."

Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) took possession of the Planchette one day and kept us guessing for some time. We asked who was talking, but his reply was, "Oh an old man who has not been here very long." This was in 1914. He bade us to use caution and protect ourselves from intruders while he was talking to us. The door of the room was ajar. He told us to "first shut the door." We closed it and asked again who he was. The answer was, "The old man who made a living by often making a fool of himself and other people. I'm happy but I wish I had one more whack at the old world. I always said if I had a chance to come back and talk to peo-

ple, I was going to do it, and now here is my chance and I'm going to talk."

Ques. "Won't you tell us who you are, please?"

Ans. "The old man in white. Think."

After much speculation and thinking we guessed his name, but were wondering if it could be, since he had not been there very long, and his saying he made a fool of himself and other people made us think "Clemens" at once. Like a flash came, "Yes."

"You are the most congenial couple I've seen since I came here. I am happy. I have my wife and my children and am the happiest I have been in thirty years. Keep on learning all you can about this place, and that will be little enough. I had my troubles and you are having yours, but it will all end in glory.

"The world needs you. I had my turn at it and the world is good enough to say it misses me. About the sincerity of it all? Well, I used to think I had some friends but there are many more than I counted on. I never did believe much in monopoly. Its time for me to evaporate—good bye.

Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens)."

Interjected between the messages from various ones were words of encouragement to the minister, from Mr. B. This date was 1909.

"My friend, your opportunity for study is wonderful. Your privilege has been great. You have sown seed to redeem the world. You will see the saints, my friends, but be sure you wear upon your soul the insignia of Jesus Christ."

Advice of this kind always made us feel very small and unworthy.

"Practice the Presence of God, and see how your spirit will grow. And now in your hearts pledge your freedom and live above the annoyances others bring into

your lives. Avoid all anger, no matter what the provocation. Anger is deadly poison and tends to shorten life. You now have the way pointed out to you. You can walk in it if you will.

"Not until you come here will you know the real value of these messages. God is an All Prevading Presence and heaven is all around you. (There had been a great deal of anxiety over the future of L——, hence this encouragement). L—— will be very happy. You see we read hearts and what is in them, we know. You must practice realization, live it, and you will have every wish for good fulfilled. Use the forces of life in such a way that you will be master of every circumstance and condition, as well as environment. Read in the Scriptures of Him who knew. If you are vindictive or filled with avarice, you cannot receive. You cannot heal."

The following visit with Mrs. Hall, was with a friend and myself. Mr. Staley was not present.

"Wait until you see this subject an everyday topic. It will be as common as a discussion of the flying machine, or the last election. There is a great realm opening before Mr. Staley, a great world of knowledge. And this too, is to come to mankind. You are only a little ahead. Do not let things worry you or turn you aside. I wish you to become living examples of the art of right living. Do not practice self-condemnation so much. (Sometimes we had indulged in it frequently).

"To be sure you are not angels yet, but you are doing wrong to feel you are of so little importance. You, like all others, have your identity with the Great Spirit. The ocean, without every drop, is not whole. You will come here to dwell among spiritual things, and you must live the spiritual life. Then the spirit you cannot now see, is awakened, and you see in spirit and behold the Glory of God only as you are able to have all your part of spirit, which you could not have while you inhabited

the body, because you were mortal. You are interesting to us, too, because you enter into these conversations with such vigor and earnestness.

"You see we have few avenues thru which to work."

Ques. "How long does it take the spirit to leave the body?"

Ans. "For three days it simply hovers nigh, then goes forth to purification. The earth holds attraction for even the human soul, for a time after death of the body. It has to gain strength to take its flight. (That is what you would call it). No two have exactly the same experience.

Mrs. Hall."

Mr. Wenté was a man beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was always a friend in need, and indeed, many a poor boy or girl struggling for an education, without means, was given assistance at the right time. His left hand seldom knew what his right hand was doing, but his great heart was always athrob for those in need, and he never missed a chance to do good when good was needed to be done. His going from our midst was a great sorrow to the whole community, as well as dear friends and neighbors. His was a humble spirit, without boast or ostentation. He did what he could. You can read his account of his entrance into that other life, where even the cup of cold water is given mention. His message begins—"To everybody"—so like him.

"To Everybody:—Oh, of course there will be a lot of people who will doubt, but what do you care about that? You know it's true and they will know it some day. I was just as doubtful as anybody till I came here and learned better. You can't blame the world for ignorance. It's been so a long time and will continue to be so a long time. But I wish I had known what I know now. I guess I would have done things. Some people praised me for some few things I did, but pshaw! I didn't do much, but it was something, and I wanted to do more, and there is where the best part of it comes in here. If

a fellow wants to do a nice thing and can't, he gets just as much credit for it here as tho he really did it. But when a man can do things and doesn't want to and won't, well I would not want to be in his shoes when he gets here. I tell you that kind of person man or woman, is to be truly pitied.

"Now, when we get here, we do not all at once begin to 'talk nice' and lay aside all our personality, but we have to grow out of all that. The old way of talking and thinking clings to us. Even slang is not entirely unknown here for a time. After a while we get away from all those things. But what is slang but a perversion of the English language? It doesn't hurt anyone. It isn't elegant, that's all.

"Well, I'm seeing my way out now and the cup of cold water I gave, helps a whole lot now. I'm learning to pray and worship and my soul is growing whiter every day. So please think of your old townsman as quite the good gentleman. I can see your eyes open when you read this. I see Mr. Staley often and I wish you could. Well, Ella and all, good bye. Maybe I'll speak again.

Wm. Wenté."

This message from Mr. Wenté is characteristic of the man. While receiving this message (by the voice of the sender) it seemed as tho I were just sitting face to face with him. It was so real that for days I could feel the power of his presence, and the tones of his voice remained with me. Mr. Staley assisted at the burial of this good friend, and scarcely more than a month had passed when he himself followed.

CHAPTER XVI

Mr. B. often spoke of the minister's magnetic presence, his power to hold the attention of his audiences, his forceful utterances. As one man expressed it, "When Mr. Staley shakes himself and puts that foot of his down, its like a shock from a galvanic battery." It is this that the leader refers to when he says:

"Can you understand when you reflect upon it, where that tremendous power you exert over your audience comes from? You cannot understand it. Is there no source away beyond and above your own whence cometh this great power? Think you, you alone could produce these marvelous demonstrations such as I witnessed in your church last Sabbath? Ah no, my son. It comes to you from the Great Spirit Life around you. It is wholly spirit force, and is all around you; indeed it is the spirits around you who, through Christ, have led you all the way along thus far. Now prepare for more enduring work. Rid yourself of every weight; live in the 'atmosphere of spirit'; put in long hours next week. I will help you and you shall not be over weary.

Mr. B."

The life work of the now successful minister is drawing to a close. He knows it not, but not far away are the heavenly gates, wherein he will enter, but let us not anticipate.

In speaking of the similarity of some of the messages Mr. B. said, "There is only so much we can tell you and we will all have a hand in it. You cannot know it too well. One message you might forget while the many, you will remember." In some of the messages Mr. B. refers to "our friend Mrs. Porter"—Mrs. Porter is a dear

friend who lives in Lansing, Michigan, and who is deeply interested in our investigations.

* * * *

For some time a dear friend Mrs. W. D. and I had together received many beautiful and helpful messages through Planchette. By me her sweet council and companionship had been highly appreciated. One day Mrs. W. D.'s father took possession of the Planchette and said:

"You are ideal in your dealings with us. You have been chosen to sow the seed. It's a noble work. Some things are being wrought upon by scientists who are trying to demonstrate along this line in a scientific manner. You do not hear about it, but when the right time comes, you will be called upon to testify. You desire spiritual knowledge more than worldly. How often we hear the question, 'Am I to have money?' Always money. You do not ask that question, but you will be taken care of. You will never want. This has indeed made of you a different person."

Ques. "In what way?"

Ans. "You love the things of spirit and live upon the Border Line. Think you, this would not help you to live a better life? Have self control. When unpleasant things happen and you are tempted to yield, smile and say one word, 'Christ.' Train the muscles of your face to smile instead of scowl. It's just as easy to smile, and it will soon become second nature. You know it is my great love for you that is speaking to you, do you not? Good bye.

J. W."

We deemed ourselves especially fortunate, as well as honored to be the recipients of so great knowledge from the spirit world. Not only people we knew would speak to us, but some we had never known, and often had never heard of. We never saw Miss Dovel, altho in later years her parents were numbered among our dearest friends. I have received many communications, when the one speaking showed the greatest delight. But scarcely

have I heard one who seemed so overflowing with delight and ecstasy as did this young girl.

MESSAGE TO HER MOTHER FROM DOLLY DOVEL

"Mamma, oh Mamma, I am so glad of this little visit with you and papa. I have followed you both around for days together and when you have thought of me, I have said, 'I am here, mamma dear, don't you feel me?' I would stand before you, walking backward before you, looking you straight in the eyes. When you wept I tried to dry your tears. I have more than once perched upon papa's knee, but when he felt uneasy he would cross his feet the other way and did not say a word. There is no use, I cannot make you see me. If you could only live in the next century, then you could see me and talk to me. But before then we will be together here and it won't matter about your seeing me, with your fleshly eyes. When you are happy, then I am happy.

"I have seen Mr. Hall, he is not going to stay where Mrs. Hall is for a long time mamma. He wishes now he had heeded Mr. Staley's sermons and his good advice. I saw Mr. Staley go and put his arms about Mr. Hall and then vanish. He was dressed all in white and a great diamond like star shone just above his head, and a crescent hung just above the star. I wish I could describe the crescent mamma, but I can't. It was a light and kept giving off pure sparks of bright white light. And each one of the sparks took wings and sailed away, and I saw that they were angel doves. I do not know even what it meant. Only this I know, when one has done a lot of good in the world, one is given symbols like this, that follow wherever one goes, so all Heaven knows that one was good on earth. Mr. Hall was so dazed he fell right down before Mr. Staley. He knew him, but a perfect wonder was upon his face. You must see Mrs. Staley sometimes. She gets very lonely, (but my! what a house she will have here.)

"I am teaching, mamma. Does that seem strange

to you? Well, I have a class of little children. There is no such thing as sex here. They are all just sweet little cherubs. They could learn all by themselves, but anyone who loves children can work among them, and I love children. I shall always remain young. I am sure papa will be glad of that.

"You see I am going to be one to meet you when you come here and you will know me, for I look just the same, only beautiful, oh so beautiful. You do not grow old and homely in Heaven. Mr. Staley looks so glorious. I do wish you could see him. He is so tender and gentle and tries so hard to be like Christ. Now I must stop dear ones. Keep the door open so I can stay close up to you. The more you believe, the closer I can get to you. There, as you read this I'm just hugging and kissing you both.

Your Dolly."

Since receiving this message, I always think of my husband as Dolly Dovel has described him.

I have no son, but I fancy if I had a wayward son or daughter, this message would bring to me the greatest comfort and hope.

To a mother With Two Wayward Sons:

"You have become greatly discouraged about your sons, but the germ was planted by God. Think you it can die so easily? No, dear ones, trust Him. You do not if you doubt the promises he has made you. You wonder why the reality is not more real. You do not understand why, after all your prayers and pleadings, you seem so far from what you hoped for. My dear ones, do you ever consider the necessity of the flight of time, before the harvest can come? Can you place the grain of wheat in the ground in autumn and expect it to become fit for the harvest before the harvest time? No, ah no! The deep snows of winter must cover it for long months. The ice and frost of winter must hold it in their grasp for long dreary waiting weeks and months ere you can see the blade and bud appear, and this must come before the full grain. You believe the grain is there, for you

know you sowed it in sowing time. You do not worry for you know the snow must come sifting down upon the field. You know this is necessary to growth. You say "Yes it is best so"—and you are happy and you trust. You cannot see the little green spikes for they are covered with snow, but you somehow know they are there, and trust and wait, and do not murmur. Now, my loved ones, you have sown the seed, why not, why can you not trust God, and wait. You must know it is there, the ice and snow of disregard and passive neglect seem to cover it out of sight, but the harvest time **will** come and all will come and all will be well. Don't try to do God's work and your own too.

M. R.

CHAPTER XVII

I never saw Mr. C---- and had never heard of him, till these messages came to his friend Mr. Briggs, who says they are chasacteristic and just as he would express himself. This is one case which proves the statement of Mr. Wentz, that slang is not entirely unknown for a time.

To Mr. Briggs, former Mayor of N. Muskegon, Michigan.

"Well Mart, I am going to speak pretty fast, so keep your eyes open. When I first awoke here I felt like a man who had taken opiates and I wondered why they did not give me something to strengthen me. But just then I felt a sensation of falling and I lit on a bunch of feathers, so to speak. I then saw my body and I saw that I had left it and I tried to get back into it. But it gradually faded away and I was in darkness.

'I' was neither man nor spirit, for I had no feeling. But there I was and I felt like a drop suspended in mid-air. And then I began to be afraid, for all at once my whole life began to move before me and while I saw my childhood, I seemed happy. But I knew what was coming and was more afraid. And it all passed before me, while I waited in the darkness. Then I heard a voice saying, 'Are you proud of it? Are you fit to enter the presence of the Almighty God and His Angels?' And I sank down and lay there powerless.

"Then I saw my body again and it rebuked me, as I saw how I had marred it and abused it. Then I heard a wailing that made me so afraid. It was like the wailing of lost souls. I said 'My God, am I to join ~~that~~ crowd?' and I knew their time to repent would be long and I cried and said, 'Is it too late? Is there **nothing** I can do? I **am** ashamed and sorry, oh my God forgive me,' I cried. In spirit is worse than in flesh, Mart, and all this time the

darkness grew more and more dark until I felt the whole of me was crushed.

"Then I heard the sweetest voice I ever heard and it said; "God forgives, you are forgiven. Come with me.' Then the darkness gave way and it grew gray and then light seemed to flood me and I made an effort to follow the voice, but I could not. I called aloud. I saw nor heard anything until, had I been on earth, I would have gone insane from the thought that I must stay in this condition thru Eternity. .

"But Mart, let me tell you, I was in hell, sure as you live, and I know it. But some sense told me I had a chance and I dwelt upon that thought until it began to come true and if ever a man **begged**, it was I. Then the voice said. "What have you done to save a soul? What did you ever do for your own soul? This experience is simply the result of your neglect. No one is to blame but yourself. You had a **better** chance on earth but you **chose** to live in ignorance and let God mostly alone.

"So Mart, come over with the goods. It's in you and I must do something, or we both go bad. I am now in earnest as never in my life. Well, then I felt a touch upon my hand and an arm steal about me, and I just lay down and **that** was my giving up Mart. Then I was lifted up and borne away from all the darkness and I felt such a peace and joy. But remorse is still eating me Mart, and will for some time. But I'm getting out of that **Hell**, and may you be good enough to yourself to keep out of it.

"I see you are tired. I can finish another time. Well, Mart, the old world is a pretty good one, but you ought to see **this**. I am with people of my kind, all working to get higher. I am busy every minute and as I gain a little, the sights are opened up to me. And the music here Mart, is beyond **me** to describe. I will help you all I can and will try to influence men to help you. Don't worry and fret, for that makes matters worse. F-----

misses me and I feel sorry, she worries so. Now Good bye,

1918. John C."

No. 2 from Mr. C. "Well, I am back and glad to get your ear once more. You **must** be interested in this, for you are my only hope Mart. Until I see you have hold, good and tight, I shall keep pegging away at you. And I want you to know **this**, that I am at your side, day and night, and I shall stay there. You will feel me. I have promised God to get you Mart, and get you I will. You need me and I need you. This winter will seem very long to you, but brace up, for I am looking after you.

Johnnie C."

No. 3. 1918 "Here I come again, my friend, I have watched and waited, and now we will go to it, a friendly chat. You are the only one Mart that I can reach at all. I wish I had had a better start here. **THIS** is LIFE, sure as you live. I was never more surprised in my life than at conditions here. Why Mart, the whole bunch is all over Christendom and they know all a fellow does, sure as you live. There is no use beating around the bush Mart. If I can do anything for you to help you to escape the shame and remorse I have experienced in the short while I have been here, you better believe I am going to do it. Now you just take hold of things and make your old friend happy. I have a dear family here. So have you, and **that's** a binder. Good bye.

John C."

No. 4. 1918 "I have been wishing for you Mart, every day. I follow you around and want to make myself known, but I do not succeed very well. I have a better place than I did have. I have my work to do now. I am getting a pretty good foundation under my home and some people from M----- would do well to have as good prospects as I have. It's taken hard work, but I'm getting there, I have plenty of company, for there are millions no better off than I am. Don't drive me away Mart. When this side shows you up to yourself you feel mighty cheap.

John C."

No. 5. 1918 "Well old boy, I have kept my promise to come again. I am after you and I do not propose to have you go thru with what I have. I know I went the limit but I am now paying the fiddler. But my soul gets whiter every day Thank God. Just such acts as these are helping me up the ladder. Now you are my special charge; we all have one, and they are ours to get at. Your mind is upon material things. That is natural Mart, but I have a few sugestions to make. Let me tell you how to get what you want, then you try out the scheme and see how things will come your way. First stop your wholesale doubting. Then change your thinking. Change your present way of living. I will help you.
God bye. John C."

The author of the following message was not quite what she seemed to see herself to be at the time of the writing. I did not know her well, but I had heard of her many kind acts. It shows how spirit life makes them wish they had done more.

"My dear friends: I am only a woman with a woman's desires. You think your world is beautiful. But oh **this** world is **so** beautiful. I am happy here. I wish you could see the people who were purse-proud. They are but a period upon the page. I wish you could see the homes here. I wish you could see the homes you are rearing here. They still have some open spaces, but they will be filled in in time as the years go by."

Ques. "Will you tell us your name?"

Ans. "I will tell you in a moment. I do not amount to much here yet. I feel that way in my own estimation. While on earth I was considered at the 'Top of society! I spent money like water, dressed like a peacock and hung on to my pocket book. I thought if I gave a poor soul a dollar I was honoring God, and should have a deep notch cut in my walking stick. How I hated it, that stick, yet I was dependent upon it. I could not

get along without it. I hated many things, besides, to pay for which I am now writhing in remorse. Every day I see what became of that wealth that tried to burn up my soul. Well, we will drop it there.

“What I left undone, without a thought, I am now trying to do, and I call upon you to help me. You are so very different from the women I knew.”

Ques. “What did you think of us?”

Ans. “Just as I did of everybody else. I wish I had known Mr. Staley as I know him now, and done something substantial for him. Too late now.”

Mrs. ——”

CHAPTER XVIII

The Burns poem was given in the early days of our investigation. Mr. Burns had been giving us some little frivolous talks that did not seem worth recording, and we were laughing at them, when Mr. Staley said, "I wonder if this is really Bobby Burns or some one who is trying to fool us."

Suddenly the words began to be spelled that compose this poem. We immediately began to write them down. Burns would write a verse, then make some remark about it. Once I remember he said, "Shall I gie ye mair?"

After the third verse he finished it without further comment. Burns always seemed to be afraid of imposing himself upon us. He always came with an apology for doing so.

VERSES

HYPOCRITES 1890

Wanderin' up an' doon this warl',
 Meetin' this an' that,
 Some sae false, an' some sae true,
 Wakin' Mem'ries shut.

Turnin' wi' a heart sae sad,
 Longin' for a friend,
 Lest alone an' dreary
 Life for me should end.

Eyes so seemin' truly,
 Opened up to mine
 Honesty wi' goodness
 Seemin' there to shine.

By the hand you tak' him,
 Confidence inspire.
 When i' a wink I find him
 To be the king o' liars.

Questionin' my senses
 If all the wide warl' thro'
 We'll find anither scoundrel
 Wi' virtues far an' few.

We'll ye may keep a lookin'
 Marchin' up an' doon,
 Under every nocket,
 Sic as he is foun'.

Smilin' i' yer faces,
 Prayin' for yer soul.
 Callin' up the graces
 To come an' save ye' whole.

When yer turnin' frae him
 T' follow his advice,
 Springin' quick upon ye,
 He **stabs** ye in a trice.

Gie me the gude auld **Ruffy**
 Wha' in his ru'fness sits,
 An' God deliver Bobby
 Fra' smooth tongued hypocrites.

Robert Burns.

Another of our old friends takes a trip to Mars. We never heard any report of her journey, and as we never received anything we looked upon as authentic coming from any inhabitant on Mars, we never expected to hear more from Mrs. H.

"I sometimes whistled, I sometimes wrote,
 But more often floated in my little boat."

Ques. "Who are you?"

Oh" you know. I just wanted to hear you laugh. You are certainly in sympathy with us here. We are happy, always happy. Today I am here with you. Tomorrow I go to Mars."

Ques. "How long does it take to go to Mars?"

Ans. "Just as long as it takes you to think yourself there.

They do not call it Mars, they call it Ray. The beautiful Ray. The people are more advanced.

Ques. "Are they better than we are?"

Ans. "They sow and reap.

Mrs. H."

A few lines from Miss Alcott, treasured from the mass of written messages of long ago.

"Never despair. Love is a wonderful thing. Soonest to wound, first to bleed, to sink under the weight of neglect. Thus, the hearts of men and women are tried. Then the shade grows deep and dark as night lets her curtain down. The traveler on life's way goes wearily on and meekly sets his face toward the setting sun. And then, as life draws near its close, its heaven opens wide, and in peace the tired soul, bereft of earthly love, finds rest at last.

Louise M. Alcott.

We never felt that Miss Alcott's message was finished. There was an interruption and she never resumed, as was often the case. But we kept these few lines.

PITY THE POOR DOUBTER

"Tell those who are privileged and yet who are afraid to speak, that some day they will see how they turned their backs upon Christ's teaching that God ordained to save men's souls, and their sorrow and shame will know no bounds. Such is the fate of the cowardly soul. You are proud you say to confess Christ. Yes,

you are, but ashamed to confess this truth, the greatest of all His teachings. Think.

"Never think you are alone. You are never alone, all around you in every nook and corner, are angel forms, watching over you. Oh, if I only had words to tell it as it is. Whenever you have a good thought, it is inspired by these angels. But when you have an evil thought, that is the human, the animal side.

"When you are sad, it is wrong and a self pity, which should not be. It's a sort of remorse too. Remorse is hell and all the hell there is, and it scorches and burns worse than any fire.

"It is a terrible thing to meet one we have wronged. One of the worst sufferers is a man who has betrayed and ruined young girls and caused young men and boys to go astray or caused their misuse in any way. There is no peace anywhere for such as these. God forgives them but they are obliged to look upon the wrecks of lives and know they are responsible for it all, and their sufferings are horrible. So also when a murderer meets his victim. He tries to shun him, but no use. They walk and walk side by side, the murderer is ever reminded of the horrible thing he did, and how he broke the cord God wove for a useful life."

EXTRACTS FROM MESSAGES

1. "All have the privilege of progression, but aeons of time must elapse ere the wicked ones can rise out of their distresses. But Eternity is before them, and God is always merciful."

2. In that world they grieve over us, but not as we grieve, but as God grieves over some wayward child.)

3. "You are in a great enclosure and with you are ravening beasts of prey; Hate, Lust, Greed, Pride and Selfishness. There is but one way out, but you can get away from it all if you will. At this gateway stands a host of purified ones WAITING to help you thru. You do not see them but they are there."

4. "You are each given an armor by God and

an armor by man, and nearly all wear the man-made armor, so these beasts have no trouble gnawing their way through to men's hearts."

5. "You do not understand how life here is made up of the good in human souls. How all Heaven rejoices when we see one like you, trying to save someone. Immediately we fly to your assistance and you are taken into the inner circle of helpers, and your name recorded there. You can never go back, but progress into the perfect day, as one of God's chosen."

6. (Mrs. H. told of meeting some of the great ones of earth. Some of the presidents, and laughingly added the name of Betsy Ross who made the flag.)

7. (They tell us how every good act of kindness adds beauty to our homes there.) "The nucleus of a home there is a pure life here. Around this everything else is built."

8. "We have no golden streets and jasper walls here, but spirit substances alone make up the material from which all things are made. This, no man can understand. It is too far beyond and above anything man can comprehend."

9. "When we commune one with another, the thought or wish to commune with one, brings the one wished for, and we sense the presence and instantly enter into conversation of spirit to spirit. After the spirit leaves the body, we seem to be still on earth until we see our bodies and each says, 'Yes, I know I'm dead for there lies my body.' and often we try to reenter our bodies; we feel very much alive. Then the transition from mortal to spirit life takes place after three days. We then realize that we no longer live on earth, but must make haste to unknown realms beyond."

10 "Sometimes evil spirits come to men, urging them to evil deeds. They are most tantalizing in their operations, saying over and over, 'Do it, go on, go on, do it,' etc. On and on until one yields then how pleased the spirits are. Some unrepentant murderer here urges an innocent man to commit murder. Evil spirits have no power to do evil here, but they can do so there.

Good promptings come from good spirits. Every good act is prompted by some sweet, generous spirit behind the veil and the yeilding to such, helps build our heavenly home and makes it more beautiful and pure."

11. "The love we have for our loved ones is intensified here and we go right on loving. Love never dies."

Mr. Staley's paternal grandfather had been a Baptist clergyman. We received many useful messages from him, in the early days of his grandson's conversion and ministry. Later he seemed to step aside for a greater mind to lead, but frequently appeared to give some gentle word, enough so that his boy knew that he was near and was still interested.

1894. "Finish well all you begin. Try at all times to do to others as you would have them do unto you. Let every day be fruitful of some good. Useful lives are the flowers of Heaven. Make those who know you, long for and seek your society. Shun not one single duty. Work for the advancement of God's Kingdom." Weary not in well doing.

"Dear and yet dearer, near and yet nearer will your hearts grow to each other. Many will be the wondering thots that will fill your brain. Just say 'Dear Christ, Thy will be done.' There is much good awaiting you.

Signed— Grandfather Staley"

CHAPTER XIX

Of this weird—shall I call it allegory?—I have little to say. I cannot just place Simeon in sacred lore, but he says he is there, and it is fair to presume he was telling the truth. His fearsome experience is a fascinating tale to say the least, and is told in that old time form of speaking, common in his time. It is only one of many of a similar nature.

POWER OF THOUGHT

"I am one who died by fire, and felt the sword. You were made after me. You seek my name in musty pages. Pity for me fills your heart. I gave my life for Christ, can you not do as much? I fled the enemy from place to place, and slept in cave and hollow. I starved, and many times came so near to death that birds slept in my cowl, for life was almost gone, when there came to me a shepherd who heard my moans, and turning a rock, beheld my distress. Poor, himself, but he gave me of water and food to the seam of his sack. Then, hungry and thirsty himself hastened his way, and not until sunset of two days did he return and brought me assistance.

"At one time, it was just at daybreak of the second day, I thot I dreamed, but it was a reality. I felt a chill, and then along my arm crept a form. I was not afraid, but my eyes, hot and feverish, swelled with making protest, fell upon the glistening head of a serpent. And then, charmed, I fastened my thought upon him, and as I did so, he shrank until his skin was wrinkled and the serpent formerly five measures, shrunk to one. Then I told him to depart. His fangs were fastened in my robe, but I demanded that he release me, and like the lump

of clay whereon he lay, he rolled down the cliff and disappeared to his death.

Upon his return, I bade the shepherd and his men to seek the carcass for proof to them, But he said, 'Wherefore? I see his trail and need no better proof, and in your hood I see the print of fangs.' and lo, I had not felt it. I had also hoped for sandals, as my feet were sore to bleeding, and from his sack the shepherd took sandals and bathing my feet, placed them thereon. He saw my smile, but wist not that I had asked for them.

I had spent so many years in forest and wilderness, without protection, I came to know my powers, and used them as I have told you, in every case thereafter.

I had a friend some miles distant. For fear, I would not speak his name. But starting on our journey, the shepherd said, 'Beyond yon mountain, lives one fairly disposed to strangers in distress. I will help you on there, and you will be made comfortable, until you are able to go upon your way.' My thought flashed to being a burden upon my friend, the host. I sank to prayer, when instantly the shepherd said to one of his men. 'Make fast a fat lamb, and leave it with the stranger for payment of his stay.' I found the host to be my friend, and in need of food.

And so on and on I might lead you. But I have told you enough to show you the Power of Thought, and even in the least of things, the Father hears and gives.

Simeon a tent maker of olden times."

A poet of great fame surprised us one evening in 1896 by giving a message clairaudiently to us. His simple language did not at all correspond with his complex way of putting things in his writings. However he gave his name and we believed it was he.

VOICES

1896 "Your longing shall be satisfied. This world must give to yours, or it is beggered indeed. We must minister, or you must want. The great demand upon us

means self-sacrifice on your part. For in self-sacrifice alone can you see good in any form whatsoever.

The great white time, the Easter tide is near. The time when angels, all in white, keep company with Him who died for mortals. 'Tis all we see of God, the Father. All, I say, except what we perceive. This faculty of perception is so largely developed in Spirit life, that we can feel with your human sense, but our sight is knowledge, and we see not as you see with your fleshly eyes. But Christ, Him we can see face to face, but not for long. There are great preparations being made in the old English Church, over there, to celebrate this event of all time, the Resurrection. With sermon and song and prayer they will commemorate that great event, than which to, or of, or for the earth, there is no greater. And because it is to earth so dear, so to Heaven more dear. And the church to me was not what it should have been to me. But God, the Incarnate, the All to me, was deeply rooted in my heart, in spite of me. And so I lived after all for Him, in spite of me.

"Mysteries are like explosives, uncanny and hardly safe to handle carelessly. To open and view unheard of things, surprises men. And immediately doubts keep him company. So many are the mysteries, that, welcome visitors tho they be, you wish they would depart, (to come some other day). Doubts are safe things to have, you say, for manly men must have opinions of their own, and every man has a right to his opinions. The word 'man' is a big word, and it is a duty one owes to ones' self to maintain his personality, and to be master of himself. (?) He says, 'I am a man and should not cater to every wind of doctrine,' But fate sometimes plays you tricks. I call it God. But you cannot see, because you are stone blind. Well, my friend, there is a close tie between you and me, and I come boldly to speak truths to you. Let me speak a moment upon the rise and decline of the human race, as a necessary adjunct of progress.

"(You have nothing in common with those men who today typify the race at the time when the animal and the

human were one.) It has taken the centuries to bring men to the status you see among them. They are still savages, thirsting for one another's blood. How large a percentage do you suppose are thirsting for one another's soul? Men must rise to this, ere they can lay claim to real manhood.

"I need not repeat history to show you the wavering course of man from away back there in the animal stage to the present. Those centuries of barbarism and ignorance and blood thirstiness have each had its refining process, and today you see a much finer product, all the effect of progression, a necessary process.

"I do not mean to use sarcasm as I tell you these things, but could you my friend, stand where I stand and could you see what I see, you would say with me, 'Ah no, the human race is not yet civilized. So long as men hold to selfishness, greed, hatred and blood thirstiness, they cannot call themselves a civilized race.'

"Well, not all things, and not all accounts of things have been preserved. But the most important have here and there dropped off enough of their treasures, and this enables generations to come, to preserve some record. These fragments are preserved as the centuries pass on. In some there are facts enough to reach a conclusion. But each generation forms great opinions of itself, and its importance to the world.

"There are millions of generations totally extinct to literature and no record left of any act of theirs. There are other generations a record of which lies buried deep in the bosom of old earth, and future generations will uncover them and find great treasures there.

"Do not think my friend that the sacred scriptures always mean material things when they prophesy the future of the earth. For instance this—'The fire shall consume the earth.' Just study the signs of the times, my friend. Those fires will never be literal fires, such as you confine in your stoves or your furnace. Ah no. That fire will consume the earth is true but it will be a refining fire. Watch. It is surely coming. First there will be the quenching of the fire of thirst, that is consum-

ing men's bodies. Then shall come brotherly love. Then Heaven will open to men and they will see and know what may be theirs, if they become worthy.

"In the early part of the coming century this truth will begin to be known, as never before. And ere that century shall end, all who will, may communicate openly with their loved ones here. And when the millennium shall come, these refining fires shall have done their work for there shall be no impurities.

"Earth must produce more and more each century. This closing century has been the richest of them all. Then should not the next be still richer? The possessions of the present century will be winnowed, and sifted so at the close of the twentieth century there will remain but the pure gold. Nation after nation will disappear from the face of the earth, until there will remain but one great nation. This must be, or God's plan would be a failure.

"From this somewhat vague communication, select what you can, friend of mine. There is a world of truth in it all.

"Now we here are constantly unfolding to the mind of man, helpful knowledge, in order to the more intelligently manipulate the business of life. It seems mysterious and wonderful enough to man, yet it is the beginning just now of a great Reform. And discoveries are yet to come when the time demands them, which shall startle the world, as nothing has ever done before.

"I will tell you a little about one of these discoveries. There is to be developed a process whereby forces shall be brought together (by forces I mean certain elements in atmosphere ether blended with an opposite element contained in the human body), which will enable a person sitting or standing in one part of the globe to speak face to face with a person in some other country. Distance will be done away with, obstacles cannot interfere with sight. You will sit in your own home and see what your friend far away is doing.

"By the same process, only by a finer development of the mechanism, will man be able to see the spirit forms

around him. I see you are both charmed and alarmed. Doubts? Well, I see you are willing to aid me in this truth and will co-operate with me by letting your mind develope what I have said. There are other friends waiting to communicate with you. I promise some helpful words at an early day. I am well pleased with what you have done. Work on.

R. B."

THE HUMOR OF ROB ROY.

"Well, you wished for somebody and I am here. I am Rob Roy. Ques. "Where did you live?" Ans. "In old Scotland and I was a warrior bold. (Talked of Sir Frances Drake.) There is much to tell. If the high seas could talk and tell their tale they would tell some queer things. There is enough wealth at the bottom of the oceans to run the world for centuries. I laugh to think of the scramble if the blamed old sea should go dry."

Ques. "What were you fighting for?"

Ans. "Oh I was out for a reward, one way or another. Good bye."

Our curiosity was aroused regarding Rob Roy, and in looking up his record, we found he was indeed out for a reward as there was a price upon his head, so we concluded Rob Roy could see the humor in such a statement.

A dear old mother in Isreal gave us this information about "Shall We Know Each Other There."

The forms of spirits cannot be truly described. There is no way of describing them to mortals. One has to sense it. Some descriptions have been given you, that you might know at least in part. They are like and yet unlike the physical body. We here, still think of the physical body and thus form a picture of it as we knew it upon the earth, and yet are not the same. The great Master told us all we could ever know about it until we came here. However, you may trust in the promise that

you will know your friends and they will know you, and you will be united with those you truly love and who love you. Let this suffice. Esther B."

CHAPTER XX

The following are a few messages from different ones, some known and some unknown.

"My friends, you are good enough to wish for me. I felt your vibrations and have responded. I have a few instructions for you. To be able to move the things of the universe, you must know how to use your power. It is not easy to a novice and you will not be able to do it at once. You must sit in silence, at eventide, twilight is best, when the shadows are dropping to sleep, and train your soul to think of God. Not Principle, not Force, but the Eternal Father who stands by your side, handing you just what you wish for.

"Then train your soul to see yourself, taking that which He gives you. Train your soul to be thankful that it has been given to you. Then lie back in your Father's arms, look up into His face and rest, and trust and know. In this way only, can you wholly please God. I will now depart and watch for your obedience. You will thus deserve to know more. You must learn to obey. Harriet has told you so. It is lovely here, and you will be glad when the chase of life is over. Adieu.

Cousin Harriet."

"To Miss W. Yes, I am a staunch friend to this truth. The certainty of spirit communication. It is worth your investigation, for it is soon to be universally believed. Science is fast opening the door and all who doubt now will then believe."

To a friend and myself after we had been discussing the manner in which they gave us messages.

"Tell them we are standing by, only waiting for them to recognize our presence and power. We teach the brain, then the muscle, then the mind carries the messages. You would be surprised to know the power that is stored up in your body. The human body is a great

dynamo, capable of the finest productions The time is coming when you will know your power and be able to use it.

Ques. "Some people declared Christ received his knowledge from the Hindus. Is this true?"

Ans. "Oh no, they received theirs from Him. Because He always existed and received all Power and Knowledge from His Father, God. He was God, all that will ever manifest as God, in or out of the flesh. There are some who would like to place this great manifestation on a level with mortals. It's their belief, do not condemn them. But that, my friends, can never be. Ye are Gods. You are not the divine, but you are **part** of the Divine."

Mr. B.

MARS AGAIN

"Mars is all stired up over the communication of Earth. Mars gets our quakes thru wireless. No man can declare the whole truth. The waves come from electric contact in ether. Ether is boundless and limitless. It is everywhere. Its track covers the distance between the earth and all planets, and time and space are nothing. Ether being life giving, is nearest to God. It is omnipresent. Ether is just becoming understood by man. And yet he knows practically nothing at all about it. Why, when man learns to chain ether as he does electricity, the wonders he will perform will make electricity seem like a baby's untaught brain in comparison.

"Spirit is locked up in Ether. Spirit is Ether and Ether is Spirit. Once given the key, man will let loose the secrets of the universe and open the door of the Spiritual Kingdom. Then death will lose its horror. Then God's kingdom will have come, and His will done upon earth. Man must bow his head in the presence of such great Truth. The people of Mars have a spirit same as we. They have to work much harder than earth people. It's harder to keep alive. They have much less time for trivial things. Mars has little moisture from the fact that the planet is mostly land. The lines you see, from earth, are deep and wide channels for holding water.

Work on these never ceases. They dry out quickly. They are signalling all the time now and every one on Mars works, and all have equal property. They have homes as earth people do. They are interested in the planet Earth. (Much more was told us about Mars that I have no record of.)

Mr. B.

"The question was asked. 'Why are not prayer meetings better attended?'

Ans. "Because they do not satisfy. Men's minds are turning to this greater Truth. Men in the next generation will invent a little electrical machine with records which will record thought. Inventors now have the principle, but do not know it."

"When you get here and see what a delight it is just to live, you will not wish for earth, at all with all its dirt and filth, both physical and mental. And yet no one goes far afield. That is, worlds are one, and heaven is all around. This life is a busy life and those who wish for idleness would better not come here. Every one works. You will be busy enough here.

Ques. "Do what we like to do?"

Ans. "Yes, it is life to be able to do the things one loves to do. It is a source of great amusement to us to see the surprise of some who come here. All kinds of people. Some are very tiresome. But remember, the trees have not two leaves alike.

"Unity in spirit is unity of purpose. You two can do little apart, (Mrs. B. and Mrs. Staley). You will grow closer in friendship, as the years go by. Your works will be manifest in the development of your family and your friends. When you are able to overcome, which you will be, you will become a writer of the experiences which you have had. **When the shadows fall and you are in the quiet of life, you will do this with all earnestness.**"

(This prophecy has come true. The shadows have fallen and truly the quiet time of life has come for me, and I am writing these pages.)

"Heaven is a state of being, not a corner.

"You know Mr. W. thot the best must be his, but here he took a very low station from which to learn submission. A very hard thing for him to do. He sees those who seemed to be his inferiors on earth, those low and poor ones to whom to speak was a bending from his high station, and meant only a passing thought. Now he stands with bowed head as they pass by, and loves their slightest attention, and longs to be like them. And this very longing is making him better. But he cannot understand it yet. He wanted the best there, and he wants the best here, so he **must** grow spiritual. But even in that growth with such a motive, he must grow in wrongness to a degree. Untill he grows in the garden of Repentance, he will be selfish still and cannot enter into Holy Things. Thus you have a true picture of the man you once knew. I found him in despair and brought him to you, and you should have seen his surprise at such an opportunity, for he has not been permitted much.

Mrs. H.

The three following messages, given clairaudiently, were most satisfactory and convincing.

M. E. B's Description of Her Passing 1894. "When I was taken out of the world I just passed through a great fold of some kind of drapery as it seemed to me. As I passed beneath it, it seemed to drag across my face and felt very heavy. It gradually grew lighter and softer like down. My eyes had before seemed shut so tight, but my eyelids began to loosen as the covering became lighter and I felt someone holding my hand. I was sure that it was you, but I somehow felt that you were sorry that I was happy and you were not there. I spoke to you but I did not think you quite heard me; and when you thought I had gone away from you forever, I could hear every word you said.

"Well, I soon began to hear sweet music. Then I thought, why had I never heard it before? And I wondered if you heard it too. As I lay half wondering, someone called my name. I thought it was you, but the music stole my attention, and I tried to listen. I felt no

pain, but such a sweet peace stole over me. My hands seemed to close and unclose, and I grasped something and felt something very tender closing over my hand. Then I heard a voice I had never heard before, which sounded like the melting tones of a harp crossed and re-crossed by its own music. Then I rose upon my feet and said, 'Yes' in response to a voice which said 'Are you willing?' Then He knew I was willing for I saw that I was with my savior, and the scene that met my gaze I can never describe.

"Then we lingered for a few moments when suddenly I found He was gone, but had left behind Him such a radiance of glory that I could scarcely bear the sight, and all around me was a company of angels singing and this was the music I had heard.

"There were loved ones wishing to greet me and from one to the other I hastened and they walked with me to the edge of a beautiful stream and told me to listen. I did so and then I heard you all weeping and for three days—your days—I was permitted to stay and comfort you."

E. H. B. to Her Son. 1894. "I was once alone in my house. The beauty was thrilling me with unspeakable power when I saw the glittering draperies of an archway lifted, but before I beheld it, I knew by the feeling of humility, who was there, and I scarcely dared to lift my eyes. But I heard a voice say, 'Daughter, welcome me to your home, as I welcome you to my Father's Home,' and I ran and knelt at His feet. He laid His hand on my head, which is now free from the silver threads you knew, and said, 'Arise, for there is great work. You are to go back to earth and take the tidings of this truth to your loved ones. Are you willing to do this for the sake of Him who you know gave His earthly life for you?'

"Here He led me through the archway, past beautiful growing plants and under paneled ceilings into a room I had not seen before, and showing me a strongly devised vehicle said, 'This, daughter, is the conveyance you will use in your flight back and forth in your visits to earth.'"

From M. E. B. to Her Husband. 1894. "I am sure

that you want to know how I pass my time. I have four sweet angels who are my constant companions, and in our beautiful conveyance, we go from place to place ministering to those about us. We go to earth to help our loved ones left behind. Now you must not judge from this that we are far away, for we are not. Earth and Heaven are one, but you cannot enter here in the flesh, while we with our spiritual bodies can penetrate the veil that hides us from you and go where we will, although we are not permitted to see all the sin of the world.

"We are allowed to help those who are striving to do good, and we assist those out of Christ by just the kind of influence you are receiving now. I have been the means of saving eighteen souls and influencing many others for good.

"I take these little cherubs who are my constant companions and we sail away by ourselves to enjoy the quiet of after-work, the serenity and calm of perfect peace, and rest. We seek the treasured places, the description of which is impossible to me. And there we linger and dream and listen to the enchanting music of the heavenly songsters, blended with the thrilling notes of invisible bands, and then all will grow slowly away from us and the distance sends again the vibrations of faintest music, which just quivers and seems to come in waves so soft and mellow that we can feel them as they touch our closed eyelids; and then we lie down and dream of what we know to be Heaven all about us.

"In these beautiful bowers are growing gorgeous flowers, not like yours, and yet just like them. They seem to be here and there and all about us, but whence they come, we know not; yet they are here and send out their perfume. Wherever we are there they are.

"We have trees to rest beneath. They are like your trees, and yet not like them. There is no earth blended with their growth. There are ever changing forests here. Nothing remains the same long. We are never allowed to become weary of anything. We have homes, houses, real houses; yet you could not find a place for your foot within them. They are like earth houses, and yet not like

them. They are furnished in the most wonderful way, yet nothing remains the same long. We never leave them upon a mission, but what upon our return we find some happy surprise awaiting us, either by way of a gift or a visitor whom we have heard of and are anxious to see, or some soul sits there for whom we have worked, waiting to thank us for what we have done.

"So you see we love our homes and love to hasten our return to them. I have told you these things that you may see me as I am in this glorious life"

While Mr. Staley and I never believed in the subconscious theory, many people do believe that all communications claimed to come from spirit land are but a disgorging of the subconscious mind. Mr. B. has explained the method of communication to my satisfaction, and I send it out hoping it will help some who are not convinced of the authenticity of these messages.

Sept. 1913. "In giving these messages to you, we must use your organs. We play upon them as the musician plays upon his instrument. Having been in the flesh, this is not a difficult thing to do. It is the only way, we can express ourselves to you unless we can materialize. Not all of us can materialize yet. Men are so afraid of this subject. The subconscious mind has even greater potentialities than man dreams of. It is a store house of wonders, and wonder-working machinery; but it has nothing whatever to do with spirit communication, further than to record them after they have been received by the one to whom they are given. We impress the senses, sometimes all of them. The subconscious mind absorbs only the physical, i.e., what pertains to the material world. It is a record, so to speak, of the thoughts and actions of the physical man. We would better not communicate at all than to try to filter our communications through the conglomerate subjective mind, and expect them to come through, pure and clean and true. No, God would never use that channel.

Mr. B."

1913. "Spiritism is to redeem the world. The good work has already begun. Ministers of the gospel, do not be afraid to tell your people what you more than half believe down deep in your hearts. Have a hand in the good work. But don't be one to condemn this, the greatest gift of God at the present time. Help to open the gates. Help to life the veil that has hung too long between Heaven and earth, and all you shall do shall lift your soul higher in these realms above. When you hesitate, think. What was done to the Christ by unbelievers, what to Galileo by unbelievers, what to all great martyrs, by unbelievers. Then see the Christ today. See Joan of Arc today. Ah, my friends, I have come to tell you the voices I heard are speaking again to you, and I beseech you to listen. I am Jeanne d'Arc of France, yes, but of God's Kingdom, too, now. Ah, my poor France."

So far as this communication from Wm. James is concerned, I have nothing to say. I knew very little of Mr. James and his work in a scientific way. I had not thot of him; had not dreamed that he would or could contribute to my book. I was writing a letter to a friend when all at once the writing ceased to be a friendly letter, but I felt a force directing my hand and for a few lines I wrote automatically. When it ceased, I heard a voice which finished the message. The voice then said, 'I am Wm. James.' I give the message just as I received it.

"To all people be it known that this book was given to the world by us here, who failed to convince people of the doctrine, when we were in the flesh. Doubt on, if you will, criticise if you must. You can never stem the tide of belief that will from these pages go forth into the hearts of men. It was ordained of God Himself. Pass judgment if you will, (you cannot avoid the 'judgment of God' upon the wrongs of earth). You cannot escape from the certainty of this great Truth. It brings comfort, as no other doctrine does. It does not affect your relations with any church. It brings your lost ones back.

It brings Heaven into your homes and Christ to your very side. Then why condemn it? I am speaking now to all people the world over. I was not always certain myself. But now, I see and now I know. This greatest of all blessings is at your very door, open and let it in.

William James."

Since this message came, a spirit calling himself Wm, James has spoken and said, "Tell brother Hyslop not to open the cryptogram." This was the sum and substance of the message. I tried to question him but he did not reply.

It seems to me that the description by Lieut. King is one of the clearest I have ever received. His account of the manner of his death does not quite tally with the real facts regarding it. But in a later conversation he told me that that was the last he saw, before the missile of death struck him down. I do not quite understand this, but it isn't the first mystery that has confronted me since I began conversations with the inhabitants of the spirit world.

"You have spoken my name. Harold King. Tell my mother I went out upon an errand of mercy, never dreaming I would not go back. I do not know what to tell you first, but think it will interest you if I tell you how I came here. I stooped to lift a boy whose face was in the dirt and the next thing I remember I stood looking at a fellow who looked exactly like myself, only he lay in a hole, with the look of death upon his face. I stooped to turn him over and I felt a queer feeling creeping over me. I stood up and as I did so I realized I was in a different country. I saw two distinct sets of men. Some of them looked as I did, all crumpled up, and some like the fellow who was looking on. That was I. Well, it didn't last long. From the poor broken bodies of men, to thousands of those who were clean, was quite a step. But here we were. We looked into each other's faces and wondered what had struck us. Our first thought was that we were taken prisoners, but soon found that that

was not the case. Just then we heard a command and we stood at attention. I took the word from my higher officer, and gave the command 'Forward' and we started; but where? The whole expanse spread before us was peopled with men who never went around an object, but straight thru it. I thought, 'What does it all mean?' I felt so queerly but we kept on marching, and in the far distance we saw a great gate open. Not one of us had spoken a word. I realized that I heard no sound of marching feet. I thought 'How strange.' I glanced down the line and I never saw such a glow upon the faces of marching men. In battle they were black with dirt and grim. But these faces were clean and shining with a radiance I had never seen. Even then I did not know we had passed out of our bodies, and none of them knew. I had no desire to give a command when I saw rising before us a great white wall. On we went, all in a body, in perfect order, no head apparently, but we did not seem to need one. By and by we saw the wall had not hindered us. We had passed it without knowing it. All this time a beautiful light had been spread over us. Not like any light you ever saw mother, and it has never left us. All at once we began to draw away from each other. We all bore a smile upon our faces. I began to feel a strong Presence, and a voice said, 'Fear not, you have finished your earth life, and it is best so.'

"And Mother dear, you must believe it. I cannot tell you all, for words cannot express it, but believe me, I am happy. And now when you and I meet, you will see a very different boy. But you will know me. I shall meet you mother. You are comfortable now, Mother, and if you wish to make me happy, just enjoy everything you can. Visit your friends, be cheerful, and whatever you do, do not rebel because I had to come here, for it is the grandest thing that could ever have happened to me. I died the death I wished to die, I gave my life for my country and for the greatest and most glorious cause, and I am proud. God is very merciful, and I was young. When one gives his life, it is all one can do. So you see I gave my all. I am busy in things spiritual, and now Mother

give your life to God, doubt not. It is all true. There is a Heaven, there is a Christ, and I am here. You begin to make your own Heaven while on earth, for your Heaven is within you. It is mighty easy to have Hell. But Oh, Mother dear, how such souls suffer here. Remorse, remorse, is Hell. I had so much sentiment in me and you know how I longed to give it expression, and I often made mistakes. I should have been more thoughtful of you, but through it all I loved you, and now I see only that you are my mother, and that my inheritance must mean nothing now to you or me. I'm just plain Harold, and your boy. Now we start a new communication, you and I. I shall always be with you, and I know all you do, and I shall help you. Don't worry. Now enjoy life all you can, for by doing so you will help me to advance. Otherwise you hinder me. We will be together here some day.
Good bye, Harold."

Harold King was First Lieutenant, Company F, 126th Infantry, 32nd Division, American Army.

CHAPTER XXI

A last word of my beloved husband, then I lay down my pen, feeling I have done what I can to bring the great tidings of the wonderful truth he lived by so many years, and the way he was led step by step in his life work.

Sometimes my husband would, as he expressed it, pack a sermon full of spiritism, but he was very tactful and careful to tell it in such a way that it did not seem what its "dreadful name" would indicate. Invariably, after such a sermon, the people would come to him with faces beaming and tell him how his sermon had helped them, and it was 'just what they believed.' The memory of just this sort of thing is helping to make it all the more sad now that he is gone; that he should have been denied the privilege of telling the story so dear to his heart. The story that told of the forces that had made his own life a splendid one. He knew what it would do for others and yet he must not tell them about it.

About three years previous to my husband's passing from this life, Mr. B. said to him, "My son, you are not going to remain in Manistee much longer. You are going to a Higher Field. God has a greater work than this for you to do. You are going to be called higher." Once Mr. Staley said, "What do you suppose he means? Where do you think we will go?" Never dreaming of our separation. Indeed God has called him to a Higher Field. Now he is free to say anything he will, without fear of causing adverse criticism. He stepped into that Higher Field, full of confidence and trust. It was not a strange land to him. His last words were, "Don't worry, I'm going home." It was indeed home to him. He had lived so near that home for so many years all unafraid, he made entrance there, only to meet his Savior face to face, with words of love and commendation. It was just what he

always wished and now he comes to me, as others came to him and me, and gives me encouragement and comfort, without which my life would be lonely indeed.

On April 1, 1915, Mr Staley passed out of this life and stepped into the Home he had builded for himself beyond the veil. April ninth he came to me and spoke. This is what he said to a dear friend who was with me at the time. "Well, sister, you heard me." Meaning she thought and felt he was near. To me he said:

"Now I am here and talking to you on earth. Oh, Mela, you are brave and it makes me happy. And the children are with you, so am I. Now I will tell you about it as I promised. I just stepped into another room and there was Claudia and Mr. B., mother and father, and they greeted me and said I was welcome. I did not see Mr. Wentz, but I saw him just before I 'cut loose,' and then I felt a great Presence and it had been with me before I saw anyone else. It came closer and I was enveloped in a stream-like cloud of mist and in the midst I stood waiting, not knowing what would come next, then I heard the sweetest voice I ever heard and it said, 'Come I have been waiting for you, and your work is ready and you have only to begin.' I had no thought of what it was, or where. But, my love, rejoice when I tell you there are choirs here that sing the hallelujahs of praise to 'Christ the King' and I have one of those. Oh yes, because my soul is a praiseful soul. You remember dear, how I used to hear music all the time, and how I was constantly singing to myself? They were calling me, that was why. We go from place to place, and wherever we go, like barnacles on a ship's bottom, souls of earth are picked up and saved. And the ones we save are the great ones of earth. Now Christ had me by the hand when I awoke here and like a brother, clung to me. I struggled to free myself, not feeling worthy. But soon He took me softly in His arms and held me close and my fear all departed. I will tell you more sometime."

Then to Dr. Beale, his dearest friend, who had come to perform this last loving service for him, he said, "Charles, you did yourself proud, there in my pulpit. I

stood there awhile, then seated myself upon the front seat, in front of my suffering wife, and held her hand. I was there. That hymn, 'How Firm a Foundation,' (his favorite hymn), rang thru these courts like a grand chorus for we all joined in. I thank every one for their kindness to my wife. And to you Brother, I can only say, 'God bless you.' You were a wonderful comfort to her, my wife, and what you said of me, well, it was enough.

"Tell B. B. he is a 'prince,' and too good a fellow to leave in the woods. So I am delegated to blaze the way out for him, and he will know no peace till then. And all his kindness will be rewarded by a glorious home.

"And now sister, you are in reality a sister, and you have a home here, which I wish you could see. Go on doing good, and your entrance will be met by Christ Himself.

Ques. "How long did they know you were coming?"

Ans. "A long time, for I was a sick man for two years."

J. J. Staley."

"My dear wife: There are so many things I wish to tell you. Some are so great I cannot express them in words. Can't you help to realize the things of this life over here if I tell you just the little my human side can reveal to you? Oh, try! There are many more good people in the world than men know about. What they really are is scarcely ever known. What men knew of me was not what I really was. My weaknesses did not express my goodness and so it is with all men. Mortals try very little to see how good a man is, but rather how bad he is. Here, thank God, only the good is seen and all that is known of the evil we did is crushed out and made to harm us no more. A spirit is much more real than mortals, no evil is here.

"Our communication here is without criticisms, and when we see puny mortals brace themselves against the obedience to God's laws, it is as the strength of the ant to move away the rock of Gibraltar; just as absurd. Here we obey the slightest command and our lives move on

in perfect accord with everything that is good. We aren't changed in form my dear. You'll know me the moment you enter here. All the difference there is, is that we have no blemishes; and as we grow in goodness, we grow beautiful, and still more beautiful. There are no old people here, no ugly ones.

"I am just beginning to explore here and have found many surprises. There is an entrance to my home here on every side, and all wide open. Some choose to keep their entrances closed, but they get over that as time goes on and they learn that they cannot shut out God. A small soul on earth is a small soul here, and they sometimes grow very slowly, but they grow. I am often in Manistee among the old friends there. Once in a while one feels me and says so to himself. I have seen and conversed with many great men. I mean the really great. You know there is a difference in being thought to be great, and being really great.

"I hear the call, and I must go.

J. J. Staley."

The minister's love for his church was boundless, altho he never resorted to those platitudes that rise so glibly to the lips of some, he was always ready with words of cheer and sincere praise where called for. His sympathy was ever ready and freely given to those in distress. He loved children and they loved him.

"Let me talk to my church. In this little book you will learn all about that part of my life I had to hide from you. I do not know why it had to be, but my dear friends, God led me and I was a better man because of the belief I held so sacredly. I longed to enlighten you. Sometimes, when in my pulpit, I would feel a strong, almost irresistible impulse to open it all up to you. But my soul saw the danger and I was not allowed to speak. I rejoice that you can read this book. I rejoice that my dear wife has given it to the world. Some of you will believe and be greatly helped by it. Others of you will still question and reject this truth, and your souls have all the

harder work to do after you come here. One by one, my people are coming here, and some of them, it grieves me to say, are struggling to free themselves from the old bonds that bound them.

"Mrs. Salling is a sweet, free spirit that we all love. Brother Deacon Wardwell is the happiest soul you can imagine. Mrs. Hall is everywhere present, and never ceases to minister to those who need her. Eloise is here too, a sweet spirit. We often get together and go among you and have a good time, and it doesn't seem so strange either. We see and know you all, just as you are, and we work together for your good. You are all very dear to me and I appreciate all your kindness to me and my wife, and from this side of the Veil, I can minister to you as I could not when I was with you.

"The young man who came to take my place as pastor has done well, and his work shall never die. It is not easy for him. But you have understood. But you cannot keep him long. Yes, I am often beside him in the old pulpit. God bless you.

"Your former pastor, and doubly your friend.
J. J. Staley."

With a friend I had had some conversation about the good one might do had one the disposition to do it. We had spoken of how people often seek only to have a good time, or what they call a good time, and do not see the good they might do others.

"Because one goes to church twice a day and prays 'without ceasing' is no sign that one is fit to die. You remember it is the doers of His Works that get the approval of the Almighty God. And every act of mercy or kindness of any kind is recorded here and is all to the credit of the doer. Go on and have your good time, but be careful what kind of a good time you have. It is not a good time if you do aught to besmirch your soul. No use to wait till darkness shall hide your actions. There is no darkness here. We see it all and often warn you of the dreadful results to follow. There is the old saying 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' This saying is most assuredly true. And do not forget, you who pos-

ness talent and wealth and opportunities, numberless, that much is expected of you and how Christ longs for you to help Him.

"This Truth should be taught as any truth is taught, beginning with the children as soon as they are able to understand. Teach them that death is a natural thing and not to be dreaded. Then the fear of death will disappear and people will live longer on earth and their lives will be full of good works; for they know it is known and seen by the Heavenly Hosts. Fear is a killer. The fear of death; the dread that accompanies it, makes more people grow old and die early than any other thing. They will learn then not to fear disease and this will help to preserve the body. If you should ask many people, most people, if they fear death, more than likely they would say no. But tell them that they will die in a few hours, and see the effect upon them. Even then you cannot see what we see, as the heart bounds with fear, and a shudder of very death itself goes thru them. Oh, yes, most people fear death.

J. J. Staley."

"Dear Mela: It will not be so long until the earth world will be a free world. The change for good has already started and God's plan is surely working out. You remember how we wondered at some of the messages we received. It was so hard for them to write at first for neither we nor they were strong enough to enable them to do very much. Some seemed so childish. I must tell you that my grandmother wrote what she called 'Life's Reverie.' Dear woman, it was what she wished for me and took that way to tell me. A great many were given under difficulties which made them very imperfect. But oh, aren't you glad we listened to the voices, Mela?

"There are a great many changes to come to the world this twentieth century. Some will come with a rush and some will come after a hard battle, but come they must. God has made earth a good world and He isn't going to leave it to go on to destruction. Men must learn that nothing but brotherly love will count for one

cent. Selfishness and greed have got to go. You are being cared for, dear.

J. J. S."

Reverend Staley was a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Mystic Shrine, and to the noble men of that order I am deeply indebted for many kindnesses shown me.

MESSAGE TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE MASONIC FRATERNITY, FROM MR. STALEY

1916. "I wish to write to the boys at the Temple. Will you let them know? I'm sure they want to hear from me even if it does seem sort of out of place and uncanny. I am more alive than any of them as they will find some day. The way they did things helped them up the ladder here a long way. Say all they may against the Masonic order, it's sanctioned here, and that is enough for us. I am glad I was a Mason; even glad I was a Shriner. You see we read the hearts boys, and all those other things are not so bad if the heart isn't bad. But it is best to 'cut out' some of the things that your hearts do not approve of. You'll stand a much better chance here. You can't hide anything from the people over here. It is all open and known and when a fellow thinks he is securely entrenched behind his outward life, he is very much mistaken. You can not do it boys. Why if you could see the band that follows you about everywhere you go, trying to keep you in the straight and narrow way, you'd think a long time before you would do the things you sometimes do. This does not apply to you, any more than to any other man. It is so all over the universe. I am not ashamed of my work there in Manistee; but I am sorry I did not do more for those about me. It is a mighty good thing that God gives us a chance here or we would be in a sorry state.

"It seems perfectly natural for me to be here now. At first, I was crazy with dread and fear; but I was blessed with more than some and I love the work I am doing.

"And now you listen, and sometime you will hear my voice among you, for you are all dear to me, and I love still to meet you. Mr. Wentz is often in your meetings. We have a Shrine here too. Not quite so hilarious as the ones you have there, but it is a glorious Shrine where we worship and commune with the Saints. You will see it some day.

"I am not a glorified mortal yet, but I am happy in the privileges I enjoy; and the mercy of God has been great toward me. I can see you all and I wish I could take you by the hand and look into your faces, or rather that you might look into my face, for I can see yours. I cannot name you all, but just to show you I have not forgotten, I'm going to name Tom of the cue, and Harry and George, and Alex and Allen and Frank and Dock and Harve. Now, who is talking to you? I must not say too much. I shall come to you just as tho I had my physical body, and now I thank you for everything.

John J. Staley."

CONCLUSION

Little did I think when receiving these messages, some of them over thirty years ago, that the time to publish them would be fulfilled in my day. But the interest in spirit communication has awakened since the translation of thousands of souls in the World War, and I have given out these messages of former times to comfort those who are struggling for consolation during these trying days of numberless separations.

A. F. S.

FEAR NOT

“Sunset and evening star” will come
Yet fear ye not the dark.
The sunrise of eternity
Where pure love’s holy light
Shines in the soul of every man,
Will soon blot out the night.
For not that thing called death, I say.
There is no death of soul.
Ye are but being born again
Into a higher plane.

Helene G. Sheldon.