

WHAT NEXT?

Dictated by

"C. N."

thru the pencil of

ETHEL P. HILL



Bon Voyage

AUTHOR'S EDITION

Illustrated by
CORINNE MALVERN

1927

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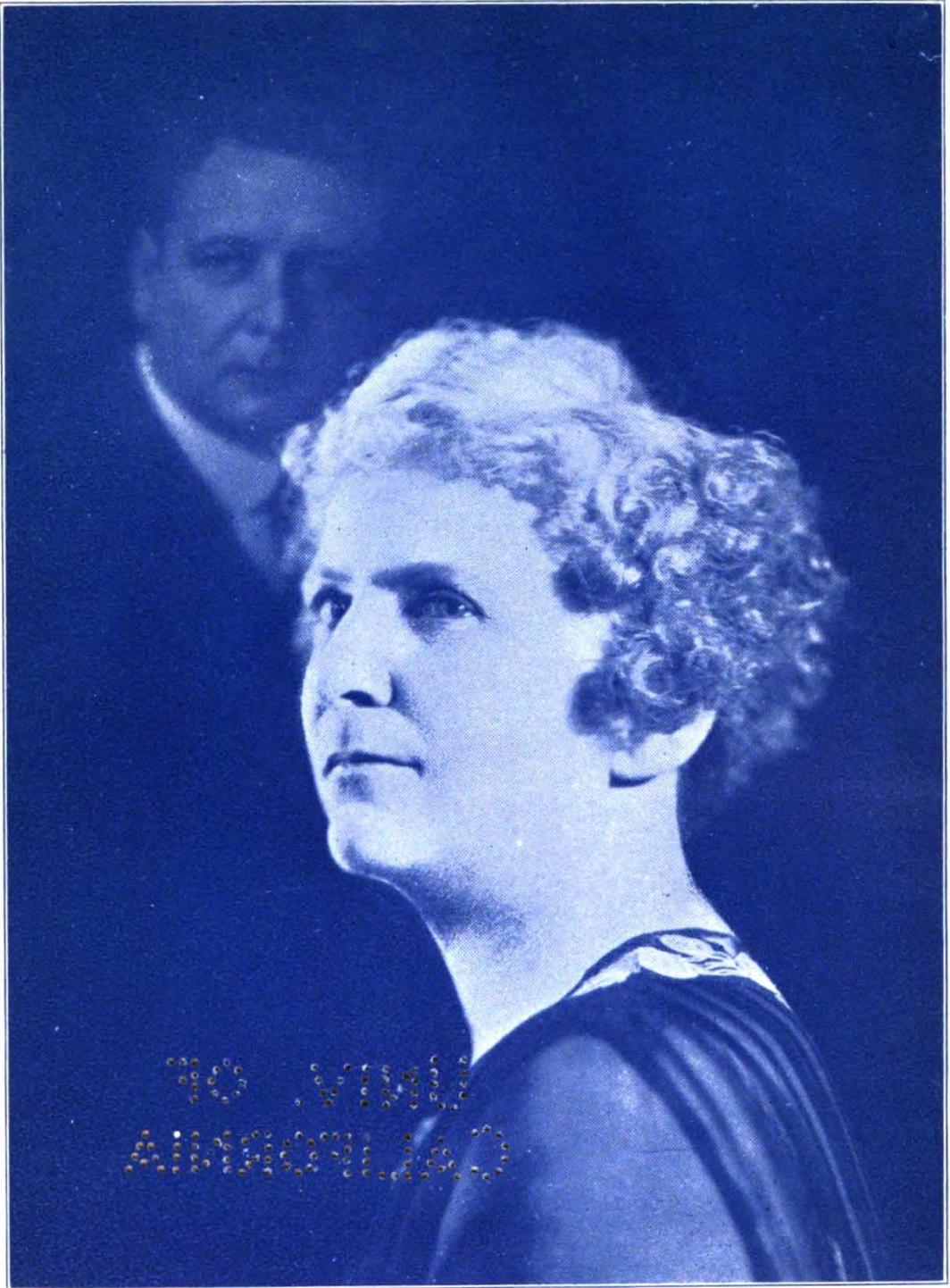
First line, page 18, should read: My chief aim in
thus addressing—

Twelfth line, page 118, should read: spirit flashes
with the fleeting glory—

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TO THE
ADMINISTRATIVE

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Spirit Picture of "C. N.", the Spirit Author
and ETHEL P. HILL, the Receiver
of the Message "WHAT NEXT"

THE NEW
ALPHABET

Copyrighted 1927
by
Chas. W. Callaway
Ethel P. Hill
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DEDICATION

I will dedicate the book to all who feel the divine urge toward a greater harmony of thought and a greater charity and consideration between those who desire to help instead of hindering the final appearing of the Christ and the establishment of his kingdom upon earth.

This should cover every Christian religion by whatever name men call it.

“C. N.”

662645

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Much credit is due to those who so ably assisted in the preparation of this book.

Mrs. Ella York, San Jose, Calif. Rev. Elizabeth R. Courtney, pastor of Central Spiritualist Church of Los Angeles, Calif. Dolly Callaway of San Jose, Calif. Mr. Soreboe of Hollywood, Calif., the photographer. For the beautiful cover page and all the illustrations accompanying each chapter we are especially indebted to Miss Corinne Malvern and her wonderful ability as an artist, also of Los Angeles, Calif.

Cosmos Publishing Co.

PREFACE

“There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life is of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.”

—Longfellow.

Phenomena must still serve as proof of the continuity of life, the bed-rock upon which the superstructure of a spiritual philosophy is built. *Other-world testimony* is imparative as sign that there is another world than this, that conscious life survives death. The dove going forth over the waste of waters must bring back the olive leaf to prove that a world of verdure and reality exists. The voyager to distant islands of the sea returns with some products of the new found country. The ladder at Jacob's pillow, upon which the angels of the ancient ascended and descended, has never been drawn back into heaven. Every human gateway, through which intelligence from Beyond is transmitted, is crowned by those arisen spirits who yearn to reach their loved-ones, as also every other soul in need. The PHENOMENA proves to the honest investigator after TRUTH and FACT, that there is a “Psychic Gateway” of interchange with the *Spirit-world*.

To be of value a thing must be KNOWLEDGE, not mere belief. It MUST be a knowledge based upon logical inferences from facts. More evidence and a more positive demonstration is required upon the question, “If a man die, shall he live again,” than upon any other

question. This is the question that is being pondered over and over in the minds of all who *think*, regardless of their station in life or religious affiliations. Many would give ALL they possess to be assured beyond a doubt that conscious life survives *death*. Lay aside ALL your bias, all prejudice and enter upon the reading of the message, "What Next?" with an open mind—It may light the great abyss that seems to lie just in front of *you*.

There is no necessity for any mortal to fear the process called death; it is never painful in its natural way. The spirit of John McCullough said, "I seemed to be bourne away in the arms of friends, and felt the arms of their love about me, for LOVE in the spirit-world is something tangible." Death is dreaded simply because of ignorance born of FEAR.

The Spirit-world bends toward you, yearning to lift you into a higher plane of vibration. It calls to you, 'Come up, come up higher,' and instead of making effort to meet these spirit helpers in their own realm of consciousness, you persistently reply, 'Come down, come down, give us another proof that you can come down,' and so you grovel in the material plane of phenomena, giving small attention to growth in spiritual realization, to the unfoldment of soul possibilities.

Never mean to draw any spirit down to your plane of development. Bring your spirit life *up* in harmony of vibration with the influence above.

Mediumship (much misunderstood, maliciously maligned, and most shamefully mis-

used) is a beautiful gateway leading through soul unfoldment to the wisdom of the sphere. Mediumship is a God-given and beautiful thing, for the purpose of illuminating this dark world and uplifting and instructing humanity. It throws a flashlight into the so-called future; and certainly that man is best qualified to act who walks in the light of the Spirit—to whom spiritual revelation is indeed a lamp unto his feet and a light upon his path.”

Do your own *thinking* — “There is something in the immortality of thought that time can never touch.” Strong and mighty is the man or woman who has outgrown the prejudice and fear of ridicule and the personality of ordinary humanity into the birthright of immortal consciousness.

* * * *

Thought transference is a demonstrated FACT.

Automatic writing is a *scientific truth* and there is no phase of mediumship, other-world contact if you please, more dependable.

“All things can be proved, if we obtain the facts and comprehend the laws.”

“The facts must be self-evident, or demonstrable to our senses; and, the number of senses must *not* be limited by *our* experiences.”

“As spirit is conscious of its consciousness, we, therefore assume as a self-evident fact, that:

Individual life *is*; and, that:

Individual life manifesting through human organism is a spirit.

Is the theory of spirit return scientific?

Does it best explain *all* the facts?

Can *all* the facts be referred to any other theory?"

It does not so much concern us to know from *whence* came life, as to be assured of its *continuity* and the *conditions* under which it progresses.

It is important to *know* that it does *not* end with the termination of our existence *here*. To know that it continues as a *personal, individualized* entity; that it continues as a *sentient, thinking, remembering* ego, as now, is of value to *all*. To know this fact *now*; to know something of the conditions of the *next* existence; to acquire some of the essentials for a fair start in that existence is of great value to us *all*.-----

These are a *few* of the reasons and the ultimate purpose of the Spirit Author, here known as "C. N.", the receiver of this message, Ethel P. Hill, of Los Angeles, California, the Publishers and distributors.

Cosmos Publishing Co.

Chas. W. Callaway.



CONTENTS

Introduction	12
Foreword	18
Chapter 1—The Awakening	21
Chapter 2—Light	30
Chapter 3—Laughter	33
Chapter 4—Fear	39
Chapter 5—Substance	43
Chapter 6—Wisdom	47
Chapter 7—Love	54
Chapter 8—Welcome	60
Chapter 9—Art	64
Chapter 10—Desire	69
Chapter 11—Work	74
Chapter 12—Originality	80
Chapter 13—Longing	85
Chapter 14—Workmanship	90
Chapter 15—Veracity	96
Chapter 16—Morality	100
Chapter 17—Heredity	105
Chapter 18—Beauty	110
Chapter 19—Mentality	115
Chapter 20—Winning Immortality	120
Conclusion	125

INTRODUCTION

When a new book claims the attention of the public and challenges their judgment on its merits the enquiry becomes inevitable, "Who is the Author? What claims has he upon the public? What fitness to discuss the particular theme involved? And what justification can be offered for adding another to our overcrowded book shelves of today?"

It is to answer in part these enquiries that this Introduction is penned.

The book is born into the mortal realm, as all inspired books are, through the mental activities of one who, has in dying escaped death, and who finds himself through his experiences in the spirit realm prepared to give to his mortal friends and brothers a message of cheer and instruction through a human instrument on the earth-plane by what is called Automatic Writing.

The Author of this book "What Next?" some few years ago joined "the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm" of the so-called dead, not as one who, wearied neath his threescore years and ten, "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," but, as he tells us, was "catapulted suddenly" out of a strenuous life of varied public activities "into eternity."

His mind had vigorously repelled the figu-
12

rative and fantastic concepts the average man holds concerning the spirit world. The dreamy haze of etheric bliss," with its golden streets, pearly gates, and winged angels, never appealed to this man of parts, with his numerous business activities and interesting social engagements. So he evaded the topic in conversation, and like the multitude of men ignored the whole question of the future.

He was an American, ardent and enthusiastic, and, for a considerable time in his country's service, rejoicing in the large liberty, fuller privileges and greater possibilities of American citizenship. For a considerable time he occupied a highly responsible position.

As he had never been conversant with Spiritualistic thought and literature or identified in any way with Spiritualism, and his people are of the Orthodox school of thought, his name is necessarily withheld from the public.

About his past he does not tell us much, but among the few important things he gives us are the following: the future had always been "shrouded in impenetrable mystery to him;" he belonged to "the strictly moral but unspiritual and unimaginative type of man;" "Men known and trusted all over the civilized world honored me with their friendship;" he assures the readers of his message in the book: "I am every whit as real and every bit as sincere in my motives and actions now" as before the transition; his purpose in the book is to describe to the best of his ability in words understandable to mortals "what actually occurred" to him since leaving the earth life.

Of himself in the new life of the spirit world, the larger, fuller, diviner and more intensified life, he tells necessarily much, since, after meeting and recognizing his father and other friends of his earth life, he becomes the interrogator, the deeply interested pupil and disciple, and is led forth by them to view this land of beauty with its happier conditions and nobler institutions and ever-widening fields of knowledge and interesting pursuits.

Of his Co-Worker on the earth-plane, the wonderfully endowed woman who received and penned the message, and without whom the book had been an impossibility, we must give the reader a few salient facts. Her portrait and name will be found in the book.

Like the Unseen Inspirer on the spirit side of life, up to a year or so ago the Future Life was an enigma and the subject of Spiritualism and the inter-communion of the two worlds, received no attention from her. She was not interested in these subjects, attended no Spiritualist Services, had never been at a seance, was living a life of utter indifference to these matters. The beginning of her interest was a strange feeling of uneasiness in her arm, unusual, persistent and unaccountable. Then a flood of strong thoughts on her mind—ideas, impressions and in some cases, a connected line of thought.

This puzzled and amazed her. She began to question herself about her health. Was her brain working properly, or was there something not just right with her mentality? Talking to a friend in confidence she was advised

that Automatic Writing usually comes to some people in this way, and told to hold a pencil in her hand and wait and, doing so, soon found herself in communication with an intelligence claiming to be discarnate and wishing in this way to send out his message to mortals.

When the book was finished, she and Mr. C. W. Callaway, a Teacher, Author, Publisher, and an adept in putting educational books into large circulation met, apparently by chance, in a public meeting and were introduced. Mr. Callaway being an ardent believer in the Spiritual Philosophy and the open door of communication between the mortal and the spirit realm and being captivated with the style and subject matter of the book, an arrangement was soon consummated for putting the manuscript into book form; and so the work goes forth to the world, inspired by the Arisen Brother of the Unseen Realm, penned by the gifted Psychic whose wonderful powers were unknown to herself and the world a short time ago, and will be pushed into large circulation through the harmonious working of Mr. C. W. Callaway and his company.

At first it was only contemplated that the picture of the writer, Mrs. Ethel P. Hill, should appear in the book. But Mr. "C. N.," the inspiring intelligence of the book, expressed a wish to Mrs. Hill that she would sit for a photo and said that he would come upon the picture. A little later he wrote, "Will you have the photo taken as soon as you can? You don't know what you are missing. "A little

later he wrote, "If you want to know what I look like why don't you have our picture taken? After the picture is taken there will be more to talk about." So it was decided to sit for a photo.

There was difficulty in finding a professed spirit photographer. Then came word through a lady friend that a gentleman had had a photo taken by a Mr. Soreboe, a photographer of Hollywood, and that unexpectedly a spirit face was found upon it. So it was agreed to try Mr. Soreboe, but he could not be found, having moved away. After locating him with difficulty he was called up and an engagement was made without mention of the special purpose in view. Calling on him the day appointed he was told the purpose in view was to obtain a spirit photo. Mr. Soreboe affirmed he did not believe a spirit photo possible—he was not a Spiritualist. He would, however, make a photograph in the regular way as a matter of business. When the picture was finished Mr. Soreboe was astonished and friends interested in the book were delighted, because a spirit face appeared on the picture and that face has been identified by some who knew "C. N." in earth life and declared a fine likeness of him.

It is significant that so deep is the interest created by these facts among the few hundred people to whom they have become known that a considerable portion of this first edition has been sold before a word of the book was typed.

The book has a great mission and will help dispel the fear and foreboding of multitudes

in the thought of death. It will replace "the dreamy haze of etheric bliss" by concrete facts of actual experience in spirit life and bring joy and comfort to thousands in the demonstrated fact that our departed friends are consciously living the diviner life, not "far, far away" but in communicable distance of their sorrowing earth friends who wait to join them in our "Father's many-mansioned Home."

B. F. Austin.



FOREWORD



MY CHIEF AIM is thus addressing the public through the medium of the press is a sincere desire to allay the fears and forebodings of mortals who possess, as I did but a short time ago, a thorough distaste for things that savored of visionary and unprovable theory. I have always been of a strictly moral but unspiritual and unimaginative type.

Picture, then, my surprise when, in the midst of a strenuous life devoted to a variety of activities in business and social life on the earth plane, I found myself suddenly catapulted, as you might say, into Eternity!

It is one thing to say, "I don't know what comes after death and prefer not to indulge in any fantastic imaginings on such a disproportionately far away and unnecessary subject," and quite another to be brought right into the middle of this higher plane and allowed to investigate and discover for myself those practical, everyday facts about this next existence which had always to me been shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Golden streets and pearly gates and angels with their wings and harps had never presented to my mind a state of existence compatible with the instincts and necessities of any man's practical, workaday nature and desires.

I refused to even attempt to picture myself

floating about in a dreamy haze of etheric bliss doing nothing but twanging a tune nobody in their right senses could possibly enjoy hearing if it resembled in the slightest degree my earthly attempts at melody. So I politely evaded the subject in conversation and sidetracked my mind when it showed a tendency to wander in that direction.

Had I ever read a plain, sensible account of what had happened to someone I knew on their arrival in the country you call Heaven, it would have been of most absorbing interest—providing I had placed the slightest credence in its authenticity.

Recalling these facts so recently true in my own life, I have determined to attempt to describe to the best of my ability in words understandable to mortals, what actually occurred to me after leaving that life with its intensely interesting problems and mundane activities equally controlled by the conscious working of a more or less active and efficient brain developed along lines of business achievement. The manner in which this has become possible will be treated in its proper sequence as my story proceeds.

Of my own identity it is not necessary to specify otherwise than a general statement that men known and trusted all over the civilized world honored me with their friendship and confidence during my sojourn on that plane and, since I assure you I am still every whit as real and every bit as sincere in my motives and actions now, you will be quite safe in following their example to the extent of reading and

believing the truth of the facts set forth in this volume.

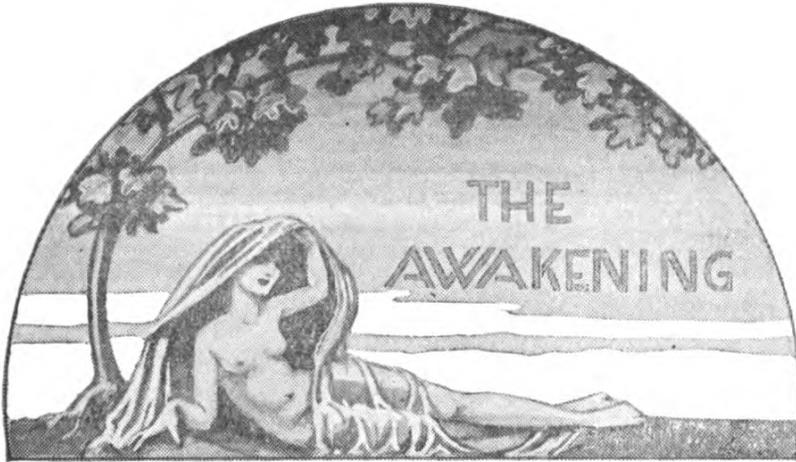
It is, therefore, with confidence I dedicate this volume to those who, not satisfied with visionary unrealities, crave a solid, concrete example of what they may expect upon the termination of their earthly existence.

To all such I send greetings and a hearty wish for their corresponding pleasure in all of the very real and most vividly interesting activities of this higher plane they must some day enter, whether they are planning for the transition or not.

Why not learn the truth and so make it a matter of joyful anticipation?

“C. N.”





CHAPTER ONE



MY STORY STARTS, naturally, where most stories end—at The Great Divide. At a time when all my earthly activities were at their peak, when the earth life held for me much of the success for which men strive with tireless energy, the sudden summons came! I stood with reluctant feet upon the brink of Eternity!

With half-averted eyes I contemplated the unwelcome prospect of a complete change of scene and environment. My body was undergoing the painful accompaniments of a most severe form of pneumonia.

The most merciful feeling of peace and rest stole over me. I sank into a profound slumber. My spirit took its leave of my pain-racked physical body and I rested for a period of many days upon a couch of soft silken fabric such as women love to use to fashion their negligees.

Not in the least like the rough blankets the doughboys slept in on the battlefields of France.

Such a chap slept beside me. Imagine the contrast for him. To sink into the death coma amid the horror and din of a hideous nightmare of death and destruction and find himself so suddenly conveyed, with no jolting, torturing ambulance, to the peaceful, restful silence of these chambers of repose.

Almost imperceptibly my eyes were unveiled and the beauty of this wonderful place was slowly revealed to me. There was no fear in my consciousness, only a mighty wonder at the naturalness of the new powers I slowly discovered I possessed and a great thankfulness that instead of being deprived of any of my cherished powers of thought and action, they were every one intensified to an almost incredible degree.

I spoke to the lad who slept beside me to assure myself that what I saw and felt was not a dream.

He answered with the same awe and unbelief in his tone.

“Why, I actually seem to be alive after all!” he said. “I heard them say I was dying but this isn’t death. No, siree! There’s no death here!”

For some little time we lay there discussing our feelings and voicing our amazement over the beauty of our surroundings. We both felt the same faint sense of dismay at the mere thought that this newly apprehended world in which we found ourselves might fade away and leave us back on our old stamping ground, the material earth where you now live.

We talked, and as we spoke, it was as though veil after veil of almost transparent curtaining was removed until everything stood out clearly and distinctly.

We arose and donned garments of some light material into which we slipped without conscious effort and stepped outside the room where we had found ourselves.

I was not prepared in any way for the sight which greeted our eyes. Spirits, all wearing the same sort of loose, comfortable garments, made pleasant groups here and there. All were evidently quite engrossed in some pursuit which was to them of great interest. There was a pleased and eager look on every face, as though what they were doing and saying was of the utmost importance to them.

As we waited a moment, taking in the pleasant scene, the youth by my side gave a joyous shout and I turned to find him in the midst of a bevy of welcoming spirits each of whom he greeted by name.

While I looked on, thrilled at this happy reunion, I was suddenly conscious of a smiling face close to mine and turning, looked into the eyes of my father, glowing with affection. Although we had been separated for many earth years, it was as though we had parted but the day before.

“I have many, many things to show you, my boy,” he said when the first glad greetings were over. “Knowing you would soon awaken and throw off the earth daze I have invited many of your earth friends newly arrived to meet you at my home.”

“Your home?” I asked, and he laughed at my surprise.

“But, surely, you guessed we had homes!” he said. “How else could we enjoy the pleasant companionship of those we love and where would we spend the hours we devote to study and meditation?”

“Do you still write sermons, and where do you preach?” I asked, for my father had been a minister.

“You shall see for yourself. Come with me!” he answered.

As he spoke I was conscious of a swiftness of motion difficult to describe. Involuntarily I closed my eyes.

“Here we are,” my father announced, and I saw we had entered a garden. It was very beautifully laid out with flowers and trees, spraying fountains and pleasant pathways winding about. But I had scarcely time to notice my surroundings for friends greeted me, welcoming me home and together we all went laughing and chatting gaily to enter the open doorway to my father’s home.

With much pleasure I noted the spaciousness of the cool, quiet room we entered with its inviting chairs, soft carpets, beautiful paintings and especially I noted a picture of my mother, almost living in its realistic beauty, which hung at the far end of the room under a light which shone from somewhere above and shed a rosy glow over the features. Almost it seemed she would speak to me, so exquisitely natural was the pose and coloring.

“She will soon be with us!” my father told

me. "I watch the painting day by day and it grows more beautiful as her spirit nears the time of awakening. She is sleeping in the valley that intervenes between the earth plane and this land of freedom."

"Where is this valley," I asked: "Could we not awaken her?"

But my father said, "No, indeed! She must sleep until she awakens slowly, of her own accord. Her astral body must reach a state of perfection which will permit of her fully entering into our mode of living. She now sleeps in one of the chambers of repose constructed for those in a transitory state. The time varies greatly. Some spend barely a few hours there, as you are in the habit of measuring time; others must remain months or years."

I was deeply moved, for my father had loved my mother with a deep, true affection and the longing in his voice told me his love was unchanged.

With pleasure we conversed with all the friends gathered in honor of my arrival. I was most curious regarding their occupations.

"What do you do here all day?" I asked a young girl I had known very well on the earth plane.

"I do the same things I did on earth, only I do them really well here," she answered, laughing at my surprise.

Later, when the wide hallway was cleared of the friends who drifted away after welcoming me to my heavenly home, my father and I returned to the large, pleasant room he called his den. Knowing his appreciation of fine furni-

ture and beautiful paintings, I was not surprised by this time to note the extravagance of his taste as displayed in the furnishings.

“Not much like the economical makeshifts of your parsonage at W——,” I said.

“No need of economy here, my boy,” he laughed. “Depriving myself of such luxuries would not benefit anyone. When we sacrifice any personal pleasure or comfort here it is for the express purpose of helping someone else. And then it is no sacrifice at all, for we get more pleasure out of seeing them enjoy it than we would from having it ourselves.”

“Sounds quite like a Sunday School lesson,” I commented.

“Just as simple as that, only you have yet to learn that the simplest truths are the most profound.”

“But where did these marvelous things come from? Who made them? What did they cost? If you have no money, how did you pay for them?” The questions fairly tumbled over one another, so intense was my interest in this utterly new scheme of existence.

My father motioned to the table.

“Will you have a drink?” he enquired, with his peculiarly pleasing air of oldtime courtesy.

I looked. There was nothing upon the table which in the least resembled any form of drinkable fluid.

“I asked you a question,” he reminded me, with a certain humorous twinkle I well remembered in his eye.

“Thank you,” I responded, instantly. “It would be refreshing, sir!”

He reached out, raised a glass, or what resembled a glass, full of sparkling water, clear as crystal and bade me drink. I drank. There was a peculiarly refreshing quality about that water, as though it were charged with the elixir of life.

We seated ourselves by an immense window, overlooking a wide expanse of rolling country, dotted with charming homes with gardens and trees, and flitting about, were birds of brilliant hue, singing as they winged their way past our window.

The window was open and gentle breezes wafted to us the fragrance of sweet scented blossoms.

My father waved a deprecating hand. "I cannot offer you a cigar — they are not allowed," he explained.

I made no comment. I was trying to decide in my own mind just how that hand of his differed from a mortal hand. It was visible to my astral eye, yet I knew the form was not as an earthly hand would appear.

Many matters were discussed, personal and private matters, which would not interest you, then the conversation drifted to the subject of astral music. For some time I had been hearing a low, sweet melody of extraordinary beauty, even to my untrained ears.

Perceiving the question in my mind, my father answered.

"It is a little cripple from one of the provinces of Belgium. The twisted body is straight and lovely now. In pain and poverty he kept his spirit brave and his faith undimmed and the music he longed to play, but could not there

find means of expressing, was waiting for him here in this instrument you hear. Even as his astral body was, through his faith and love, made perfect for his habitation before his coming, so was this instrument created by the intensity of his longing to satisfy his desire for music."

My father called; that is, it had that effect. He spoke no word. As I was myself conscious of his desire, so was his thought-wish projected in a flash to the mind of the child, for he came swiftly, bringing with him the curiously constructed instrument, upon which he played.

"Your music is very beautiful, my lad," I said, "What was the name of the selection and who was the composer?"

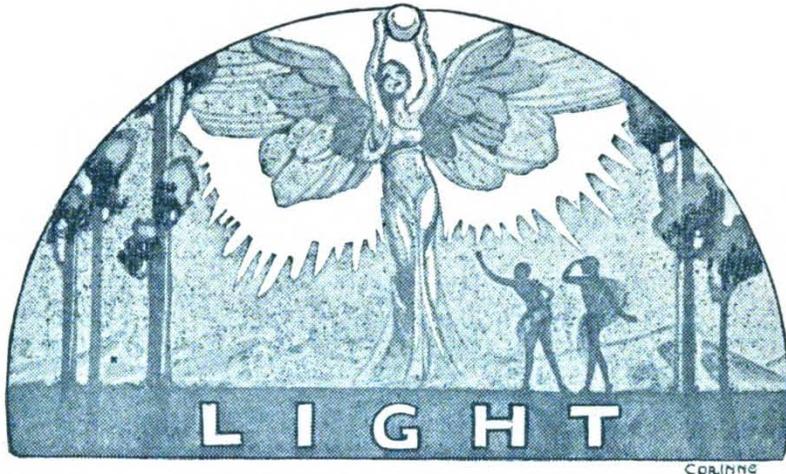
"I was playing for my mother," he explained, eagerly. "I was in the Room of Many Mirrors and I looked until I found my mother. She was very weary, so weary she wished to weep in her loneliness but instead of weeping, she thought of me and smiled. Then I knew she was listening to me with the ears of her spirit, so I played for her my sweetest song and she listened and glad tears came into her eyes. With her spirit mind she heard and understood and said, 'My boy is well and happy now and he can play the music he so loves.' So, you see, she really heard me as you said she would! Her spirit is not deaf any more!"

At the boy's cry of triumph I was struck by the strange paradox. My father tried to make it clear.

"To those who watch from this plane, the real eyes are the eyes of the spirit, the real ears,

the ears of the spirit. Until mortals can see and hear with their spiritual senses, they are to us hopelessly deaf and blind. As you pity one whose physical eyes and ears are useless and set your specialists to work to try and cure him, so we pity those whose spiritual vision is defective and apply curative osteopathy to give them sight and hearing."





CHAPTER TWO



WONDERED, as time passed, why it did not grow dark.

There was a quiet hush as everyone sought their homes for a period of rest and recreation. I thought that soon the rosy glow which lighted everything would fade away and darkness would enshroud the world where I now dwelt.

Again reading my mind, my father spoke.

“There is no night here,” he said. “You remember in the Bible it states distinctly, ‘There shall be no night there but sorrow and sighing shall flee away.’ There will come a time when mortals will begin to actually prove the truth of the facts which they now read with a sort of conscientious dumbness. They seem to think they have to be feeble-minded to accept the Bible truths. The trouble is they lose the connection between the physical and the spiritual.”

I confessed I did not quite catch his meaning.

“We will illustrate with this subject of Light,” he said. “It is a good example of my meaning. When you say ‘Light’ you think of its effect on your physical eye or your astral eye as the case may be. But what is the light itself—the force which produces this effect? It is a series of vibrations. The vibrations produce the effect of which you are conscious as they come in contact with what you call your eye. Your own scientists will admit that. Well then, here we go a step further and by our spiritual advancement we actually increase the rate of vibrations in our own consciousness so that we are sensitive to the finer light vibrations mortals miss entirely with their more obtuse sense of sight. In other words, their anthropic meter will not record vibrations of such rapidity, which we contact with perfect ease. Once the spirit of a mortal is sensitized to these finer light vibrations, his spirit sees with absolute clearness of vision realities which are utter mysteries to one still impervious to the higher rate of vibration. Does that make it any clearer to you?”

“We inadvertently use some apt phrases on the earth plane, then,” I commented. “When we say a man with a good mind and character is ‘fine’ it is a scientifically correct statement!”

“Just so,” my father agreed. “He has by concentrating his attention upon realities so attuned his mind and spirit to their tempo that his own rate of vibrations has automatically increased to meet the power he has contacted.”

“Then, any man who has, as mortals say, ‘a spark of manhood’ may, if he so wills contact

these light vibrations in such a way as to increase his own rate of vibration?"

"He increases his own receptivity!"

"Then what is light to me might be utter darkness to another and visa versa?"

"Not might be, but IS!" my father answered. "Again I quote the Bible—Christ says, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.' This is not a mere allegorical symbol as mortals suppose. It goes on, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me!' It is so simple one wonders at the blindness which stumbles over it. Christ was, indeed, the materialized exponent of all Truth. Accept Christ (the Way) follow His teachings (which are the Truth) and there is no escape from the inevitable consequence—you WILL walk in the Light of Life eternal."

My mind was busy with these new ideas and as I tried to adjust my mental machinery to the new viewpoint, I was conscious of a most wonderful uplift of spirit.

My father sat in silence for a time, then rose and motioned to me to follow him and we came to the Place of Many Mirrors.

But of that I shall tell you in another chapter.





CHAPTER THREE

WE CAME INTO a room where, waiting our touch, stood mirrors—hundreds of them, all tipped at various angles and each reflecting some scene at a far distant point. These were moved at will, much as one would direct a telescope to reach a distant star. However, there was this difference; in a way it would be impossible to explain to you, we were able to read the motives of the actors on these miniature stages. While the action was interesting, as you can well imagine, a thousand times more interesting were the mental processes of the actors.

Seeing it for the first time I was convulsed with mirth. People were doing all sorts of mortally solemn things for absolutely absurd reasons.

What I most wished to see was one of my own loved-ones on earth.

“All you need to do is to get the right focus,” my father explained. He helped me adjust one of the mirrors.

What I saw filled me with pity. It was too intimate a scene for description, but my own immediate family were weeping over my passing on, and conning over my supposed virtues.

My sister was sitting apart from the others. I yearned to speak a word of comfort to her.

“Can I not reach her in some way?” I asked.

“You can go to her but she will not be conscious of your presence,” my father said.

“How do I go?” I asked, but even as I spoke the mirror was gone and I was actually with those I had been watching from afar but a moment before.

I knew I was invisible to all of them, but so acute was my desire to make them hear me that I tried to shout.

Some faint echo of my astral voice must have reached my sister for she spoke in sudden eagerness.

“Perhaps he is not so far away as we think! He may be quite close listening to us—knowing all that we are doing and planning,” she said.

The others smiled, as at some childish fancy, but still her words carried some faint sense of conviction.

What I might have been led to attempt in my frantic desire to let them know I was still alive (even more so than when they had seen me in the flesh) I do not know, for my father insisted upon my leaving.

So we returned to the Mirror Room and

watched the drama of earth-life from this vantage point.

What I saw in the mirrors was fascinating. I watched men go through the most fantastic maneuvers to convince their wives of their affection while in their minds they were plotting, with devilish cunning, to elude detection as they carried on their illicit love affairs, so called. How much love there was involved varied with the individual—most of it was ludicrously immature and distorted. I saw maidens set themselves to decoy men and tempt them and then pretend surprise and horror when their thinly veiled advances produced the affect they invited. I saw women hide their passion for the man they truly loved and gravely accept the unholy passion of another that they might enjoy the material possessions they fancied would bring them happiness. Oh, it was a queer, twisted, impossible world I saw in those mirrors!

Just try for one day looking for people's actual motives, even as you see them dimly, and you will agree with me that there is no carefully concocted comedy presented on any stage or screen half so funny as the daily life of the average human being when you can see into his mind (hidden from mortal vision) and discover the real motives back of his simplest acts.

You will get some idea of what I mean if you watch yourself and ask yourself why you make such a fuss about the town gossip! Do you really care two cents whether John Jones runs off with a lot of money that doesn't belong to him, or are you merely using it as an excuse to

extol your own superior virtues by contrast?

Does Mary Smith's deflection from the path of rectitude really shock you, or do you merely feel a pleasant sense of worldly antipathy to her more primitive methods of satisfying her natural instinct for motherhood, which you, perhaps, deny from motives far more despicable.

At first, I was horrified at the spectacle, then the absolute absurdity of all the sham and pretense appealed to my sense of humor and I laughed as I had never laughed in all the years of my earth-life. All these human beings so seriously and earnestly striving to deceive themselves and each other—doing things they detested year after year in order that someone they cared nothing for (or even despised) might think them different than they really were.

"So few mortals have the courage to follow their convictions!" my father commented.

"Follow their convictions," I scoffed, "why, they haven't courage enough or sense enough to do as they please! Why, they're afraid of their own shadows! Here's a girl afraid to say she loves a man because he has on a flannel shirt when his competitors for her favor wear linen! Here's a man who decides to make his home in the city, which he heartily detests, because his wife wants to appear more sophisticated—which she isn't or she wouldn't feel that way. Here's a boy who wants to be a plumber and his mother insists on his learning the violin, while this boy who has a passion for the fiddle must sell soap! Here's a girl, wonder of wonders, who really loves to do housework—

but her family is aghast at her plebian tastes—she must learn to dance and flirt and fritter away her time, bore herself and benefit no one.”

I watched the mirrors a long time, shifting to this scene and that. It was a funny, funny world from where I watched.

Where the people were the most solemn and filled with a sense of their own importance, they were the funniest judged by their motives. Where they were most simple and natural and full of fun, they were not so up-side-down in their words and acts.

My father finally suggested that we leave this mirth-provoking scrutiny of the mental processes of mankind and seek our couches for a period of repose.

“But father, what will ever teach the world the futility of all this sham and pretense?” I asked.

“Laughter is the very best medicine on earth for worldly folly,” he said, quite earnestly. “When men learn to laugh at conventions that have no real sense, to laugh at their own fears, to laugh at foolish customs that were better forgotten—when they laugh their way to freedom and laugh at those who fear to follow the path that leads into the light—then there will be a great improvement in the social and industrial world at least, not to speak of the great physical benefit to be derived from a hearty laugh!”

I laughed at the idea of so broad an application of the laugh cure.

“It’s positively the best spiritual antiseptic yet discovered,” my father went on. “It de-

stroys the germs of every sort of destructive force. It is at once the simplest and most effective antidote for every sort of poison used by destructive forces to thwart our efforts to lift the spirits of mortals to a higher plane of thought and action!"

"I will remember and keep it in my 'First Aid' Kit," I said.





CHAPTER FOUR

UPON arising from my couch in the early morning of my second day on this plane, as you measure days, I was conscious of an intense curiosity concerning the method by which my father had produced certain substances necessary for our comfort. The water I drank, the coverlet for my couch, the food of which we had partaken, the very couch itself seemed to have appeared at his behest in some magical way I could not in the least understand.

As I considered the strange happenings of the previous day, a strange feeling of foreboding came over me and I became conscious of a pair of eyes regarding me with a glare of hatred.

I drew back but the wierd shape followed me and spoke in sepulchral tones.

“Now let ME show you a few things,” It said.

Seemingly hypnotized by the eyes of this horrible monster, I followed and It led me to a precipice. I looked over and beheld a carnival of vice and horror. Terrible shapes, nameless tortures, hideous noises, a pandemonium of all the unutterably vile and loathsome things the mind of man could conceive.

“This is my kingdom! Here I reign supreme! I am the Prince of Darkness and my name is Fear!” It said.

A great dread came upon me and I felt the edge of the precipice crumbling beneath my trembling feet. My guide seemed to give a call of triumph and command and I felt the clutch of powerful hands that pushed and pulled me to the very edge of that dark and horrible chasm. Choking clouds arose and enveloped me. I struggled but it was useless. I was slipping and my struggles only hastened my descent. Then I turned and laughed in the face of my tormentors.

“You can’t force me to go with you!” I cried. “I don’t belong to your tribe. I am a citizen of a country called Heaven. You don’t dare carry me beyond the boundary line without my consent and I refuse to go with you!” I made my last lone stand.

Then I turned to fight them—but there was no one to fight. There was no precipice. In place of the darkness where the horrible pit had yawned before me, a great light shone on a pleasant valley and beside me stood one in shining garments.

“My name is Faith. You called me?” she asked.

“But where has the Prince of Darkness gone,” I asked her in return.

“He has no real power except over those who still dwell in the darkness of unbelief,” she told me. “When the Light shines — Pouf! He is gone!” Faith laughed and at the music of her laughter a troupe of maidens appeared and danced lightly and joyously where a moment before Fear’s murderous chasm had yawned.

You think this is a fairy tale, but I assure you it is nothing of the kind. I have promised to tell you of my experiences in words which are comprehensible to you. If I must use material symbols to carry my meaning, accept them as accurate representations of what really took place and you will arrive at a very definite idea of what I encountered.

Try to realize that Faith is real, is alive, is so powerful that no evil force can stand against her. I use the feminine form of speech, for Faith is ethereal. Now, to you ethereal means something so fine and so transparent it is practically invisible to the human eye. Faith is all that, but you overlook one important point. This ethereal power we call Faith (for want of a better name) is the most powerful force in the entire Universe. It is in all substance—without it there would be no substance. It permeates all thought—without it there would be, literally, nothing to think about. It is the life principle of all spirit. It even precedes and creates life itself.

Faith is life in its etheric essence. “According to your Faith be it unto you” is a plain, simple statement of a scientifically demonstra-

ble fact, above and beyond any and all material conceptions, but provable through its physical manifestations. A force which is placed, by the mercy of the Ruler of the Universe, at the service of every mortal who, by the exercise of his own conscious will, calls it into effect. Where Faith is absent, Fear abides. And let me emphasize one point—the only thing any mortal need fear for one moment is—**FEAR!**





CHAPTER FIVE

MY WONDER over the beauty of all I saw increased with every passing moment. I felt I must have some explanation of the process by which these fortunate beings acquired clothing, food, drink, the books they studied. Even the very houses in which they lived, the beds in which they slept were made in some mysterious way which passed my understanding.

"A city not built with hands, eternal in the heavens." It was my father who spoke and Faith smiled at his words.

We seated ourselves under a tree upon the hillside overlooking a rolling countryside while a whole heavenly world of unspeakable beauty lay before us and invited our most profound attention and approval. Faith and her attendants were close by—a sort of body guard.

"I am waiting for some light on this marvelous place and its wonderful methods of operation," I said.

“What do you see,” my father asked, “that you wish explained?”

“I see—let us say—a tree. Where does it come from? How did it grow?”

“It is purely a product of thought,” my father said.

“Do you mean I merely imagine a tree and there is no tree there?” I asked, rather startled at this idea.

“No, not at all! There is a very real tree. I see it and you see it. It even has life.”

“Must it, in the course of time, be cut down and another take its place?” I questioned.

“Yes, it will some day be dissolved by thought, even as it was created.”

“What prevents a whole wilderness of trees from springing up? If I think of a pepper tree and you think of an oak to occupy the same spot on the landscape, which one of us gets the tree?”

“It is no such hit or miss business as that,” he laughed. “All is harmony here! Each has his own work. It is planned and allotted by those in authority. All is governed by fixed, unchangeable law.”

“Then, when you become a spirit you lose your free will?”

“By no means, but whatever your chosen occupation, you must pursue it in strict accord with the laws in operation here or it will fail utterly.”

“You do, then, sometimes fail in your undertakings?”

“There is no such thing as failure if we learn and apply the laws governing all life. A con-

scious acceptance of the law of harmony precedes all creative work.”

“My mind seems not to grasp the first rudiments of this creative process,” I admitted.

“We will illustrate with a glass of water—the commonest necessity. My astral body craves this drink. I am conscious of this need. My mind constructs an image of the object needed. This image calls into existence a certain minutely constructed embryo of the object desired which is the nucleus of a vibratory battery which produces on my senses the result I wish.”

“Is it a tedious process?” I asked.

“Through practice it becomes almost instantaneous!”

“Could mortals use this higher law?”

“They can and do use it but in its more clumsy and tedious manifestations.”

“How does this tree I see differ from an earth tree, for instance?”

“It is not fully solidified. It is matter in its more perfect, astral form.”

“But is not the material form more perfect and complete?”

“Not at all! It is stiff, solid, immovable. It has no permeability. It is like the difference between the picture of a thing and the thing itself. You paint the picture of a rose. You say it is perfect. Each line, each shade is an absolute reproduction of the beauty of the rose—but it is only a fac-simile, it is not the rose itself. True, it is solid and substantial—you can look at it—feel it—you say it is a real picture—but who would not rather have the glowing, fragrant rose itself, fragile and perishable though it

be? Do you see the analogy?

This is the actual, the lasting, the living reality. Material forms are but mortal concepts, cast in solid form to fill a necessary place in a lower form of life. As you reach the higher planes of thought and life, the material symbols are discarded for the actualities of the spirit. A child does not carry his blocks with him through life, although they are useful enough in their place."

"I am willing to dispense with my blocks," I agreed. "What is the next step?"

"Wisdom!"

*Comment before starting this chapter.

"What we need now is a new set of words and another kind of a brain to comprehend them."





CHAPTER SIX

WATER WAS the symbol my father took to illustrate the method of attracting and holding together the necessary elements to create any given object.

My own mind was busy with another application of the same creative law. Suppose I wished a more complicated mortal concept to gather form—for instance, a horse or a dog?

My father laughed at this idea before I could put it into words.

“No, no! Not so fast!” he cautioned me. “Before you are prepared to make any use whatever of this wonderful creative power, you must apply yourself to the study of its various manifestations and the laws which govern its only legitimate purpose.”

I had noticed groups of astral forms all drifting toward an immense building with stately

columns, from which issued the deep melodious tones of an organ played by a master's hands.

When we joined this throng I was struck by the joyous eagerness of their attitudes as they hastened to the Place of Worship. For so I found it to be. Not a college, as I at first guessed but a Temple of Praise. Those who attended all joined in the anthems of worship and adoration of the Supreme Being whose we are and whom we serve.

One spoke to us of Love—of Mercy—of the Wisdom of God—told of His supreme manifestation of Divine Love—the Christ! My heart swelled with an emotion quite new to me. I was beginning to feel and realize the actual existence of things which had always appealed to me as pleasant and morally uplifting fancies, rather than actual facts. All my previous unbelief faded away and was forgotten in the flood of Light which poured into my mind, illuminating sayings of the Bible which had seemed obscure and clothed in mystery. When Christ said, "Knowledge is the world's salvation," He put it in words of the time in which He lived and this is the version you read: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

You interpret this saying as a mere figure of speech. It is not—it is the exact statement of a scientifically accurate fact, quite clear and explicit to one versed in the higher laws of the Universe.

The sowing begins with a thought seed. It is planted in your mind. It develops into a full-grown object of some sort and is projected into

the fluid ether as a mould into which the necessary elements form themselves as your thought force impels them. Thus the thought seed brings forth from the primal fluid essence of all substance the exact fruit of your thought. The original thought seed was your own. You could do with it as you pleased. You could plant it in the fertile soil of your mind or cast it from you and destroy it utterly. But once planted, it grows whether you wish it or not. It grows into a form in accord with its true nature.

Mortals go through the earth-life in ignorance of this first important principle of all human endeavor and progress. They try to change the "fruit"—the RESULT of their thoughts, instead of changing the thought from which it sprang.

And now we will go a little deeper and discover the origin of thought and its only reliable method of control. Deep within the spirit of every mortal born into the world is a hidden purpose—which is the keynote of his conscious existence. All his desires, his little-understood intuitive motivating instincts spring from that hidden purpose. It may be diverted into various channels or it may be sealed up and made dangerous by repression—but those who follow the plan of their Creator, give to this purpose its freedom to activate their lives with motives that are pure. Now we are getting to the real source of all our joy and all our sorrow.

This hidden purpose is good. There is no real life in a bad purpose. The original purpose of every human expression of the Divine Ego

must be and is essentially (that is in the essence of its being) GOOD! All that you call bad is a perversion or twisting of this good purpose into something quite foreign to its intention.

Every mortal then, is endowed at the moment of his entrance into a state of conscious existence, with a good purpose. Could he follow his own purpose, could he give it full sway and be led by its impetus, all would be well. It is the willful perversion of this purpose which brings sorrow of every sort into human lives.

Every purpose is good — every purpose is constructive—that is its nature. It furnishes the incentive to growth—expansion, but every purpose is not identical in its character. There are varying purposes, all good. Of this we shall learn later.

If one would develop in harmony with the Divine Plan, he must, first of all follow his own purpose. A purpose other than his own, even though it be good, will not bring the same peace and contentment of mind.

What I learned that morning, as I listened to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the teacher who addressed us with such an illuminating message, was the importance of knowing my own purpose and following it valiantly. What my purpose is and how you may find your own true purpose, will be told in the following chapter.

When we reach a place where it is possible to open our eyes to true learning, we come to see the futility of purely intellectual attainments.

The “understanding heart (which is the

heart imbued with true learning—God-given) wants no set rules to guide its loving ministrations. When Love rules the intellect, turning ideas into actions, proving theories by their applicability to ease pain, to lighten burdens, to serve one's fellow-man in any capacity that fits the occasion—then, real wisdom has entered the mind through the illuminated pathway of Love and the brain is turned into a factory for the manufacture of beautiful deeds.

Intellect, pure and simple, is like a shining instrument which may be used to destroy quite as easily as to save precious human lives. Put it under the rule of Love and it becomes a priceless power for good.

You think you are aiding human progress when you introduce the higher courses of study to people of primitive habits but, unless you teach them how to use this knowledge for the benefit of themselves and others, far better leave them in ignorance.

We, of the higher planes, must learn our lessons of Wisdom before we are allowed to explore the higher realms of thought and, when mortals learn the true meaning of life, they will put Wisdom far ahead of intellect. But Love comes first of all. We progress in our lives here, not in proportion to our intellectual vibrations but (with our awakening minds attuned to spiritual vibrations) we must adjust what knowledge we may have previously acquired to this spiritual interpretation of life with its duties and pleasures.

We find many who were accounted ignorant in the earth-life, raised to positions of

trust and responsibility here, while others who spent many years in intellectual pursuits on earth, are relegated to comparatively menial positions.

When you consider your mental treasure-house from this angle, it is easier to cultivate those attributes of lasting value, instead of wasting many precious years of earth-life in acquiring a vast amount of intellectual provender you will never succeed in turning to real account. We cannot too strongly stress the importance of applying the practical test of involuntary mind reactions to any new line of study. Does it bring you closer to the object of your life in its ultimate analysis? Will it give you a deeper understanding of your relation to your fellow mortals? Is it a purely selfish acquirement for your personal pleasure or do you hope to use it to benefit others?

If the purpose of the intellectual development is to aid in the progress of the world in any way whatever, it automatically lifts you to a level of real beauty of understanding. This is the Wisdom that gives impetus to every worthy project.

We have at all times a complete compendium of the knowledge of all past ages at our command; nor is it a tedious task to extract from this mass of bygone booklore the particular information we require for our work.

But the point I am trying to bring out is this—that we do not set ourselves a certain, lengthy course of study and lay aside all work until this is completed. Rather, we use each bit of knowledge, get it thoroughly incorpo-

rated in our being—then, dig out another bit—thus proving the actual truth of what we have learned as we go along. Through this process we escape the snare of self-deception and self-satisfaction which bars the intellectualist from true progress.

A mass of unassimilated information may cause a terrible case of spiritual indigestion.

My father came and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

“If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, Who giveth liberally to all.”

“I must be sure I know and understand before I dare do anything,” I said.

“You shall learn,” my father promised me.

With that promise I left the Temple of Praise and we mingled with those who journeyed to their daily tasks.





CHAPTER SEVEN



TURNED to my father for further advice. I felt bewildered and uncertain.

“How may one be sure of their own purpose—how discover its outstanding mental quality?” I asked him.

“You may always be absolutely sure of one quality which is the basic principle of each and every constructive purpose—that is Love! No good purpose is without it and no purpose is wholly evil. It must always contain in embryonic form its original Love possibility. It must always remain subject to reclamation through the transforming power of Love.”

“Still, Love must have an object. Might not a love be evil if the object loved were evil?”

“Love will not defile itself, no matter what test you make. Many feelings and qualities are masked as Love, but Love itself is never evil, it never serves an evil purpose.”

“What is my own purpose and how may I best serve it?” I asked him.

“We will suppose, for instance, that you see a person whom you feel is doing something quite contrary to the known laws of the Universe and is suffering the consequences. What would your first impulse be, your first thought?”

“A feeling of pity for his evident ignorance of the law he was so transgressing and a desire to enlighten him and so ease his suffering,” I answered promptly.

“That gives you your keynote. You wish to reconstruct his mental apparatus in order that it may function easily and harmoniously.”

“But, surely, everyone would feel the same desire,” I argued.

“All would feel the same pity, which is another name for Love, but all would not feel the same urge for service, or rather would not express it in the same manner.”

“Then, judging from that reaction, how do you classify my purpose?”

“Your purpose is Light!”

“What other purpose might I serve?” I asked with wide-eyed interest.

“There are seven main purposes,” he told me, “all with the same actuating motive of Love!”

“And what are these seven purposes?”

“The constructive purposes all aid in the progress of all conscious existence toward the final goal of Perfection. Each may choose the purpose he will follow according to his own instincts and desires, but first let him purify the

source of all desire—his own spirit. Let him work from the only worthy motive—a deep, indwelling Love for others. This lights the flame of Service. And remember, it is only as one serves others that they may themselves progress. Think only of yourself and you inevitably retrograde. It is an inviolable law. Even an honest effort to progress defeats its own object if the motive be anything but Love.

The power of Love is unlimited. It furnishes the fuel for every flame that gives vitality to action. Any deed, no matter how perfect in itself, is worse than useless if it be not inspired by Love. Any teaching fails of its mission when it lacks the vital spark of Love and makes a merely mental impression.”

“How may one ignite this spark of Love in his own heart?” I wanted to know.

“By consecrating his life to the service of Him whose name is Love,” my father answered.

At his words there awoke in my consciousness a mighty desire to so consecrate my life and thus actually and actively claim my citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven which is only another name for the Kingdom of Love.

My father motioned to a very beautiful Spirit standing near and she approached us.

“I am ready!” she said.

“Guide my son to the Temple of Consecration,” my father said, and at his request she took me by the hand and led me to a place of marvelous beauty. But before we reached this silent Temple of Devotion, I asked her to tell me her name and she said, “I am called Wisdom!”

So Wisdom, clad in shining garments of Truth, guided me to the Temple of Consecration and as I entered, I saw written over the doorway one word, "LOVE."

My whole life is now spent in teaching others the art of expressing the Divine Essence of Love in all they say or do, wherever circumstances may have placed them. This is life in its simplest and most exalted form. To do this perfectly is to attain to a sublime height of living that confers on one the inestimable privilege of communion with the Master Himself!

Can you not see the beauty of such a service to others? It carries with it that vital inspiration that renders living a joyous adventure! Such living is in itself a sermon beside which the spoken word pales into insignificance.

Count the day well spent that has been cast into the Crucible of Time with its Mantle of Mortality dipped in the crimson hue of costliest sacrifice, if that sacrifice is performed with a glad heart and a willing hand, led by the Divine Spirit of Love! What does the loss of a pleasure, the giving up of some cherished hope count when pitted against the Glory of Love transmuted into the priceless treasure of a daily life aglow with gladly given service? "By their deeds ye shall know them!"

Oh, tell to your fellow travelers on that transitory plane this immortal truth! It is not their pleasure or pain that is of moment—it is the building up of a character that shall stand the tests of trials and difficulties and emerge purified from selfish motives and purged from covetousness. A character that shall admit

them to a life they little dream awaits them, where the joys they have foregone and the personal sacrifices they have made will all be rewarded by participation in Eternal Life—that knows no pain or sorrow.

Put aside the thought of material gain and strive earnestly for the pure gold of a heart that thinks no evil. Make it your constant aim to give that most precious and costly of all human gifts—Love! Give it freely, without stint, to all you meet. Let there be no limit set to the outflow and the source of supply will automatically increase to supply the demand—but in a ratio which will far exceed your utmost need.

The manner in which you express your abundance of love will vary with circumstances. It may be a smile, a word of sympathy. It may be a simple service rendered or it may be a gift that involves self-sacrifice on your part. Whatever it is, keep your eyes wide open to recognize your opportunity. Count your riches by what you give—not by what you receive. And still, when others offer you a service, remember to receive it in the same Spirit of Love.

Would that I might write upon the mountain tops in letters a mile high, that shivering mortals crowded in the Valleys of Doubt, Fear and Despair might read and live — LIFE IS LOVE!

The more fully love is expressed in your lives, the more radiantly alive you will become. It is the very breath of Life Eternal! It will lift you out of the bog of mental depression that holds you in its numbing clutch—it will free you from every chain that holds you in bond-

age to the torture of earthly concepts and impulses—it will set you climbing to the heights of self-forgetfulness, where you will find to your surprise all the joys you sought in vain have been stored up for you in a measure far exceeding your most exalted dreams of bliss.

This is not a vague and visionary idea—it is plain, unvarnished Fact!

All Joy, all fullness of Life, comes through your obedience to the Divine Law of Love. "LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW."





CHAPTER EIGHT



HOW LONG I tarried in the Temple of Consecration I cannot tell. It was a sacred time and what I experienced was too intimate and personal for discussion.

There was given me, at the end of my period of consecration, a definite object which typified my own chosen purpose and signified Divine approval and acceptance of my enlistment under the particular division of the Forces of Construction. It was a torch whose flame could never be extinguished, and thus I entered my heavenly vocation and definitely cast my lot with those serving the purpose of Light.

From the dim silence of this sanctuary I passed through a doorway into an open court. My appearance there seemed to be expected, for

I was greeted by a welcoming band of spirits who appeared to be delighted at my arrival.

What surprised me most was the light-heartedness of all these friends with whom I was to spend Eternity.

“We have many, many things to show you, each more marvelous than the other!” they cried.

So in gayest mood they “drew straws” to see who should first conduct me to their favorite wonder shop.

A Spirit of radiant beauty made the final choice and drew the winning straw, so they presented me to her.

“The first honors go to Music,” they said.

I was mystified to know how Music could be so closely associated with my newly acquired friends, all serving the purpose of Light. The entire band of welcoming spirits accompanied us as Music led the way to the music factory where musical instruments were made. The process by which they were made was explained to me but I will try to explain that to you in another chapter.

“Who plays all these strange and wonderful instruments?” I asked.

In reply, they took me to their musical academies where countless Spirits learned to perfect themselves in the playing of some particular instrument. Strangely enough the noises they made did not jangle in a horrible discord, as one might expect, but blended in perfect harmony.

“How can it make so pleasing a symphony

with so many playing and all of them pupils?" I asked.

"Each plays his part (even if it is only a single note) perfectly. Discord is not wished for by anyone, therefore, it is absent," I was told.

Many interesting personalities made up that assembly of musicians and I would have enjoyed learning the earth-life histories of a few, at least, but this was a sort of a sight-seeing tour of the principal points of interest and I didn't want to detain the company, so I joined them once more and we proceeded to a Place of Fulfillment. Here were gathered together the composers and all who had to do with the making of melodies that play so important a part in the world's progress.

Whenever an earthly composer feels stirring in his soul the urge to expression, it is in answer to the summons of the immortals, and if his mind be attuned to the theme of their glorious symphony, he has but to open the door of his mind heavenward and listen with his astral mind and his human brain will catch the harmony they play and translate it into earth terms comprehensible to his fellow mortals. When such a result is consummated, you call it "inspiration." It is actually a relaying of music originated here on the higher planes to your more remote sphere of activity.

My guide directed my attention to a little chap who sat apart wrapped in dreamy meditation.

"He is listening to melodies from still higher planes," she explained to me. "It is all a relay

system and the really beautiful songs and singing melodies that live on in the minds and hearts of mortals from one generation to another—the ones which mortals say ‘can never die’—are relayed from far beyond this plane.”

“How many planes lie beyond this?” I enquired of her.

“They are numberless as the sands of the seashore—they reach to the purpose beyond Perfection.”

My astral mind would not stretch to comprehend her full meaning, but she drew my attention to the glow of light which seemed to illuminate the place where they worked.

“It is always brilliantly illuminated,” she said. “They need much light for their work. It is one of the most potent factors in the unlifting of spirits on every plane.”

I meant to ask her more about this but she had left me and in her place stood one who said her name was Art.





CHAPTER NINE



WHEN I LOOKED up from my friend Music to see who accompanied her I was wonderstruck at the spirit who stood at her side. Clothed in a misty, almost transparent gauze which glowed with a myriad changing hues, her luminous eyes arrested my attention and I mentally made a vow I would never again worship beauty that lacked the spirit-radiance which so marvelously illumined that lovely face.

With what grace I could muster, I stammered my pleasure at the introduction Music then made, although why the youthful vision of loveliness should condescend to notice a clumsy tenderfoot like me, newly arrived in the heavenly kingdom was beyond my comprehension.

However, I decided to accept my good fortune without any foolish questioning and Art gave me a glance which bade me follow her, which I did most gladly.

After a few moments wandering through a beautiful garden where grew flowers of every variety you would recognize and many entirely unknown on the earth plane—we were wrong when we compared them to earth flowers, for these were of a size and beauty quite unknown to mortals, but only so can I bring you a hint of their most exquisite and exotic loveliness—we hurried through this flower strewn maze and found ourselves within the portals of one of those temples of which we have so many here in this frontier of heaven's vast domain.

I watched with wondering eyes as Art glided before me and pointed out the various objects which were grouped here and there for the convenience for those who wished to study them.

When I tell you there were statues of astonishing excellence, it will only convey to your mind an imperfect idea of the reality, for these statues carried perfection of form and feature to a point which transcended all mortal conceptions.

Take all the dreams of human sculptors—their most inspired visions of achievements never to be wholly realized in any earthly form, and you will still fall far short of the amazing sight which greeted my wondering eyes. What this revelation of miraculously virtuous and uplifting reproductions of the forms of Nature's material manifestations would have meant to one who had made this a life-study

on the earth plane is within your own scope of understanding. With my superficial knowledge of such subjects, I was dumbfounded by their veracity of detail and wonderful perfection of technique.

One thing I noticed was an odd luminosity about every subject treated which rendered it deceptively lifelike.

“Why does every statue possess this curious haze of light?” I questioned my guide and she answered:

“Each object is the direct result of some vivid conception of beauty inspired by a passionate love of absolute perfection of line and color. Each object thus brought into existence possesses an actual spirit-essence, which manifests itself in the glow you notice. The thought back of the material expression has a Love-life that is so thoroughly identified with its offspring that all who look with the eyes of understanding upon the finished work catch a glimpse of the Love-motive that gave it birth.

“That creative instinct which prompts such expressions of an artistic nature on your earth-plane carries the same possibility of a true spirit quality in a lesser degree.”

“Are all of these products of those who followed sculpture as their chosen profession while on the earth-plane?” I asked.

“Oh, no!” said Art, decidedly. “Many of the most remarkable groups were executed by those who had never had the opportunity to exercise their talent while on earth. Oftentimes, a secret longing, ever mounting higher in its impulse for expression, creates a capacity

for performance which is immediately put into practice here.”

The actual accomplishment of one's purpose is of great importance on the earth-plane, but of far more vital import is the desire. All pure and holy aspiration tends to a development of latent powers, even when circumstances prevent the tangible realization of such wonderful visions.

Leaving the outer portals devoted to sculpture and its allied arts, we entered an immense gallery hung with paintings of the masters.

Here another curious effect struck me. Every portrait (of which there were too many to estimate the number) possessed a distinct aura. Upon questioning my guide, she gave me this explanation of the phenomena: “When we paint a likeness of any personality, even though it be a fabrication of our own fancy, the entity thus visualized must be endowed with certain soul qualities. Each of these characteristics has a distinct rate of vibration which gives it a color. As the painting grows to perfection, under the direction of its creator, the predominating soul-attribute imparts this vibratory orbit to the finished portrait.”

“Those of your mortal painters who have mastered the secret of developing this vibratory aura through a certain creative purpose which you call genius, make use of this same law, although only through an intuitive perception of its possibilities. With us it is an exact science.”

What I saw in this amazing Temple of Art would fill many volumes if I attempted to describe it in detail. One thing impressed me. It

was the countless throng of spirits constantly passing us, all intent upon the wonderful imagery so perfectly presented.

"Are these spirits all artists in training?" I asked.

But Art smiled.

"Not in the sense in which you classify them thus," she assured me. "There is not one solitary occupation in which we are engaged which does not embrace Art in one or more of its manifold forms. Beauty of form and line—beauty of color, of texture, the tree, the flower, the homes in which we live, our clothes, the very food we eat; every form of life expressed in material form is instinct with Art."

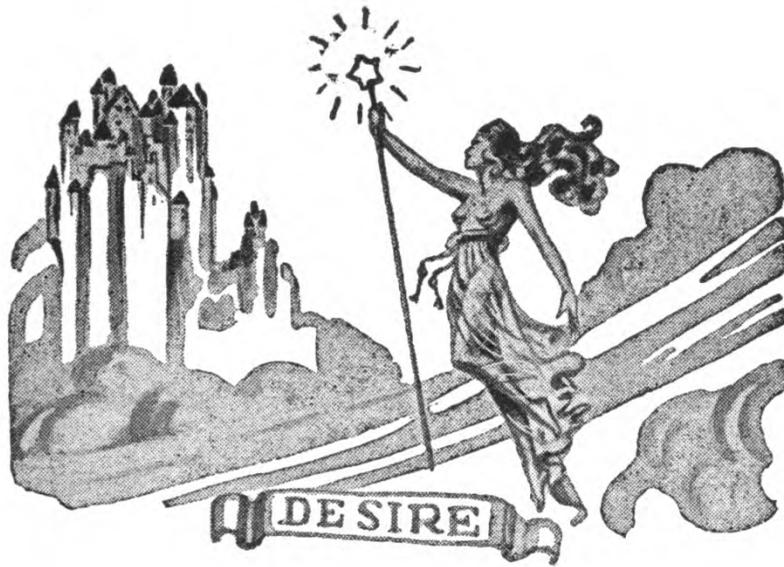
"But have you none of the grotesque, the hideous, the vicious reproduced in your art galleries? Does not Art cover everything in the realm of reality?" I questioned.

"Art serves the purpose of Light here," she answered. "When Art is perverted and portrays such subjects, they are banished to the Kingdom of Darkness. There is no place for them here."

She led me back to my father's home where he was awaiting my return.

"You will meet me often," she said, in parting. "My work takes me everywhere that spirits strive to attain perfection." And before I could thank her, she was gone.

As I watched her retreating form, she was joined by a multitude of spirits in whose faces I read worship of her supreme beauty of spirit, feature, and form.



CHAPTER TEN

I ENTERED my father's home once more and we sat for a time conversing about the remarkable revelations which had been made to me. I was greatly amused by the antics of a frolicsome kitten which played about the floor.

"How did an animal get to heaven?" I asked, pointing to the tiny creature as it ran to and fro, chasing the rose leaves that had dropped from the vase my mother had carried across the room.

You wonder that I have not mentioned my mother's awakening; but this was my very first glimpse of her after she had arisen from her sleep.

"Your mother was fond of it," my father said, with a glance of affection at the beauti-

ful spirit who now approached me with her well remembered, humorous smile.

“Well, Charles, we seem to have had several mistaken ideas about heaven; but I thoroughly approve of its being so perfectly natural and comfortably happy,” she said. Then emotion overcame her and she gathered me to her with all the mother-love which had ever been my solace in the earth-life.

The ecstasy of a heavenly embrace is beyond the comprehension of mortals. It is the mingling of the spiritual senses in an exquisite harmony of emotion. No earth-love, no matter how lofty, can equal this blending of mind and spirit in loving unity.

“Have you seen our beautiful library?” my mother asked.

I confessed my ignorance. What sort of a place a heavenly library could be, my brain refused to conjecture. My father joined us and we entered a very large room where there were thousands of volumes lining the walls from floor to ceiling. All of them were arranged in systematic order and every subject in the universe was treated in a most enlightening way. Each book was the product of a master brain.

“Where do you buy these books?” I stupidly inquired.

“We pay for them in the coin of intellect,” he answered. “The store where they are kept is close at hand. It is kept locked, but Desire ever holds the key, and Desire is a faithful servant always within call. She waits patiently, and call you ever so faintly, she will hear and pro-

duce from the written records of great minds passed on, the knowledge you crave.

“As you learn to love and prize Desire, she will bring to you the most amazing treasures gleaned from the wisdom of all the centuries gone by.”

“And does she bring knowledge of evil as well as good—records of crime as well as saintly volumes?”

“The book you ask for, you receive, be it good or evil; for Desire is your servant, not your guide. As you command, so must she obey.”

I pondered this awhile and resolved within my soul to strive ever to prove a good master and give to Desire those commands which I knew could be fulfilled with gladness.

A thought struck me and I looked closely at the face of Desire.

“Why, I know you very well!” I cried. “You were often with me on the earth plane!”

“I ever attended you from the hour of your birth,” Desire answered, laughing at the wonder in my face. “You should know me very well indeed! I have done your bidding always. Throughout the earth life, although you commanded me daily, seldom did you look upon my face and then, but dimly, did my form appear to you. But, indeed, I am glad at last to thank you for your care of me through the years we have spent together. You have taught me to love beautiful things—you have given me the loveliest of garments—you have provided me with companions who have brought me much joy. Now, as you see me and recog-

nize me for the first time, I kneel and thank you for your many gifts to me."

"But 'tis you who have brought gifts," I cried in sudden enlightenment. "You have brought me every good gift that has ever come to me."

"And some things not so good," Desire reminded me and hung her head in sorrow at the thought. But it was quickly lifted in sudden joy. "But I brought you here!" and she gave me a smile of triumph.

"I thought Death brought me," I answered, quickly.

"Ah, yes! It was Death who called you from the earth-plane, while I stood by dumb and helpless. But, although you knew it not, it was I who whispered to Death our destination. And He obeyed me, too! I wasn't afraid of him, even if you were!" she concluded, with a happy little laugh.

"Ah, Desire, come closer and let us get better acquainted," I said, "Let us plot and plan together to travel the pathway of Eternal Life in joyous harmony and if ever I command thee to take a backward step, pause and give me warning that I may reconsider my command."

And this is one message I would send back to the earth-plane—"That mortals would gaze closely into the face of Desire and realize the wonderful power she holds to bring you weal or woe according to your own express commands."

As you rise to higher planes her powers increase, but even upon the earth plane it would be difficult to place a limit to what she can ac-

comply if properly directed by her rightful master—the human brain.

Study this handmaiden, Desire—test and try her ability. Little do you guess the hidden treasures of these higher planes which she will bring at your earnest entreaty.

And one other thing I would call to your attention. Desire is what you make her. If you condemn her to dull drudgery, if you deny her the companionship of Love, of Fancy, of Truth, of Loyalty, of Joy, if you send her on errands of Malice and Hatred, then she will grow ever more hideous until you will fear to catch a glimpse of her ugly face as you summon her to your presence to give your commands.

But treat her decently, keep her clean and pure, healthy and happy, and you may send her on errands of the most difficult nature and she will serve you well.

For remember—Desire holds the key to both Knowledge and Happiness—on the earth-plane as well as on the planes beyond.

“Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and the door shall be opened unto you.”





CHAPTER ELEVEN

WITH THE AID of my newly found friend, Desire, I spent a wonderful time in that library of my father's for a number of days.

As I sat one day in his easy chair and worked my mind into a foolish worry over the multitude of things of which I discovered I had no knowledge, or worse than that, an entirely erroneous idea, Desire patiently labored at my side bringing me book after book of more than worldwide information upon every subject upon which I chanced to wish enlightenment.

You will picture me, in a great state of bewilderment, trying to learn in a minute, all the mighty laws in force on this higher plane—trying to unlearn all the utterly mistaken impressions I had always carried regarding life beyond the earth-plane. The first thing I

wanted to find out was the exact process by which these heavenly spirits acquired what you call "the bare necessities of life"—food, drink, clothing, homes, furnishings—where did they come from and how?

When I questioned Desire, she brought me a volume on Universal Laws of Vibration, and I learned the most marvelous things about the manner in which we may extract, as you might put it, any desired object from the surrounding ether and shape it to conform with our thought-picture.

With my newly acquired insight, I delved into the possibilities of an entirely new system of immunity from any possible lack of what you term the physical necessities. That their form here differed from the material forms to which I had been accustomed on the earth-plane made them not one whit less real and tangible to me.

In my eagerness to pursue the subject to its final chapter, I studied with feverish haste, skimming over volume after volume of the most intricate and exhaustive treatises on this particular subject.

I read of the creation of your world and of countless others by a Master Mind using with absolute precision the Laws He Himself made for the control of the invisible but irresistibly powerful forces of the Cosmic Universe.

Absorbed in my study of these heretofore mysterious subjects and delighted beyond measure with what I was learning, I was utterly oblivious of the lapse of time and rather resented my mother's interruption as she put her hand

on my shoulder and said, with her oldtime air of authority, "Come Charles! You have done enough studying for today! We have a feast prepared for you in the garden and we await your presence there."

"Please, mother, don't disturb me now! I am learning the most wonderful things! So wonderful I can scarcely believe they are true."

"I know perfectly well how absorbing you find them, but I still insist on your coming with me," she said, with a smile.

We went out into the other room where my father stood talking with a number of spirits unknown to me.

"My boy, I want you to meet some very dear friends of mine," he said, and introduced me to several scientists whose names were familiar to me, although I had never had the pleasure of meeting them on the earth-plane.

When we reached the garden we found there a bountiful feast. What was the nature of the food, and how prepared, I will try to make clear to you. Much of the menu consisted of various fruits, many of which resembled your earthly varieties. There were salads, fresh and green—and for drink, water, crystal clear and sparkling with a winelike quality which gave one a curious feeling of elation as one drank. This was due, as I afterwards discovered, to a quality of etheric energy infused during the process of distilling.

We seated ourselves at the table spread under a wonderful bower of roses and as we conversed in light and happy mood, handmaidens, fleet-footed and silent, served us daintily and

bountifully, so that our appetites were most pleasantly satisfied. I asked the names of the spirits who so deftly supplied our unexpressed needs and found my ever faithful maid Desire was aided by a spirit even more pleasing to the eye, whose name was Fancy, while flitting to and fro was Music, playing for our entertainment a brand new song written and set to sound-harmony in honor of the occasion.

I asked my father if there were some reason, aside from pure pleasure, why Music should attend our feast, with Laughter ever dancing at her side. He passed the question on to a learned scientist sitting beside me, who gave me this explanation.

“Music is, in its final analysis, a series of vibrations, caused by the setting in motion of certain etheric waves of longer or shorter duration. As these vibratory waves strike the astral ear they effect a harmonizing of every form of vibration which holds our astral bodies in their form and thus causes, of which you are ignorant, produce a soothing, delightful sensation which you interpret as emotion caused by the beauty of the melody.”

“That was one very good habit we had on the earth-plane,” he remarked, “the employment of orchestras at our banquets, only the form of vibration was not always well chosen for musical vibrations are quite capable of producing discord, if not understood and used in accord with certain laws we are aware of here.

“We, therefore, invite music to attend us in our work and our play, bringing that serenity

of mind so conducive to forceful and unwearied effort."

As we conversed on many themes of overwhelming interest to one so entirely ignorant of the Laws under which this plane exists, I expressed my ever increasing desire to know of what my work would consist and how soon I would be able to take it up definitely. Then my father spoke.

"You are now laying the absolutely necessary foundation for your work," he said. "The first essential to work in any specific line is a thorough understanding of the Law governing its various manifestations. When you are entirely familiar with the cause of whatever condition you seek to remedy, you are then qualified to judge of the force which will most perfectly control or eliminate the undesirable features and so make a really dependable change in the conditions resulting from the natural action of this force."

"Then it would appear that knowledge must precede all work! Must one then be idle until one's knowledge is perfected? In that case, one would be forever learning and never do anything."

"Quite the contrary," my father assured me. "Each bit of knowledge must be tested and proven until it is a very part of you—only in this way can it be of any benefit to you or anyone else. Only as it becomes identified with your very spirit itself can it manifest in any form of force.

"Knowledge is power and this power in turn generates more power, ever stimulated by your

own desire. This power must not be bottled up to be used at some future time. It is as a flowing stream — a mighty river of thought, whose current ever grows more swift and forceful as new knowledge adds fresh impetus.

“You must learn to do your work with these thought forces. They are the dynamos which run the machinery of the Universe. So, whatever wheel you want to turn, you must learn which button controls it and apply the necessary thought force to set it revolving.”

“But how—? I began.”

“You learn to work by working,” my father assured me. “This is the Law!”





CHAPTER TWELVE



ALL OF MY INTEREST was now centered upon acquiring an accurate, workable knowledge of the Laws which were used by my fellow spirits, on the heavenly plane upon which I found myself, to produce a thousand marvels to me utterly inexplicable.

Imagine for a moment the sensation of flying, with no visible means of propulsion, through hundreds of miles of space and being not in the least inconvenienced by the barrier of a wall or a world or any material obstacle. How? How? How? This was my only thought for weeks.

As I became familiar with one after another of those mysterious causes which underlie all

material effects, I began to feel an almost childish pleasure in putting my newly acquired knowledge to various tests. I learned how to create the simpler forms of wonderful astral flowers, which I presented to my mother with a sense of Godlike proprietorship in their beauty of form and color. They were "mine" in a sense I had never before even dimly apprehended. I had visualized their every petal and stamen, their lovely coloring—even their fragrance—it was all as I, their creator, had planned it. My thought had called from the etheric essence emanating from the Divine Love Principle exactly the elements necessary to reproduce my thought-flower as my mind had pictured it.

What my sensation was, as I beheld my precious thought-flower slowly form before me, would be very hard to describe. It was not, however, a feeling of boastful pride but a wondering, wisely tinctured with reverence. The God-given powers which enabled me to produce astral objects of matchless beauty and perfection filled me with a profound sense of gratitude to the All - pervading Love which bestowed such powers upon me.

As I wondered about the beings who made voices audible or projected them to far distant points, my curiosity led me to make some interesting experiments. One day I made a sort of astral radio and, after a great many trials of a more or less laughable nature, I finally succeeded in constructing an apparatus which projected actual word sounds to any given point with absolute accuracy. The same effect had been produced before in various ways, but the

machine I was able to invent had features which made it more direct and reliable. I made my machine according to prevailing standards but I found a new system of tuning which rendered it far more penetrating and gave it a greater scope and consequently a wider sphere of usefulness.

As the knowledge of life beyond the grave is perceived and accepted as a proven fact by mortals, the way is opened to us whereby we are enabled to construct a number of very helpful channels of inter-plane communication.

You must understand that we do not at once "become like Gods" as we step from the earth-plane to these higher planes. Much of liberty we enjoy—much of power—much of the absolute ecstasy that comes from a rightful exercise of our marvelously amplified powers of enjoyment of every spirit attribute but, just as our power of thought develops in a steady, normal process of growth and expansion so every power we possess is gradually unfolded.

From the very first time I was shown the apparatus, by which the immortals reached the consciousness of those they had left behind in the march of progress, I was filled with a desire to improve and perfect the system so that not only would we be able to contact those on the planes below us, but the planes above would also be included in our range of contacts. Thus my work became specialized to a certain degree, and I devoted my time almost exclusively to this subject of inter-plane communication.

This point I might mention of general interest to every earnest student along any of the in-

numerable avenues of progressive effort. As you enter the higher planes and learn to see and appreciate the Infinite Wisdom and Love which prompts the Universal Laws under which we work, you are gradually freed from every sort of forcible supervision and allowed to exercise your own powers of original thought with a maximum amount of intelligent co-operation from other spirits intent on the same general species of work.

There are groups, and divisions of groups, and still other subdivisions, so that while all work with uniform purpose, each separate entity is allowed full liberty to give free rein to his imagination and every incentive is afforded him to follow out new lines of thought to their logical conclusion and apply the knowledge so gained to the particular branch of progress which has been placed under his direction.

As I watched the effect of this system upon my fellow workers I began to see where much of the carelessness and lethargy of our earth-lives originate. We are too much bound by precedent—too much governed by prejudice—too much, far too much, held back by fear of ridicule.

Could we of the higher planes contrive some means by which we might reach earthbound spirits and persuade them of the actual, understandable life which lies beyond the earth plane, could we instil into their minds the desire to fathom the mysteries of the Laws governing their lives, then they would sense the thrill of real achievement gained through complying with these wonder-working Laws instead of

ignorantly mis-applying them and stupidly blaming the Law for its inevitable action.

You advocate freedom—which is all very fine. But, who would advocate turning a mischievous, small boy loose in an electric power-house? Must he not be trained to know the Laws in force before he is fit to be trusted to manipulate the buttons and switches which direct the application of this partially understood force? And do you wonder that more intricate and far more potent forces should have equally wise and necessary Laws governing their action?

Infinite Wisdom aids and abets any earnest, constructive effort to advance in knowledge and when that effort is directed along distinctly original lines, following untrodden pathways of logical reasoning, then powers invisible and incomprehensible to mortals lend their assistance in meeting and overcoming the inevitable obstacles of ignorance and jealousy which block your progress there.





CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WITH A DEEPER insight into the way in which the Spiritual Laws affect all physical life on the earth-plane, there came to me a most intense longing to return to the earth in some manner comprehensible to mortals and give them the benefit of my discoveries on this higher plane. Let them in on some of the secrets of compliance with and use of the more difficult thought forces which may, by proper understanding, be so directed as to exercise so tremendous a power over human lives.

All my study was, therefore, devoted to the cultivation of every known channel by which such information could be projected to the earth plane. I learned the art of speaking through a medium and made use of this method of communication on many occasions. What was

made clear to me on these occasions was the difficulty of securing the services of an experienced stenographer and the very natural inaccuracies which occurred when such messages were repeated from memory.

It seemed to me it would be of a distinct benefit to the human race, if an instrument could be perfected, which would present to the mind of the messenger selected, a thought-picture of the word to be written at the same time sending a controlling, vibratory current to the hand which would be a sort of safety device to eliminate the indistinctness and also diminish the danger of distortion of thought vibrations by cross currents of cosmic influence.

I worked on this for many weeks, making a great number of tests which were not altogether satisfactory; although I could see improvements over previous experiments with instruments then in use, I was not satisfied with results.

In making these tests it was necessary to select some person whose receptivity was developed to a certain degree. Also one whose vibration naturally corresponded with my own. During my various tests, I discovered a certain person who was easily effected by the thought waves, mentally. For several weeks I worked to break through the barrier interposed by an absolute ignorance on the subject of spirit manifestations of any sort and an utter lack of understanding of the reason for the thoughts and longings which came unbidden to her mind.

Perceiving the harmony of the thought vibrations as mind spoke to mind, although unrecognized as an actual personality at that time,

I was able to so impress her consciousness that she began a systematic search for some reasonable solution for the questions that arose in her mind and clamored for settlement.

Patiently I worked to open her mind to a possibility of a more beautiful and satisfying explanation of Life and its meaning than any which had been presented to her through the church. After several weeks of preparation through books and teachings, I was able to influence her to accept the truth. At last she reached a place where I could safely introduce myself.

But here a difficulty arose which seemed for a time impossible to solve. I succeeded in impressing her mind with the fact that someone was trying to send her mental messages of cheer and comfort. But, never having entertained the idea of a spirit-mind being able to reach her, or wishing to do so, she was merely puzzled by these impressions.

Feeling positive that I could use her hand to write my messages, as has frequently been done by spirits on this plane, I made an attempt to control her hand, but to no purpose. Having no idea of the object of the current she felt, it did not occur to her to give the co-operation of intelligent attention necessary to get a message through in this way. At last I hit upon a plan to get this idea through to her by insistently sending the currents of etheric thought-force to her arm. She mentioned the feeling it occasioned quite casually to a friend and to my joy it was suggested that she try holding a pencil when she felt the force in her hand and see if the pencil would answer the question in her mind and

explain the reason for the curious sensation she had described.

Thus, after weeks of patient effort, at last I was able to begin what has proved to be a most helpful and interesting friendship. Her own intense interest in the truths which were presented through this method of communication, carried us through the initial period of mistakes and misunderstandings and we are now loyal friends.

It was some time before she was fully convinced of my reality. In fact, she continually reverted, in doubtful moments, to the possibility of the whole thing being a fabrication of her own fancy, until in desperation at her attitude I threatened to leave her and discontinue the messages entirely. When she found the pencil refused to move and the feeling of pleasant companionship had vanished, she discovered that I was to her a very real and definite person and she assured me she did not wish to lose my friendship.

There is a law in force on the higher planes which prohibits our forcing ourselves or our messages upon an unwilling mind. This law which we understand and practice, we also strive to impress on those who work with us on that plane. Do not insist upon anyone's accepting the Truth! Do not attempt to coerce their will, for this is the Law — *only as their own spirit craves knowledge will it be of the slightest benefit to them.*

So many teachers make the mistake of trying to force spiritual truths upon unwilling listeners. This is worse than useless. Soul hunger must precede any spiritual satisfaction to be

gained from any presentation of the truth. The appetite indicates a readiness for nourishment in the mental and spiritual life quite as much as the physical.

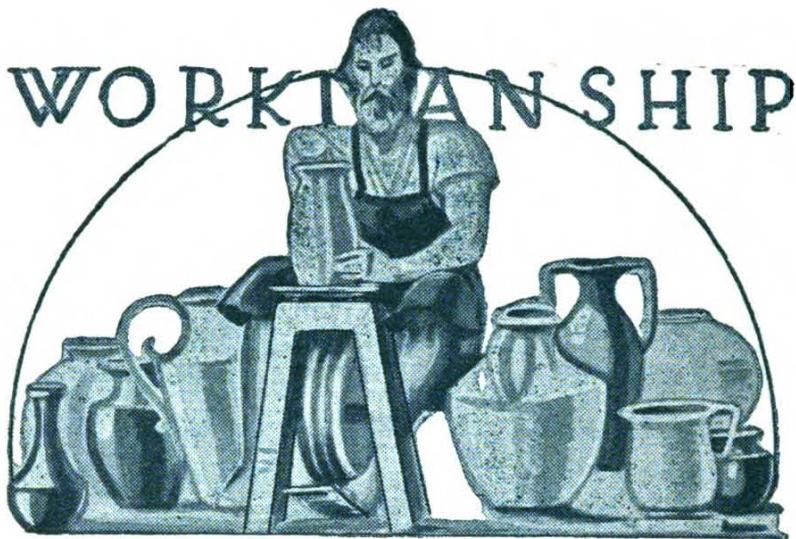
The law of supply and demand is very imperfectly adjusted in your present state of civilization. There is colossal waste of material in one place which causes a corresponding shortage elsewhere. But in the Eternal Scheme of Life as carried forward in these higher spheres of action, the Law of Supply and Demand acts much more equitably.

As you consciously apply this Universal Law to your own mental and spiritual life, you will be surprised at the exactitude of its operation. *What you earnestly desire, you will receive.* But the earnestness of purpose is necessary for the more perfect fulfillment. Longing, prompted by a pure, unselfish Love-motive, cannot fail to bring its answer—it is there waiting—you have only to reach out with your spirit hands and take it.

What you long for with every fiber of your being, you shall receive. The intensity of the desire is the measure of the response.

If you could only see as we do, you would realize that this must be so, for the thing you long for really prompts your longing. You get the thing exactly wrongside foremost! Love awaits you and it is your vague, imperfect vision of Love which first awakens a longing to know her better.

Learn to cherish every longing of your hungry soul as a promise—which shall not fail of a glorious fulfillment!



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MORTALS BELIEVE in a thorough understanding of what you call “practical things.” How to cook — make a house — wash — conduct a business — run a newspaper — this, that, and the other — all most excellent things in their way **AS LONG AS THEY LAST!**

Now, the question is, will you be logical enough to concede an equally earnest consideration of other “practical” things which last through that life and right on through the life hereafter?

You have wonderful school systems, but you need to add a few more courses! You need a course in **THINKING**. That sounds absurd but only about one student in ten ever really gets an accurate idea of how to control and use his brain force. He can't even keep his mind

90

focused on one object long enough to get really started *thinking* about it.

When you start your boy to school you see he is physically fit—and that is fine! Then his mental workshop (his brain) is given a great variety of miscellaneous work to do. Perhaps he is wise enough to really work hard and teach his brain habits of clear, logical reasoning, but more often he learns his lessons like so many chores to hurry through.

You do not realize, and naturally, cannot teach him that your brain is a sort of index to your character. Most mortals applaud physical strength, pay more or less grudging tribute to brilliance of intellect, but regard spiritual attainment as something to be rather ashamed of. This exactly reverses the actual, relative importance of these three phases of life, especially after you leave the earth-plane.

What we want to come back to tell you is this—work out your lives from the inside out—not from the outside in. Build your eternal habitation with all that is durable, and not with stubble that the wind will blow away. Put your trust in those things which will abide—not in gold and fleshly habiliments.

You are on your way to a splendid country where Spirit is supreme over all and Mind its servant. Then make that Spirit worthy of a place of honor in this Land of Fulfillment.

You admire anyone who takes raw material and forms it into shapes of beauty and usefulness. If, with consummate skill, they shape a thing of exquisite perfection, using patience and wisdom in their work, you say they are gifted

beyond measure and you honor them accordingly. You gather their products in museums and guard them carefully that future generations may gaze upon them with awe and admiration.

Just look at it this way! To each of you at birth is given a priceless, immortal gift—*Your Spirit!* It possesses marvelous, latent powers and possibilities. As this gift is placed in a certain receptacle especially designed for its safe keeping in a place of many dangers, you are taught to care for this protective covering that it may serve its purpose well. But instead of guarding faithfully this beautiful, radiant spirit, which is to live through all Eternity, you smother it till it scarcely breathes—you starve it until it is weak and almost dead—you teach it to Hate when it should Love. Then, when it has grown ugly and useless and weak from abuse, you shake your head and say you “doubt its divinity!” No wonder you doubt! What have you done to the glorious being you might have become? What sort of a workman are you?

That is the question which decides your status here when your time of testing is over on the earth-plane. When you have a certain work to be done — a splendid structure to be erected—any important work which requires skilled labor—do you not choose artisans of proven merit? Why trust tasks of vital importance to the mercy of inexperienced bunglers?

Picture to yourself then the arrival of a new workman upon the scene!

“What work has he done?”

“In what particular branch of work does he excel?”

“Show us his qualifications? What skill has he with the tools we are using?”

These are the natural questions. This is not a childish allegory—it is what actually happens.

Can you not see that circumstances are given as grindstones upon which to sharpen the tools of your intellect? Your mind is given you to use. With its aid you fashion, you guide, you mould the spirit into a lovely, glowing, radiant being fit to be ushered into the presence of the Immortals.

You say you know all this. It has been told you many times in many ways. Of course it has! But is it real to you? Do you act as though you believed it?

You say, “Heaven is a far-off, hazy, indefinite place! How do I know I shall ever get there? Perhaps it’s just imagination, anyway, to think there is such a place—why should I worry over it? If I go there when I die, I’ll find out all about it when I get there—that’s time enough for me!”

Ah, friends! If you could see, as I do, some of the awakenings!

You say, “Oh well, if I go to Heaven, I’ll be made over” — but you ARE NOT MADE OVER! You come here just as you leave there.

True, you leave your mortal body. You are provided with an astral body which faintly resembles your earthly one — but your mind and your spirit remain unchanged. The place you have fitted yourself for is the exact place

you occupy here. Your period of probation and preparation and opportunity for rapid advancement is over. Without realizing it in the least, you have definitely defined your own standing. Henceforth, you must work your way up from plane to plane of spiritual attainment through a slow, steady, normal growth—and growth is only possible through work.

What I would urge you to do is to try most earnestly to realize the relative importance of what you do there.

You are tempted — why? To make you strong! You resist—the thing which tempted you has lost its power to attract you. It has accomplished its purpose. The thing itself was not of the slightest consequence. The only thing of any importance is—what did it do to you—to your spirit—to your character?

You say, perhaps, that Life is too hard! You have never had a chance!

If life is too hard for you, it is your own fault entirely! Evil is negative—it is weakness—it is failing to avail yourself of an inexhaustible supply of Wisdom, Love and Courage to meet any and every adverse circumstance. When you destroy, you work with negative forces, but when you build up you ally yourself with the irresistible forces, which never fail to come to the aid of one who puts his whole soul into the effort to progress spiritually, mentally, and physically.

Good workmanship on the earth-plane is appreciated and encouraged by those here who are watching and guarding those who are to be

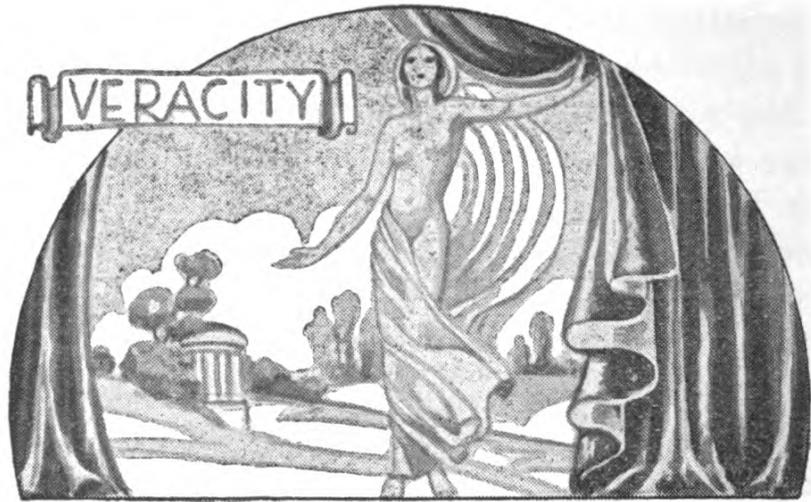
their future partners in this glorious scheme of Life Eternal.

Don't think yourself forgotten or neglected! Prove yourself worthy and you shall have the help and companionship of unseen friends to cheer you on your way to final victory beyond the grave.

You "believe"—but I KNOW! The hand that writes this is mortal—but the mind that guides that hand has attained immortality and seeks to write words that shall reach your consciousness and inspire you to so live that you may inherit a Heavenly Home of undreamed beauty and happiness.

I am living where I can see the things which you cannot — the **THINGS WHICH EN-DURE!**





CHAPTER FIFTEEN



IHAVE SPOKEN of an instrument—
You doubt my word—The Bible men-
tions no such contrivance! Does the
Bible speak of the telegraph, the tele-
phone, the radio, the electric light you
use without a twinge of conscience?

Is there anything sacrilegious in the aviator hopping into his plane and sailing off in search of the north pole? Yet, where one man makes such a trip and discovers new facts you are eager to learn, a thousand step from the earth-plane to an unknown section of the universe—and you shut your ears when they try to tell you what they discover.

Do you expect soon to emigrate to the North Pole?

Yet, tomorrow may find you transported to this Heavenly Country!

The North Pole is the center of a cold, deso-

late waste of uninhabitable country. Still, you must know all about it! Well, a man goes—presently he returns. You listen to all he has to say. Even if he told you something entirely contrary to your preconceived theories, you would accept his word with implicit confidence. Why? You believe him to be sincere in his motive. He has gone with the express purpose of aiding science and adding to the sum total of the world's knowledge. You do not doubt his veracity. You gladly adapt your beliefs to correspond with his facts.

Suppose he were unable to return—his airplane wrecked — but he succeeded in rescuing an apparatus for broadcasting and your radio stations here and there picked up his messages, you would still believe and every newspaper in the land would help spread the good news.

There is nothing unmanly or weak-minded about listening to what he has to say. No one thinks you "looney" for believing what he tells you. You don't say, "Yes, that is his name—he did go there—he knew we wanted to find out all about it, but how do we know it isn't someone trying to fool us?" Not at all! You use your common sense! You know your radio does catch the invisible etheric waves and translate them into words and you accept his evidence.

I am sending you just that kind of a message!

I am telling you this is a beautiful country!
I mean a real place! I mean you can see and feel!
I mean you go on LIVING—not merely existing!

I am telling you that what you learn and

what you *do there* decides your place and occupation *here*. I don't mean you keep a store or manufacture vacuum sweepers or run a bank—but the ability you have developed *there* fits you for certain work *here*.

But remember one thing—you won't work for money and you won't work to fill a certain number of hours. You'll work because you want to DO something and when it's done it will be of some actual benefit to someone.

Perhaps, you think you don't want to work—you want to rest, to play, to get away from the grinding drudgery of the earth-plane. I assure you, it is worth all the weariness to learn the meaning of rest. It is worth all the pain and disappointments of the earth-life to feel the glorious freedom and exultation of REAL LIVING as we know it here.

If I can, in any way, bring to you an accurate picture of our life here, our occupations, our amusements, our interests and ambitions, you will recognize the supreme necessity of using the opportunities given you there to prepare for this wider field of opportunity.

Nothing is more important to mankind than the action of their minds in the acceptance of new channels of information. The mere fact that they are open to conviction is a powerful lever for the inculcating of invaluable lessons along lines of vital importance to the race.

More and more we are able to cut through the intervening mist of doubt that separates us and impress the minds of mortals with the reality and amazing beauty of these higher planes.

Every individual won to this consciousness of an actual, understandable existence which begins immediately upon the termination of your earth-life, is one more link to weld together the Forces of Constructive effort that are urging us ever onward toward perfection.

Do not underestimate the importance of each separate entity in the contemplation of the vastness of the final aggregation. Each must be won separately and individually and each is an absolutely essential part of the whole. Until every spirit which possesses a conscious existence is working together with every other conscious spirit in a solid unit of constructive effort, our work will not be done.

What we are striving to accomplish is a general awakening of those who are ignorantly neglecting the opportunities constantly presented for their co-operation in furthering this great work. It is worthy the best efforts of any human being to so awaken the slumbering purpose in the heart of a fellow mortal.

One heart and mind aroused to the necessity for action and recognizing the glorious possibilities of such a service, may lead to a vast multitude being finally united in one grand, triumphant effort. It is a system of compound interest that piles up with surprising rapidity.

No person, once convinced of the absolute truth of our existence on this plane, can be persuaded to keep the knowledge to themselves. It is far too wonderful a revelation to keep it a secret!



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

WHEN WE MAKE the vital change you have named Death, we acquire automatically a more extended view of very wonderful processes of which we only catch occasional, warped glimpses on the earth-plane.

We see action of any kind in a distended way—that is, we visualize its effect in a manner difficult to explain to you. Some of your wiser philosophers have cultivated this faculty to an extent which gives them powers which seem miraculous to you. To us, their vision is still extremely limited.

But the point I wish to bring out is this: Whereas, you strive by many laws (not Universal Laws of cause and effect but petty laws of punishment arbitrarily inflicted) to curb the consequences of human folly and misdirected energy—we, of the higher planes, are taught in
100

a far different manner to respect and cheerfully comply with every Law provided for our own best progress.

You treat Crime as a mental monstrosity which must be caged and tortured until it is by some not-yet-discovered wonder of inverse logic rendered quite docile and tractable. When your eyes are opened to the wider vistas of truly Constructive Effort, you will plainly see the faulty logic of such reasoning.

Crime is in itself a punishment. Isolation is often a necessity for the safety of others, but mere brutal, physical punishment will never prove a successful remedy. All the whipping in the world never made a boy love Truth, Honesty and Justice!

As you progress in the natural order of things, from mortal body to astral form, you are ushered into a much more wise and equitable administration of the Laws which are necessary for the continuity of life. Here, knowledge forms the basis for progression. We don't say a man is "bad," we say he is ignorant.

Suppose your child were made ill by eating poison of some sort—you would first relieve his physical pain, and then impress the lesson Nature had given, by telling him the natural laws governing the action of poison, and specify what substances produced such dire results. In other words, you would teach him the Law of Cause and Effect.

Every Universal Law is planned for your own protection, progress and pleasure. Were you to understand and apply these Laws (even as an absolutely selfish proposition) you would

gain personally in every way through such a course. Every physical blessing comes through a strict observance of the Laws of Health. Every intellectual achievement is attained through the application of the mind in accordance with certain fixed laws. Every spiritual accomplishment is the direct result of your obedience to a definite Law provided for this specific purpose.

While I was consciously concentrating on the various forces by which certain effects are produced (such as the etheric waves which carry sounds, or rather reproduce the vibrations which cause sound) it was more and more forcibly brought to my attention that what you call Sin, or Crime, is simply Ignorance of the Law and its inevitable effect. The only cure for these ills (rightly so named) is a simple course of instruction in Universal Laws.

I am not alone in the earnest wish to return to the earth-plane and try to open the eyes of mortals to the tremendous advantage of gaining a better understanding of these Universal Laws and their wonderful power to transform a mortal existence into a magnificent affair instead of the sorry muddle so many make of it.

When I talked with those who had attempted to reach the ears of mortals, I found them very skeptical over my ability to make any impression on mortal minds through direct communication.

“You will find they don’t want to hear from us!”

“They fear us!”

“They feel it is blasphemous to claim to have listened to our voices!”

“They think we are devils trying to tempt them!”

“They think we are annihilated and resent our continued existence!”

“They are doing things in secret their own judgment tells them are wrong and they can't bear to think we know about them!” So the comments ran.

So many had tried and met with every sort of rebuff. No wonder they gave it up. Of course, a few persisted and were finally fully identified and warmly welcomed by their loved ones, but the preponderance of public sentiment was violently opposed to such demonstrations.

And, yet it seemed to me the only hope of making any real progress in helping those on the earth-plane was through convincing them of a real, sane, dignified and monstrously interesting and active life after they cast aside their cumbersome material bodies and assumed control of a strictly modern, up-to-date, efficient body capable of indefinite power and service.

What is a body anyway but a machine? Who ever heard of a man or woman with any pep and gumption over running a car, who would refuse to change a squeaky, worn-out, old four-cylinder car for a powerful, smooth-running car of the latest model? I'm just making a comparison you can understand.

Study your machine! Learn a little about its construction and learn the traffic rules. Learn to be a good driver and you'll find it easy to slip into your new car and really enjoy its increased speed and power.

Do I shock you with my everyday comparisons? Can't you understand that we are still confronted with "everyday" tasks here?

That's just the message I'm bound and determined to get through to you!

You go on LIVING—useful, happy, helpful lives, if you so WILL.

You go on LEARNING—starting HERE where you left off THERE.

You go on LOVING—the things you have loved there (unless they are silly, useless things you must gradually discard).

You say, "How do I KNOW?"

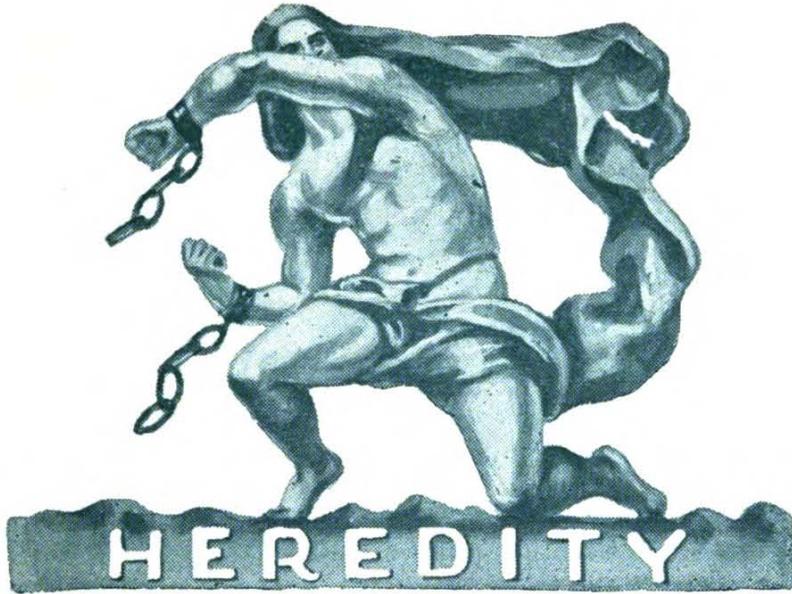
If you are as sensible as I think you are, you will FIND OUT.

You can if you want to, but you'll have to admit the possibility of there being something to find out before you make any attempt to really bridge the chasm of silence that has so long interposed an impalpable barrier between your plane and mine.

If I come through the mist to meet you, may we not pierce the dark curtain of doubt and let in, at least, enough light to prove there is something more than an Eternal blankness beyond the veil.

At least I am determined to try.





CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WHEN I STARTED studying the subject of maintaining a steady, dependable contact with the earth-plane with the object in view of giving to mortals the privilege of acquiring information which might be of real benefit to them, I was brought to see what a sad muddle mortals make of the period which has been provided for their development of various attributes of character.

For life on the earth-plane is like a spiritual gymnasium. One is supposed to use the different apparatus devised by the Master Trainer to develop Faith, Love, Patience, Loyalty—in fact, every soul muscle should be strengthened and rendered fit for any strain which may be put upon it.

Life, the trainer, gives us such circumstances

as seem best suited to develop our weak points. For Life is ever conniving with Nature to circumvent our heedlessness and folly. Together they must contrive, in some way, to bring mortals under the Law of Progression. They seek valiantly to strengthen and build up what man ruthlessly and witlessly destroys.

The mortal who consciously and gladly allies himself with these mighty Universal Forces and intelligently follows out their Constructive Purpose in his own life, may accomplish seeming miracles with the utmost ease.

When obstacles arise, let him tackle them with a will, realizing that only so may he develop the wonderful power and endurance which makes him impervious to temptation.

Life holds for you rare gifts. They are placed (for a wise purpose) just beyond your reach. As you patiently and steadfastly press forward to grasp these gifts, your character gradually attains grace and symmetry—until you “measure unto the full stature of a man”—that is, a spiritually perfect, fully developed Mortal, eligible for the Life Immortal which is your inheritance here.

We see, immediately we step across the threshold of life into the higher planes, how tremendously important is this period of earthly training and development.

Since the world began, mortals have been vouchsafed in various ways, visions of the glories of this Life Beyond. The form of these revelations has varied with the mental development and spiritual perception of those to whom they were sent. What was the use showing

them things they could not faintly glimpse the meaning of? Tell a Hottentot of a radio, and it would not create in his mind a ripple of interest. It is too far beyond him.

So mortals were shown symbols (to them understandable) of the wonders of these higher planes. These appeared to them as a form of reward for certain acts of devotion rather than the natural, logical consequence of all mortal effort toward progression. Thus originated the childishly twisted conception of a Supreme Being who erratically and capriciously dispensed these gifts quite without regard to any fitness on the part of the recipient to accept or use them.

Thus we have, to this day, in every religion, a smattering of this crude, almost laughable conception of an irrational, at times a diabolical, Ruler of the Universe who personally supervises the endless torture of those who do not, in some mysterious manner, curry favor with Him, and so insure immunity from an outpouring of His wrath.

Most mortals today (unhampered by the traditions of the past) would gladly accept a logical presentation of the Truth.

Could the marvelously wise Scheme of the Universe, (not only as the Supreme Creator planned it, but as it is actually working out today) be presented to their minds in a more extended vision, which includes this next step in its endless progression toward Perfection—then there would begin on earth an era of undreamed-of prosperity.

Many thousands see the Light—many mil-

lions long to see and understand, but they cling to the worthless symbols of bygone days. Perhaps they cast them aside as inadequate to satisfy their present needs, but still they fear to entirely cut loose and follow a new revelation of Eternal Progress.

It is this hereditary blindness we of the Higher Planes seek to cure.

But you say, "God does not change?" and you are absolutely correct. God—All-wise—All-powerful—All-loving—was, is and ever will be the same changeless Ruler of this changing Universe.

Because your turbulent minds caught a distorted vision of His character and purpose yesterday, shall the clearer vision of today be deemed untrue?

Cast aside your outgrown creeds — forget your impotent dogmas—loosen the clutch of hereditary superstitions and follow fearlessly the Path of Progress.

You will find it is the Path the Master trod—for Christ taught Eternal Truths. Yet He spoke in parables, trying to adjust the meaning of His message to the limited mental and spiritual development of His audience.

We would make a still further adjustment of these same teachings. We are enabled, through the rapid progress of the past few years, to reach the mentality of mortals, while we are still on a higher plane, with corresponding vibrations. Those of yet higher planes must reach the earth-plane through us. It is a relay system.

There have always been gifted ones who have

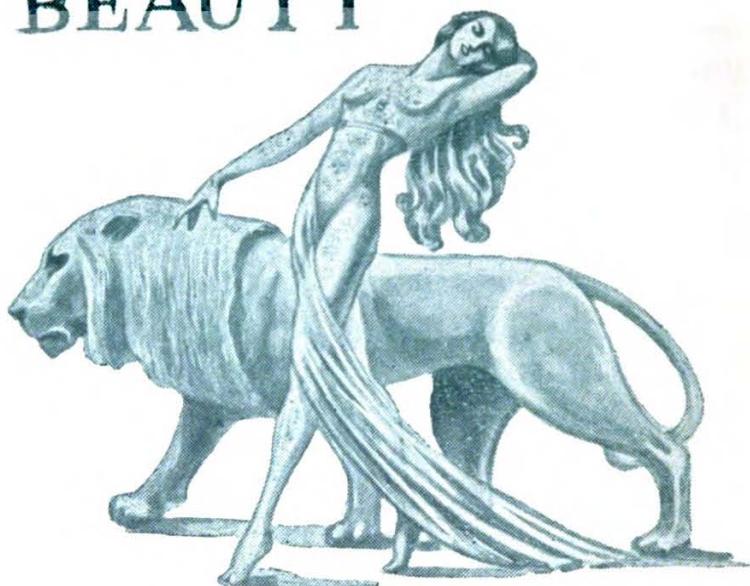
possessed a supersensitiveness to vibratory influences who could receive such messages, but the time is close at hand, when all who will, may confirm their belief in a Life Beyond the earth-plane by actual, undeniable, personal proof of its existence.

This is the purpose of my determined effort to break down the wall which unbelief has erected between us, send a challenge to the world to prove I am not real—not living—not gloriously happy! To defy the scoffers and convince the earnest seekers after Truth, that their hope of immortality is indeed to be fulfilled—that the Earth-life is merely the prelude to the mighty song of Eternal-Life and Love. “To those who believe shall be given to drink of the Water of Life freely.”

I would lend you my eyes that you might see the boundless opportunities life affords you to prepare for this wider, fuller, infinitely-satisfying life beyond the grave—that grave you fear but never enter, for never yet has the spirit of a mortal man been held in the narrow confines of a grave. As you view the uninhabited body, the spirit soars to new worlds to continue in uninterrupted sequence the march toward Perfection begun on the earth-plane.



BEAUTY



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

WHEN YOU REACH the plane where I am, you will place a very different value on beauty. Each object which my eye rests upon is beautiful in form and color. The thought which brought it into being was beautiful, therefore, it cannot be otherwise.

Beauty is absolutely essential to spiritual growth. Have you not noticed how sensitive to beauty are those whom you recognize as possessing more than ordinary ability in any given direction. Love of perfection along any line is a sign of progressiveness. Even the worst case of personal vanity (which everyone despises) is not quite so hopeless as it seems. Change the quality of selfishness which makes it repulsive and you have a wise and just appreciation of

one's own possibilities and responsibilities.

To us, the present wild orgy of paint, powder, jazz and petting parties is a sign of awakened desire wrongly directed. These young folks want something they don't know how to get. This girl with her crude attempt to make herself beautiful, her fierce determination to live her own life and choose her own pleasures, is far from hopeless. She wants something that the primly conventional conduct laid down for her by her ancestors for generations past fails to give her.

What she needs is not a curb and bit with a touch of the whip to bring her to her senses, as so many good people advocate. What she needs is a channel for her awakened energy and longing for self-expression. Don't dam it up, that is dangerous, that is where the trouble has been in the past. Self-repression has been woman's handicap for centuries. Now the dam has broken and you have a flood of pent-up energy and ambition turned loose with no adequate provision made for its legitimate distribution and use.

When you substitute knowledge for the present ghastly ignorance — when you teach them the vast difference between the false and the genuine—when you stop trying to quiet them with time-worn admonitions and give them what they are seeking — real interests, wonderful visions of real accomplishments—real beauty and real affection—they will gladly relinquish the counterfeit they have found so unsatisfactory.

If you cannot teach them (or will not) then

the great teacher, Life, must show them the Truth!

Life is beautiful—Truth is beautiful—Love is beautiful. Why do you make them ugly as you present them to your sons and daughters? Why do you clothe them in Fear, which is the ugliest garment you can find with which to disguise their true character? Do away with FEAR entirely and let LOVE take its place!

Teach your young folks to go to meet Life fearlessly, joyously, confident that it holds for them all they crave of glorious achievement. Instead of holding them back, warning, discouraging — **urge them forward**, teach them confidence and show your faith in their certain ultimate victory.

When you realize the real meaning of Life, in its relation to this next phase of existence, you will be in a position to point out the very obvious advantages of a thorough preparation for it.

Indeed, in view of what awaits you here, there will be a tremendous change in your whole attitude toward life there. It will be changed from a drab, meager, disappointing struggle for an ever vanishing dream of happiness, to a radiant, glowing demonstration of the Divine Love which has the power to transform and beautify the most ordinary life.

This eternal quest for Beauty is in itself a truly lovely thing. Those who seek for Beauty may adopt strange methods in their anxiety to discover where she hides—they may often mistake her identity and overlook her entirely or be misled by her many deceptive imitators, such

as Vanity, Pride and Ostentation—for Beauty is shy and lurks in quiet, lovesome spots among the simple, natural surroundings of unspoiled Innocence and Purity.

And still, the most beautiful spirits that come to join us here have often been counted quite plain and uncultured there. They have lacked, perhaps, the material blessings which tend to lend grace and charm to the physical body, but they have kept their spirits glowing with health—bathed in a quiet tranquillity of Faith—ever alert to offer Sympathy, Love, Service. A spirit that had grown with exquisite simplicity of motive to a strength of purpose, a symmetry of character which even shone through the clumsy robe of flesh and compelled the admiration of earth-blind mortals.

There is nothing virtuous or desirable about an ugly, misformed body. It is the result of countless errors of those who preceded it. The body should be cared for most skillfully and intelligently. It will amply repay you for the most painstaking and systematic attention. It is the home of your spirit. Much of your spirit's health and happiness depends upon the way you keep your body fresh and clean and ready for instant service at all times.

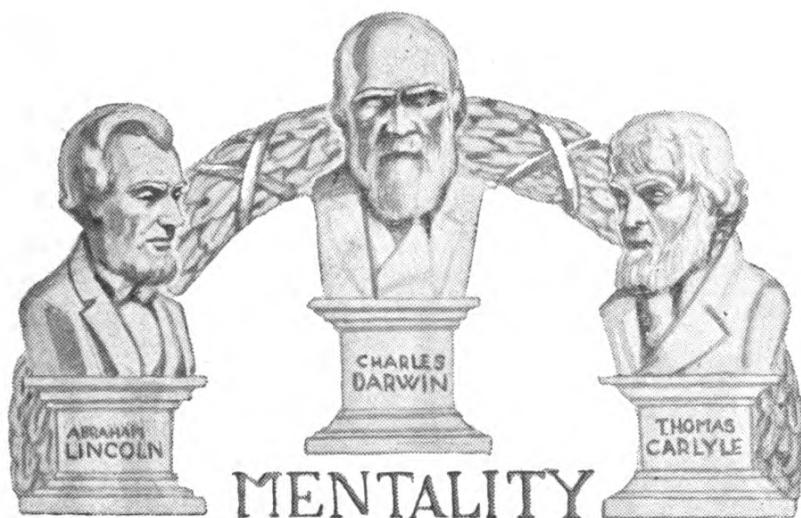
Much can be done to improve the appearance and mechanical action of this body of yours through a better understanding of laws already known, and others more or less mysterious to most of you now. Although your present body is to be laid aside for the far more beautiful and expressive astral body which clothes our spirits here, still, while you do possess it you are

greatly dependent upon its health for the normal development of your spirit life.

Cherish this body of yours—train it in habits of clean, wholesome living—give it the benefit of fresh air, sunshine and water—these are the three best and safest tonics any doctor can prescribe. There are other forces of a curative nature which you may summon at will from the surrounding ether, but it is not the intention of this book to go into details regarding this and other knowledge of a more technical nature. This subject alone would fill an entire volume if treated properly. It cannot be clearly demonstrated and explained in a few sentences. If the subject of bodily training, for efficiency, interests you there are many excellent books which will enlighten you on its various aspects. It has occupied the attention of many very able men.

Bodily development, beauty of form and wonderful grace come from systematic exercise and training. This is very important and really precedes the still more important training of the brain, but of that we shall treat in another chapter.





CHAPTER NINETEEN



WE NEED NOT let our minds rust for lack of use when we have so wide a universe for them to play around in. If one subject fails to interest you, try another. Hunt for your "natural bent." Everyone has one! When you find the one thing you never tire of, that is a sure indication you have discovered your real talent. Your task then is to develop that talent. And whatever else you may be, don't be ashamed of that talent and try to camouflage it with a lot of flummies that don't go with it at all!

You have a right to live your own life in your way. Don't let fear of ridicule deter you and don't count your progress altogether by the amount of gold you are able to accumulate.

When Burbank left that plane, he left—what? Gold? Any man could have done that. It doesn't take any great amount of brains to

make money the way most of it is made—selfishly.

When Burbank came to join us here, he brought as his passport a wonderful talent, carefully and skillfully developed through long years of patient effort. Do you think for one moment we did not honor him for his devotion to his own individual purpose and its marvelous growth from a mere vague, you might say visionary, ideal to a beautiful reality? So, also, men honor and revere Luther Burbank. He had already joined the ranks of the Immortals before he left the earth-plane. We watched, with eager anticipation, his awakening from the earth-daze. When he fully aroused and discovered he was really alive, and that his work here would be a continuation of his earth-life among the flowers and plants he loved, his enthusiasm was a joy to behold! The fact that he did not believe in a vengeful Diety with human frailties and human loves and hates did not for one moment prevent his letting the Spirit of Love work through him for the progress of your world toward perfection. The words you quibble over are so unessential. It's the idea they represent that is of importance.

Man cannot worship Goodness, Beauty and Purity without worshiping God. Every flower is God smiling at you! Every beauty of Nature—the glow of the sunset—the music of the waterfall—the mysteries of the heavens—are whispers of God to your spirit. And very few will dispute the fact that a little innocent child is God reaching down to bless you.

When the orbit of our conscious mind en-

circles a new strata of Truth, we are automatically raised to a higher plane of thought. Our vision broadens and every aspect of Life assumes a more correct proportion.

Our passing from the earth-plane to a higher state of existence, where we are freed from the limitations of our earthly bodies, does not necessarily imply that we at once attain any considerable proficiency in the use of the latent powers set free by this transition.

No mortal undisciplined and untrained in the more subtle attributes of his spirit nature can hope to step immediately into the possession of those faculties which render life on the higher planes so glorious an adventure.

Only the truly devout followers of the principles of living so clearly set forth in the New Testament can hope to attain any degree of proficiency in the modes of thought which adapt his spirit to the requirements of this atmosphere of high thinking and high living.

When the mind of a mortal is imbued with Love—that Divine Love of which the Christ was the mortal manifestation, then will his thoughts bear the imprint of a greater Mind than his own. It is as though Love opened a door into his mind through which there entered a marvelous mist of gold which worked a miracle and changed each thought into a gleaming, golden glory which made the eyes of mortals light with hope.

Make a mental note of this very important difference between a "Love-thought" and the most scintillating wit of a master brain un-

lighted by the divine glow that comes from this life-giving force.

The Love-thought has the power to permeate an almost impenetrable wall of opposition. It may be clothed in the simplest of word garments, make no pretense of more than ordinary beauty; but a Love-thought, however simply expressed, glows with a warm, living Love-principle that possesses an omnipotent power to attract and influence other minds; while the thought unlighted by this divine quality of spirit slashes with the fleeting glory of a meteor and falls lifeless to the earth—its burst of eloquence devoid of any lasting power over the living souls of men.

We may use the precious endowment of intellect we all possess in either of these two ways—what we must at last come to realize is the fact that not only are we responsible for our spoken words, but the thought they clothe has actual power to hurt or to heal—to lift up or to drag down—to bring light or to plunge into darkness—exactly in proportion to its activating Love-motive.

We, of the higher planes, work unceasingly to acquire power of intellect, but we place far greater value on the Spirit-power back of the thought which supplies its pulsating etheric essence of energy.

With every thought that emanates from a mortal mind, there goes forth more than a pleasant or an unpleasant word-picture. A positive spirit-power for good or evil is hidden beneath the words. This power is the spirit of the message presented and is brought into be-

ing by the Motive that prompted the expression in word-form of the thought. Thus we are all of us creators in a sense not ordinarily comprehended by mortals.

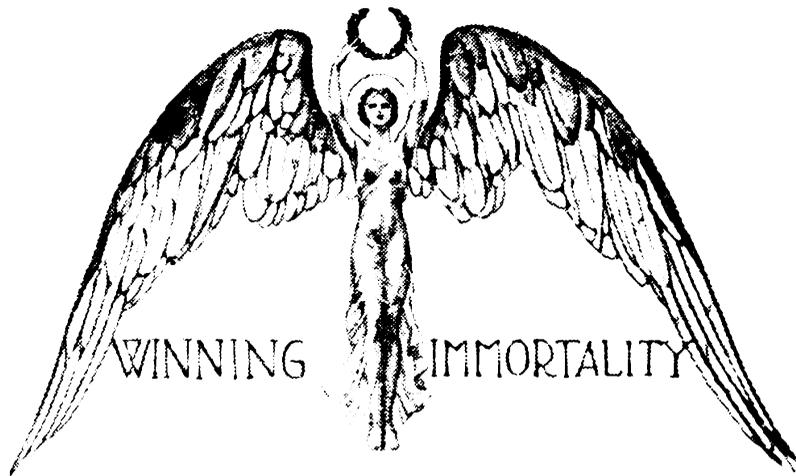
The thought then, clothed in its material garment of words (which may be as simple or elaborate as one's fancy dictates) has Life. This life may be a feeble, flickering flame, in which case its light and warmth are quickly extinguished and it dies without having made any lasting impression on any conscious entity.

But suppose it to be conceived in Hate and brought forth in Malice; this gives it a spurious but powerful Life-principle which manifests itself in any number of hurtful ways.

But, take the Love-thought, born through a fusion of a selfless flame of service for others and a divine spirit of love, and the Thought-child possesses a vitality which makes mortals marvel. A book or a song thus fathered and mothered may live for years or centuries!

We, of the higher planes, learn to make use of this thought creation in its more vital and far-reaching forms.

Not only has a thought a distinct life of its own as you send it forth from your brain, but it has the power to multiply itself and produce like thoughts in the minds of those it touches. A thought may and does possess this same power whether it is put into words or cast forth as pure spirit, but I speak here of the conscious mental Thought-child in its commonly accepted Word-form.



CHAPTER TWENTY

IT IS GENERALLY conceded to be a fact that no mortal can trace the beginning of a thought. It is as real as the sun in the heavens, yet it comes to you, you know not whence.

Your deepest desires are also mysterious in their origin. They may have some plausible excuse for their existence but more often they are as unexplainable as the cyclone that sweeps across the face of the earth in sudden fury.

Men take them for granted in a sort of fatalistic way, giving sway to them from force of necessity. That such a mortal process of mind is the result of certain forces culled from the surrounding ether by a quality of soul you unconsciously possess from birth never seems to occur to your scientists who dig and delve for hidden causes.

Training and environment can and do determine your physical condition and mental

attitude to a large extent, but beneath the surface polish and acquired system of conduct lies a strata of consciousness that yields to no forced methods of cultivation. It is the keynote of your character and sooner or later, in some way, it will work its will with your destiny.

You may train your body in habits conducive to health and physical well being—you may train your mind to habits of strong, logical reasoning—but who can train a man's soul if he has no vision, no yearning for the higher things of life, no reaching out to the life beyond?

Men make themselves miserable struggling against some irresistible impulse strengthened by indulgence, yet they overlook the only natural and effectual way to check and conquer its devastating sway. The desire is the result of a certain quality of soul. They must go deep enough to recognize and deal with this soul-quality before any permanent change can be effected in the hidden motives that actuate all mental and physical processes.

Act on the assumption that man cannot change this quality of soul by any conscious effort of mind and you make him a puppet—a plaything of chance! But grant that he may call to his aid a mighty transforming power which will charge this soul with a motivating instinct for better, higher things and you will arrive at the actual starting point of all progress—mental, moral and physical.

What this power is and whence it comes is the problem whose baffling answer has eluded the search of the learned in mortal professions

of vastly intricate pursuits along the Highway of Knowledge and has been revealed to those who, in lowly obscurity, have pitted their puny strength against the tide of material evidence hurled at them by would-be teachers. Beaten and buffeted by every trial and vicissitude of adverse circumstance, they have still clung with glorious tenacity of purpose to their inborn faith in a spiritual life immune from the disappointments and sorrows that beset their earthly existence.

To these loyal souls is granted the privilege of sharing in their earth-life the joys which have no mental or physical origin but spring pure and fresh from the Immortal Spirit of Love Eternal!

What matters it, the path they take to reach the portals of this beautiful Land of Dreams Fulfilled? When each one enters the promised home "Prepared for those who love Him" they will forget all about the curious little idiosyncrasies that distinguished their pet theories during the earth-life in the amazing revelation of a life too gloriously complete to admit of one thought which might cause a note of discord to creep in and mar the soul-satisfying harmony and beauty of the whole.

Unity of purpose, with its natural offspring Harmony of Thought and Act, receives far too scant attention from those who imagine themselves to be following the footsteps of the Christ. Perhaps, the most important lesson which can be brought home to the minds and hearts of Christ's followers, is the fact that all the struggle and sacrifice necessary to build up

a church of ANY denomination is "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" if, in the stress of building a beautiful exterior, they have lost sight of the Church Invisible, whose foundation is Love, whose pillars are Faith and Hope, whose aisles are open to all who hunger and thirst after righteousness and whose mission is to feed the hungry the Bread of Life!

When will mortals be called to account for their substituting of material gifts for the real, priceless gifts which God, their Spiritual Father, asks of them? Give love, give sympathy, give kindly deeds, give all that mortal mind can devise to comfort and encourage those about you; and if these be best expressed by the gold you count so precious, then give of your gold; but let the gift be sanctified by the Spirit of Love before it reaches the altar of the Divine Ruler of the Universe, else will it fail of its mission to others and also fail of its promised blessing to you, the giver!

Count the value of your gift, not by the size of its earthly contents, but by the strength of the purpose which prompted it. He who gives without thought of self will be truly blessed in the giving. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God!"

What I am trying to impress on your mind is that all human effort is useless, all attempted achievement futile unless the motive be pure. When you purify your innermost sanctuary where dwells your spirit, more than you can possibly conceive will be the ratio of improvement in every function of mind and body.

Why do mortals make the absurd mistake of maintaining a costly and elaborate retinue of servants to gild the outside of their mortal bodies and let the inmate freeze to death for lack of the Divine Flame of Love? What a deplorable failure you make of life when you deny the absolute supremacy of the spirit! When the spirit is warmed and fed and its radiance undimmed by a smothering load of unnecessary material paraphernalia, then the winds may blow and the tempests rage—Peace reigns and Joy abides in spite of all outward conditions.

Now this positively is NOT “religious cant”—it’s positive Truth. It has been demonstrated all through the ages—it is true for you today.

The Spirit, heaven-born and heaven-sustained, must and shall rule before the soul of man can reach its rightful place and claim its divine inheritance of Immortality!



CONCLUSION

Friday, May 14th, 1926.

I am very happy tonight over the consummation of my dearly cherished scheme of reaching the Earth-plane with a message that should appeal to the plain, workaday man or woman who does not have the time or inclination to ferret out the Truth from the more abstruse and involved philosophies which have heretofore expounded this theory of progressive volition of action from plane to plane.

The American people are my own countrymen! For them I feel that peculiar bond of love and loyalty which stirs within the soul of all true-hearted mortals at thought of those dear to them through the home ties.

Although now an inhabitant of the limitless expanse of the Cosmic Universe which knows no arbitrary boundaries of color, speech or nationality among its citizens, still my heart goes questing back to the dear, frank, inquisitive fun-loving American whom I call brother in a sense you all understand. We think along the same lines, we feel the same impulse to scoff at subterfuge and fight for the truth, we possess the same respect and tenderness for all that is truly beautiful.

May this simple, sincere message from one who has passed through the portals that lead to the Next Step in our eternal progress toward Perfection, be received in the same spirit of

hearty comradeship in which it is sent.

I thank you for your fair, unbiased reading of my words of sympathetic warning and admonition. I know some things you are wanting to know. I have tried to answer some questions I, myself, was asking very recently. If I have succeeded in convincing you of my own personal existence as a conscious entity, with every faculty you possess and many you have not yet developed, then the purpose of this book will have been accomplished and you will be in a better position to prepare yourself sensibly and more competently for What Comes Next.

“C. N.”

NOTE

If this little book has in any way helped you to see a little deeper into God's purpose with regard to your own life, **here and hereafter**, let another share it with you! Thus you will be doubly blessed!

By special request of the author,

“C. N.”



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