

# The Life of a Soul

Wonderful Description of the Palaces and Slums of Spirit Life  
By One Who Has Visited Them in Soul Flight.

By  
MRS. MARY E. FRANCE

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Mrs Mary & Frances  
1709 - Beloit ave  
West Los Angeles  
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## FOREWORD

Many years ago I was told by one of my teachers from the higher life I was to write a book, the name was to be, "The Life of a Soul," the history of this soul is my own. So in writing today, I am prompted by a sense of duty and a promise which I gave to my teachers from the higher life many years ago, to help them in spreading these truths wherever I could.

When being told I was a chosen instrument to help them to bring light to the world, I pleaded my ignorance and lack of education to do so, and asked why I was one of the chosen, when, from my worldly standpoint, there were so many more capable than I was. The answer came, "By constantly adding brands to the fire, we hope in time to light the whole world."

So it is with the assurance of help that I will add my little store of knowledge with the hope that it will help lift the burden from some poor souls who are still struggling under the wrong thought—that death ends all.

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## INTRODUCTION

"Herefore ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." John 1:51.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit." 1 Cor. 2:9.

Paul declares he was "caught up" into the third heaven and heard things unlawful to utter.

The history of saints and martyrs and of devout and consecrated men and women under spirit entrancement, shows that like St. Paul, many who are spiritually prepared are caught up into heaven, and made to see and understand the realities of the spirit realm, and in many cases are able to remember what they have seen and heard, and describe what has been there revealed for our instruction. St. Paul says he was "caught up" by which we understand that thru spirit entrancement his vibrations were raised from the lower vibrations of the material realm on which he ordinarily functioned, to tune in with the vibrations that prevail in the higher realms of spirit.

Many thus visit the spirit land in their sleep and sub-consciously receive much instruction and help but are not able to recall and portray the same in their waking moments.

Happy is the medium who is not only prepared to see and enjoy such visions as Mrs. France describes in this book and give them out to those thirsting for the knowledge of spiritual realities. No one acquainted with Mrs. France will question the sincerity and absolute truth of her statements.

B. F. Austin.



# BOOK OF CALIFORNIA

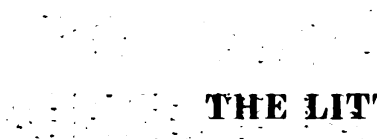
## L I F E

O! wonderful life, how little we know  
From whence we came or whither we go,  
From the giant Oak to the tiny flower  
All are filled with God's life and power.

Man is crowned king of all life on earth  
And endowed with great gifts at time of birth,  
God to him many beauties has given  
To brighten his path on the way to heaven.

Look to the fields where the lilies grow,  
The towering mountains covered with snow,  
And the little rivulet bordered with flowers,  
O! what a beautiful world is ours.

O! wonderful life, in awe we stand,  
As we view the work of an unseen hand;  
Let us raise our eyes with adoration and love  
While we thank our Father who dwells above.



## THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

The tiny little flower found growing by the brook,  
Is ready with a smile, for all who care to look;  
The tiny little insect finds rest beneath its shade,  
And a perfect peace, in a home there made.

The tiny little brook sings merrily on its way,  
Lulling to sleep the insect on this warm summer day;  
Saying "good bye little insect, good bye little flower,  
Until we meet again endowed with greater power."

Thus they help one another as they cross life's rugged  
stream,  
Sharing each the other's burden, making life a happy  
dream;  
Pushing onward—ever onward, to the bright world  
above,  
Surrounded as they go, by universal love.

O! the happy busy world, tho humble it may be  
In our mad rush through life we often fail to see.  
O! the lessons we might gather from little things each  
day  
If only we would stoop to pick them on our way.

## THE LIFE OF A SOUL

There comes a time in the life of every soul when it is wide awake, and when this time comes. it knows why it is here and is ready to begin to free itself from all entanglements of earth life which it has brought around itself by wrong thoughts and acts. It sees now that to do this it must face about, look over its past life, and resolve to erase every wrong by an act of helpfulness to every living creature.

It now begins to take pleasure by loosening these bonds and seeing the light which by freeing itself realizes it has been there all the time, only kept covered by wrong actions and thoughts. The strong bond between the soul and its heavenly parent is strengthened, and it finds help at every turn, which the Father has been trying to give, emanating from the unawakened soul. Oh! Joy! it has now made another discovery—that it is eternal and never dies, but it is destined to go on and on, higher and higher, out of the old, into the new, ever taking on a brighter more etherial body as it climbs into the radiant beauty of unknown worlds and finds itself surrounded by love and beauty never dreamed of before. It now finds outstretched hands and words of encouragement everywhere to aid this weary soul who so long ago, resolved to free itself and who indeed is weary and needs rest.

There are heights beyond human conception toward

which the soul is ever reaching. But after learning there is no death, the awakened soul looks around it and discover the dark mantle of ignorance which covers the great majority of earth's children. Then it begins to see, that in order to rise higher, it must help remove this darkness that others may also see the light as it has seen it. After doing what good it can, and going here and there to learn from this teacher and that, it finds the greatest teacher of all is right within, ever ready to help the soul sever the last thread of ignorance, superstition, and all things which have held it to earthly conditions.

Now comes a time when this soul has brought such a bright light around it, and knows that the helper is right with it, that no matter what conditions or environments surround it, each hour, each day, brings a joy and a happiness in the knowledge that others are continually being fed by the emanations from it, and that, though unknown to the soul, wherever it goes, the radiance which it throws out helps other souls on their journey through life.

This awakening came to me after many long years of earthly struggles, trials and temptations. Having been born in a rude log cabin on a farm in a western country, but being blessed with good christian parents, the principles of religion were in my young soul and have been a great help to me in my struggles to live the higher life.

My mother passed away when I was but six years old, then my earthly trials began. At the age of twelve I was out in the world to battle alone without friends or home. Being of a very sensitive nature I would often think of my lost mother and cry out from the depths of my soul for that mother love; but early in life she

taught me to pray and this stayed with me and helped to bridge over many temptations.

In looking back I cannot remember the time when I did not look to our Heavenly Father for guidance.

But time is a great eraser of sorrow and at the age of eighteen one came into my life who for fifty-seven years has been a kind, helpful companion, and with his patience and good judgment has helped me to receive these wonderful experiences. But this meeting has had its sorrow too

It has taken many hours of deep thought to be willing to bare my soul to the gaze of the world and unjust criticism, knowing that these truths are often given but always covered up, but with the conviction of divine guidance I give here that which I thought to leave out until I was told to put it down too.

I am thoroughly convinced that my life has been planned and carried out to the letter by higher intelligences than my own, so for the sake of truth and with the help of my soul to gain these higher truths and finish my material lives in this incarnation, as I have been told I would, I am writing nothing but truth as it came to me. I won my earthly companion unwittingly from the one who should have been his, but not for long for she is now waiting for him in a beautiful spirit home and when I look back I can see the great help they, as well as myself, have received through my wonderful experiences in gaining my liberation from earthly entanglements for all time.

When I was about fifty years old I had my first experience, and when looking back at that memorable night I am reminded that God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.

Up to this time our family had consisted of six

people. Our only child, a daughter, her husband and their child had moved to a western city to enter a business he had already formed. Dear old aunt Ann about the same time was called to the bedside of a sick daughter, so this left my husband and myself alone in a large nine room house.

This night that I speak of I was left alone, my husband was summoned on a Jury Trial. It being a murder case, he was not allowed to come home, and as I was of a timid nature I felt that a great calamity had befallen me, but the outcome has been grand indeed, for all I needed was just this one incident to start me on the path, which unknown to me had been planned. I was standing looking out of a window crying, it was a bright moonlight night, when a voice startled me by saying, "Mrs. France, you must not feel so bad for I am with you." With these words came the knowledge that it was a close friend of the family who had passed away two weeks before. These words were spoken so plain that in my excitement I looked around expecting to see my friend standing there, but not seeing anyone, you can imagine my astonishment and fright. I seemed glued to the floor, not knowing what to think of it, for this was the first time I had ever heard a spirit voice.

If I had known what I learned afterwards I could have said something, but as it was my tongue refused to move, and my whole body was numb with cold; oh, for someone to speak to—even a cat would have been welcome, but there I stood looking into space not even daring to move for fear of I did not know what. How long I stood in that position with my head turned toward what I did not know, waiting and listening for another word or some move, but none came, so gradually I came out of my awful trance state and turned on

the light and found a chair and sat down, but the solemn stillness filled me with awe, as this house we had just built and moved into stood out in a new addition and no other houses were near. But as my senses began to come back to me, I thought, "What does this mean?" Always being of a devotional nature my mind was turned toward the divine, and like the majority of people I had never given a thought to what God has prepared for us after leaving this world. After collecting my thoughts some power, unknown to me, lifted the burden and I went to bed with the determination to find out, if possible, the meaning of this invisible presence. So all I could do was to think it out alone, for I had no books on the subject and no one to enlighten me.

I soon found out that if I wanted to keep the good will of my old friends I must not mention my little experience, for the side glances spoke louder than words, but I had had my first lesson, and there was an urge within me to go on and find out, if I could, more of what that invisible presence meant, but where to begin and what to do, that was uppermost in my mind now, so I began to look into Christian Science, Mental Science and anything I could get a hold of that was a little broader than Orthodoxy. But nothing I found seemed to give me any information on the subject I was looking for.

At this time an old friend came into my life again, who, unknown to me was having some experience with what she told me was an Ouija Board. In surprise I asked what that was. She told me to come over and she would show me as it was writing for her and her daughter. Gladly I went.

Being so long associated with the Methodist church, it took me a long time to get acquainted with this new

order of things, and to hear her ask if someone would write, when there was no one in sight, was a little out of the usual way of conversation. But when "yes" was spelled out I began to sit up and take notice; and the next question and answer gave me another shock equal to the first night's experience when on inquiry by my friend, "who is it?" and the name of an uncle of mine, of whom I was his favorite, spelled out, I almost fainted and made an excuse to leave the room for a moment to compose myself. When I returned I explained to her that that was an uncle of mine who had been run over by a railroad train and instantly killed many years ago. Knowing that my friend had never heard of it was another lesson for me that I could never forget.

A short time afterwards a spiritualist lecture was to be given and as I was beginning to be intensely interested I went to hear it—the first talk along this line of thought I had ever heard, and the teachers who had taken me in charge certainly knew just how to give me my lessons as I needed them, for when giving out her message, the lecturer gave me one from the same uncle who had made himself known to me over the Ouija Board. She described his work and looks, he being an orthodox minister, also a physician, in such plain language that there could be no mistake. But to still further clinch the truth, and make me know beyond a doubt, he took full possession of her, and she went through the agony of his death, but it was too much for her and she had to close her lecture and work, then begged anyone recognizing the spirit to please release her by acknowledging it. While it almost took my breath away to stand up I did so, for it was another lesson, though a severe one for me.

I also had a vision at this time which was a proph-

esy of what was coming to me and as the name of this book, "The Life of a Soul" was given to me by one of my teachers from the higher life, I must show you how they began instructing me with little things first. I am reminded many times of the Kindergarten school, for this is just what it leads up to—greater things all the way, and by perseverance, sincerity, truthfulness and prayer for guidance, I at last reached God's Holy city, and I often cry out from the depths of my soul, "O! the glory of it all!" The trials, sorrows and temptations I went through are nothing in comparison, and the outcome is more than worth it all.

But now for my little vision—I was standing in a basin in a mining country, my friends and associates were sitting in groups around the upper rim of the basin gossiping. I was alone down below them picking up gold nuggets—O! so many of them; I looked up at them wondering why they did not come down and get some too, but they were too busy laughing and gossiping to notice me or what I was doing.

Many days after, this vision came home to me with great force, and was very prophetic spiritually and not material as I thought at the time.

Soon after beginning my search for truth, I heard this, "Follow the light that is given you, do not borrow from others." I found this to be a great help, for while receiving help from the outside it also led me to look within where the greatest of all truth is found.

## I LEAVE MY OLD HOME AND ASSOCIATES

About one year later we sold our home and moved to a Western city, where our children were located as they were constantly urging us to come. I soon found this

to be a great advantage for my spiritual growth, as it took me away from my old associates and out of the clubs for which now I was beginning to lose interest.

After getting comfortably settled in our new home, my longing for spiritual things grew stronger—I attended lectures and received messages which were very encouraging. One I received I did not understand for two years afterwards. A whole rose bush was brought in and handed to me having full blown roses, buds and leaves and also the roots, but the roots were covered with little bugs. When I asked what the bugs meant the answer came “people”—“everything is to be given to you complete but you are to guard it well or the people will tear it to pieces.”

After reading the following you will see as I do, how true this is.

About this time our daughter and husband began to make arrangements to go to China and Japan, as his business called him there, and I naturally set up a train of thought that was disastrous to my spiritual growth, by conjuring up sea disasters and all sorts of accidents that could happen on this long journey (but which didn't) so it was necessary for my teachers from the higher life to give me another little vision to quiet my nerves.

So one morning before getting up I lay there thinking of the many sea disasters I had read about when suddenly I saw a large passenger boat leaving the dock, slowly it started out over the ocean growing dimmer and dimmer until away in the distance land came in sight and the boat landed safely, showing me that nothing would happen to them on this trip.

I thanked my teachers for their patience in blotting out of my mind, thoughts that were so disastrous to

the one thing I was so desirous of gaining—a knowledge of the higher life.

I kept going to this teacher and that one, trying to learn that which seemed to elude me all the time, until one night when my husband and I had listened to a good lecture, one came to me saying they were starting a class for “soul unfoldment”—would I enter? I gladly said “yes, I would.” So for one year I went once a week and long after the rest of the class had quit work I still spent one half day each week with this teacher. I also kept up the practice of one hour silence at home each day from 9 until 10 A. M. alone. By this regular practice I became clairaudient and also had the sensation of leaving my body. But I could see nothing. At last my teacher had a vision of where I was now able to walk alone. I was shown to her as a child just beginning to walk. So I quit going to her and kept up my silence hour at home.

### A CHANGE

A quaker lady was described as being with me, I could not see her, but I could hear her talk. One day she said, “You ought to be able to see me as I am looking you in the face.” I said, “I’m sorry, but I cannot see you.” Then the thought came to me, “why not ask her to give me her name,” so I did, when immediately I heard “Lucretia Mott.” My daughter was in another room, and excitedly I went out and said, “Who is Lucretia Mott?” She said, “I think she was a reformer, but I am not certain, get the Encyclopedia, mother, that will tell you.” I could hardly wait to look it up, but when I found it, I was pleased to get her whole history. She was right with me and laughingly said, “You couldn’t

wait, could you, dear, until you had looked up my history?"

I want to say it was she who stood guard over my body the entire time I was taking my journeys through the higher worlds.

After I began my silence hour alone, I missed my worldly teachers very much, but I could hear and converse with my teachers from the higher worlds, and feel their loving influence all the time.

One morning I said, "Shall I continue my silence hour each day?" Lucretia Mott, who was always with me at this hour, said "Yes, the more often you sit, the sooner we will be able to give you that which we are preparing you for."

Yet in the face of all these wonderful messages, sometimes a sadness would come over me because I could not see them.

I was sitting at the piano one morning when these thoughts ran through my mind: "Could it be possible that all of these beautiful messages I am receiving originate in my own mind?" Immediately one who seemed to be always with me, one who had been described to me as a "Master" said, "You may call me Abba Father." This greatly surprised me, for up to this time I always said "Master." Continuing he said, "My child, you must know by this time without a doubt, these are truths we are giving you, don't allow these dark thoughts to enter your mind for they retard your work. Your soul, like a full blown rose, will soon send out a fragrance that will help many who are yet in the dark." When he finished speaking, I felt my unworthiness for giving way to a sadness I didn't seem able to control, but now that was all gone and a happiness stole over me and the beautiful influence which is with me so

much had returned. I cried out with the new name he had given me, saying, "O! Abba Father, forgive me, I do know they are truths and I will not allow such thoughts to intrude themselves into my consciousness again, and with your help and the help from the angel world will be faithful to those who are trying so hard to enlist my help."

### I ENTER A BROTHERHOOD

I soon afterwards had a prophetic dream which was the means of entering me into the Universal Brotherhood of Mystic Adepts. In my dream I was walking down the street, there were two of my bodies—the one leading (the first body) was dressed in white, the second body was dressed in dark clothing. We were about five feet apart, the material body was of course sound asleep. I could see both of them and knew they were mine.

In relating this dream to a friend a few days later, I said it was so real and vivid I wondered what it could mean. She said, "There is a Brotherhood located in the East who offers to interpret any dream one may send in, by simply sending in three subscriptions along with your own, to their magazine." She was loud in her praise as to the good work they were doing. So I secured the required number and sent them along with my dream. I also joined this Brotherhood, and the help I received while studying their forty-nine degrees sent out each month is beyond words to express, for I soon began to leave my body. The interpretation follows:

"The charm and delicacy of your dream means much, and should prove to you a source of everlasting inspiration: but it carries a warning too, that you must

safe-guard yourself. The way to your own improvement is to be made clear as cut crystal. There will be no excuse for you to falter on the way, and I am sure you will not. Think of the dream often for by so doing it is certain to make you steadfast in all your undertakings."

"A fine example of zeal and honor is the ex-queen Regent of Spain who by the very fact of her exalted position, was obliged to climb the steep and thorny road that others might tread the paths of dalliance, a noble life of self-renunciation. Read Alice Maywells "Sonnet of Renunciations." It is the only one she ever wrote, and the late John Ruskin declared it to be one of the finest in the English language."

The interpretation to this dream, at the time, was as much of a mystery as the dream itself, but afterwards I had warnings from two different mediums to be careful when away from my body, for I might not be able to get back into it. Hence the warning from the Brotherhood to safeguard myself.

It was shown me by visions and messages that a purification of the body was necessary before I could receive the highest. So I took myself in hand with a determination to blot out everything in my mind that did not harmonize with their beautiful instructions. To say this was easy is not true, for not one day passed for years that I did not find something I had done or said that must be overcome.

When I was striving so hard to overcome, always with a prayer for help, this was flashed before me, and so plain that it has always remained.

### A Vision

My tombstone stood before me with these words on the face of it, in plain letters at the top and alone, it was this one word, "EXALTED" then below, "Mary E. France, Passed from this life 1926."

To say that I was astonished would be putting it mildly. I naturally supposed it meant my transition, and I began to count the years before that eventful time would arrive. But I soon discovered it had an entirely different meaning, so these thoughts were laid aside for far greater experiences which were rapidly approaching, and for which I was being prepared by purification and overcoming in every way possible.

### OFF FOR THE ORIENT

Our children now bid us good bye and started on their long journey to be gone through the summer months, I little dreaming that I would visit them in far away China in spirit before their return home. But I know now that this was all planned before hand. Even to their trip abroad, for had they staid at home I could not, amid the confusion, have experienced my wonderful soul unfoldment.

I still kept up my silence hour, always dressed in white and never forgetting to offer up a prayer for protection and thanking my teachers for the help I was receiving each day. I soon began to realize I was far away from my body, but only for a few minutes at a time. Sometimes a shiver would run through me when I returned.

While I could rarely see my helpers, I could hear them talking, one came to me and said, "There will be

a change in your work, but do not be frightened or surprised." This sounded strange to me, but I understood it later. I was surprised and anyone would think I might be frightened when taken so far above the earth, but I was not. A friend afterwards developed this phase of mediumship, but was so frightened she had to give it up.

I began by taking short trips, and one day went to a friend's home, and saw her mother with her. I telephoned and asked her who was with her. She said her mother was—I then told her I had just been there.

With this practice I soon grew stronger, so that within about ten days after our children had gone, I was taken on my first long journey.

In my early development one came to me saying he was my soul mate and had been with me always. I made light of it thinking it a joke as I had not heard of anything along that line at that time. The next day at the same hour he said, "You did not believe what I told you yesterday—I should not have told you so soon, but you will understand some day."

Friends, as this is a truth, I put it in here and have learned this to be truth, not only in my case, but with everyone when their souls have unfolded so they can understand.

He accompanied me on journies, showed me where he had lived in England, and where his body now is laid away, which I will describe later.

On one of these trips I stood on a wide porch and looked into a room which was furnished in pink and white, but I only caught a glimpse of it as I did not seem able to stay but a moment. I was told by my companion this was my spirit home.

### I Again Visit My Spirit Home, No. 1

On June 10, 1902 I was taken on my first real conscious journey in which I could remember on my return, everything I heard and saw. I began now to write down from memory, with the help of my invisible teachers, all that occurred on these wonderful journeys through the higher worlds, and as I have them written down I will tell of each trip and what I saw just as I come to them.

After sending out a prayer for help and guidance, as I always did, the one who accompanied me on the most of my journeys said, "Now be quiet." I was standing on the same veranda which I had been told before was my spirit home.

On looking down on a well kept lawn I saw a fountain on each side of a beautiful walk bordered with flowers. This with the tall, waving trees, which were scattered here and there over the sloping ground, made a pleasing picture to look at.

Just beyond this was an immense park, well laid out with flower beds and walks running in every direction, as I looked I saw white robed figures gliding around through it as if they were so happy. My soul leaped with gladness for everything was so beautiful.

Then for the first time I realized there was someone with me, but there seemed to be a veil between us and I could not see who it was; but my companion turned around, opened the door and told me to come inside. On looking in, I recognized the same pink and white room which I had looked into before. Now I saw the whole furnishings which were pink and white silk. The windows were draped with the same material and the carpet was white velvet with pink flowers scattered over

it, the flowers looked as if I might pick them up, they were so natural. My companion walked across the room, opened a door into what proved to be a dining room. On looking in I could not control myself any longer and exclaimed, "Oh! what a beautiful room!" The table was set for two, covered with snowy linen, cut glass and silver, everything glistened with it.

After allowing me to view this room until I was satisfied, my companion led the way up a wide stairway; opening a door we went into what seemed to be a bedroom. The color in this room was blue and white. Oh! I thought, "this must be heaven, for I have never seen anything on earth so beautiful." After admiring this room we passed on into what I was impressed was a guest chamber. This room was yellow and white; all the draperies and furniture was covered with a thin gauze which looked like silk, giving it a most beautiful effect. I stopped and looked around in wondering amazement, and was so happy to know it was mine, but before I could say anything, I was back in my home on earth, seated in my chair just where I started from. I opened my eyes, my companion gone and I seemed to be alone, looking around at the room and comparing it with the heavenly home I had just left.

## **A VISIT TO THE GOLDEN TEMPLE WHERE JESUS CROWNED US WITH ANGELHOOD**

**June 11th, 1902**

I was for the present, taking these journeys each day at nine o'clock, so as usual I dressed in white, making myself ready to go. My companion was always ready at the appointed time, so he said, "Put your

thought on something spiritual and hold it there." I did so by putting my mind on my beautiful spirit home as I saw it yesterday, and I was soon there, but I began to realize I was floating away from this home.

My companion being with me, we traveled a long distance, so it seemed to me. The experience and sensation of moving in this manner I can hardly describe, as I seemed to glide along with so much ease and the panoramic view which was spread out far below me was grand in the extreme.

We seemed to pass from one sphere to another, and I was so intensely interested in watching this beautiful stretch of country we were passing over that if my companion spoke I did not hear him until we were ready to settle down in front of a large golden temple, when he called my attention to it, I was astonished for it stood out in the sunlight like a huge mountain of gold.

On looking up over a wide arched door I saw a golden angel with outstretched wings. We passed through the open door and down a wide aisle. The building was filled with people, all of them dressed in white. We both walked up to the altar, or throne, where in a large golden chair sat one whom I was told was Christ; over him was carved a golden angel, and around his head was a halo. On either side of him was a golden chair, smaller than the one he occupied. Over each of the smaller chairs was also an angel. In front of him on the altar were two crowns, and in one hand he held a book.

We both stopped in front of the altar facing him. I was greatly surprised and wondered what it could mean when the occupant of the chair picked up one of the crowns, held it over my head and said:

"Friends, we have gathered here this morning to

witness the birth of these children into a higher life, this one born as she was in a rude log cabin, springing from a lowly life, her struggles through childhood were hard, but through them all she never lost sight of her heavenly Father. Always with her face turned toward the spirit world, and ever ready with a soulful prayer to God, she has at last, through her strong faith, reached her reward and crown which has been promised."

Then placing it on my head he motioned me to the chair on his right, saying, "May you ever wear this crown with the same faith with which it was won." Handing the book to me he told me the law was written within which I was to give out, and, "Oh, soul, may my blessing rest with you now and forever more. Amen." He blessed my companion and placed the other crown on his head motioning him to the chair on his left. Just then the whole congregation began to sing, "Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow," and along with the instrumental music it rang in my ears for days.

After coming back to my body I thought of it in astonishment, for it was something new to me, and so unexpected, and everything I had seen stood out so bright and beautiful that I cried out, "Oh, can it be possible that I am worthy of anything like this—what does it mean?" I raised my hands toward heaven and thanked God for being able to put myself in condition to be taken to such beautiful places to learn my lessons, and when I was through, my words sounded so weak compared with these heavenly things—the beautiful golden temple and all connected with it—that I said, "There must be some mistake," I was in this deep thought when I was startled by a voice saying, "No, child, you are not mistaken this is all for you, have we

not been telling you there was a crown awaiting you? This is all true, that we have taken you to see that you may know when you come to the spirit world to stay it will be carried out just as you saw it today. Put it down in your book with the other truths we have been giving you."

I had been told long before, by this medium with whom I had been sitting, that my teachers from the higher life wanted me to write down everything which I received. I did so, and thought it very strange, but I understood later when they began to take me on these journies, why they wanted me to do this, for had I not written them down immediately it would have been impossible for me to remember all that I saw and heard on these many journies.

## **A VISIT TO GOD'S HOLY CITY**

### **Where My Dream Was Verified by Leaving**

#### **Two Bodies Behind**

This morning after preparing myself for another journey, and offering up a prayer for protection, and thanking my teachers for their patience and work in trying to enlist my help in spreading this great truth that there is no death—a prayer that I never forgot, I was told as I had been before to put my thoughts on something spiritual. I did so by thinking of the golden temple I had visited the day before. This concentration seemed to draw my spirit away from my body, and I was soon unconscious of my surroundings, but as I was ready to start I realized another guide had been called in to take me to these different places of interest.

Why this was necessary I did not know, but I do know that he was my companion on a part of my trips.

Soon I heard him say, "Come, take my hand and I will take thee to a higher sphere than the one thee visited yesterday. To a place whither thou art trending." While I said nothing, I noticed the words "thee" and "thou" were used, now here was something that set up a train of thought in my mind, for now I seemed to be under the care of good Quakers which pleased me very much, as I had mingled with them in my younger days and learned to love them. Now I thought, "Here is Lucretia Mott guarding my body while I am away, and another good Quaker protecting my spirit, I am well protected and guided, for my eternal companion was with me also." So clasping his hand we continued on our upward journey.

Now for the first and only time on these journeys, I felt timid and was afraid to go higher, but his reassuring voice of, "Come, child," gave me confidence and we started up. But soon that timid feeling came over me again and again it was necessary for this heavenly teacher to give me words of encouragement and to repeat, "Come, child."

We were soon far away from my body, and my weakness had left me for the wonderful experiences I was going through with, for I now realized my second body was too heavy and that too was left behind. I now took an etherial body and was immediately clothed in etherial clothing, making me as light as a feather. As we floated out and upwards, words cannot express the grand heavenly scene which opened up before us. While I was admiring all this beauty my guide said, "Dost thou see the stars below thee?" "Oh, yes, Father, and the beautiful blue sky," was my answer. Why I called him

Father I don't know, but I felt I was in the company of an ancient, and young in knowledge compared to him. As we floated along I felt so free and happy for there was a continual change of scenery and I did not seem to have a care—that was all left on earth with my body.

But before I had finished my trips I learned some severe lessons, and realized, as I never had before, the great work there is to be done in lifting humanity out of the mire of the world in which they have been struggling for ages. The rejoicing which came from the angel band around me when they saw how deeply these lessons were imbedded in my soul, will, I hope, inspire me for all time to come. To clasp hands with them and do what little I can in spreading the great truth that there is no death, and when we live here as we should we pass through the lower conditions in the spirit world into one of great beauty.

After traveling a long distance, gradually ascending all the time, my guide pointed to something far ahead of us which looked like a beautiful white fleecy cloud, but we floated on and settled down outside of the most beautiful city. My words fail to do justice to it, try as I may, they fall far short of a description of this beautiful city as I saw it that day.

As we came down my guide said, "This is God's Holy City." We stood outside of a wide double closed gate, and as we walked up to it, (or rather floated,) it noiselessly opened, and when I looked in the scene was beyond anything I had ever thought of. "Oh," I cried, "Father! is it possible for me, being so weak, to enter this Holy place?" His only answer being as it had been before, "Come child," he led me down a marble walk, everything which greeted my eyes was pure white, the gates and the wall around the city looked like white

marble. The grass, the trees and the leaves looked to be crystalized, they were so pure and white.

But Oh, such a quiet awe fell over me the moment we entered the city, that it seemed to me I must hold my breath. The quietness! the awful stillness! what could it mean? When everything was so grand and beautiful, I thought what is the cause of this.

After coming back from this trip I was not satisfied until I had it explained. My guide led me down this walk until we reached an immense round temple which like everything else in the city was white. We entered a wide open door and immediately floated up to the dome, and upon looking down, I saw it was filled with etherial spirits. I call them etherial for it seemed to my wondering eyes that I could see right through them, but Oh, the stillness was something awful. They were moving around but from my high place I could not hear a sound of any kind.

We kept floating around this immense building when my guide broke the stillness by saying, "Now child, I have given thee an insight into what thee may expect to inhabit sometime in thy future life. This, the Holy City is inhabited by pure angelic beings, who have won their abode by ceaseless devotion to God through all their trials of earth life, and this too will be thy future home, for knowing thy past life as I do, and of the trials and temptations thee had to pass through, I am glad to know that by thy true devotion to thy heavenly Father, thou hast earned this beautiful home as thy reward," and as he finished speaking this grand, beautiful city began to fade and I found myself again an inhabitant of earth. But Oh, how dark everything looked!

After coming back from this heavenly city I asked my companion, who is always with me, why there was

such an awful stillness in the Holy City? His answer was, "All of those who inhabit the Holy City being so etherial, those coming from the lower spheres cannot enter their vibrations; hence do not hear them. But among themselves they make as much commotion as we do, that is if we could mingle with them, and enter into their finer vibrations, this noise would be the same to us there as any other sphere."

Friends, this is the highest home to which I was taken. A home which was so dazzling and beautiful that my weak description fails to convey to you, its deep meaning. But it is there, and when we have advanced to where we can truthfully say, "Thy will be done," give up all and become like Him in word, thought and deed, then will the gates of that heavenly city open for us to enter to remain forever with the angels of God who have won eternal harmony and peace.

But there are homes in the lower spheres which some of us will occupy before leaving for that celestial home, and into which I have been. So I will describe some of these.

### MY HUSBAND'S BROTHER'S HOME

The morning I visited this home I am about to describe I made myself ready as usual, not forgetting my daily prayer for protection, when I soon heard the welcome voice of my guide say, "Come."

We started and were soon floating over clouds. After traveling some distance we settled down in what looked to be a beautiful park, walking along a wide avenue, we came to a light gray house, it looked like gray marble, beautifully carved. The front was square with a double row of pillars around the veranda, the guide led me

around to the rear, and up some steps, saying, "Look well before we enter." And as he said this I cast my eyes around the ground and saw it was much the same as other places I had seen in the spirit world, white walks, tall waving trees and fountains with water pouring out of them.

Opening a door we entered a large dining room, all furnished in white. While I was wondering whose home this was, my guide said, "This is a family reunion where thy husband will first meet his family."

As I entered this room I saw a long table covered with a white cloth, in appearance much the same as the table in the school which I will describe later. Seated around this table was my husband's family and proved to be a family reunion. At the opposite end from where I stood was seated his father. Facing him at the other end of the table was his mother and on either side were his five brothers and sisters making in all, seven. As I stood there looking at them his brother, James, addressing me, said, "Mary, this is a family reunion, showing you the welcome Walter will receive when he comes to us. Father and mother and the rest of them have homes of their own, but have come today to meet you, Walter will be here ahead of you, for you will be left to battle for this truth in the face of bitter opposition. Tell him not to put anything in your way to hinder your progression, either by word or action, for if I had had the chance to learn of this life as he is having from you today, I could have progressed faster, but not knowing about this life, I had to learn my lessons after I came here."

After he finished speaking, I soon found myself back on earth thinking, "O! what a beautiful home

gathering," and of the many times we had met the same way on earth.

"O! life how wonderful, no death! but on and on, ever on! and my thoughts carried me away out into space, until I was lost in a maze of bewilderment, and was extremely startled by hearing my new found guide say, "Come child, there is another home I would show thee at this time." So he took me by the hand and we floated out and up a wide path.

## A GLIMPSE OF MY EARTH COMPANION'S

### SPIRIT HOME

This path was something new, the path was white, banked up on either side with white roses the whole distance. My guide noticed my astonishment and said, "This is the path thy companion traveled in his progression to his new home," and as he finished speaking we came in sight of another beautiful home, being similar to the one we had just visited only more beautiful. There were more flowers. The white home stood on a knoll overlooking a beautiful country, the fence around the home was covered with flowers and green vines.

My guide led me up wide steps to an arched door; it being open we entered. The furnishings were beautiful, the carpet was white with red roses scattered over it, the window draperies being the same color of the roses, overlaid with white silk, and the furniture was the same color.

As I glanced over the opposite side of the room my astonished eyes fell upon Walter, his left arm thrown around someone standing by his side, I looked the second time to be sure my eyes were not deceiving me. He looked just as he did thirty years ago, I must

have looked astonished for he said, "Mary you understand these things better than I can explain them don't you?" for this was the one who should have been his earth companion, and was the one who had been with him since time began.

Friends, as nothing goes into this book but truths, and I have been told to put everything in it just as it came to me, I put this one too, so much has come to both of us since I had this experience, we talk of these higher truths just like brother and sister.

### A HOSPITAL FOR WEARY SOULS

After my usual morning exercises of making myself ready and offering up a prayer for strength and help, I was ready to take my daily journey into an unknown land toward which we are all rapidly approaching but about which we know so little. My heart swells with gratitude when I think of the manner in which this wonderful knowledge is given to me, and I often think, "O! if I could only make the people know and see what I have seen, how it would change their ways of living." But my sensitive soul has already felt the bitter attacks from an undeveloped world, and I know I must expect more, but I have felt stronger since one day after a severe criticism I gave way to tears, when the voice which is always near said, "Are you any better than Jesus?" "Oh, I cried, "indeed I am not." These few words have lifted many a burden from my soul, and given me courage to go on and help my angel friends in their great work to enlighten the world.

My new found guide made his presence known this morning by saying, "Come, there are other places we want thee to see, come!" So putting my hand in his,

we started and before this journey was ended, I had learned that there are, in the lower spheres in the spirit world, places that are not so beautiful as the ones I had been taken to on former visits. Scenes which stirred my soul to its very depths, and where I saw the great necessity of enlightenment on the earth plane. I also began to realize why I was being taken to these places that I might learn a lesson, and be able thereby to help my angel teachers in their great work to undo some of the false teachings of earth.

As we floated along we crossed a wide stretch of beautiful country, my guide, calling my attention now and then to places of interest. He said, "Dost thou see that building?" I looked in the direction he pointed and away below us, almost hid from view among tall trees, I saw an immense brick colored building, round in shape. The top looked to be cut square off. He did not explain what it was, but I was impressed that sometime I would visit it.

So many times on these journeys when taken where I was to learn my lesson, my teachers would step back and let me see and hear what I was brought here to learn, without any explanations from them.

We traveled on and on, passing over an old looking town, being so far above it looked deserted, but I could see dimly, the streets, but how different from the beautiful country we traveled over yesterday. After we crossed the barren country we settled down in front of a light colored building, but the comparison was so great, a sadness took possession of me and turning to my guide I said, "Oh! Father, where are we, and what is this desolate looking building?" "This is a hospital for weary souls, come if thee has taken a good look at the surroundings, I will show thee the interior." Indeed I had taken a look

—as far as I could see it was one of desolation—a barren country, and a feeling of loneliness crept over me when I thought of God's Holy City, and the beautiful country I had traveled over, but I was brought here to learn a lesson, and while not a comforting one, a lesson that must be learned if I was to keep my promise to help my teachers. So we glided up the steps, my teacher opened a door and led the way into a large room where, stretched on cots were souls who had just come from earth plane. Leading me to one he stopped. Standing by the side of this spirit was a ministering angel. I was amazed to hear him say in heart broken tones, "Where is my wife, why doesn't she come to me when I call her? She was always ready and anxious to come. Where is she? I've called and called, but she does not come—tell me where she is." The pure angel who stood near, leaned over him and took one of his hands saying, "My brother, rest a while, then you will be stronger, you have left her for a while, and after you rest you may go and see her for you have passed the change called death, and you are in the spirit world."

"Dead! I'm not dead, if I was do you think I would be able to call my wife as I have been doing? No, I'm just as much alive as I ever was."

"Yes, brother, but look at your hands, you certainly can see there has been a change," and as she ceased speaking he raised his hand and looking long and earnestly at it. I knew by his long silence that a world of thoughts were surging through his brain. At length he looked up at this patient being and said, "If this is death, and I realize there has been some kind of a change, why don't we on the earth plane know of it? I have never heard of a change like this, why are we not

taught differently? Why?"—and in his excitement he raised up and exclaimed—"Why don't the ministers stand up in their pulpits and tell the truth, instead of telling us a lot of trash? They must know better, instead of telling us how to live in faith, why don't they go to work and inform themselves of this life, there must be some way of finding out these truths." When he had finished speaking he laid back on his cot in a state of exhaustion.

Turning to my guide I said, "Oh, Father, what does this mean?" for I was excited and greatly astonished too, this brother had just passed out of his earthly body and had been brought to this hospital to be given his first lesson, not knowing that one stood near who had just left a body on earth too, but must soon return to take up duties of earth life. This was a deep lesson for me, as well as the spirits I was listening to, for I did not know that anyone, after leaving the body could give vent to a conscious talk like this. The only difference I could see was that I was getting my lesson before leaving the body to remain. Now I could see why the angel band around me were working so hard to enlist my help.

With patience my teacher stood silently by my side waiting for me to speak again. I said, "Oh, Father, this lesson has sunk deep into my soul, and is well learned, but what does it mean?"

"This, child, is a school, or hospital, where these weak ones are brought and taught the truths which have never been given them on earth, and this is another of earth's false teachings. But come, here is another lesson I wish thee to learn at this time. And leading me to a far side of the room, my attention was called to another scene which impressed me still more than the one I had just

witnessed, for lying on a cot was a small child crying for her mother, and in such pitiful tones I too, shed tears. She was saying: "I want my mamma! Oh, I want my mamma! Where is she—why doesn't she come?" and with this the ministering angel who stood by her side turned away, unable to control herself any longer, raised her eyes upward, clasped her hands and in heart broken words said, "Oh, God! how long, oh, how long are we to be forced to listen to these pitiful cries! Oh, heavenly Father, hasten the day when their false teachings on earth, may be replaced by truth, so that when each one passes to this life they may know and understand." And with tears streaming down from her eyes, she turned to the little one and tried to comfort her with her oft repeated words of, "We will take you to your mamma, dear, just as soon as you are stronger." I was so overcome that I too turned my eyes upward and found myself in this attitude with this prayer coming from my soul:

"Oh, heavenly Father, only show me the way, and I will help to spread this great truth, for I see the need of it plainer today than I ever did before. I also realize the great work there is to be done to lift the dark vibrations away from our bothers and sisters. May we who have been so wonderfully blest, ever stand ready to reach across the chasm, and clasp hands with these dear angels and thereby lessen their burden by spreading these truths so that everyone may know and understand this great change called death, and be prepared to know when they do pass to that beautiful life beyond, that they can come back if we will only allow them to. Oh, heavenly Father, help us all to learn this truth as it is being shown to me in such a beautiful way."

## SPIRIT HOME OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE

This beautiful home, which I speak of now, I was glad to see and describe too a dear friend of mine to whom it belonged, and who has since passed away, and who many years afterwards returned, and through the trumpet, told me what a beautiful home it was. She is the soul of Orion, a Greek Philosopher, into whose temple I went later and heard him lecture on our Planetary system of which I will tell you later.

The grounds around this home were beautiful, a fountain stood on one side of a white marble walk, the water shooting high in the air, around this fountain was also a white marble walk bordered with lillies of the valley, as was also the walk leading up to the home.

As I walked up to it my attention was drawn to its beautiful architecture. Walking up some steps I stood in a large open court supported by immense round, white, marble columns, on top of these rested square blocks of marble. The whole building was white. I went from there up three steps to a wide veranda and around to the west side and entered the home through an arched doorway, where a beautiful sight was presented to me, the carpet was white with pink roses scattered over it, while the walls were the same, the windows were draped with a soft silky looking goods looped back with garlands of roses. On the south side of this room was a mantel. Over this mantel was either a picture or a figure of some kind which seemed to be covered with a mist, and I could not see plain enough to describe it to my friend when I returned.

In one corner of the room was a pillar chiseled in the wall, the same shape as those in the open court, on top of it was a vase filled with pink roses. An open

archway with garlands of pink roses around it led to a room to the east. Another door on the north side of the room where I stood opened into a dining room in which stood a table with a white cloth over it, and a garland of roses around it, there was also a vase on the table with pink roses.

Now here is a strange incident, one I have never been able to interpret unless it was to show me that my friend was soon to occupy this beautiful home, for I saw her standing close to the table dressed in white.

And now comes the most beautiful scene in the home. In the room where I stood, in the dome-shaped ceiling was a cupid and as I looked it began to throw pink roses. Some fell on the carpet and others lit on the wall and staid there, some went straight to my friend and clung to her dress. I was greatly astonished and as I stood there in wonderment and surprise, I looked at this beautiful manifestation, the words which came to me in my early development struck me with force now, for this was indeed something different from anything I had ever seen before, the words, "Remember my child, if things look strange to you, that our ways are not your ways," seemed to apply to this case, so I will put it in here.

These homes which I have seen when out of my body are as real to my spirit eyes as our earthly homes are, only a great deal more beautiful. There was no explanation from my companion who stood near, as to the beautiful combination of pink and white. Pink being the most prominent color, as in many of my lessons I was left to learn them without any suggestions from my teachers, so in this case, when I thought about it. Pink is love and my friend had love highly developed for every human being and all life. This is the only

explanation I can give, as to why there was so much pink in her home.

## MY SPIRIT HOME NO. TWO

### This Beautiful Home Stands in The Fifth Sphere

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

I have described one of my spirit homes, but this one I speak of now I am more familiar with, for I have been in it several times.

My new guide was with me as well as my companion, the one who told me he had been with me since time began. I had learned to call him Robert. My guide taking my hand said, "We will ascend now," while on the way he said, "In my Father's house there are many mansions, and in thy progression thee will need another home other than the one thou hast seen." As he finished speaking we came in sight of the most beautiful home that mortal eyes can imagine. It stood on a high slope of ground and looked like a castle. It was immense and pure white. Surrounded by a low fence made of festoons of white flowers, the grounds were laid out beautifully. The white walks were bordered with white flowers with fountains and pots of Easter Lillies scattered over the lawn.

As my other home had a wide veranda leading up to it, so did this one. I was standing spellbound looking at these beautiful things when my guide broke into my pleasant thoughts by saying, "Come, thee will want to see the inside of this beautiful home." The surroundings were so interesting and beautiful it did not occur to me to go inside. As he spoke we walked up the steps, opened the door and went inside, where there was pre-

sented to my view, the grandest and most delightful scene of all filling me with happiness and joy. Everything in this home was pure white, the carpets looked like white velvet. Unable to control myself, I cried, "Oh, what a beautiful home! How can I ever expect to live in a home like this? There must be some mistake."

"No, this will be thy home, thou art building it now with thy good thoughts and deeds, go on child, sending out thy beautiful thoughts and do all the good thou canst and this is thy reward." As my guide finished speaking I looked around the room and saw on one side, a white piano, in the center of the room was a pot of Easter Lillies, upheld by three cupids, on the wall I was amazed to see a life size portrait of myself, framed in white, my hands clasped, my head drooped as if in prayer, and dressed in white.

After coming out of my deep reverie, I turned to my guide and we walked to the opposite side of the room where a wide white marble stairway led to the rooms above. On one side of this stairway on one of the posts was a statue of Jesus. The wide steps were covered up the center with a strip of white velvet carpet. We had gone about half way up when everything began to fade, my guide was gone and a sadness stole over me when I thought I had lost it.

I soon afterwards visited this home again, and the view from an upper window overlooking the grounds and a lake close by was beautiful.

About one year later I again visited it and found myself standing on the opposite side of this home from where I entered it on my first visit, this being on the East side.

Oh, this beautiful home! I can hardly describe it

as I saw it today. It was so white like a palace with here and there a spire running high in the air. As I stood there looking up at it, I thought, "What have I ever done to earn a home like this?" The grounds too are beautiful, and the walks are white marble bordered with flowers. I speak of this home for the reason that I know if I have a home there so much more beautiful than any earth home, I am sure that all of earth's children will sometime, have the same.

On one of my latest visits to my spirit home I noticed a beautiful scene had appeared on the East wall of one of the rooms. A shepardess and her flock of sheep. This surprised me for I knew it had appeared since my last visit and wondered what it could mean, but in this was a great lesson to be learned, for I had been asked and promised my teachers from the higher life to help them to spread these truths whenever I could. I had been striving to carry out their wishes by having some of my experiences published in various magazines and papers, and from my efforts along this line the scene had appeared.

I also learned later that anyone who may have access to your spirit home knows by the symbols seen there, just how far you have progressed in your soul unfoldment, and the life you are living on earth. Oh, friends if every one could be made to know this great truth, I'm sure we would not live such selfish lives, but would try to make others happier. After a long scrutiny at the scene on the wall I turned around and saw my companion seated at the piano. I went over, laid my hand on his shoulder, and asked him to look up so that I could see him, he did, but there was a mist between us so I could not see his face. I went back to where my guide stood and he opened a door near him and said,

"This, child, is thy bridal chamber, for thee will be borne to a higher life when thou occupiest this home. I only looked into this room and was not permitted to enter at this time. But I have since been inside of it, the furnishings were also white, a window on the East side of this room overlooks one of the finest scenes I have been shown yet. I stood by this window and looked down on a well kept lawn of green grass and flowers with tall trees scattered here and there, and just beyond this pleasing scene was a beautiful body of water with boats gliding in every direction.

Another picture of both—a spirit picture, hangs on the wall of the room. My guide said at this time "Take a good look, for thou may'st not see it again until thee comes to stay," then added "although thee may." And I have been there twice since, for there is naturally a great attraction to draw me there. But with my last visit there goes with it quite a history on three different occasions I was held in a power of divine love. The last time lasted about one half hour. After coming out of my trance-like state I thought "Well this is something new—what does it mean?" The influence staid with me the rest of the day, but not for several days did I learn why I was held in that condition.

This morning that I speak of, now, after asking for protection and thanking my teachers for their help, I heard the well known voice of my spirit companion say, "Come," so we floated away to the home I have become so well acquainted with, but before entering the house he took me down to the beautiful lake I had seen before where anchored near by was a swan shaped boat covered with pink and white roses, a garland of flowers was caught in the bill of the swan, brought around the sides of the body of the boat then brought

up and fell in a shower all around us. After placing me in the boat, and he at my side, we took a ride—the ride in such a beautiful boat is beyond anything I ever dreamed of, and the wonder of it all gave me new thoughts which have stayed with me ever since. We saw many out for pleasure in all sorts of creations of boats. After a ride and leaving the boat, he said, “We will go into the house.” We did so and leading me to the room where I had seen my portrait he said, “I didn’t like the old picture, so brought a special artist and got another to take its place. To say I was amazed is not strong enough, for there was my spirit picture, not the white hair and wrinkles of age, but one of youth in the prime of life, I couldn’t get away from the fact that it was I, it was so much younger and many thoughts were running through my mind. “Oh, this is the answer to my trance like state, now I have the answer.” After admiring the artist’s work in putting on canvas a face I hope I looked like, and knew my natural face did not, I had a longing to stay, for the beauty of the home, the grounds, the lake, the boat and all connected with them kept running through my mind, so I said “Can’t I stay this time?” His answer was “No, your work on earth is not done yet.”

Friends, this is the last time I have been inside my beautiful spirit home, but it stands there and someday I hope to occupy it. But I have seen many other places of interest there and will tell you about them. I wish I could say that all homes in the next life were as beautiful as the ones described, but this is not true, and I was shown homes from the Holy City on down to the bottomless pit, even down into the caverns, down where the murderers live. Oh, I wish I could blot forever, from my memory—some of the awful scenes I beheld while

standing by some of these poor misguided specimens of humanity, but it was their own fault for they knew better. I have learned such wonderful lessons from just looking at the many spirit homes I have seen—I learned that the first occupied is just what we have made it while here, so I was shown one that surprised me not a little, at the time, for I saw it before the two old people who occupy it now did. They passed away soon after I saw it. They were both workers in a spiritualist church, and good people, but their home showed little soul unfoldment. A small home made of new lumber set in a new country surrounded by a growth of young trees. But the beauty of it all is, we may and do, work out of these lower conditions and ever on to a more perfect life.

### TENT HOMES

This morning after the usual preparation, I heard the voice of my guide say, "Come we will go to a lower sphere today," so we started and floated over a beautiful stretch of country; like the most of it, we had passed over, it looked like a panorama of moving pictures. In time we came in sight, far below of what looked like Indian wigwams scattered over a lonely desert. Upon coming closer I saw they were tents set here and there in the most desolate looking country I ever saw. They were standing on rocks and sand, the hot sun poring down on them, and lying around on the ground were spirits.

I thought, "Oh, if there is a hell, this must be one," for I was never in such a hot place in my life. Then I thought, "Why don't they go inside the tents? They would be sheltered from the hot sun," but when I went up to them, I found out why they did not, for if possible, it was hotter on the inside than it was on the outside.

They seemed to be set up to lure the mass of spirits to them, only to turn them away in disappointment, for the heat was almost unbearable. I was so intensely interested in watching them and trying to devise some way whereby they could be made more comfortable, that the voice of my guide startled me by saying, "Come." In my intense curiosity, I had for the time, forgotten him. So I turned around and went to where he stood when, to my horror, I saw a man lying at his feet, begging for water. He said, "Oh, only give me a little water, Oh, God! if there is a God, why am I in a hell like this? Oh, help, Oh," and as he uttered this sound, he fell back on the hot sand. I was greatly excited, and turning to my guide said, "Oh, Father, what does this mean?" "This, my child, is one who has been taught the right way, but would not listen and in his besotted condition, passed to this life, caring for nothing better than whiskey, and all the evil things that go to make a drunkard's life,"

I was glad to hear him say, "Come, we will go farther," for there was not a drop of water in sight to relieve his thirst, nor was there a blade of grass or a living thing in the shape of a tree or vine. Nothing but hot rock and sand everywhere, and as I could not relieve his suffering I was glad to go.

### A SLUM IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

Friends, these scenes are not pleasant, but I stood by and saw and heard these things, just as I describe them. They are there and will be just as long as there is so much sin in the world. And as everything I describe in this book is a truth, I must write them in just as I saw them.

The next place I was taken to, another sight met my eyes, worse than the one just witnessed. While looking at this, the words of "The Wanderer In Spirit Land" flashed across my mind, my guide seemed to catch my thoughts for turning to me he said, "My child, while you have read this, we wanted thee to see it with thine own eyes so that these lessons would be all the stronger." "Yes, so it is, but oh, this is terrible!" For at our very feet and all around us were moving reptiles and slime of the worst kind and oh, horror!—lying in the midst of it were beings, men and women from the worst slums of earth.

"Oh," I cried, "Father, can it be possible that people who have inhabited the earth must pass through anything of his kind?" The answer was, "Yes, but it is their own fault, for they knew better." Here were lewd women, murderers, drunkards, and every crime represented. My guide stopped beside a being who seemed to be in most horrible agony. I was told he was a murderer, and he certainly had committed some horrible crime, for I could hear his agonizing cries for days. He kept repeating, "Take them away!—Oh, take them away! Why do they come here to haunt me?" And in his horrible agony, he was continually writhing in the slime and among the hideous looking reptiles and with his awful moaning and words put before my mental vision, some of his victims of innocent women and children.

There is one more scene I would like to speak of now, that was shown to me at the time, so I will write it here.

My guide knowing the above lessons were well embedded in my soul led me where in a heap (it looked this way to me) lay little tiny babies which I will describe

later on and how they appeared to me after being cleansed. This scene surprised me, as did many of the others, for it was all so new to me. So with tears in my eyes I cried, "Oh, Father! what does this mean, in such an awful place for little innocent beings like these?" His answer to my inquiry was, "These are the offcasts from the lowest slums of earth, thrust out before their time and so saturated with sins of their unnatural parents, they must be cleansed by these ministering angels whom you see hovering over them before they can be released to take their flight upward."

I was greatly agitated, for these awful crimes kept running through my mind, which are enacted every day on the earth plane. So raising my eyes upward I cried, "Oh, heavenly Father! what a work there is to be done on the earth plane, and Oh, so few to do it. Help me, Oh, God, seeing these truths as they have been shown me, to stand up for the truth and clasp hands with these dear ones who are trying so hard to enlist my help in spreading this great truth."

As this prayer left my soul, I found myself again in my body, and was surprised to see, formed around me, clasping hands in their delight, a band of angels, rejoicing to know that they had found another who could grasp their meaning and understand these lessons as they take me to them each day. I sat there and watched them until their hallelujahs grew fainter and fainter and this beautiful encouraging vision had vanished as had all the rest.

But, Oh, what an impression these lessons have left on my soul, may I never be found wanting in my duty as I see it now, for they are written in letters of fire and

I hope will never grow dim as long as I am able to help humanity.

## **MY VISIT TO A SPIRIT SCHOOL**

### **My Sister Was One of The Teachers**

At the usual hour each morning I was found anxiously waiting for my guide to say "come." So when we were ready to go he said, "I will show thee a brighter place than the one we visited yesterday." So taking my hand we floated up and far from the lower sphere of the murderers, and after seeing the darkness where some souls must abide for a time, until they are ready to ask for help, the scene looked more beautiful than ever.

After traveling over miles of these beautiful scenes we came to something that astonished me greatly. After settling down on the ground we entered what I found out later to be a spirit orchard. I thought I had seen beautiful trees and fruit on the earth plane, but this is no comparison, for every tree was perfect, as was also the fruit, there were plums, apples, grapes and peaches. The ground looked white. After looking them over he pulled a bunch of purple grapes and gave them to me, the symbol of which is spirit truths. After walking a little farther we came to a large light gray building, and going up some steps we entered a door which opened into a large room, the carpet, chairs and window draperies all being the same color, gold and white.

After looking at these we went into a dining room down past a long dining table covered with a white cloth loaded with the luscious fruit I had seen in the orchard. From here we went into a large school room

Up to this time I had not learned what this building was, but when I saw so many little ones in this

room it dawned on me that it was a school, so for information I turned to the one who was with me and said "Father," I had learned to call him that, "what is this I see, no books? His answer was, "Look around thee." I did so and on the walls hung mottoes with words written on them, such as "love, truth, progression." The children looked to be from six to ten years old, and with them were three teachers.

I learned afterwards that one of the teachers was my sister, but having left the earth plane so many years ago she did not make herself known to me, neither did I recognize her. When asked later on why she did not make herself known to me, she said, "I could hardly keep my arms from around you, but you were brought here to learn some lessons and if I had made myself known it would have broken conditions and you would have missed them."

While looking at the children they began to leave the school room for out-door sport. I was so intensely interested to know what they were going to do I followed them to the door. They were a happy lot of little ones, quite noisy, but not boisterous like some children of earth. Looking out over a well kept lawn and through many tall stately trees I saw a large body of water; some of the little ones ran to get into tiny boats which seemed to be put there for their pleasure; others began tumbling on the grass. The ones in the boats acted as if they had no fear of the water, and all were as happy as children could be.

My teacher, seeing this lesson was well learned, said, "Dost thou see those little beings?" pointing at the same time up to the ceiling which was high and concave, "They are some of the little ones thee looked at yesterday, of premature birth. They, as they progress, come and mingle with these older children," and as I turned

and looked up, my eyes widened with astonishment to see these little ones flying around in this dome looking like butterflies in human shape.

When I returned to the earth I sat there and thought of this grand beautiful truth a long time, for I was alone each time I took these journies, with no one to interrupt me. So I said, "With God's help I will, upon every occasion and every opportunity that presents itself, spread this great truth so that each father and mother who reads this may know how happy each one of their little ones are who have left them for a little while."

## REINCARNATION

### A Vist to a Hindu Temple Where I was Told

#### I Used to Worship

This morning as usual at nine o'clock I was ready to go, and friends, you can imagine with what joyous expectancy I waited for this hour each morning. My teachers never told me before starting where I was to go, but they would sometimes say whether to a lower or to a higher shpere.

My thoughts this time were centered on the dome of the beautiful white temple in God's Holy City. We were soon there and the same voice of my new guide said, "Come, we will visit another city far from here." So, taking my hand, he gently led me away and out through the gates of this beautiful city. As we started I felt a sadness stealing over me, for it was so beautiful I would rather stay here when this loneliness crept over me, I looked back and saw the City in all its grandure and purity. I raised my hand and waved it adieu.

I felt weaker than I did yesterday and seemed to

need constant encouragement. At last the guide put his arm around me and with our hands clasped, gave me more strength for the journey. We had traveled a long distance when he said, "Child dost thou see the ocean below?" I answered, "Yes, Father, where are we going?" His answer was, "Thee will see." We traveled what seemed to me a long long journey, for I was weary. Why this weakness I did not know, for this was the second time I had felt any weariness.

After we crossed this wide stretch of water we at last came to where the atmosphere seemed denser and darker and entered a gray looking city. I said nothing but kept wondering where we were, and what city it could be, for it was entirely different from any I had seen. We settled down on what looked like a gray marble walk, the grounds were well laid out with trees scattered here and there, but everything looked gray and dark. Casting my eyes down a winding walkway I saw people coming in groups and others two and two, they were dressed in dark colors, I said, "Father where have these people been? they all seem to be in a hurry." His answer was, "They have been to the temple to worship."

We also met children coming out of the same temple, dressed in white uniforms. I still felt very tired from some unknown cause, and under this condition I could not describe them as I might have done otherwise.

We passed all of them and soon came to a large oblong Temple. We went in at the open door, there were no seats, but all around and along each side of the Temple were idols. The guide led me to the far end where I saw three wide steps on a platform, back of them was a very large Idol and on either side of it a smaller one. It just began to dawn upon me what they were, when everything began to grow dim, and I cried out—

"Oh, Father let me see more, let us look around, I'm not satisfied yet," his answer was, "Oh, my child, have you not seen enough to note the difference? This is a Hindu Temple where thee used to worship."

Then it all flashed across my soul, these were Hindu Idols and the people had been in here to worship them. "Oh," I cried, "Father, do they indeed worship such things as these?" "Don't they know a better God than these?" "No, child!" "And did I really use to worship these same Hindu Idols?" "Yes, my child, in thy past life,," and with these last words the Holy City and all that I had seen before flashed across my vision, and I broke down and cried, and raising my eyes upward I said, "Oh, heavenly Father, I thank thee for my progression, how can I thank thee enough for being shown these grand, beautiful truths!" And when I found myself—my heavenly guide had left me with the tears streaming from my eyes.

This message keeps running through my mind, given several days ago. "There will be a change in your work, but do not be frightened or surprised." There is also a message I received from my teacher in the early days of my soul unfoldment that I think will be appropriate to give here, as it was long before I took this journey to the Hindu Temple. She described a Hindu Temple very much the same as the one I saw, saying I used to worship there, she saw me before an Idol when I seemed to have an inspiration, I came out of the temple—then for a long time I was a Sun Worshiper.

### INDIAN HOMES

This morning I had a happy surprise. While I have seen many spirit homes, from the highly developed Angel homes on down to the lowest, I had not seen any

Indian homes, so when "Big Chief" who often helped me in my early development came and said he was going to show me his home, I was indeed pleased.

So becoming quiet and with my guides, I left my body and soon came in sight of a most beautiful forest, an ideal home for an Indian. The trees were tall and thick and it was so shady I could hardly see through them, but there was no underbrush and as I looked I thought "Oh, what an ideal home for an Indian."

We were now down on the ground and as I walked on farther we came to Big Chief's home, made of logs, but they were all white, the home stood on the bank of a beautiful body of water. His canoe was anchored near by. I lost sight of Big Chief for the time, but now he walked around in front of his home and stood by the door which was almost hid with vines and flowers; there were flowers growing in the yard also. While we stood there I had another surprise, for a deer came walking up to him, out of the forest. He put out his hand and it put its nose into it, next came his dog, then his horse. This was all very interesting to me for I had wondered how the Indians lived. As I looked away into the forest I saw more animals and more Indians moving about. I kept thinking, "Oh, what an ideal Indian home!" A friend who was with me through all of my development was with me this morning, and was so interested in all that I saw on every trip, that as soon as I returned and told her where I had been and what I had seen, she was unusually interested and as soon as I was through describing this journey, I had another surprise, for the description seemed to please Big Chief so much that he gave a pleased war whoop.

I will only mention one more home, that of a miserly millionaire, and I am glad to know that all millionaires

have not lived the life that this one had, so have won better homes; for I learned that money and royalty count for naught in the spirit world. It is the life we live on earth that does count.

This home was not so pleasing for I was told he was a miserly millionaire. I looked out over a desolate country with scrub oak and brown grass, nearby was a hovel, just tall enough for the miserable spirit who stood near to enter. He was in tatters, cursing his fate. As far as I could see was the same desolate scene with here and there a hut with no path leading out in any direction. The inhabitants seemed to be shut entirely away from each other.

This is a dark scene, but friends, it is there, and when we learn to not live such selfish lives on earth we will immediately after death, pass on to more beautiful homes, and the one great truth is, all who find themselves in this condition can and do work out of it, but how much easier to have commenced while on earth.

## AN EARTH REFLECTOR AND TEMPLE OF RECORDS

This morning I was taken out again and found myself standing beside an immense structure of some kind. It was oval and open at one side, the outside was painted in panels of different scenes, the predominating color being gold.

I walked to the open side and looked in on a immense screen, there appeared the earth and around it the moon, stars and sun came into view. The sun was so bright it almost blinded me when I looked at it. These disappeared, then came a whole army of men—a

battle took place, they marched away; then came a beautiful mountain range. Next came on the screen an ocean with large sailing vessels and passenger boats gliding over placid waters. This too passed away when a Japanese city came in sight. Then an Island, the water began to rise and looked as if it was about to sink. My teachers explained that this was a temple where all earth's happenings were reflected and recorded, both past and what was to come.

### ORION—A GREEK PHILOSOPHER

This morning after the usual preparation of prayer and dressed in white, I heard the well known voice of my guide say, "Come." So we ascended gradually going higher and soon came to a Temple filled with spirits, all dressed in white. On a platform stood a teacher. My guide saying, "This is Orion, a Greek Philosopher." I was always surprised when I returned from the many temples that I could remember every word that had been spoken, so that I immediately wrote them down. The lessons all seemed to be stamped and retained; while in my natural body I soon forgot; my memory is poor.

So Orion began his lecture this way: "Friends I am pleased to see so many here who are interested in our great planetary system, and looking at me he said, "I see one in our midst who is yet an inhabitant of the earth planet." Then he continued, "You will notice (pointing toward the earth) these two planets." When I looked I saw one was very dark, the other was very light. "The one clothed in such a beautiful light is Mars, the other one is the Earth Planet. At one time thousands of years ago, the planet Mars was dark like the earth is

today, but after this great cycle of time she has become purified, as you see her people are spiritual; almost etherial. As time goes on and the earth circles around in her orbit she too will become lighter like the other one. Now look, coming from the parent planet." As he spoke I turned my head and looked in the opposite direction. "You will see a miniature world, floating out from this one, which has just given it birth, but is not strong enough, so stays close by. After a time it will float out and away from its starting point, contiually drawing to itself, more substance on which to live."

What I saw looked like a small ball of rock attached to a larger one by a light which resembled the milky way. "After thousands of years, for, Friends, there is a fixed law which governs all things, this tiny world which you see will move out and take its place among the other numerous planets. Now she will be stationary and continually drawing to herself. After a time she has an atmosphere, now vegetation springs up, dense forests, water, and later on—life. These parent planets are continually sending out lesser ones."

Here I became so weak I was unable to stay longer, so returned to my body only to stay until the next day when at the appointed time my teacher and guide would come and take me to other interesting scenes. I was out of my body so much I seemed to live in the spirit world the most of the time, and can't you see, friends, how I waited with expectancy and wonder for each day to come? Wondering as to where I was to be taken, for I was never told where I was to go.

I heard this lecture and saw the new world given birth in 1904. You can imagine my delight and surprise to see it corroborated seven years later, February 3, 1911 in a Los Angeles, California, paper under the headlines,

*"Telescope Shows New Worlds Forming; Triumphs Over Trillions of Miles . First Published Photograph of a World in Formation."* And below this headline was a picture of a planet with a small one attached with the same light I had seen from Orion's Temple, and below this picture was this, *"Mt. Wilson Scientists Photograph nebulae, in act of throwing off new universes."* ..I cut this article out and it is before me while I write.

When I returned from this journey I was in a high state of exaltation. I kneeled down while I gave thanks to the Father and his Angels for their patience in showing me so many wonderfud truths. While I was in this position there arose from around me (seen for the first time) five or six angels and they floated up what looked like an electric pathway.. Each one waved their hand and I did the same. I was surprised to see them throw beautiful white roses all over me.

## A VISIT TO HONG KONG, CHINA

### Where Our Daughter and Family Were Visiting

I had company this morning so could not go at the usual hour, so told my guide I would go at two o'clock in the afternoon (or was it they told me?) I began to think they did all the planning. At two o'clock I made myself ready but before starting I had a strong impression to put a blue ribbon on my white robe. Why this was I did not know until I had taken this trip, but to show the influence my teachers had over me I will say I had no blue ribbon or thought I had none, but so strong was the impression that I went up stairs and looked through a sack kept for the purpose of preserving bits of silk and ribbon in ,and when looking through

it I found a piece of blue silk from a dress made for my granddaughter and worn to China by her, and the moment I laid my eyes upon it I thought, "Oh, this is just what I want, now the idea of a piece of blue silk made into a bow made me smile but the impression was too strong to smile it away, so I wore it, and was told this made it easier for the guide to take me to them.

I was living in Seattle, Washington, at the time, so at 2 o'clock my guide said, "Come." We immediately started out over the ocean, we were not far above the water. After a short time we settled down outside of a Chinese building which did not look as clear to me as other places I had visited, why I did not know, but we entered and while standing near the door, my guide said, "Now look, what dost thou see?" Everything looked gray so my answer was, "Oh, Father I can't see anything, why can't I see?" But just as I finished speaking I cast my eyes to the far side of the room and I saw three people sitting at a table. I left my teacher, crossed the room and then I saw it was my daughter, her husband and their child. While I stood there looking at them I was surprised to hear my guide say, "A failure." What he meant I did not know at the time, but it was explained to me later, the failure was because my daughter could not see me standing there, as they were in hopes she could.

About one week later our children started home, so a few days later at the usual time my guide came and said we will look them up, so we immediately floated out over the ocean. On the way I saw many boats coming and going, at length we settled down on the deck of a passenger vessel, walked around to a door and entered the dining room. Many people were seated at the tables, but my children were not among them. After

looking them over to see if they were there I returned to my body without any explanation being made why they were not there. All that he said was that they would arrive sooner than we expected them. They did arrive two days ahead of the time we expected them. When they did come I told my daughter about my visit to the boat and she said it was not the one they were on as I described the tables as being set lengthwise of the boat while the others were short ones being set in opposite direction.

The Japanese boat they came on arrived in Seattle a few days later so I went through it and soon saw the difference. We entertained the Captain while it was in port and how I longed to tell him of my sea voyage too, but did not have the courage.

### MY VISIT TO A CEMETERY IN ENGLAND

This morning my guide, who is always ready at the appointed hour, said, "Come, we will start from the purple temple this morning." With my mind centered on that city we were soon there. He clasped my hand to give me strength, and we floated out and away from that beautiful Temple and City. As I left it I turned and looked back and it stood out before my view in all its grandeur and immensity for as far as I could see were tall trees and palacial homes. After traveling some distance we came down close to the earth, crossed a wide open country over cities, then across a large body of water.

After leaving the water my guide said, "We will settle down here in England," and to my astonishment we did, in front of a cemetery. The grounds were inclosed with gray marble with slabs of the same running from post to post. We walked into the grounds on a

wide path which led around a mausoleum and down a winding road back of the building.

This mausoleum astonished me by its costly appearance. On each side of an arched doorway stood an angel carved in white marble. Each reaching up above the door clasping a wreath carved in marble also. Just above the door was another angel pointing toward heaven. My guide led me down a wide stairway; on either side resting in the wall were caskets,, showing me that a long line of ancestors were laid away here.

My guide said, "This is where Robert's body lies along with his family of English noblemen, for he was the son of an English Peer." My astonishment and curiosity got the better of me, for I turned around and said, "Father why do you show me this?" His answer was, "That you may know that nobility and earthly possessions count for naught in the spirit world. That you may also know that the high and low are counted for their true worth here. My child, thee canst surely read this lesson. Robert is thy soul mate, an advanced spirit, and the leader of thy band. The lesson we wish thee to know is that it is thy pure soul which brought to thee this bright influence and not as thee well knows high birth. But, come, there is another place I would show thee at this time."

So he led me out of this home of the dead and we floated up and away to a more beautiful clime in the spirit world to a Temple of Music. As we came close to the Temple and stopped in front of it, the scenery was beautiful, a wide terraced lawn sloped away from it on all sides, a wide veranda extended around the whole temple, with here and there an upright pillar around which were twined green vines and flowers; looking out over the lawn I saw fountains here and there, and when

walking around the veranda and looking still farther toward the North I saw a large body of water shining through the trees. Just as we stepped inside this beautiful Temple it began to fade, my guide saying, "Robert is a director of this Temple of Music." As he said this and before I had time to see the interior I was back in my body—thinking—thinking—"Oh, what lessons!"

### I VISIT A PALACE IN ENGLAND

My guide was waiting as usual, to take me on another trip, and as usual I was anxious to go. So we started, and on the way he said, "It is a pleasure for us on this side of life to take thee to these different places for we see these lessons are deeply imbedded in thy soul. They are truths, my child, and are given so that thy after work may be easier for thee, knowing now more than thee ever has before,—the need of these workers. So we never grow weary when we find one like thee who is such an earnest seeker after truth."

We crossed a body of water and soon came in sight of a beautiful English home (Palace) standing on a high piece of ground surrounded by a park, the grounds were the most beautiful of all that I have seen on any of my trips. They looked clearer. The wide walk bordered with flowers, the green grass and fountains, all stood out clear and bright. We entered the house and came into what I took to be a reception room. The inner door being open I looked through and the whole palace seemed to open into one room. The carpets and draperies were cream and gold. My guide led me up a wide stairway, we turned to our left and looked into the family sitting room. There seemed to be no limit to spirit, and surprises met me on all sides, and the words

uttered long ago rose up before me with more force than ever—"If things look strange to you, remember our ways are not your ways." For on looking in I was astonished to see, sitting around a center table, Robert, two sisters, and his father and mother. The father held in his hand a bible, his white head bowed as if he was interested in reading it while the rest of the family listened. The furnishings in this room were blue. Would wonders never cease! I had just left the vault where Robert's body rested and how could I account for this scene.

After looking at them, everything began to fade and I seemed to be gliding back from where I started from. I missed my guide and said, "Where are you, Father?" There was no answer even when I asked the second time, but Robert was with me, so we went to our beautiful white spirit home No. 2.

"Oh infinite Father, source of all that is good and beautiful, I come again this morning asking for that light and knowledge which my soul so much needs, for that understanding which thou alone canst give, that I may so live and keep my soul so pure, that these angel teachers who surround me each day, trying to impart lessons of knowledge, may be able to come close and that I may be able to grasp these lessons with the meaning with which they are given, and then, dear Father, help me to do my duty in helping humanity as I have promised to do."

After I had offered up this prayer Robert said, "Now be quiet, we are trying to see if you can hear the music from the Temple." I put my whole mind on it, but after listening for some time I caught a far away strain of music, but it was very faint, so I told them I could not, for it was so far away I said, "I'm so sorry I do wish I could" (I was sorry to disappoint them). So

I said, "Do you suppose it will be possible for me to learn?" They said I might in time, they then said they would call the guide to take me on another journey for they did not want to disappoint me.

There are many places I have not written about. My mother's home is one. I did not see her, the home was lit with a light not seen on earth. Why I did not see her I do not know, unless the light was so blinding, for she is an advanced soul. Another visit I will not write of was a nunnery in France, and what I saw inside of it. The memory is too sad to repeat here, but it was a sad journey and one never to be forgotten. Then there are the caverns, while I did not go down into them I stood at the top and looked down—down—Oh, so far. I saw a lake that looked black, Spirits dancing around it and I also saw one I had seen before his passing away going down the steep entrance. He had an Indian blanket around him and was a very undeveloped soul, while on earth; but the beauty of it is they will all come out some time—aeons of time perhaps—but they have all eternity to work upwards and with the help of the angel world will succeed.

## **A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF EARTH'S FALSE TEACHINGS OF GOD**

This morning after reaching a great height, on looking down I saw a large city. I seemed to be miles and miles above it. As I drew nearer I saw in the center of the city, an immense oblong temple, resting on top of it was a monument. The two were chiseled making one solid piece of marble. It stood in the center and seemed to form the center piece of the city,

for the monument and temple was an immense structure. Coming down onto the ground I saw a large door opening up into the white marble Temple. When entering it I saw it was filled with people, my guide saying, "This is a monument erected to the memory of earth's false teaching of God. Daily and hourly there is coming into the spirit world, people who have been taught all their lives that there was a living God seated on a throne. These people are sincere and earnest in their worship of God, and expect, when coming here, to find just such a being. In order that these people might be taught the truth and given a start in their progression, they are brought here and given their first lesson. These lessons are given by the angels from a higher sphere, after they learn this lesson, they are then taken to their homes by friends to make room for others."

At the same time I was shown a temple in a Catholic city, a place of worship, the temple was gray stone of beautiful architecture. The walks and grounds around the temple and homes were all laid out in a beautiful way, but they were all dark, just like the earth homes—or the most of them. My guide saying, "These people or priests, had become so absorbed in their religious work on earth, and held such power over their subjects that after coming here they are drawn together, not having progressed out of their earth belief."

### AN ORTHODOX RELIGION

This morning I saw a cemetery in the center of which stood a church, around this church were white tomb stones; around all was a white fence. The only pleasing thing I saw before coming down close, was the white which to me, being so far away, I took to be a city,

but we entered the church. On the platform stood the minister, in front of him stood a casket and around this were seated the mourners crying.

The minister was trying to comfort them by saying, "My friends, have faith that your loved one has gone home to God," and in his eloquence he pictured to these heart broken friends, God, seated on a throne, and bye and bye, they too would see his face, march up and down the golden street and play on a golden harp through all eternity. After these comforting words, the best the minister knew, they all went to the grave and knelt down around it and wept. One of them in deep mournful tones said: "Oh, I can't give her up. Oh, is there nothing beyond to think of but faith? Oh, tell me if you can, will we meet again?" and her pitiful cries stayed with me for days.

I followed them to their home and saw there nothing but gloom and despair; while I stood there a shaft of light came into the room. Looking up to see where it came from I saw God's Holy City, the beautiful homes and temples I have seen, and Oh, what a flood of joy and beauty flowed into my soul. I thanked God and his holy angels from above that I had passed from this darkness into light, and asked the Father to show me the way to bring more light into the world.

### A VISION OF THE NEW JERUSALEM

While in the silence this morning I saw the following:

The first which appeared on the scene was a great sandy desert, lit up with a most beautiful golden light, seeming to come from the setting sun, next I saw myself seated on the back of an elephant, following me was a

long, long line of elephants, on the back of each one sat a person. As we traveled along others fell in, coming to a certain spot on the desert, we stopped, our elephants formed into a perfect square. In the inclosure began to spring up white houses, white walks and flowers everywhere. In the center of this beautiful city there sprang into existence, a large white and gold Temple; inside the Temple, up three steps on a platform, was a chair, white and gold; and in this chair sat a person dressed in a purple robe trimmed with gold bands. As he looked above a stream of golden light came striking him square in the face.

The people came in and kneeling down, as they did so the occupant of the chair gave out the divine revelations which he was receiving. As this vision began to fade I heard these words, "The New Jerusalem."

As a companion to the first vision I immediately saw the following:

I saw the earth swinging in space, standing on top of it was a powerful spirit dressed in white, enveloped in a blue atmosphere; raising her arms which were draped in long flowing sleeves, she began in a slow graceful way to move them backward and forward; at the same time there began to be a scattering of the people, many coming from all parts of the earth, others falling away. There seemed to be a division of the people, all spiritual people came to the upper part of the earth, which was a beautiful light blue, the others seemed to be drawn to the lower half which was dark.

I was under a very strong power while seeing these visions which remained with me for some time.

Seen—January 8, 1910.

Today I had such a longing for somethink higher, a yearning which seemed to come from the depths of my

soul, a longing for something I knew not what. I became quiet and looked within and asked why I had this intense longing and what it meant.

I soon heard these words, "It is the soul's longing to be free from its prison house, free to go and not return." "Why," I asked, "does it not go and never return, as soul is all powerful?"

"Thy soul knows full well the consequence of not finishing its life work through your body. There would not be so many withered and scarred spirits, my child, if each soul was allowed to grow and to do their work while encased in the material form. Oh, take up the thread of life and weave it to the end, and thank God it is no shorter."

While thinking about this beautiful answer and resolving I would be as contented and happy in the weaving as I could, as I had found so many friends from the heavenly sphere who were with me and willing to help me all the time. I was startled to hear the voice say, "Oh, the beauty of a soul when it takes its flight after completing its full work here. It then enters into perfect bliss and happiness. Thank God that you have been awakened to a realization of your soul's needs, for by and through this awakening will go forth in a complete state."

## THE GREAT WITHIN

One morning before getting out of bed I lay there thinking deeply of the divine life as I often do, and of the many beautiful encouraging messages I had received, and of the many heavenly cities, homes and temples I had seen when traveling through the higher worlds. I was startled when upon looking up at the ceiling to see

a large figure "4," no sooner had I seen this, and before I had time to collect my thoughts as to what it meant, than a voice startled me still more by saying, "I promise God and his holy angels to keep within myself all that is entrusted to me until I am given permission to give it out." The figure "4" faded from view and the voice ceased without giving any intimation as to the meaning, and not for many days afterwards was I asked to take this oath under strange conditions. But a few days later while in deep meditation about the figure "4" these lines came to me:

### A VOICE FROM WITHIN

"I give into your keeping this priceless gem,  
You will always find it by looking within;  
It has been found by few of old,  
But its true worth has never been told.

Oh, treasure this gem, and on it dwell,  
In time you will learn its secrets well,  
This priceless gem, will bring all to you  
That man could wish, or even knew.

It is God's gift to each child of earth,  
If they will but listen and receive this truth,  
Oh, the joy of this meeting can never be known,  
By only the one whose soul hath grown."

1903.

### A LIGHT

After sitting in the silence a few moments, I heard this: "This morning there is placed around your head,

a brilliant light, a light like that which showed around the head of Jesus. This will be seen by many clairvoyants and in time will be described to you."

Here the voice ceased and after thinking a moment over the strange message I said, "Did I hear correctly what you said about the light?"

"Yes, my child, this is true, you have won this light, as all will sometime, many wear it now—all who come into a oneness with God, as you have, are given this light. It not only shows where you belong, but it is a protection as well."

This is true, for three different mediums have seen this light, and described it to me, not only that, but I have seen it.

Taken from "Aceon" "A Tale of a Soul's Experience": "And where the crown of thorns had lately been, there shone a radiant light above his head, the symbol of at-one-ment with his soul."

### GOD'S HOLY TEMPLE

In the seventh sphere of the spirit world stands a beautiful Temple. Over the great oval door, in letters of gold is the name, "God's Holy Temple." I seemed to be attracted to this Temple, but not until after many struggles for self mastery, was I able to even enter the outer room. I at one time went, hoping to enter it, but when I almost reached the door, a mound arose before me and the one word, "Overcome" was spoken. So I returned to my body with a determination stronger than ever to overcome everything within myself that was retarding my spiritual growth.

About this time "Aloah" was spelled out to me, one letter at a time, on a revolving shaft, he saying, "I

am with you as a protector; if at any time you feel the need of help to overcome self and to be given strength call 'Alohah' and I will immediately respond saying 'you must be saved to finish your life work.' "

To make it plainer, I saw myself standing by an outside door, upon opening it I was confronted by two robbers. I was impressed to call "Alohah" and as I did so they disappeared.

The next time I went to this temple I was taken into an outer room and met Alohah who said, "This room is only the entrance to the temple, and as soon as you have overcome self, you will be taken inside and these secrets given into your keeping which are not to be given out until you are given permission to do so. You will soon be ready to be initiated into God's Holy Temple and take your place with these holy ones. There are very few yet in the material form who are able to come into this temple as you are. The secret password is, 'Alohah.' This also is my name and is not to be given to anyone until given permission." He told me to get quiet and look within and listen to the instructions I would receive, and prepare myself to be taken into the Temple later.

So my next visit to the Temple I was ushered into the second room where I met Alohah, when he told me I was to be given a little more at this time, of the work I was to do; and that the next time I would be taken into the third room.

When I went to the temple this morning I noticed what seemed to be guards, or spirits, up above and all around the sides of the temple. So I said "Alohah, why is this temple so guarded, are not these people in this sphere to be trusted?" "Yes, my child, but these secrets must be well guarded, for even righteous people some-

times gain access to places and things which are not intended for them. Now go hence and prepare yourself for your next visit to the temple. Good bye."

Having been told to go to the Temple within which was a counterpart of the one I had been taken to, and listen, I would be given instructions, I did so and heard this: "God's Holy Temple is situated in the Seventh sphere. There are other temples in the sphere beyond, but this is the highest that anyone from the earth plane can work in, and but few succeed in reaching it, while encased in the material body. The sooner you overcome all things the sooner will you enter into this work which has been promised. Oh, see to it that you prepare yourself for this work."

### AN OATH

I had a strong desire to go to God's Holy Temple this morning. I did so, and when I reached it Aloahah met me at the door and led me on through and into a room where I was surprised to see an oblong pool of what looked to my wondering eyes like boiling electricity. I glanced around the room and saw it was white and gold. Aloahah led me up to the center of the room where the boiling electricity was. When I saw steps leading down into it and on the opposite side were steps leading out. He started to lead me in and down the steps when he said, "Come" so I took a step down and hesitated, but we continued on until the liquid touched my chin when I again hesitated, for I knew another step would completely cover me. He said, "Come child, I am with you." When we had gone down under the liquid he said, "Raise your right hand and repeat after me: "I promise God and his holy angels

to keep within myself all that is entrusted to me until I am given permission to give it out." I was surprised when asked to repeat the same oath, I had heard some time ago spoken by someone else.

When we had finished speaking he led me on through and up the opposite steps, when Alohah said, "To show you how stupendous is your work I will tell you, in this Temple there are seven rooms, and in each room are seven smaller ones." I looked around and I want to say I did not feel this boiling liquid at all. So when we came out of it and while he was speaking, I saw all around this room which was white, were panels of gold. He stepped up to one and I was surprised to see him open one which proved to be a door. We went next into a smaller room where he took a scroll of paper and read a little to me.

### THE FIFTH ROOM

I kept on striving for perfection, battling with this condition and that, for many months, going often to the Temple I was taken into, and then (at various times) to the second, third and fourth rooms. Until one morning Alohah, the master who has charge of this Temple came to me and said, "My child, today you enter the fifth room. In this room you will find many trials and many temptations. It all rests with you how long you remain here. It may take you one year and it may take many more for all things which have retarded spirit growth must be laid aside before leaving this room. Even all desires of past habits must be overcome. But remember this, God and his holy angels are here ever ready to help you at all times. So be persevering and in time you will reach the goal. And now may the

peace and blessing of God and his holy angels abide with you forever,—good-bye.”

It was long, long after this that I reached the seventh room.

## REACHING THE GOAL OF LIFE—UNION WITH GOD

During my silence hour this morning, I was surprised to hear the voice within say, “Create a desire to know more of God.” I replied, “Create a desire to know more of God?” What does that mean? When all my life from a child up to the present time I have always talked to God and asked for guidance. How could I do any better? What could I do to know more about him? To be sure I have looked away off sometimes, but I felt too, that he was near.

After letting my thoughts run along in this way for some time, trying to argue with an invisible something, I became quiet when the voice continued. “For the time being you are to renounce Robert, and all else you have seen in the spirit world, and come to me.” I grew excited as I repeated, “Renounce Robert! what do you mean? for I knew the voice came from within. “I come first, you rightfully belong to me.” I listened to see what would come next—when the voice continued, “I am Robert. I am Robert—I am Robert;” repeating it three times, then, “come to me.” “You say you are Robert, that is impossible.” I said it with a little defiance in my voice. “You hear a voice don’t you?” “Yes.” “Then why wouldn’t it be I as well as anybody else?” “Well-I-er” began to stammer, for the voice was right within and as plain as any voice I ever heard. I could think of nothing better to say, so I stammered again, “I ca-n’t love *you*” and tried to say more but failed; so the voice continued. “Very well

then, I will never ask you again, but you will come to me, and remember when that time comes, my arms will be open ready to receive you."

I wanted to hear more but waited in vain for at this time there was no more said, the voice had ceased and there was nothing more to do but keep silent and think, and I did think, and kept it up for two years, without another word from within, along this line. I had thought along this line until my thoughts were threadbare, and I made up my mind to ask for more information. So I said, "If as you said you come first, I am now ready to come to you to be instructed;" So I waited a moment when I heard this: "You may call me God, Lord, Adoina, or what you will, I am your soul mate." And for the time being Divine love almost took my breath, and the pleading of love which came from within, left me speechless, so here and now I gave myself completely up to the Christ within. Oh, what a new world was opened up within. I sat there numb with emotions—here, at last, was my answer to the figure "4," my soul and Robert's spirit was within me, Robert's soul and my spirit within him. Oh, friends, can't you see the harmony that must exist when every soul is awakened to this God given truth? But I thought, "Must I bare my soul to the world? This then is the great truth which has been covered up for ages, and for generations; is this why I have been so lonely and isolated, to give my experiences to the world? If it will help—well and good." I had been told by Aloha to go within to be instructed, as that Temple was a counterpart of the one within. I did so, until the goal of life had been reached, and I had given myself to Christ. The revelation which came from this union with God, was so wonderful, and I had no one to share it with, that for days I lived in a different world. It

has completely changed my life. The churches are continually talking about the "Oneness with God," but I'm afraid few understand it in its true sense.

## A PURPLE TEMPLE

### My Baptism—Dressed in a Purple Robe

Many times when ready to start on my journey I would put my mind on the place I visited the day before, and at times we would go as quick as thought, at other times we would travel leisurly along, so I could see the different places of interest which I enjoyed very much. So, when I heard my guide say, "Come, we will go from here to a higher realm, to another city thou hast not seen." I put my mind on the school we visited yesterday. He took my hand which always seemed to give me strength for the journey, and we floated up and away from this beautiful body of water. The school and orchard, and after rising up above it so I could look down (it was indeed a grand picture to look at) I said, "Oh, what a beautiful place this is!"

"Yes, it is beautiful, but dost thou see that beautiful scene also?" pointing to a wide stretch of country ahead of us. I looked and another pleasing picture was spread out ahead and below us, but very different from the one we had just left, for instead of the orchard I saw a narrow, winding stream, its sloping banks covered with green grass and tall stately trees. I could see no mishapen trees or rubbish of any kind, as we see on earth, but everything looked clean and trim.

From here we gradually rose higher and the atmosphere was lighter and clearer. We were now above the city, far out from among tall stately trees and flowers

arose the placial home of this angelic throng. "Oh," I cried, "what a beautiful city," and I thought, "if I could only make people on earth know of this life as it is, and has been shown to me, they would look at earthly trials in a different light. It would give them courage to go on with a lighter heart to do all the good they could while they had a material body to work with."

After I had looked at this interesting scene for some time, for it was a vastly populated city, we came down in front of a purple and gold temple, festooned around the sides with purple flowers. This was a large, beautiful temple. The front door was an oval archway. My guide said, "Look well before we enter." When he said this, I looked over the door and in letters of purple and gold were these words, "Angels of Purity." My guide said, "Thee will live in this beautiful city for many years.

### My Initiation

After surveying the outside to my satisfaction, we entered and just as I stepped inside there spread around my body, a thin purple robe. I was surprised at this, and looked up at my guide expecting him to say something, but he did not, so we walked in. My ear caught the chant and instrumental music of, "Glory, glory glory." It sounded very strange to me and I wondered what it could mean.

The interior of this temple was purple and gold, blending into each other, making a most beautiful color. We walked to the far end of the temple and up two or three steps, where on either side of a wide rostrum stood a font of water. While I was looking at these, I grew weak and was drawn back towards my body, but my

lesson was not learned yet so my teacher brought me back by saying in sharp tones, "Come back child, come back!" When I returned I was on the rostrum, a band of twenty or thirty Angels, each dressed in purple and gold velvet. Their costumes harmonized in beauty with everything in the temple. I was led up with them when I too was clothed the same, with a girdle of gold around my waist. Then a master stepped up to me holding in his hand a crown on which were the words, "Angel of God." This he placed on my head saying, "My child, your struggles through life have been long and trying. Many times you have felt like giving up in despair, but always that bright star would break through the clouds and beckon you on and in your true devotion to God you would gather up strength to go on up the path which unknown to you had been planned. I am glad, for by so doing you have at last reached the highest position it is possible to attain, and are now ready for the crown which has been prepared for you. May you wear it with wisdom, when sitting in council with these your co-workers who have gathered here this morning to bid you welcome into their glorious band. Then dipping his hand into one of the fonts, he sprinkled my head with the water and said, "Now my child, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and as he finished speaking, the Angel band that had gathered around me began to chant, "Glory, Glory, Glory." While I have not yet reached perfection, the beautiful influence and heavenly music have remained with me through all the years that have come and gone since that memorable day, and given me strength many times to help others, and with a better understanding of the soul life within, the path becomes brighter and brighter with each passing year. And

while my efforts seem puny, I am still trying to keep my promise to those Angelic beings who worked so faithfully to enlist my help to make our brothers and sisters on earth know that death is only the gateway to a beautiful life beyond.

## JERUSALEM

I soon heard the well known voice of my guide say, "Come, I will take thee to a sunny clime this morning." We were soon soaring above a barren looking country. We seemed to go this time like a flash, for I saw nothing on the way until my guide said, "This is Palestine." The country around the city was barren and looked as if the sun had turned the grass a dingy brown. Looking away off toward the foothills I saw coming slowly, what proved to be camels, on the back of each sat a native with his peculiar turban resting on his head, my guide saying, "We will follow them and see where they are going." We fell in behind them. There were eight or ten. This city was enclosed with a wall so when they came to the gates they entered and put their camels out to one side, when they immediately laid down, showing me they have traveled a long distance. After watching the camels until my curiosity had subsided, I turned to my guide who led the way to a temple. I was not told so but I was impressed this was the city of Jerusalem, we followed them in and they went to the far end of the Temple, kneeled down, bowed their heads in worship. After some time they went out, mounted their camels and started back over the same road they had traveled before. As I watched them I saw they were met by others coming on the same errand to the Temple to worship. My guide explained that they were from the vine-

yards located in the foothills, showing me this lesson, that in their true devotion they thought no task too hard to endure in order to go to a holy place to worship. Showing me also how much easier in our enlightened country was our access to places of worship compared with riding miles and miles in the blazing sun on the back of a camel. This scene soon faded and I was once more at home. My guide who had accompanied me on many of my journeys said, "Now I will have to leave thee for awhile, as I know these lessons have been well learned, so I will bid thee good bye."

A sadness stole over me as he said this and I said, "Oh, Father, must you go?" for I felt as if I was losing a tried and true friend, and was for the moment selfish enough to want him to stay longer. After collecting my thoughts I said, "Oh, Father," as such I had been led to call him, "how can I thank you enough and the other teachers also, for your interest in my behalf, and for these grand true lessons which you have had so much patience in showing me." "My child, it has given us great pleasure in showing these truths to thee, for by so doing we feel that we have enlisted another in our band, and are clasping hands with one who will help us in our great work, to scatter these truths to the children of earth, and thus help them to come into a knowledge of this beautiful life." And saying good bye he had gone, leaving me, as I said before, as if I had lost a good friend.

After he left me these thoughts ran through my mind, "Oh, Father, help me to understand these lessons more and more as time goes on, and help me to not disappoint my teachers from the spirit world. May I be faithful in my promise to them in spreading these truths wherever the opportunity presents itself, Re-

gardless of the scoffs I must expect, to receive from an undeveloped world."

### A SUPREME TEST

After twenty-four long years, bringing the time up to 1926, an answer to the vision of my own tombstone is given me by another long vision in a trance state. And the year 1926 was the time—just as I saw it, as I said before, on the face of the tombstone at the top was the one word, "Exalted," below this was "Mary E. France, passed from this life, 1926." I have learned after passing through these long years of temptations, trials and overcoming, the giving up completely to the will of the Father and guided by the spirit within, to let go of worldly things and pass on into the higher life.

But this was no easy task as all know who have gone over the same road, but we all learn to look within for guidance without which we could make but tittle progress.

In my vision I was surprised to see the spirit of the one who should have walked in my place in this life, my husband's old sweetheart, appeared before me, a beautiful spirit about one half head taller than was her natural body. She walked up to me. We stood side by side. I was surprised for this was the first time I had seen her since her transition, as I am not a true clairvoyant. As we stood there my husband walked into the room and showed his astonishment as he looked at first one and the other, the thought came to me, "Now he will make his choice." As I was wondering which one it would be, a voice said, "Look into his eyes for your answer, that will tell you which one he will choose." I did so and learned that it was not

me. With a sinking heart I turned to her and said, "Be good to him, for he has been good to me." The thought came to me, "Alone, deserted, after fifty-seven years of contentment. Oh, God what does it mean?" Then a loneliness I had never felt crept over me—alone—alone—I felt I had no one left, not one, that for the time had all vanished too. As I stood there looking at him he turned and left the room, she following him. No one on earth could feel more forsaken and lonely than I did when they had gone and I was left alone. For one moment I thought, "Has God, too, forsaken me? No, I can pray," and then and there I prayed as I never had before, that they might be happy together and that God would bless them. When I came out of my trance-like state I was more surprised that I can tell to hear these words, "Oh, beautiful soul, you have passed the Supreme Test." And for three days this rang in my ears above everything else.

### VISIONS

The first vision which I saw was in the beginning of my search for truth. I saw a very large serpent, it laid around a whole block of city lots, and had its tail in its mouth. The meaning which came with it was, "Spiritual wisdom and a completed life."

Another one was shown me some time later. "The Winged Globe." It flashed very bright before me. I said, "If that is for me, show it to me again"—it flashed even brighter than the first time. I then thought, "When have I seen that?" After thinking a moment I went and looked in "The Hidden Way Across the Threshold," a book I had, and the meaning is—"Glory unto Thee, a ripened and perfected soul, finished of earth,

the perfected one, one with God, a soul ripened to Nirvana."

So friends in finishing this book I will repeat what I said in the beginning, with this change. I now feel that I have kept my promise given many years ago to angel friends, to help them to bring more light to the world, and who were so faithful and worked so hard to give me these truths in such a beautiful way. Not only this, but I have obeyed the command of one high in authority—Jesus the Christ, who when standing before him in the Golden Temple, when handing me a book said, "The law is written within, you are to give it out."

So in plain simple words I have written these truths just as they came to me, while many times my sensitive soul shrank within me when being urged to write down the most sacred truths which can be given to any soul.

In sending them out it is with the prayer that some souls may catch the vibration of these truths, and be helped. If only one, I will feel that my efforts have not been in vain.

The End.