

# The . . . Unseen World.

Being the Remarkable Experiences  
in the Family of W. C. NATION,  
and Subsequent Investigations into  
the Phenomena and Teachings of  
SPIRITUALISM.



THIRD EDITION.  
PRICE, 2/-

By the Editor of "The Message of Life,"

Published by W. C. Nation, Levin, New Zealand.



## PREFACE.

The following "Experiences" relating to the marvellous phenomena of Spiritualism began in my family in the year 1883, at Greytown North, New Zealand. During later years I continued investigating, and found the study intensely interesting and uplifting. Spiritualism is condemned by unthinking and prejudiced persons, but is rapidly gaining ground among all classes. Many men of science and notable men in the Christian Church have embraced it—testifying that those who have passed out of the body are still conscious, ever near us and can communicate with us, bringing loving messages and the purest of teaching. I therefore commend this book to the unbiassed consideration of those into whose hands it may fall. It claims no merit for literary style, for its contents were written at intervals for a monthly publication, "The Message of Life," from memoranda put aside from time to time; but the record is one of facts, which will stand the most crucial tests. My faithful and devoted wife has been a close investigator with me, and we bless the day when we were brought face to face with the "powers of the world to come." And we both take this opportunity of warmly thanking the lady (she had been bereaved of her husband), who sat patiently month after month with us, and through whose development and mediumship we have gained a more extended knowledge of the spiritual planes and those who dwell there. Our only son, Charles, at a later date married our medium, and since then we have often had the privilege of sitting and listening to her controls. She has spoken at public meetings at Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, where she was known as "Sister Annie." She and her husband devote much of their time in helping souls in the lower grades of the spirit world.

So favourably was the first edition of this book received that within six months a second edition was printed. Then a Canadian publishing house came across a copy of the book and issued a special edition at Ottawa. Before the Great war broke out the second New Zealand edition was out of print, but the enormous rise that took place in the price of paper and general cost of production prevented any attempt to issue a third edition until this year, and while the author has set the type by hand, Mr C. C. Nation is to be credited with finding the paper for a thousand copies and passing them through his machinery. And so we work together to spread spiritual truth.

Levin, New Zealand,

August, 1920.

W. C. NATION.



THE  
UNSEEN WORLD:

BEING

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES IN THE  
FAMILY OF W. C. NATION,  
AND SUBSEQUENT INVESTIGATIONS OF  
THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM  
AND ITS TEACHINGS.

*By the Editor of "The Message of Life."*

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

PUBLISHED BY W. C. NATION, LEVIN, NEW ZEALAND

## REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

### INTRODUCTION.

IT was in the year 1883, in the town of Greytown North, New Zealand, that the usual quiet of our home was disturbed by the appearance of phenomena which puzzled my wife and myself and turned our thoughts towards the investigation of occult matters. I had heard of "table-turning," but knew nothing about it, and how I was led to investigate in this direction is not clear to my mind to this day, invisible spirit people, I believe, impressed me, and led me in a path which opened up a new world.

Mrs Nation was busy with her needle; the children had done with their school-books for the day and I was free from my office work. Acting under an impression, I suggested that three of the children should sit with me at a small round table, to see if it would move round. We sat, and I told the children to wish that the table should go round to the right under our hands. Twenty-five minutes passed, then there was a move, and soon the table began to move round in the direction our thoughts suggested. I can imagine some of my readers exclaiming, "Ah personal magnetism!" "thought power!" "the subconscious self;" and in the distance a religious devotee exclaims, "the devil!" I have met these people all along the pathway of investigation, but am still waiting for each to prove the truth of his theory. It may be that this narrative will give some of them something to ponder over.

Well, as I have said, the table moved round and in the direction our minds wished. Within five

### A TESTIMONY.

Mr J. A. McLaren, of the Boys' School, Durban, S. Africa, wrote on 22nd January, 1911:—"I have just about finished reading your wonderful book, 'The Unseen World,' lent to me at Lyceum (of which I have the honour to be conductor), and I have been so charmed and edified by your book—which I think the most comprehensive, complete, and convincing of all the Spiritualistic and occult books I have read—that I feel I must have a copy for my library, for occasional perusal and lending. I therefore enclose postal note, and shall be glad to receive a copy at your convenience."

minutes more it had tilted up slightly on one side and was going round on one claw as quickly as we could follow, our hands pressing lightly on the top. It was really spinning round on one of its claws. The children were delighted with the fun, while my wife looked askance at me as though she thought I was the moving power. After this merry-go-round I stopped the table and we had another try, and the table again moved in the direction of our wishes. I explained in a calm and philosophic manner that it was our magnetism, directed by our will-power, that was moving the table, when lo, and behold! it suddenly stopped and went round in the contrary direction. I confess I felt rather foolish at this sudden change, for it confounded my theory of magnetism and will power, and I believe my wife laughed in her sleeve at my discomfiture. Then the table stopped again and began to bow (or tilt) towards each of the sitters, and it did this over and over again in a very lively manner.

This motion gave way to another which surprised us still more. Tilting slightly, so that one of the three claws was lifted from the floor, it ambled on the other two across the room towards the window-sill. I could discern no meaning for this, but my wife remarked, "Don't you perceive that it is beating time to the music of the Band?" Sure enough, this was the case. The Band was playing, some distance away, and the table was tapping against the window-sill, beating the time correctly. The music ceased, the table became quiet, and after some talking and laughter the children went off to rest.

But my mind was now at work, and I asked myself what intelligence beat time to the music? what made the table bow east, west, north, and south to the four sitters? what power made the table rise on one claw and spin round at such a rate? and how came it that just when I was giving the children my

thoughts on magnetism and will power it flatly contradicted me by rotating the other way? Neither my wife nor I had had any experience in occult matters; we knew nothing about any of the phenomena connected with Spiritualism, and I must confess that we were superstitious enough to believe that perhaps that old scarecrow of the Church, the Devil, was behind the scenes.

Some evenings after, the children wanted to have some more fun, and we sat as before. In a few minutes the table became like a thing of life. It bowed to each of us as before, and then it ambled right out of the room into the children's bedroom, where Eva, one of our girls, was lying in bed, suffering from an attack of measles. She had heard us laughing at the antics of the table in the dining room and called out to us to come into her room. It needed no effort on our part to comply with her request, for the table went off at once, three children and I accompanying it with our hands upon the top. It made for the bedside, leaned over the sick child, and then gradually turned over until it stood upside-down upon her body. The law of gravitation was quite set aside. We did not assist the table in any way, and though at the time we could not account for the phenomenon, I afterwards came to the conclusion that the invisible power was an intelligent one, and that the power and intelligence emanated from spirits who had passed out of the body. They testified to this effect afterwards by writing through the hands of the children.

I lifted the table from the bed on to the floor, and when we again placed our hands upon it it made over to the washstand, and when its edge touched the edge of the washstand it turned topsy-turvy on to the wash-basin. I am sure the reader is in the same mind as unbelieving Thomas, but I can say honestly that I am but stating bare facts, and these

experiences were put in the shade by those which followed later on. We were like children playing with a few shells and pebbles on the seashore, with a great ocean before us to explore.

#### HOW BERTHA WAS USED.

I soon found that it was not the number of hands that were placed upon the table that produced the manifestations. At this time only one of the children was used to provide the "entertainment." In a lesser degree the others were used later on. The marvellous phenomena was at first confined to our ten-year-old girl, Bertha, slight of form, and who was in earlier childhood considered rather delicate. But this she had outgrown, and at the time of these manifestations she was wiry and full of life. I now left her to the table, and it answered even her unexpressed wishes. With one hand; and sometimes with but one of her tiny fingers touching the little table, it would run across the room and bow to one and another of the family, and this was done without any desire on the part of Bertha.

One evening I resolved upon an experiment. I told Bertha I was going to hide, saying, "You stay here in the dining room, and give me time to hide; then see if the table can find me." I left the room and very quietly planted myself in a corner of the parlour, behind an arm-chair. Presently I heard the child say, "Table, find papa!" Instantly it sat behind out of the room with her hands upon it. Without hesitation it came through the passage, turned into the parlour, made for the arm-chair, bowed over until the edge touched the seat of the chair, then turned upside-down on the seat, and threw its legs over the back of the chair, as if it would say, "You're there!" The front rooms were in darkness, yet without a false move I was discovered. Thus another evening's entertainment passed with the

little table and our invisible, unknown friends. And this table we keep in remembrance of the numerous sittings which have been held around it; of the wonderful phenomena displayed through it, and the scores of investigators who have been convinced of the truth of spirit return by its answers to questions.

#### FIGHTING IGNORANCE.

Of course, the occurrences in our house got noised abroad, and it was astonishing how many persons in the town professed to know how everything was done. The dear Church people, who know more about the devil than anyone else, talked in the usual way about his snares and devices, and we had a pretty rough time of it as a family. I had to run the gauntlet of bitter and malignant criticism from many "good Christian people." Even the little child, Bertha, was spoken of in the school ground as "a little imp." This was too much for me. I did not mind standing the fire of persecution, but when it came to assailing one of my family I determined to stop it. I wrote a little note to the offending teacher, telling him he was quite at liberty to vent his ignorance on me, but if he spoke of my little girl among the children as an imp again, and I got satisfactory proof of it, I would meet him in the school ground and horsewhip him. This little note cleared the atmosphere all round.

It was not long before the other children received the power to move the table and chairs. They knew nothing in those days, of dancing, yet I have seen them with their fingers lightly touching the backs of four chairs, guide them through every movement of a quadrille. Then they got automatic writing, and many were the names of persons out of the body that were written, with other particulars.

What I have related was the beginning of a remarkable outburst of spirit influence in Greytown,



Our house was besieged with inquirers, and many were controlled in various ways. People laugh at the idea of spirits moving tables and giving messages through movements of tables or raps upon them. They are like the negro who laughed at the missionary when he said he would make a chip speak. He wanted an article from the house, and picking up a chip he wrote upon it a message to his wife to send it. The negro grinned his unbelief at a chip conveying a message, but he was full of wonder when the missionary's wife merely looked at the chip and then put the article in his hand. The chip conveyed a message between one mind and another—the table does the same.

#### OUR CODE OF SIGNALS.

I have forgotten to say that after a few evenings with the table we established a code of signals. Believing that some intelligence was trying to make us understand by the movements of the table, we arranged that three tilts should mean "Yes," and two tilts "No." This answered admirably. We first wanted to know who or what was moving the table, and I asked that the table should be tilted as I came to the letters of the alphabet when called over until we got words. Three tilts was the reply, which meant "Yes." I sat with Bertha and commenced. Upon calling A the table tilted. I then commenced again and when I came to M the table tilted again. The third time I called the letters the table tilted at Y. "That spells Amy," said Bertha, and the table oscillated to and fro as though in great glee, and tilted three times. Then I commenced to call the letters again, and the name "Saward" was spelled.

Soon after this Bertha's hand would be made to slap the table by the invisible force, and this way of communicating was quicker. Then she got the

power to write on the table with her forefinger, and this was quicker still. And next we used a pencil. After some practice writing came freely, and Amy, who said she was but a young girl, kept us going with messages, and the names of several friends in the spirit world.

The other children of the family now sat together in the hope that they, too, would get "something." Eva, twelve years of age, was soon controlled, and the power put forth through her was almost marvellous. At times the small table would be hurled across the room with tremendous force from under her hand, and it was evident that the spirit controlling her was not of a very gentle disposition. We soon learned that the change called "death" does not alter disposition. We carry with us all the characteristics of the life that now is, and with many it takes a long time to rise above them. In addition to the movements of the table, Eva got the power to write, and the person who wrote through her gave her name as "Eliza McKenzie." She wrote, stating that she was hot-tempered, but would not hurt Eva, nor did she wish to do harm to any one. She was allowed to come, she said, to convince some of the visitors to our house that the power was not of the children, as some were saying; and she had a work to do through Eva which would help to advance herself. At times, in answer to questions, she would shake the table so violently that I remonstrated with her. She promised to be gentler, which she became by degrees. Soon after this the two youngest girls, Jessie and Annie, and the boy Charlie, got writing and the movements of the table, and our house was almost shaken with a wave of spirit power.

We began to speak to our friends and neighbours, and soon found that our experiences, as a rule, only excited laughter and ridicule. Some were incredulous, and asked if they might witness the strange

happenings for themselves. This was just what we desired, and I gave a free invitation to all who had a wish to investigate. This was taken advantage of by scores. Night after night we had visitors, and the more the children were taxed the more power they got.

BERTHA BLINDFOLDED.

Bertha's gifts became still more wonderful as the days went by. Blindfolded, her hand would be taken to write over a whole sheet of letter paper, and if a t was not crossed, or an i not dotted, upon attention being called to the omission, her hand would be taken back and the defect remedied. She would, while blindfolded, write down columns of figures, then pause, as though reckoning up, and put down the correct answers—answers that were beyond the capabilities of the sub-conscious mind in a child only ten years of age. A book would be taken from a shelf, opened anywhere, and a request made that a few lines be copied. Her hand would be guided across the paper and the exact words on the page of the book would be written by her. The strangers who visited us and, haphazard, had turned up a page of a book, expressed astonishment at these exhibitions of unseen power. And Bertha was not entranced for this, or any other kind of manifestation. She was always in her normal state, and could talk and laugh while the power was on her. At times her left hand would be stretched out for a pencil, then both hands would write, commencing in the middle of the sheet and going to right and left; the left hand writing upside-down; the right in the ordinary way, thus:—

*Sunday noon Good Evening.*

I have read a great deal of Spiritualistic literature, but have not come across a record of any medium being used in so many different ways as Bertha.

These exercises were witnessed by scores of persons well-known in and around Greytown. Shrewd and critical sceptics were nonplussed, for I arranged for them to test the phenomena in any way that suggested itself to them, and they found that telepathy, hypnotism, magnetism, etc., were other and outside forces. We heard nothing about the sub-conscious self in those days. It may, at times, have played a part, but the rapid and different hand-writings to that of the child, and the proofs of spirit identity, convinced critics that an intelligence was at work quite outside her.

Looking back over the experiences of many years it is easy to perceive that often in our enthusiasm we did not exercise a critical mind. Not that I would unduly press this at any time in home circles where mediums are in the first stages of development. It is wisest to wait awhile and then test in a quiet, decisive manner. Subtle are the laws governing mediumship, and a cantankerous man, with his mind bent on upsetting harmonious conditions, will adversely affect every sitter, leave alone a medium. These people are like hedge-hogs, with every quill set in defiance.

A medium needs the same quiet, calm conditions as a minister trying to compose a sermon for the edification and spiritual welfare of his flock. A medium is a person of a sensitive nature, and in the trance condition is sensitive to impressions from the spirit world, and at times to the thoughts of those who sit around. I must say that I have found church people the most inharmonious to sit and investigate with. They come to a scarce with the idea that only evil spirits can communicate, and they wait for them. They ask foolish and impertinent questions, and I have, at times, fully expected the controlling intelligences to give them a "good dressing down," but they forebore.

#### FRESH MANIFESTATIONS.

14

The physical manifestations increased in power. Bertha and Eva now being the principal instruments Bertha's guide would, without our seeking it, write with her forefinger at all times. At school, while holding a pencil over her slate, her hand would be gently shaken and the word "Amy" written. At the tea-table Amy would so take charge of her little medium as to serve out the sugar and milk, and call attention, by dumb motions, to the wants of all present. Sometimes, when all was quiet, I would ask, "Are any of our invisible friends here?" Then one after another the children's hands would be controlled to rap three times on the table, which signified "Yes."

One evening the message came "Clear away the tea-things; we want to do something." The order was quickly obeyed, and then we were directed to sit around the table, Bertha placing each sitter by gesticulations. Then we were directed to place just the tips of the fingers of both hands under the edge of the table, all round. To our astonishment the table slowly rose until our little Annie had her arms up as far as she could reach. Not an ounce of weight was discernible in the table. But still more surprises were in store. Annie was directed to get upon the table, and again it ascended, but there was no perceptible weight. Each one of the family followed. Then came a request for Mrs. Nation to sit upon the table, and stepping from a chair, she sat down in the midst of her family in that elevated position, not without the fear that she might be tilted over; but nothing of the kind happened.

#### HAPPY CONCLUSIONS.

We were satisfied now that the spirit world was all around us, and that spiritual beings were trying to make us understand. They informed us that the

15

moving of articles of furniture was merely to show us that the power was outside the physical plane. In time higher manifestations would be bestowed. Many a happy hour did the family spend with our invisible friends; sweet and comforting were the messages given, and through the long years which have passed since we were brought face to face with these mysteries, the teachings have been very helpful, leading us to aspire for the highest in heavenly things. The proofs of the continuity of life have been overwhelming, and of spirit identity most convincing. The change called death is merely the throwing off of the material shell. We are spiritual beings now, encased in a mould of flesh, and when freed from the body we carry with us every characteristic of the mind, and are exactly the same individuals in what is called the "astral world." Those who seek to rise in this life are developing their spiritual nature, and will awaken in the new life in happier conditions.

The children were sitting at a large round table one evening working at their school lessons. Suddenly it was tilted up on the side where Bertha was sitting, and her sisters blamed her for doing it. She declared that she did not move the table. "Oh, you did," they replied. As we never allowed the children to get at cross words with each other, I asked Bertha, "Did you tilt the table?" She replied, "No, papa; the table went of itself, like the little table does." I told the children to stand off, and asked Bertha to put her hands upon the table. At once it canted up about six inches on the side where she stood. Then I got her to put her chin on the table, and it rose in like manner. Here was an increase of power, and a few nights after, the great round table was swayed to and fro under the hand; of the second eldest girl, Eva, and with such force, that no person could keep it still, even though he

braced himself for a tug-of-war. Then this table, when it was covered with the heaviest books we could put upon it, was lifted in the air on the fingertips of the four children, and yet no weight was felt. Truly, we are surrounded by powers that we know nothing of. One can unhesitatingly believe that the prophet was used to make the axe-head swim. (2 Kings vi. 6).

One night a few visitors were present, among them Mr. Wm. Skeet, a surveyor. He could not believe that the children were unconscious of the sensation of weight, and said so. I suggested that the visitors should stand round and put their fingers under the edge, and that the children should put their fingers under theirs. This was acted upon, and the table ascended and remained suspended in the air to the astonishment of all. Mr. Skeet said he felt no weight, and the others said the same. The hands of the children were now continually used in writing, and many messages from deceased persons came through.

And now for an incident to show how persons outside our family were influenced. One afternoon a schoolmate of the girls was looking on, when in a jocular strain I said, taking out my pencil, "This is a magic pencil. If you hold it still on a sheet of paper I think it will write." I put a sheet of paper before her; she took the pencil and almost immediately the name of her deceased father was written. Dropping the pencil, with a scared look she said, "I did not write that myself." As soon as she got home she told her mother about the writing and the magic pencil, and—so her mother afterwards told me—I was warmly blamed for what I had done.

But that same night, after her children had gone to bed, a peculiar influence came to her, such as she had never before noticed, and she was impressed

to sit alone with a pen to see if any writing would come through her own hand. She had not sat any length of time when her hand was gently shaken and the pen began to make letters. To her amazement her husband's name appeared, and she burst into tears. Then her hand was controlled to write further, and the message was to the effect that he was often near her; that he knew of her trials and sorrow, but she was not to trouble any more, for everything would turn out all right. Then he wrote freely and brought incidents to his wife's memory that were only known to themselves. As she wrote under his control a strange comfort came to her. She paid us a visit soon after and told us of her experience, adding that she had no doubt that her husband had communicated with her. This lady became a medium, of which I shall speak later.

#### MORE MYSTERIES.

The phenomena in our family varied still more. One Sunday afternoon Bertha and I were in the house alone, when we heard a rat-a-tat-tat on the door. I went to answer it, but found no one. Both the girl and myself distinctly heard the raps, but our search was in vain. On another evening Mrs. Naton and our eldest daughter, Mary, were sitting, sewing, the younger branches of the family being in bed. Suddenly the table was struck as with a heavy whip, and the noise made them jump. On another occasion Mrs. Naton was sitting alone, when she heard a voice call "Mamma!" "Yes, what is it?" my wife asked, thinking one of the children had called her. She awaited a reply. "Then again she heard the voice call 'Mamma!'" "Well, what do you want?" was asked again, and no reply coming, my wife took a candle and went into the bedroom. The children were asleep, excepting Eva, and her mother asked her what she wanted. The girl said

she had not called, nor had any of the others. Conditions being favourable, the call had come from one of two daughters who, some years before, had passed into the Summerland. So we were informed afterwards.

It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon that Mrs Naton went for a walk towards Papawai, the children being at Sunday School. After the children had left school they were joined by three or four of a neighbour's children and spent some time together in a paddock at the rear of our residence. While there some of the children heard Mrs Naton calling Bertha, and one exclaimed, "Bertha, your mother is calling you!" Then they all saw Mrs Naton standing at the back door of the house, and Bertha stood on a rail of the fence and called out, "I'm coming!"

Now Mrs Naton was not at home. She was at that precise moment sitting down by a stream two miles away, enjoying the afternoon sun. Yet all these children saw, and more than one heard the voice. When Bertha went into the house and saw no one there she could not understand her mother's absence, and when my wife returned and we tried to unravel the mystery, we were completely baffled, because, on questioning the neighbour's children, they said that Mrs Naton, when she stood at the door, wore a certain dress, which she did not wear during her walk. An explanation may be that Mrs Naton was thinking of the children and her thought form appeared upon the doorstep. But how are we to explain her appearance, seen by several children, in another dress? and whence came the voice that called "Bertha?"

#### OUT OF DOUBTING CASTLE.

Notwithstanding all the strange happenings in our home I was not quite at rest in mind as to the source

of the power and intelligence around us. The religious teachings of early days did not permit me to use my reason freely, and I feared that Satan and his angels might be impersonating friends who had passed from earth life, and were deceiving us with false messages. I held the old idea that those who "died in the faith" went to "a happy land, far, far away," and never returned; and sometimes I feared that, in the end, the comfort and happiness of our home might give place to evil influences and the development of bitterness and strife. Many years have passed since these forebodings beset my wife and myself, but with grateful hearts we bless the day when we were led to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. The strange happenings were followed by teachings that bound us together more strongly as a family in the silken cords of love; it broke up in us, as parents, the miserable, narrow, religious views we held, and we have, ever since, looked out upon the world, feeling an intense love for humanity and an earnest desire to aid in the uplift of those who need sympathy and help.

It was while we were in Doubting Castle that a little incident occurred which gave us courage to press on with investigation. My wife and I were sitting at the fireside one night, and Eva sat between us, her hands resting upon the small table. It began to tilt towards me, then towards my wife, and when I asked if some spirit was present who knew us, three tilts signified "Yes." I commenced to go through the alphabet to get the surname, and the word "Wigram" was spelled. We were rather surprised, yet pleased, for this man had been our ideal of a Christian—one who had lived an unselfish life, spent his wealth in doing good, and in all his ways manifested the spirit of Christ. Could it be that this old and revered friend was desirous of dispelling our doubts, and aiding us in our pur-

suit of knowledge? I asked for the initials of his Christian name. The answer was "G. V." This was correct. My wife asked if he remembered his favourite hymns. He told us he did. I hunted up a book, and laying it upon the table, turned over its leaves. As we came to his favourites the table was tilted. We then, in answer to his wish, sang several, and as we sang the table rocked the time to the notes. It was an impressive meeting, and when the Good Night came we found ourselves out of Doubting Castle, with hearts aglow with gratitude.

#### SCRIPTURE TEACHING.

From this night light streamed in upon us as we had never before experienced. The Bible became a new book. We perceived the truth of angel ministry running, like a silver line, through it. And here I would ask the Christian reader not to get into a fume, but to test Spiritualism with an unprejudiced mind—if he can. You know that communication with "familiar spirits" was forbidden under the commands of Moses. The Church devil was not talked about in those days. They had never heard of him. But communion with spirits was common. The Egyptians and all the idolatrous nations of Palestine practised it, and Moses knew that spirits who would communicate would enforce the worship of the false gods Baal, Ashoreth, Moloch, Dagon, and others, for all these nations had their particular gods. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me, for I, the Lord thy God am a jealous God." This shows the character of Israel's God. He knew that the worship of false gods would supplant the worship of Israel's God, and he shut off communication with idolatrous spirits.

The ordinary Churchman at once argues that the command against spirit communion is still binding. Is it? Then is the command not to take usury for

money lent still binding? Is the eating of the flesh of the hare and the pig wrong? Be honest in your objections. Why do you quote the command against familiar spirits, and be silent regarding the many other commands? Slavery was allowed, you know. The Israelites did not strictly obey Moses' commands. Read the Old Testament and you will find that they were constantly disregarded. Then turn to the New Testament and try to understand the opening of a new dispensation, and the abrogation of the old. And mark, it was Moses, who introduced the old dispensation, that led the way in the introduction of the new; in company with Elias he appeared as a spirit to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration; he broke the old law in so doing when he came and spoke with Jesus concerning his crucifixion. The spirit world was thrown open, and Peter, James, and John witnessed the ceremony.

Now follow the path of the Crucified One. He transports the thief to Paradise, the Jewish land of souls. Then he descends to the region of unrepentant souls—those who perished in the days of Noah. This he relates to Peter, and this disciple passes the story on to us (I Peter iii.) Jesus went in spirit and "preached" to these captive souls. "He preached deliverance to the captives." Here you have the teaching of progress after death—there is no denying it. Every soul will rise out of the depths.

And now Jesus returns to earth. He appears to Mary Magdalene, near the sepulchre; he walks with two disciples to Emmaus and then vanishes from their sight; he suddenly appears to his disciples as they sit in an upper room; he repeats his visit and confounds unbelieving Thomas; he makes himself known to Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus; then he is "seen by about five hundred brethren at once." No person with an open mind can fail to perceive that Jesus was the harbinge of the new

dispensation, and that communion with the spirit world is now open to all.

#### A LADY MEDIUM.

Mrs C., the lady already referred to, whose hand was controlled to write in her own home, visited us frequently, and it was soon evident that she was susceptible to spirit influences. In the midst of our conversations she would receive impressions, and often felt that she would be used in some way. One day she was standing close to me, when her right arm was shaken with some force, and she said, "I have an impression that some spirit friend wants to shake hands with you." I put out my hand, but when she took mine in the ordinary way her hand was drawn back. This occurred five or six times, and then my hand was gripped between the lady's two first fingers and thumb and warmly shaken. I knew the grip, and I understood why the ordinary handshake was not satisfactory. It was the gentlemanly grip of our esteemed friend, G. V. Wigram. Then he gave proofs of his identity by writing through the lady's hand. He told us how he used to write on religious topics, how my youngest sister folded the sheets of his pamphlets, for which he rewarded her with the gift of a watch. In answer to a question he said he had made me a present of books. "More than that," I remarked; "please say." He wrote the word "Legacy." It was quite true. Considering that the medium was in the first stages of development, the proof of spirit identity was remarkable.

#### OUR FIRST CIRCLE.

Shortly after this Mrs C. paid us an evening call, and while we were all chatting together she called upon us to join hands. We sat in a circle with her—it was our first circle, an impromptu one—and in a few minutes she leaned back in the chair, with

drawing her hands as she did so. I was under the impression that she had fainted, and rose from my seat, saying, "I'll get some water," but as I made for the door I was arrested by a voice, spoken through the lady, but deeper in tone than her ordinary way of speaking, "Leave her alone we'll look after her." I resumed my seat, and we waited. Then the strains of the "Dead March" was softly hummed through her organism, and next the control asked if we recognised him. I said we did not, that this was a new experience to us. He then told us he was the lady's husband; that he was often near his family when they did not know it; that the spirit world was all around us; that the life he had entered upon was a great advance upon earth life. I asked if he would like to come back, to which he replied that he would not if he could, though the love he felt for his family, and their love for him, drew them together. He spoke at some length, then there was a change. The medium was shaken up a little, and was next under a different spirit control, and the address was most impressive and uplifting. Suddenly the lady came back to consciousness; she opened her eyes and looked around with surprise. "What have I been doing, and what is the time?" she asked. We explained. This was our first experience with a "medium" or "sensitive" in a trance condition.

#### A FRIEND PASSES TO THE LIFE BEYOND.

Some time before this occurrence Mr Clifford Satchell, the teacher of the Maori school at Papawai, spent an evening at our house, Mrs C. being present. We discussed the claims of Spiritualism and the alleged manifestations, and I read extracts from a book entitled "Spiritualism as a Basis of Belief," and tested its statements by referring to the teaching of the Scriptures; but though confounded

on some points we were not convinced. Shortly after this Satchell took ill and passed into the spirit world, and we who remained speculated as to whether he would be able to prove to us that spirit return was possible. Will it surprise the reader to learn that among those who spoke through our lady medium, shortly after he passed on, was our friend Clifford Satchell.

How strange it seemed. We who had met—was it by accident? or was it brought about by invisible friends? and talked of communion with those in the spirit world, were brought together again, but circumstances had changed. The teacher had crossed the border line that separates the material from the spiritual realm; our family had passed through wonderful experiences with unseen and intelligent forces, and the lady who had taken part in discussing the pros and cons of Spiritualism had become a medium, through whom the teacher was able to transmit his thoughts to us. He called to our minds the conversation we had had upon the subject of spirit intercourse, and was the means of helping us to understand much that puzzled us.

Some one will ask what proof we received to satisfy us that Satchell was communicating, he being known to the medium. Quite true; but he wrote through little Bertha, and with such ease that it was like sitting at the table and conversing with one in the same condition of life as ourselves. He wrote of matters connected with the Native school, the neglect of education among the Maoris generally, which were subjects beyond the grasp of a child ten years of age. So also were his explanations of the change called "death," and the better conditions of the life he had entered upon. What a new world of thought Spiritualism opens up to any who search for truth apart from the narrow "orthodoxy" of the Church.

### THREE WISE MEN.

When it was noised abroad that the Nation family was "in the spook business," three business men of the town, in the course of conversation, made up their minds to visit my house, not together, but singly, on different nights, to watch proceedings and "expose the little game." The world is full of such people; they denounce what they cannot understand as humbug, trickery, etc., and in egotism declare that they will let daylight in. No I came and said he was much interested in the strange happenings in our house, and would much like to witness something for himself. I did not know his motive for coming, and frankly acceded to his request. He came—his name was Bright—and we sat at the table, Bertha joining us. Her hand was soon on the move; then with a pencil she was controlled to write the word "Satchell." Next the hand was put forward to shake hands with me, his usual way of greeting; and then the hand was put out towards the visitor. I said this was Satchell, the school teacher, whom he knew well, and I hoped he would ask questions and test his identity. Mr. Bright was taken aback, said he was a sceptic, and did not know how to prove anything. I then asked the controlling spirit if he would try to convince the visitor. The answer through Bertha's hand was "Yes." But Bright thought it a very comical proceeding to

### "ASK A DEAD MAN QUESTIONS,"

and expect a reply. At last he made up his mind, and asked question after question concerning occurrences that had taken place in which they had both been mixed up. He was confounded and looked what he felt. Then the child's hand wrote down a question. Bright was asked if he remembered a little trouble they both had with a horse. "Yes, rather," he replied, "but I had almost forgotten it



until you mentioned it." Before leaving, Bright confessed that he was completely puzzled, because the child knew nothing, yet had written down everything correctly.

He related his experience to his friends and was laughed at. No 2 (Mr Webster) came the following week, and Bright accompanied him. I gave them to understand that I expected a common-sense, critical investigation, without any tomfoolery, and they said, as visitors to my house they would act as gentlemen, but would hold to the right of private judgment. This was to be expected, and I promised every facility for investigation.

We began with table-tipping and automatic writing, and suddenly a message came through Bertha's hand, "Let the gentlemen try." I put the small table in the middle of the room and a chair on each side of it. They sat down opposite to each other and placed their hands on the top, and they had not sat long before the table began to rock. Then the fun began. Both looked at each other suspiciously; then they accused each other of pushing the table to and fro. And it was amusing to hear them say "it was no use humbugging." They then assured each other that they would act fairly and squarely. Meantime the table was oscillating freely, and each man looked to see if the feet of his companion was helping the movements.

At last one of them exclaimed, "I'm blessed if the damned thing isn't moving of its own accord." After fully satisfying themselves of the fact, questions were asked, and the replies were satisfactory. And now the table went through a series of movements that astonished all of us. Both gentlemen got much interested, and said they would like their wives to see the strange phenomenon. When No. 3 heard the report of his two friends, which was contrary to his expectations, he declined to investigate, remark-

ing, "Two fools are enough in this business." The others came again, bringing their wives with them. All became convinced of the truth of spirit communion, the wives developing mediumistic gifts.

#### PROOF FROM A MAORI GIRL.

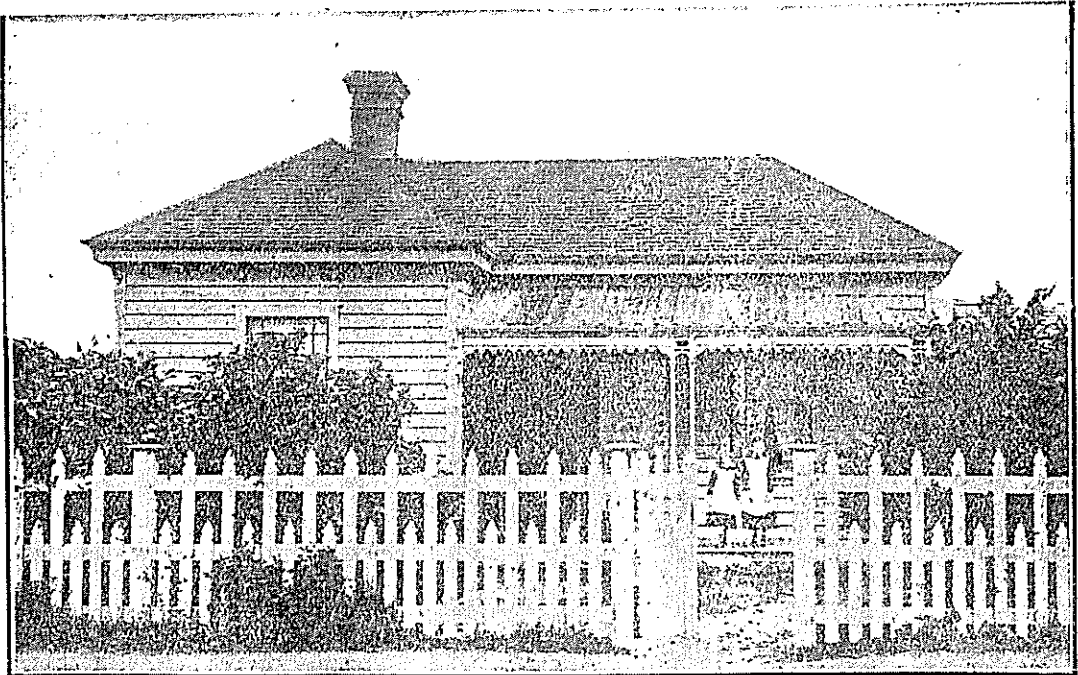
One afternoon several names were written through the hand of Bertha, among them that of Emily Manihera. Emily was the young daughter of a Maori chief, and had passed into the spirit world some time before. In answer to questions Bertha's hand was controlled to write that Emily knew Bertha, because they went to the Greytown school together, and she wanted me to visit her father and ask him to come to my house and talk to her. I said, "You tell me something that Bertha does not know, and I will go to the pah (Maori village) and talk with your father. I want to find out if it is really Emily who is writing through Bertha." There was a short pause and then the hand wrote: "My mother gave me a pink shawl. My father gave me a gold ring; it was too big, and he said I could wear it when I got married." There was another pause, and then the writing continued: "There is a girl at the pah; she has got my earrings; I don't want her to have them; I want Mrs Birch to have all my things. You tell my father." I promised her and made a note of the message.

On the following Sunday I went to the pah to see the chief, and I brought about the subject of spirits and spirit return. He said it was quite true; that the Maoris had tohngas, and the spirits could talk through them; that occasionally he had seen his boy Alick (passed on) standing near him. "And what about Emily?" I asked. "She no come at all," he replied. I told him that I had come to see him because I thought she had given a message through one of my girls. He got mildly excited and wanted

to come and see for himself. I told him I wanted to prove something first, and commenced by asking about the pink shawl. The mother, who was present, said it was correct. I spoke of the ring and the father said he gave Emily two gold rings. I asked if he remembered what he said when he gave them, but he could not. I asked him if one ring was too big, and did he tell Emily to keep it until she got married. He reflected a little, and then quickly ejaculated, "Yes, that quite right." Then I spoke of a girl at the pah having her earrings, but he in a very positive manner, said, "That's all wrong; Mrs Birch nursed Emily before she die, and I gave her all Emily's things. No girl in the pah got any earrings."

I was beaten. The message about the shawl had proved correct; that concerning the ring had also proved correct, though this was weakened by having to bring the conversation to Manihera's mind. As for the message about the earrings it had apparently turned out "all wrong." "How did you get on?" my wife asked me when I returned home. I told her that the interview had been unsatisfactory so far as the proofs were concerned, and I felt like giving up all further investigation.

A month passed away, and the incident was but an unpleasant memory, when a Mrs Skeet called upon me. She said her errand was a peculiar one. She had the day before seen the chief, Manihera, and she felt so deeply interested in what he had told her about my visit that she had come to hear my version. I gave her an account of how Emily Manihera's name had been written through Bertha's hand; of the messages which followed, of my visit to Emily's father, and the result. "It turned out all wrong," I added. Mrs Skeet rejoined, "It has not turned out all wrong, Mr Nation. Manihera met me yesterday and told me you had been to see him.



MR. NATION'S RESIDENCE AT GREYTOWN.  
(The Phenomena came through Bertha, tallest of the little girls).

He wished me to tell you that a few days ago he found a girl at the path wearing Emily's earrings, and because he believes that Emily has spoken to you he took them from her and sent them to Mrs. Birch.

Can any person raise a common-sense objection to this being a very clear case of a girl in the spirit world sending a message to her father? The subjective self had no part in it; telepathy will not account for it. Neither Manihera, my little girl through whom the writing came, nor I, knew anything about the earrings, yet they were found in a most unexpected manner. And it must be remembered that the message was verified in the face of our unbelief nearly a month after it was given. Sceptics have a nut to crack in this incident; and they will doubtless spend some time in explaining it away—to their own satisfaction.

#### EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.

I have not asked permission to give the names of persons who visited our house from curiosity to see something of the effects of the mysterious power, and who were themselves controlled and made to do surprising things. Some of them are living at the time I write, and could relate some extraordinary experiences. Mr R. H., now a journalist up North, was one night suddenly influenced to imitate the kicking of a football up and down the room, and this exercise was changed just as suddenly to that of a rower in a boat, the young man being seated upon the floor, his legs straightened out, and his arms so used, that it left no doubt that the controlling spirit had been an adept in the use of the sculls; yet this young man had spent all his years in a country town and knew nothing about rowing. Mr D. P. L., who for years held honoured positions in the town, was holding a window-blind stick in

his hand, when he was suddenly controlled braced up in a military attitude and gave the salute. Then the stick became a sword or foil in the hand of a skilful swordsman, and it was a remarkable exhibition of sword play. Now Mr. L. knew nothing of this art, yet he acted as a master of it. The stick was thrown down, and with a convulsive jerk Mr. L. became a sailor, and though I have seen men in public give exhibitions of the hornpipe, I have never seen its graceful movements shown to better advantage than through our amateur performer. He was just as suddenly released, perspiring freely. He told us that he knew nothing of swordsmanship, nor of step-dancing, but he felt like a man who delighted in these exercises.

Maybe the reader is of a sanctimonious turn of mind, and exclaims, "If this is Spiritualism, may I be saved from it?" My friend, this is no more Spiritualism than the turning of water into wine is Christianity. These exhibitions were valuable, for they showed us how the fascinations and doings of mortals in earth life are not left behind when the spirit leaves the body. The man or woman who sees nothing but what they call frivolity in the exercises here described will discover, when they cross the border line that separates this world from the next, that their miserable ideas are still with them. That world of light and song, of gladness and joy, will shock them. Croakers have to change their opinions. We carry with us our dispositions, our characters, our likes and dislikes; the musician loves music still and revels in it; the dancers, men and women, waltz and step-dance, with the same former enjoyment; the religious devotee hugs his catechism and "Lives of the Saints" as he did in the body; the theatrical finds delight in new plays and humorous songs. That world is as natural as this one, and some souls have no desire to rise out

of low conditions for a long time. But the beauties and glories of the higher life are for every aspiring soul. And that life is a life of work, not of praying and hymn-singing alone.

The foregoing narrative gives an idea of the influences that are close around us. Many of those who are notable characters in the world to-day are helped in their particular occupations by unseen influences. With us there were no unseemly exhibitions.

#### A NEWSPAPER EDITOR INVESTIGATES.

When these manifestations were taking place they arrested the attention of Mr. Henry Anderson, at one time editor of the "Evening Post," and at this period editing the "Wairarapa Standard," of which I was then proprietor. He was very sceptical, and sought to account for the phenomena as originating in will power and magnetism. But I will quote from an article he contributed to the "New Zealand Times," and which created quite a sensation in the city of Wellington.

Mr. Anderson said: "I am not a believer in what is called Spiritualism, and I propose simply to describe certain manifestations which came partly under my own observation and partly under that of other persons who I know to be thoroughly honourable, truthful, and trustworthy."

"Recently, when chatting with my friend, Mr. W. C. Nation, in his private residence at Greytown, the conversation turned upon the subject of Spiritualism. I expressed myself as being sceptical about the whole business, when Mr. Nation offered to show me, in the room in which we were sitting, some phenomena that would surprise me. There were present, the members of the family, including Mrs. N. and four girls, of ages varying from eight to eighteen years. There was also a young lady visitor.

"A circle was formed of five persons, who laid their hands lightly upon the top of a heavy round table, the hands of any one person not touching those of another. In a couple of minutes the table began to oscillate, and then to move round slowly. The movement soon became quicker, until the table spun round as fast as those forming the circle could move with it. The table was a heavy one, with a large solid centre support, and it was impossible to suppose that it could have been moved by the exertion of muscular force on the part of those whose hands rested lightly on the top.

"The young lady visitor then placed the tips of her right hand fingers on the top of the back of a chair. The chair moved rapidly around the room the young lady simply touching it lightly in the manner mentioned, and using no force to cause the motion. I said, "The chair will not move if I hold it." "Try," she replied. I knelt down and grasped the chair by two legs. I found that, although I possess considerable muscular power, I could not hold the chair still. It wriggled and jerked with great force. Then I sat down on the floor with my back against the wall, and in that posture grasped two legs of the chair. The attempt to hold it still was useless. Gradually the chair pressed towards me, until the top of it pressed my face and head against the wall. All the time the young lady was only touching the volition-possessed chair with the tip of one finger.

"There are other young girls in Greytown who have what purports to be spirit control, and this so powerfully that, with the finger-tips upon the table, two men are sometimes unable to keep it still. We are told by these unseen intelligences that the mere moving of tables, etc., is not their mission. It is by this means and by knockings that they arrest attention and provoke inquiry, but that they are now

anxious that the family should leave these things behind and seek something more instructive. They occasionally show spirit lights, and have even shown a materialised hand in the midst of a circle.

"All that Mr Naton stated has taken place in his house, and, with the exception of discerning spirit lights and the materialised hand, can be seen in the light of the noon-day sun. Experience teaches that if the matter is taken up with a sincere desire to know the truth, and conducted without a spirit of levity, the highest teachings and most excellent advice for every-day life are given; while solemn warnings are uttered if the duties and responsibilities of this life are disregarded.

#### MAORI CHIEFS INVESTIGATE.

"During the sitting of a Native Land Court in Greytown six Maori chiefs, all intelligent, influential men, asked to see the strange things they had heard about, and Mr Naton set apart an evening for them. One was Tamahan Mahupuku, a famous native orator, who lived in the Lower Waitarapa, and had great influence among his people. These chiefs assembled and were first shown the movements of the table. Tamahan was asked to hold it still while a girl's hand was in contact with it. He tried his utmost, and another native was asked to help him, but both failed. This astonished the company. Then the large round table was moved round, and when the request was made, "Move it round the other way," it was instantly complied with. Next, a lady visitor sat at a small round table and asked the invisibles to rap, and they did so—everyone hearing the raps distinctly. Mr Naton asked, "Can you rap out the tune, 'There is a happy land?'" and this was complied with. The rapping on the furniture in any part of the room was a common experience.

The room was then cleared and a circle in horse-shoe shape formed. The medium, Mrs Sayers, took her seat in the armchair, in the darkened hall, and a circle of about eight persons joined hands. In two minutes the medium was in a deep state of trance, and in quarter of an hour a light appeared at her feet. It grew larger, then appeared like a beautiful fleecy cloud in shape like a human form, with a bright light at the head. This vapoury form came forward into the circle, disappeared where it stood, then presently built up again on the left side of the medium. This was witnessed by over twelve persons that evening, and every one vouches for the truth of this statement. The natives were amazed and talked together in their own tongue, calling to remembrance what their people had seen through their tohungas (mediums) in days gone by. They said before the missionaries came they always had communication with the spirits. The missionaries taught that it was wrong.

"Following this experience of the evening, Tamahau was asked to hold a piece of chalk on a slate. Almost instantly he was controlled to write the name of one of the Maori ancestors—Kahungunu. Tamahau had had nothing to do with Spiritualism before; had never tried to move a table or write. When the natives saw the name upon the slate they looked suspiciously at Tamahau, and he was scared. Mr Naton said, "You must prove this, to see if it is correct." They asked where he lived, and "Mahia" was written. It was correct. Several questions followed, the natives asking them in their own tongue, and they were perfectly satisfied with the answers." This narrative of Mr Anderson's caused a considerable amount of discussion. With regard to the Maoris I can testify to the fact that they sometimes talk with spirits. Being coroner for the district in which I live, I have often had to go amongst the

Maoris when a death has occurred by accident or otherwise, necessitating an inquest, and I have spoken with them on the nearness of the spirit world and the conditions of life there.

On one occasion I had to hold an inquest touching the death of a native man who had shot himself. His wife knew the circumstances, but refused to tell the police anything. I sought after the woman and found her in a house where the corpse was lying, with several natives standing by. The corpse was covered with Maori mats, and the bereaved woman was sitting at the feet waiting in the usual way. I passed into the room quietly and knelt down by the side of the woman. She was bowed down and did not see me. Presently I said, "That is not your husband lying there." She aroused herself, and turned and looked at me. I continued: "He is not lying there; that is only his body, and you will put it in the ground. You will not bury his spirit; it is away—gone to his people in the better land. Perhaps he sees your sorrow and he come and stand by you. He say, Don't cry, I not dead, only my body." Two or three of the watching natives said, "That quite right," and the woman became brighter. She followed me out of the room and calmly gave her evidence. The sting of death was taken away and the woman was comforted.

#### TWO CLERGYMEN TRY.

Two Methodist ministers called at my house one afternoon to investigate the phenomena. The Rev. I. said he had heard of things, but when he was present nothing happened. I said, "I shall be sorry if we get nothing to-day." The small table was put in the middle of the room, and Eva was called and asked to place one hand upon the table. It rocked to and fro, and I said, "Now then, Mr I., try and keep the table still." He gripped it, and it shook

his hand off as though it was a viper. He gripped it again, but so violent was the motion that he was thrown off his balance. So, calling to his rev. brother to come and help, he got down on his knees and seized the pedestal of the table, while Brother Y. came forward and gripped the top. They held on with both hands with all their might, yet the girl merely had one hand resting on the table, as it rocked to and fro. It was a ludicrous position for two "holy men" to be in, red in the face with their exertions, and the child looking on unconcerned, not realising that she was being used to confound these sceptics.

When this incident was mentioned in the "New Zealand Times," the Rev. I. wrote to the editor to say that it was possible the muscular force from the child would account for the action of the table. I replied to his letter and asked how it was that two men, each using all the strength of both hands, could not resist the power which came through a little girl, who had but one hand laid lightly upon the table. There was no reply.

#### DELIGHTFUL SEANCES.

The physical manifestations were very powerful, and the trance addresses were highly spiritual. The three families that had been drawn together to investigate were very happy in the light that had burst upon us, and our seances were times of blessing. Many years have passed away since those delightful days, and though the children are grown up and married, and have children, a loving friendship still exists. Of the little party Mr and Mrs D. Barratt have passed within the veil; also two sons, Fred. (who married our eldest daughter), and Walter. They are in the Homeland.

Our Sunday evening meetings were foretastes of Paradise. When Mr Barratt, sen., drove up with his

family he brought from his nursery the choicest of roses, while Mrs C. and her family brought other flowers. The girls arranged these floral offerings and placed them around the seance room, and when the time for sitting arrived the medium took the armchair alone in the room beforehand for quiet, then each one passed into the room noiselessly, taking a place where I suggested, and when all were seated my eldest daughter played soft strains upon the organ, which had been moved to just outside the door. Amid the bright flowers which dispensed a rich perfume, with soft devotional music, appealing to the senses, with every siter in harmony and looking for blessing, we drew sweet spiritual influences. The medium, now entranced, offered an invocation, then a hymn would be sung, and we had good blending of voices in part singing too. Then speaking through the medium followed for an hour or more. Thus our seances were conducted.

#### A WORD WITH SCOFFERS.

"There is nothing but deceit and wickedness in it," is the parrot-cry of ignorant and prejudiced persons. To such we say, Read a few of the best books on the subject; investigate honestly, and then give an opinion. Brainy men like Lombroso, Wallace, and others, investigated in the full assurance that they could, in the end, truthfully declare that Spiritualism was nothing but fraud. They found it was founded on fact, and they not only confessed this openly, but wrote books in which they related their experiences. You may be smart in your own estimation, as a critic, but if you tackle the subject with an unbiased mind, you will be inclined to say, with one of Shakspeare's characters, "Write me down an ass!"

The miserable creak of the religious professor who is bewitched by the theory that demons are at

the back of the phenomena, makes it clear that he is in the bonds of superstition, such as prevailed in the dark ages. He believes in demons, or little devils, tormenting mankind, as our forefathers believed. Internal diseases, even to a severe pain in the stomach, were attributed to these imaginary beings, and the parson was sent for to exorcise the evil spirit. The churchman goes regularly to hear his favourite preacher, and he knows no more of Christianity after ten or twenty years of sitting in a pew than when he became a church member. If a friend tries to impress upon him a new idea, he says "My father's religion is good enough for me." His father said the same thing, and the great-grandfathers of the lot of us were steeped in superstition so deep that they believed that witches rode through the air on broomsticks at midnight and met the devil in a forest to receive his further commands to inflict suffering on humanity. The church professor still believes in a devil, in demons, a God of wrath, and a lake of fire for the eternal punishment of all who do not believe as he does. The Church has put a straight-jacket upon his mind, and were it possible for him to use his reason he would soon be hounded out of the Church as a heretic.

#### INFLUENCE OF SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

After the seances were over we partook of refreshments, and then the two visiting families got into their vehicles and left for home, after hearty handshakes and loving farewells. There was a burning desire amongst us to learn all that was possible of the life beyond, and with the harmony that existed and the conditions we provided, we were not disappointed. The blessing we received lifted us above and beyond any effect of caustic criticism from the outside world. If families knew the sweet influences of the spirit world upon minds attuned to

receive them; if they could realise how spirit teachings elevate the mind, dispel erroneous ideas, and inculcate a loving attitude in thought, speech, and action towards humanity at large, they would investigate and study the subject of Spiritualism. They would not be satisfied with physical manifestations, or be continually seeking for tests. Many, endowed with valuable gifts, have failed to seek spiritual guidance and have sunk back on to the material plane of thought. The precious talent has been buried, and the reward for faithful service has been lost. Such persons go into the life beyond, there to work out the salvation they neglected here, and to suffer the penalty of remorse for unfaithfulness to the light that would have led many into the higher regions of thought.

#### ALICE KING GIVES ME PROOF.

And now I will give an illustration of how, after long years, the "departed" can return and encourage us in the battle of life. At one of our evening sittings the lady medium was controlled by a spirit to give, to me, a most welcome message. A death-bed scene was described, the sick one being a young girl. The control said: "I see a stranger enter the room. He takes a chair and sits down by the side of a sick girl. She wonders who he is and why he has come. He tells her that a friend of hers called upon him and asked him to visit a young woman who was very ill, and he has come in answer to that request. 'It looks as though you are not long for this world,' he says, 'but God is love and He loves you. Our sinfulness is no barrier to the outflow of His love. You have heard of Jesus, who is called the Lamb of God. You are not afraid of a lamb; a little child is not afraid of a lamb. He is called a lamb because of his gentleness and self-sacrifice. Think of him; let your heart go out to him. Were



I a doctor, you would perhaps say, Doctor, I am very ill; I am helpless; I want you to cure me; I give myself into your hands; I will trust myself to you. Now, as you would trust me, as a doctor, with your body, so trust Jesus with your soul, and rest in his tenderness and love. The visitor has comforted the sick girl, oh, so much; then he prays for her and says he will come again. My name is Alice King."

I sat and listened with feelings of deep emotion, for the story brought to my mind a visit I paid to a dying unfortunate seventeen years before. She had not forgotten me. Anxious to verify if this was in reality Alice, I said, "If this is Alice King, please tell the friends present what gift you left for me before you passed out of the body." The medium's hand was raised and the front part of the neck tapped several times. It was a convincing proof.

My wife rose and left the room. In a few moments she returned, bringing with her a costly gold neck-let, which she handed to me. I then explained to the friends that the answer to my question was by a sign which they could not understand, but it had reference to a piece of jewelry the young woman had worn upon her neck—the necklet I held in my hand. During her last hours she asked for her little treasures, and selecting the most costly, she said, "Give this to Mr Naton for his kindness to me." Seventeen years had passed, and my visit to the sick one had become a dim memory, yet Alice, from the spirit side of life, came to strengthen my faith by recalling, not only my first visit, but the words I spoke on that occasion.

My wife and I visited her often during the last days of her lingering. I sang to her the hymns she had learned in childhood at the Sunday School, and she joined in. At times when lying still with her hand in mine she would open her eyes and ask, "Did you call me?" When I told her I had not, she

would say, "How strange; I am, always hearing someone call my name." This is a common experience with the dying; waiting spirits call to the departing one, and when the silver cord of life is severed they carry the soul away to have a period of repose before entering upon the enjoyments and activities of the higher life.

Many a time since she cheered me that night with her visit have clairvoyants described her standing near me, and often on the platform, when speaking at public meetings, I have sensed her presence. She has occasionally spoken to my wife and me through a medium. With such proofs of spirit return, I have become a strong advocate to uphold the claims of Spiritualism, although for two years, in the midst of extraordinary phenomena, I was sceptical.

#### A WARM DISCUSSION.

In the midst of all that happened in our home, a "dear Christian brother" came all the way from Wellington to reason with me on the exceeding sinfulness of tampering with what he termed "the device of Satan to ruin souls." He spoke soft words at first; then became bitter in denunciation. He put me in mind of the cat which purrs so musically, but has very sharp claws, and can use them mercilessly. I listened quietly for a while, and then prepared to fight. He opened his Bible and quoted the verse, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

I had been reading the Bible carefully on points dealing with spirit communion and the commands of Moses, and I told him that under these no one was to wear a garment of woollen and linen, to eat pork, to gather sticks on the Sabbath, to charge interest on money lent, and for him to quote a command punishing a witch with death, while the death penalty applied also to other laws, was deceitful argument. It pulled him up with a jerk, and

he commenced to talk about the wrath of God. I told him that no man was punished for his sins but by them, that God never punished, but left every man to the consequences of his actions. This view horrified my visitor, and he quoted a verse ascribed to St. Paul: "And for this cause God shall send them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness." I grew warm, and told him that my family was a very happy one, seeking for truth, and I felt that Paul was speaking falsely in saying that a God of love would send a delusion and damn his creatures. "You reject the teachings of God's word," he said. "No, they are Paul's words," I replied; "and his teaching on other points I question, notably for the inferior position he assigned to women in the Christian Church, and for all that she has had to endure since his day. This was too much for my visitor's warped mind. He put the Bible in his pocket, and expressed his belief that I was in Satan's snare. He would not shake hands, by which I judged that he felt sure he was a servant of God and I was a child of the devil.

#### PERSECUTION.

Did I suffer in business? some one may ask. Yes, I did. Being the proprietor of a newspaper, Simon Pure and Co., who belonged to the Church, got at me by withdrawing advertisements, giving up the paper, and getting their jobbing work done in other towns; and my family was almost cut off by these Christian professors, and I realised that when the Church persecutes it has no mercy. The spirit of Christ does not prevail among modern Christians, and the fault lies at the door of the clergy.

However, I weathered the storm, and did my best for the advancement of the town, I devoted myself

to the welfare of the young people, and the trees that were planted on the road-sides were the outcome of Arbor Day efforts, carried through by my energy. For this I was publicly thanked by the Mayor and Borough Council, and to-day I look back and find pleasure in the thought that I did my duty and held on to the truth of spirit return.

#### EXPERIMENTING.

We sat for "independent slate writing." A folding slate was procured, and a piece of chalk about the size of a grain of wheat having been placed on it, the slate was closed and placed upon the small round table. We sat around, with fingers touching the slate and a black cloth covering our hands. We had not sat long when a signal was given to examine the slate. To our surprise we found it marked by the chalk with a cross, thus **X**. Our faith was weak and we asked that some fresh marks should be added. We sat as before, and in a little while the signal was given to open the slate. The cross was still there, and across the four ends short marks had been added. We were told that the power to mark the slate was drawn from the boy Charlie, but he was not strong enough for this phase of mediumship. This was the only time we received independent markings, but it proved to us that there could be little doubt about discarnate spirits writing in this way through suitable mediums.

The black cloth over the hands excluded all light from the locked slate; and at times we sat in the dark for materialisation, also for the development of clairvoyance. As a rule, in our ordinary circles, we had plenty of light. Some people make a fuss over Spiritualists sitting in the dark; this is only done when seeking certain phenomena. The conditions required are similar to those necessary for a photographer when developing a photo. Critics

should remember that all life, vegetable and animal, is developed in darkness. Some circles always sit in the dark, even for trance speaking, which is quite unnecessary.

#### A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BRINGS ME OUT.

Pastors of churches assail those who teach that the spirit world is around us and that the so-called dead can communicate with those left on earth. I know it too well. The ministers of all the churches throughout the Wairarapa had a "cut in" when the happenings in our family made such a stir. Among those who "felt called of the Lord" to withstand "the work of the devil" was the minister of the Presbyterian church at Martinborough. He was a very nice fellow, but when he heard of the manifestations he believed his Satanic Majesty was at work and he preached a red-hot sermon. This he repeated at Morrison's Bush. Some of his audience here did not credit all that he said, and a deputation of settlers waited upon me and asked for an address on the subject of Spiritualism. They said they would hire the school-house for the purpose.

It is one thing to sit at home and investigate, but quite another to stand out in public and declare the facts. How could I hesitate? I had been informed through a medium that the manifestations in our family were for the purpose of opening my understanding to the great truth that the spirits of those who had passed on could communicate with those still in the body, and that I would in future years be used in a way I then knew not to spread this truth. "But why," I asked, "should such manifestations be given to me, and I be called upon to face persecution and to proclaim this truth." The rejoinder was that I was by nature fitted for public work; that I would be sustained and guided in carrying out a far-reaching public testimony.

And now I stood at the threshold of public work, invited by a few disinterested persons living in a country village; invited by them in a spirit of fair play to hear both sides. And he who was to draw me into the arena was a shining light in the Church—a Presbyterian minister. Let me here thank him, and send my warmest thoughts to him in the spirit world, where he now is.

The schoolhouse was placed at my disposal, and it was crowded, for I advertised that an address would be given in reply to Rev. Lyburn's sermon against Spiritualism. My remarks set a few thinking, and I published a lengthy report in the "Wairarapa Standard", so that I got the attention of hundreds of readers. Since that eventful occasion I have challenged other Presbyterian ministers who attacked thisism; I have spoken on platforms up North and down South, distributed much literature, and feared no opposition. My dear wife has been a faithful and devoted helper all through the campaign.

#### THE PHYSICAL, ASTRAL, AND MENTAL BODIES.

I would like the reader to try and understand something of the spirit world. There are several planes of being, and I will try and make the subject plain. If we confine ourselves to the physical, the astral, and the mental, it will be enough for the present. The physical body and its earthly surroundings are invisible to physical sight, but they are composed of matter—invisible matter—which interpenetrates and completely permeates all visible matter.

Let me illustrate. If we could take a sponge, very coarse and porous, and completely fill every cell with very fine sand, and also surround it with sand, you would have a globe, a little larger than the

sponge. Now lift this and put it into a globe of water. The water now interpenetrates the whole mass, filling all the space between the grains of sand. This illustration gives a fair idea of the relationship of these three regions of nature. The sponge would represent the physical region, enveloped and penetrated by the sand, representing the astral region. The mental region would be represented by the water, which entirely surrounds and interpenetrates every particle of both the others.

Holding this in mind a moment, it is easy to see how a force acting on the sand need not in the least disturb the sponge; and how, also, force, acting on the molecules of water, need not affect anything but the water, although the molecules be moved freely through the entire mass. As a matter of fact something like that is just what is occurring on these invisible planes of the universe. All the activities of life go forward on each without in the least interfering with one another.

Probably you cannot yet grasp the conditions. You do not understand the vibrations of matter in each region, therefore we will try another illustration—a crude one, because it is so difficult to conceive of anything apart from what we call matter. You know the difference between ice, water, and steam. We can take the visible solid called ice, and by the application of heat raise the rate of vibration until it becomes the visible liquid called water. We continue the process until we change the visible liquid called water into the invisible gas called steam. It is precisely the same matter all the time. We have merely raised the vibratory rate, and in doing so we have caused the ice to disappear. Every atom of that matter is as much in existence as though we could still see it, and if this were done in a laboratory the steam could be reduced to vapour, the vapour to water, and the water to ice,

giving us the identical solid with which we began.

It is necessary to comprehend that the soul body permeates the physical body, and is an exact duplicate in form and feature, and that at so-called death the physical covering is thrown off, and the soul, or astral man, is then the living, thinking being, in an astral world, where everything is just as tangible to it as this existence is to your physical body. The physical body is not the real man—far from it. You may lose one limb after another, and some of your internal organs, and yet you live on. Death is but the shifting of the life and consciousness from the physical to the soul body.

The mental world is beyond the astral. It may be said that man lives in three worlds at the same time—the physical, the astral, and the mental. The mental region is a higher condition. Here the high aspirations of the soul while on the physical and astral planes find happiness, wisdom, power, and love. Here we reap what we sow in aspirations and ideals. It is a stage reached in the upward path of eternal progress, and the unfolding of powers of which at present we can form no conception.

#### SOUL VISITING.

Few persons know that during the hours of sleep—that is, sleep for the body, for the soul never sleeps—the soul can leave the body. The ancients said that "the nighttime of the body was the daytime of the soul," and they were right. Paul says he visited "Paradise" and the "third heaven," during his earth life, and it is a common experience in these days, though the remembrance of the soul's experiences while in the spirit world is lost when the body wakes. Through mediums we are told that those who aspire to a higher life go over and meet relations and old friends, help spirits in darkness, visit the institutions where unprogressed spirits

are cared for and instructed, the temples of learning, and the homes for children. If you are living a spiritual life, reaching out into the unseen in thought and desire; if it is soul growth, and the soul enters into the higher life when the physical body is at rest.

#### THE SPIRIT WORLD.

But while realising the power of the teachings and seeing much of the phenomena connected with spirit return, we must wait for the dawn of the new life before we can fully sense its glories. You can no more comprehend the beauty of the spirit world than a man, blind from his birth, can comprehend when you explain to him how he is surrounded by the beauties of nature. You may discourse on the myriads of twinkling stars, all representing worlds and suns vaster than our own; you may talk to him of the wonders of creation as shown around us in forests, mountains, rippling streams, and flowers, with all their charming variety and colour—he can but very dimly comprehend anything about them. His eyes have never beheld, as yours have, the glories around us. How, then, can we picture any of the beauties of the spirit world if our spiritual eyes are not opened? Its splendours can only, as Paul says, be "spiritually discerned."

A deaf man might sit under the sound of the most heavenly music, but the sweetest of harmonies are lost upon him. So with us and the spirit world. The fact that we do not see a thing is no proof that it does not exist; a man may say he cannot hear, but the whole universe is full of music.

The spirit world is all around us; it impinges on the material world, and all kinds of influences surround us. You stand in the midst of a beautiful garden on a dark night; you cannot see the roses, the violets, the carnations, and the wealth of colour

and beauty on every hand; you may get a faint odour of the flowers, but that is all. Under the sunlight the whole scene is one of perfect beauty, but when 'tis night you must wait for the daybreak before you can enjoy that by which you are surrounded. In like manner the spirit world is all around us, but we see it not.

And what a world that is! The home of those who seek for the highest. An Ethereal, in that book of books, "Oahspe," breaks forth in a song:

"O that I could sing the songs of Thy heavens; Thy sweet places of delight; to find words descriptive of their delightful holiness and rejoicing in the Almighty! O that I could display their mountains and valleys and their wide plains; their shining waters and their forests! Their thousands of millions of angels, full of joy and loveliness! Their wonderful music, poured forth in Thy praise, Jehovah! Their dancing, millions in a dance; their boating, and swift excursions, like thoughts in union flying forth, mighty in power, gleeful and full of romance! High in the grades—spotless, pure; every one a flower, a star, a diadem in the kingdom of the Almighty! Who but Thee, O Father, could create these never-ending varieties of heavens; the wonderful plateaus, suitable habitations for spirits of the dead! Ever providing the higher to lift up the lower! In system and good discipline displaying the wonders of the Almighty! O that I could sing in words to the understanding of mortals! And to such as have been called sinners and most wicked, who had become in time like diadems in Thy crown, Jehovah, sparkling, bright with perfect holiness."

#### SPIRITUALISM IN THE BIBLE.

We know a Baptist minister who wrote: "There is not so much as a trace of Spiritualism in the New Testament." The Rev. T. E. Ruth, also a Baptist

minister, of Melbourn, wrote in quite a different strain. He said—

"Suppose we rule out of the record of revelation all references to what we call Spiritualistic phenomena. We should, to begin with, delete all the biggest things in the biographies of the patriarchs—Abraham's entertainment of mystic beings, Jacob's vision of angels and his wrestling with a spirit till daybreak, Joseph's claim of the power of divination, and all those unseen and creative forces that made the patriarchs practical mystics. We should also blot out the man-making experiences of Moses..... and all the stories, of psychic messages imparted to the prophets, of psychic phenomena, of voice, vision, and trance, by which prophets were prepared and impressed and impelled into service. All the stories would be lost if we rule out all references to Spiritualistic phenomena, because all the old stories had this Spiritualistic setting..... When we have cut out all the stories of clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, all the records of direct and spirit writing, of spirit writing, of spirit visions and spirit guidance, of trances and materialisations that are written in the Old Testament, we have shorn every patriarch, prophet, priest, and psalmist of his power, and rid every story of its charm and every song of its lilt, and there is nothing left of the Old Testament but forsaken altars, grey ashes, broken earthenware, and naked superstition.

"And if you apply the same drastic method to the New Testament, which is the charter of our Liberty, what will remain? Wipe out the psychological phenomena in the records of the birth and infancy of Jesus, the spirit-guidance of his parents, the spirit-manifestations at his baptism, at the light, the voice, the spirit appearances at the Transfiguration, the spirit ministrations in the

FR

Garden of Gethsemane, the angel visitors at the tomb, the manifestation in various guises of his resurrection body, and what have you left of the Gospel story?

"Eliminate from the Acts of the Apostles all references to spirit appearances, spirit voices, spirit visions, spirit flames, spirit healing, to Stephen's sermon on spiritual manifestation, to the spirit's dealing with Phillip, to the light, the voice that came to Saul, the vision to Ananias, the angel manifestations to Cornelius, the trance and vision of Peter, to the vision and trance of Paul, and to the mystic messengers impelling to missionary journey—and what is left of daring and divinity?"

"Prune away from the Epistles all references to spiritual gifts, of power to see the invisible, of fellowship with the unseen, of the claim that 'we speak of the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and which have never entered the heart of man'..... I say, prune away from the Epistles everything that can properly be described as Spiritualistic, and you have simply a series of lifeless letters out of which all wonder and worship, all reality and revealing, have gone."

When ministers of the Christian Church teach opposite views can we wonder that thinking men and women lose confidence, even in the teaching of the Scriptures?

#### INTERVIEWING A MEDIUM.

Mrs. Lena Cook, of San Francisco, came to Greytown. She was a splendid clairvoyant and psychometrist and gave us much help. On the evening of her arrival I paid her a visit. Before leaving home I asked a young lady visitor to place a lock of her hair in an envelope, and said I would take it to Mrs. Cook for a test. After a pleasant interview and

talk on Spiritualism, I asked the lady if she would give me a test from a lock of hair.

She willingly consented, and taking the envelope, described most accurately the young lady who had given me the lock of hair. And looking over to me she said, "She is standing by your side with a hand upon your shoulder. She appears to be a friend of yours." "Ah," I thought, "you have fallen in this time, lady."

Then I told her that the young lady was very much alive; that I had been in her company that evening, and that she herself had cut the hair and given it to me. Quite unconcerned, Mrs Cook had a laugh at me and said, "I can believe all you say; but don't you know that those we look upon as living go out visiting. I was able to describe the young lady by the lock of hair, but her thought form is beside you. She knows you are here with me; she had a desire to come with you; she is here, and I will describe to you how she is dressed." Then followed a correct description of the young lady's dress, even to the pleats in it.

I was dumbfounded. I thought I was in possession of an amount of knowledge not possessed by many, and quite forgot to consider that I was but a babe. I returned home with a feeling of humiliation, yet resolved more than ever to give my mind up to the study of occult matters, believing there was an ocean of truth lying before me, and that if I would have the pearls I must dive for them.

How often do investigators, when they witness a little of the mysterious power and feel something of the strange influences that affect a sensitive, think they have no need to try for anything further. Many years have passed since the time of the above incident, and yet, though I have been a close student of the occult, I understand little of the mysteries of nature or the powers of the human mind.

During Mrs Cook's visit, Mr Gerald Massey, the well known writer and poet, visited our town, and Mrs Cook and Mr Massey came to our house and joined the circles. It was a good time for all of us, and we were much helped by them.

#### "EVIL SPIRITS."

Some one may ask if we were never visited by evil spirits. Yes, as you understand the word evil. This word we never use when speaking of the disembodied souls whose life on earth was, in human judgment, utterly corrupt. Every soul now in spirit life evolved from the earth life, and entered that life just as they left this. Whatever is of a debased nature in a man passes with him at the death of the body, and when he returns to communicate he is not a welcome visitor. These undeveloped souls are always around, and those who are sensitive to spirit influences, even among Church people, are impressed by them. The humanitarian in this life pleads with those whose lives have been marred by parental traits, parental neglect, and unclean environments from infancy to manhood. No soul can grow good under such conditions, and Spiritualism throws the mantle of charity over such. The spark of Divine life is there, and what appears as dry ashes will leap into flame when breathed upon persistently and lovingly. A costly jewel sinks into the depths and is buried in the mud, yet it is recovered, polished, and restored to its place among other jewels. So is it with human souls. The lost are found and find their place among God's jewels. The lily starts from the ooze and slime at the bottom of a pond; it rises slowly through the discoloured water, where, upon its surface, it unfolds and becomes a thing of beauty, spreading itself out on the surface of the pond, basking in the sunbeams, and resting there happy in its beautiful life. So is it with all God's

creatures. "All souls are mine!" and they will rise out of the depths--out of the slime and wickedness of earth life to become fragrant flowers and bright jewels in the Father's kingdom.

"Evil spirits?" says the Pharisee. What are the best of us when it comes to that? Considering hereditary blessings, loving parental care, beautiful surroundings, and helpful companionship, what is the "respectable" man and woman of to-day at heart? Ill-tempered and selfish, loving scandal more than truth, sending forth poisonous thoughts in every direction. Look at the professed followers of Christ and say what surrender of self there is for him? Where is the self-denial and self-sacrifice? What are we all but undeveloped souls? We look upon a ragged derelict and say, "I thank Thee, God, that I am not as this man!" and pass on without giving forth a sympathising thought, leave alone a kind word of greeting.

#### THE LIGHT WITHIN THE SOUL.

Every individual who has arrived at mature years, unless practically a degenerate, knows right from wrong. If he knows the right and practises it in his daily intercourse with others, he then is manifesting the Light within his own soul, which beautifies his life here and hereafter. If wholly destitute of this light on earth he will find himself in darkness when he passes into spirit life. That light in order to assume a certain degree of brilliancy must be carefully cultivated, and so guarded from degrading influences, that no dark taints may mar its divine qualities.

If you possess any light when you pass onward you must carry it with you when the great change occurs that is called "death." Your conduct in this life delicately measures the light you possess, its degree of radiance, whether clear as the crystal,

fainted with impurities. Every pure thought nourishes one's light. Every philanthropic emotion renders its vibrations more divine. Every charitable act increases its volume and makes it more brilliant.

It is no illusion, no dream, no fairy tale, the statement that you carry the light of the soul with you. No one but yourself is responsible for that light. If you are selfish, covetous, ill-tempered; if you allow depraved thoughts to nestle like so many serpents in your mind; if you consort with the low and vile, then your light diminishes in potency, and in time may become almost extinct, leaving you in the outer darkness in the sandy deserts of spirit life.

An orthodox churchman, bubbling over with generous thoughts and impulses and engaged in loving work, carries in his soul a brighter light and a grander illumination than the Spiritualist who lives a selfish, unspiritual life, and does nothing for his fellowman. The soul-light is not the outgrowth of a creed, or belief. A man of the world may possess this soul-light in a high degree. This light may be brilliant in the soul of a woman doing the meanest of menial work.

If you wish to advance spiritually you must carefully keep the soul-light bright. In the story of the "Arabian Nights" we are told that when Aladdin wanted something fresh he rubbed his lamp, and a lesson may be learned from this Eastern story. The brighter the lamp the brighter the light. If we are to light the way for others we must, like the keeper of a lighthouse, not only keep the light within brilliant, but keep the lamp spotlessly clean.

#### SPIRITS IN THE UNDERWORLD.

The only spirits that trouble mankind are those who once lived on earth, who lived for sensual enjoyment, and whose hands were against every man's. Men and women of depraved and passion-



ate minds, after passing out of the body find themselves in a hell—not the theological lake of fire—but in a hell they themselves have made, where they meet with those in like condition to themselves. One who had risen from the depths wrote: "I was suddenly snatched from life and plunged into that gulf—that death of the body that awaits us all; and I knew not that I had died. I passed from hours of suffering into sleep, and when I awoke it was to find myself in total darkness. I arose and groped as one does in a dark room, but I could find no light, hear no sound. There was nothing but the darkness of death around me. In my growing horror and dismay I felt I must find some one, some way out of this place. I called out aloud, but no voice answered me. No echo, even from my own voice, came back to me. Was I in prison? Was I mad?—delirious? There was some change in me. I could not tell what. Something seemed to snap in my brain, and in my throat. Then before me, far, far away, came a tiny speck of light, and it grew and became larger, till it appeared before me as a ball of light, in shape like a star, and in the star I saw my beloved."

This is the account of a soul who on earth during long years had lived a life of crime, and who experienced the tortures of remorse in the upward climb to the light, beckoned onward by one he loved on earth. It was to these "spirits in prison" that we are told by Peter that Christ went and preached (I Peter iii. 19). If they had been condemned to eternal despair why should they be preached to if not to give them hope of deliverance?

There is no escape from the consequences of any wrong-doing in this life. Full atonement has to be made by one's self, and no one else, before the soul can rise to the higher spheres. Not only those of degraded and vicious habits, but the woman of plea-

sure and the man of business who lives solely for money, forgetful of the needs of suffering humanity, will find themselves "bound with the cords of their sins." Charles Dickens, in his story of how Marley's ghost appeared to Scrooge, gave a vivid picture of an earth-bound soul. Marley wore a chain "made of cashboxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel." Many spirits are weighted with the things that absorbed most of their thoughts while on earth. "Who are you?" Scrooge asked. "Ask me who I was," said Marley. "You are fettered," remarked Scrooge, "tell me why." "I wear the chain I forged in life," was the reply; "I made it link by link and yard by yard; I girded it on by my own free will, and by my own free will I wore it. Would you know the weight of the strong coil you bear yourself. It is a ponderous chain. How is it that I appear before you in a shape that you can see I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day. I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate."

#### A MISCHIEVOUS SPIRIT.

Our first, and I believe our only experience with a troublesome and mischievous spirit was in the early stages of our investigations, and he used to sign himself "Billy Brown." He would just write this name and also a few contradictory sentences. Probably some saintly individual will say, "He was a deceiving spirit, and Spiritualists only draw such." Don't jump at conclusions, friend; and don't judge Spiritualism by what we reject. You have often more than one such spirit at your own elbow, and influencing your actions. Mischievous spirits come close as well as good ones. Scripture enjoins us to "try the spirits," to "believe not every spirit," but such passages are of no meaning to you because

you deliberately reject the truth of spirit communion and the nearness of the spirit world.

This spirit went to the home of Mrs C., our medium, and wanted to write through her hand. She laid down the pen and reasoned with him in a kind way. She asked him to come as a friend and help us all. The appeal touched him, and when the lady took up the pen again he thanked her for her good wishes, and then told her that on earth he was sent out into the world at an early age, got employment as a butcher's boy, got into low company and lived a bad life. He promised that he would not again trouble any one who wanted to write; said the name he had given was a fictitious one, his real name being Andrew Coulter, and his earth life had been spent in New York. The lady bowed her head and prayed that this soul, whose life on earth had been wasted, might be helped by advanced spirits to rise out of old conditions and unfold to a brighter life. "The gospel is preached to them that are dead" we learn from Peter iv. 6, and spiritually-minded Spiritualists do as the early Church did.

From that night we were never troubled with his mischievous ways. He came to our home circle, confessed to what he had done, and asked our forgiveness. We welcomed him with kind words and loving sympathy, for he needed it. He said he would try to help us, and he did so in a remarkable way. It was by his power that we got the marks on the slate, as related on a previous page.

#### CHURCH TEACHING.

Spiritualists know that undeveloped spirits are around humanity as much as those advanced, but the Church leaders teach that we are beset by a different order of beings—demons let loose from a fiery pit, headed by a personal devil. The result is that the great bulk of mankind sin against God,

and He gets even with them at death and casts them in His wrath into a lake of fire, to be tormented there through all eternity. It is blasphemous teaching, and has sent thousands into mental asylums who feared they had not the right kind of faith and might, after all, be eternally damned. It is a common experience in spirit circles for those who had been ministers in Christian churches to declare that their views and teachings concerning a future state were entirely wrong, and that in shame they had to confess this to the souls they had ministered to on earth. To be obsessed with the devilish doctrines taught in the Church is a pitiable condition.

Clairvoyants at times see the lower types of humanity who have passed into the spirit world—in bands and singly—surrounding those still in the flesh, and by their influence impelling them to live as they themselves lived when on earth. Paul said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places."

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

While sitting in a circle one evening a clairvoyante, Mrs L., saw a spirit man of depraved appearance trying to take control of another lady sitter, who was mediumistic. "I do not like the look of that man who wants to speak through Mrs Webster," said the clairvoyante, "set your minds against him." We did so, and he gave up. The next moment she said, "Oh, what a lovely female spirit is standing in the midst of us. She is robed in white, and is so radiant that surely you can see her." We saw nothing, and said so. But she is so bright, I am surprised at your not seeing her. She is wearing something like white flowers upon her head, and just above the forehead is a brilliant star." We still saw

"Oh, wait," she continued, "that man you drove away has come into the circle; he has knelt down before her and is telling her something; now the angel has put her right hand on his head and is blessing him. It is a beautiful scene and the man looks so happy now. He has gone." The medium suddenly stopped, and the next moment, with a slight convulsive jerk, it was evident someone was going to speak.

The radiant spirit had taken control, drew the medium away from the circle, and kindly greeted us. Then she told us that the spirit we had rejected that evening had been brought to us to help with our sympathy and kind words. He was one who was seeking light after a long period in the darkness of despair, but we had missed our opportunity of helping him; we had ignorantly been a block to his progress. Her words were soft and sweet; they fell as from an angel's lips. She knew her gentle reproof had touched us deeply, and she spoke comforting words, and expressed the hope that we would never miss an opportunity of helping distressed or repentant spirits. The medium awoke and described the radiant form she had seen, but she did not know that we had heard the radiant one speak through her organism.

Who will say that angel ministry was withdrawn after the apostles' days? In our home we have welcomed most exalted beings and been comforted and strengthened by them. To the angel referred to above we offer the gratitude of loving hearts. She opened up a path of usefulness to us, and we have for years given a large measure of our time in holding circles specially for the deliverance of the souls who wander in the deserts of the lower astral planes. We have preached the gospel of hope to thousands, and numbers have returned to thank us for the uplift they received.



MR. AND MRS. W. C. NATION.

Since that night we have always sought to help the worst of spirits. They have come cursing those who had oppressed and ill-treated them when on the earth; imputent to us at first, when we pleaded with them to forgive as they wished to be forgiven, and telling us plainly that they did not wish for our sympathy and help. But in numberless instances we have won their confidence and implanted first desires to better their condition. Much have we learned of the awful condition of myriads of souls dwelling in the lower spheres, to whom we preach the glad tidings of eternal progress for all. Strange doctrine, some one exclaims. Compared with the teaching of the Church I reply, "Very strange! the Church damns all unrepentant souls. Spiritualism seeks to save them."

One ship turns east and another west

With the selfsame winds that blow;

'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales

Which tells us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate

As we voyage along through life;

'Tis the set of the soul which decides the goal,

And not the calm or the strife.

#### SPIRIT BONDAGE.

You enter spirit life just as you leave this life. If you are mean and selfish here, you will be the same there. Whatever your disposition and doings are here, they follow you and bind you. The walls you build around you in this life enclose you in the next, and the breaking down will be your own work. No one else can help you. No one can force upon you a single new idea if your mind is not ready to receive it. You know even here how difficult it is to divest your mind of the mental training of years gone by. Your mind revolts against new teachings. To the Church devotee the teachings of Spiritualism that there is hope for every soul after death is

obnoxious. Many fight against it. You know what struggles the mind goes through when you want to clean a little portion of the slate and write some new ideas thereon. If it is so difficult here in the material world, it will be the same in the spiritual world.

To help souls out of darkness, to help break the fetters that bind to earthly conditions, to plead with those who are hardened in sin, is a great feature in Spiritualistic work, but it is little understood, and is only to be successfully conducted by persons of experience, with a medium whose band of spirits is fitted for this missionary work, and able to protect against the influence of malicious ones. It is work requiring tact and wisdom, backed up with love and sympathy. There are individuals who ridicule the idea of helping souls who have passed out of the body, but such are ignorant, and therefore incompetent to judge.

There are hells in the spirit world where souls are tormented as by fire—a state of bitter remorse over a wicked and wasted life on the earth. There is an "outer darkness" where souls grope without a ray of hope, and in despair. It is a MIND condition; the torment is the torment of the mind. Even on the earth there are men and women suffering the pangs of remorse because of some foul deed they have been guilty of, and they may carry this condition of mind beyond the grave. Others are selfish, callous to the sufferings of their fellow creatures, just living for the gratification of self. Can you imagine their condition on entering the spirit world? Of what avail is worldly position, wealth, or education if the spiritual nature has not unfolded? He may have been a pillar in the Church, assenting to all its doctrines; he may have partaken of the sacrament and been absolved from sin by the priest or minister on his deathbed, it avails nothing if he has been

a hard man, sweating others, and gaining wealth by unfair means. He will find—and every one finds—that belief in doctrines cannot save from the penalty of wrong doing in the life beyond. It is not what you BELIEVE, but what you ARE that settles the question of your status there. Every soul, male and female, is judged by its works.

#### PITTABLE CASES.

We were sitting in circle one evening, when the medium was controlled by a female in sore distress. We could not coax her to tell us what her trouble was. At last she said, not before the young women, so they retired, and my wife, the medium, and I remained. Still she held back. I said I would go from the room and leave her to tell my wife. No sooner had I gone than the woman fell upon her knees and sobbing, put her head upon the lap of my wife. Then she told her story. She had killed her infant child when on earth, and since then had had neither peace nor rest. Remorse had tormented her, and spirit helpers had brought her to us for consolation. When we all returned to the room my wife explained the case, and we then prayed for and spoke kindly to the distressed soul. I told her how Christ sought out women who had sinned and gave them his love. She was grateful for our words, and in bidding us good night she said she felt happier for having confessed her crime and for the kind words spoken to her. From that time onward she rose in spirit. Many such hold the thought that it is necessary to return to earth to confess to their crimes.

† Another case. We were sitting one night with our sensitive, whom we call "Sister Annie," and who has among her band of spirit friends three who had been "Sisters of Mercy" in the Catholic Church, and were working in the life beyond. They

are known to us as Sisters' Beatrice, Margaret, and Ellen, and in our home they come as familiarly as the dearest of earthly friends. Countless hours we have spent communing with them, and we have worked with them in raising deprived and despairing souls out of darkness into light.

Beatrice, speaking through their "little sensitive," as they call her, said they wanted our assistance to rescue a man who could not rise out of the deplorable condition he was in. They had taken him in hand, but his mind was so occupied with a crime committed whilst he was in the body that he was locked up in Giant Despair's dungeon. He was not defiant, but in a condition of helpless remorse. A night was set apart, and the three sisters on their side, and the sensitive, my wife, and I, commenced our work.

The sensitive saw, clairvoyantly, two of the sisters in company with one of the most pitiable objects she had ever beheld. His eyes were sunken, his face furrowed with lines of intense anguish, and he was the picture of utter misery. I commenced to speak to him, but he remained silent.

Suddenly a picture was presented to the sight of the clairvoyante. She saw an underground cellar, dirty, and only lighted through a grating. It was a place of squalor and misery. Upon a stretcher lay a woman, seemingly suffering from the effects of a drink, and then she saw a man rise from the floor on to his knees, crawl towards the bed, then rise suddenly and, leaning over the woman, clutch her by the throat. There was a terrific struggle, and here the sensitive's speech failed her. She turned her head aside, with an expression of horror upon her face, and in a low voice she exclaimed, "Oh, it's too horrible!"

"Too horrible!" Yes, and thousands are registering scenes that will face them in the life beyond

to their amazement and horror. A drowning man sees every event of his life in a moment of time. Past scenes, transactions, and the faces of friends and acquaintances, are registered indelibly upon the brain through the camera of the eye, and every soul carries into the other life a full record of this life's doings and scenes. Some clairvoyants can unfold events, even to small details.

No wonder that our sensitive recoiled from the picture which gave me a clue to the reason of this man's remorse. When she had recovered from the shock the picture had disappeared, and she saw the poor wretch standing, and the two Sisters of Mercy standing beside him. I spoke in a friendly way, and asked him if he had met the woman since both of them had passed from earth life. He trembled at my question, and the sensitive received the impression that he had not and did not want to. I told him that he would never progress until he had sought forgiveness, and I expressed a wish that she should be brought. The suggestion of this acted on the man like a flame of fire. He trembled violently and looked terrified.

Presently the sensitive saw a woman coming, but as she came near he crouched and was paralysed with fear. I addressed myself to her, and besought her to forgive, and so commence her own progress to a higher life. I learned that she was his wife, She went to his side, but he thought she had come to have revenge, and he shrank from her. But she laid a hand upon his shoulder and spoke kindly until he buried his head in his hands and wept. The change had come for both, and I comforted them with the truth that repentance opened the way out of remorse and despair, and lifted the soul onward into an atmosphere of peace and blessing—out of darkness into light.

And now they stood side by side and happy. The

sisters had again been blessed in their endeavours, and when one of them controlled the sensitive to speak through, she said we had been partakers in the work of leading the man and his wife into the upward path, and they would come to us after a while and express their gratitude. And they did so, two or three times, and life to them now is "one long sweet song."

#### A YOUNG GIRL MEDIUM.

It was on New Year's Eve, 1893, that a young girl, whom we looked upon as a daughter, her mother, at the close of her life, having desired us to befriend her, was living with us at Greytown, and on this evening, while sitting in a circle, she was entranced. She is now Mrs. S. W. Cross, residing at Lower Hutti, and well known as an excellent clairvoyante. Emily, as we call her, was entranced, and after a little difficulty in getting the power to speak, was controlled by a sister who had passed on years before. We were pleased to find that one whom we had known from the toddling days of childhood and in whose welfare we were much interested, was used in our midst by a sister who had passed on.

#### TOPSY, A MAORI GIRL.

One evening we held a seance, when Emily was controlled by a Maori girl whom we had known as Topsy. She was a bright-eyed, laughing, little sprite when in the body, and spoke English fluently, but she met her death by accident. She was playing with other Maori children near a large iron roller, when by some means she fell under it and was crushed to death. When she got control of Emily she shouted "Kapaiti pakeha!" [Very good the white people!] and talked about herself when she lived in Greytown. She was delighted with the experience of coming back, and to show the perfect

control she had of the medium, jumped up and skipped about the room, laughing and talking like her former self.

A month later, when Topsy was controlling, she said, "I make Emily see my name when she wake up, and I make her hear a spirit speak." When the medium had come to consciousness we sat waiting. Presently Emily said, "I see 'Topsy' written up in shining letters." This was something new for our young medium. The writing always appears to those favoured with the clairvoyant sight in phosphenic letters. Emily next heard her name called, as though from the other end of the room. To-day Mrs. Cross remembers with kind thoughts the little Maori girl who was the first to open the way for the unfoldment of her psychic powers by which she has proved the nearness of the spirit world to hundreds of inquirers. Her husband is now an inspirational medium, capable of taking a platform and giving helpful spiritual addresses.

What followed on this evening was a revelation to all present. Mrs. Duff (my youngest sister) had been occasionally sitting with us, and her hand was controlled to write messages. This evening she was impressed to sit, pencil in hand, ready for it to be used on a paper. From the bow window Emily saw a number of spirits come forward and pass on before her. She described them one by one and my sister wrote the names. Old Nelson and Christ-church friends who had entered the Great Beyond glided into the room, and we gave them a cheery welcome. The name Charlotte Packer was written. My sister asked Emily to describe her. "She has curls," was the reply. This was how she dressed her hair as a young woman when she lived with my mother in Nelson, where she passed away. My sister asked the spirit what it was she gave my mother before she passed on. Emily said, "I see at her

side two large books." "That is right," my sister remarked, "Tell me what they are." "I can see 'Part I and Part II,'" Emily said. "Quite correct," my sister added. The books were portions of the Scriptures, two large volumes. It was a good proof of an incident which occurred many years before. That Emily, so young, should give such faithful descriptions, surprised us.

In the month of April twenty persons were present at our seance, among them Sir Milner Stephen, and Mr and Mrs Tomlinson, of Melbourne, Mr and Mrs Hathaway, and Mr Price, photographer, of Masterton. The little spirit girl took control of Emily, and when she recognised Mr Price, asked him if he remembered taking her likeness with that of a Mrs Curtis, with whom she lived for sometime. Mr Price said he had not forgotten. "Do you remember that you promised to give me threepence if I sat still?" Topsy inquired. "I may have done so," was the reply. "Oh, you did," insisted the little sprite, "but you never gave me the money." This little sally evoked much laughter, and Topsy repeated over and over again her assertion, "You never gave me the money."

During the seance Mr Tomlinson said, "I see the letters, W-i-l-l-i-e-W-e," and was calling the letters one by one, when Emily exclaimed, "I see Webley." "We know who this is," I said, and addressing the young spirit whose name was given, I asked him to show us something by which he could be identified. Presently he was seen with something in his hands. Mr Tomlinson said, "It's a ship." Emily exclaimed, "I see written up, 'I have a boat.'" The clairvoyants had reported correctly, and after the seance we showed the company a photo representing a little lad holding a sailing boat.

Here is a gathering of persons, some of them strangers to each other, and three of them see a boy

who is in the spirit world holding a toy boat, and showing it in answer to a question that he would show something by which he could be identified. Here we have also the little Maori girl, Topsy, full of life, twitting Mr Price with not keeping his word, and he does not deny it. It is senseless for people to talk about hallucination and demons while in a state of ignorance over what transpires in circles of Spiritualists. I can claim to have investigated the subject from every point of view; I have witnessed many kinds of phenomena; I have tested messages that have been given through mediums of different ages; I have studied hypnotism and the workings of the inner consciousness, and after allowing a wide margin for errors and deception, am satisfied that the phenomena and the messages come from those who once lived in the mortal form as we do now, and I am happy to know that I am counted worthy to take a prominent stand to testify on behalf of the grandest truth which has ever come to mankind.

It has often been my work to help inquirers, when the name of a spirit has been given through a medium, to gain additional information—and often I have seen tears come when the communicating spirit has called to mind some happening known only to the inquirer. I have seen persons entranced and heard proofs given concerning themselves while in a deep trance. The wiseacre may raise the objection that the inner self could do that; but if the inner self gives the name of quite another person as the communicating intelligence and is really the author of the message, the logical conclusion is that the inner self—the real self—is a great liar. The ordinary mind will not believe this. Let me give an illustration to show how a person entranced can reveal his own past.

J



## A STRIKING PROOF.

A gentleman was sitting in circle with us one evening when he fell into a trance. He began to speak, and we found that the father was controlling his son. After some talk I asked the spirit how he passed out of the body. He said he was on a train journey with his niece; there was an accident, he was injured, and died shortly after being conveyed home. I asked, "Can you tell us of some incident connected with your son in his younger days that will prove to him that you have spoken to us?" A reply came, "Ask him if he remembers a little boy climbing up on to a table to look at the coffin in which his grandmother lay dead."

Mr Jackson awoke, and believing that he had been asleep, apologised to the company. Mrs Nation explained to him that he had been entranced, and added that his father had been speaking to us. He looked incredulous, and I then told him what his father had said concerning the manner of his death. Mr Jackson admitted that the particulars were correct. Then I repeated the message concerning the boy and his grandmother's coffin. He bowed his head in his hands and exclaimed, "Good God! did I tell you that?" When he had recovered from his emotion he said what we had been told was quite true; when he was a little boy, and his grandmother's body lay in its coffin on a table, he entered the room, and climbing up, he leaned over and fell fast asleep there.

This gentleman afterwards brought his wife (now in the spirit world) and their two girls to our meetings, and Etty, the youngest, thirteen years of age, suddenly developed clairvoyance, the first spirit she saw being a schoolmate who had passed on a few months before. So we had the whole family with us. This is how Spiritualism spreads. Many find

the evidence within themselves as well as without, and families and groups of friends spend happy hours in the quiet of the home talking with those who have passed into the unseen world.

## LOVE NEVER DIES.

A lady friend had lost her baby and in her sorrow paid us a visit. She joined us in a circle, and was entranced. The control, a male spirit, said he had been acquainted with the lady when they were in the Old Country years before. He said his affection for her never waned, and when she left for New Zealand they corresponded. His health gave way, he said, and he fell a victim to consumption. I asked him to give us a few incidents in their early life that would prove to her when she recovered consciousness, that he had spoken through her. He gave us the familiar name she called him, and said they used to write to each other after she crossed the ocean, and added, "She has some of my letters in her possession; she has them tied up with ribbon and covered over at the bottom of a box."

The lady came to her normal condition again and we told her of the visit of her old lover. She would not believe it at first, but after holding back a little she wavered. I said, "Don't be ashamed of an Old sweetheart. These letters have served a good purpose. They have helped your friend to prove his devotion to you after many years." She replied, "When I go home I'll burn those letters." This one sentence proved to us that the communication was correct.

## A CLAIRVOYANT SCENE.

In connection with the seance mentioned on page 68, we had a striking illustration of seers corroborating each other's vision. Mr and Mrs Tomlinson, Mr Price, and Emily not only confirmed the testimony of each other with regard to the boy and his

boat, but each saw a funeral procession, the casket and bearers alone being visible. The coffin was pure white, and the bearers were young men. The procession passed through the room and out of the door. All four saw the vision and talked about it as it passed them by. We came to the conclusion that spirit friends had shown a picture of a future happening.

My daughter Jessie received the impression that what had been seen referred to my mother's funeral, this being corroborated by a message through the tilting of a table under her hand. Now, mother was in fairly good health, though eighty years of age. More than three years passed before she was removed from our midst, and the vision was looked back upon as having no meaning for us.

#### THE VISION FULFILLED.

Sometime after this I sold my newspaper property at Greytown and removed to Shannon, where I started another journal, the "Manawatu Farmer." After I was settled my father and mother followed and settled near me. It was here that the transition of my mother took place in her 84th year. I saw to the funeral arrangements, and ordered a white casket. My mother was very popular, for she had a large heart and was kind to the roughest bushman that came in her way. Just before the day for the burial a few young men volunteered to carry the body to the grave. The funeral cortege wended its way up a gentle slope to the cemetery—a beautiful spot close to a forest of native bush, and the young men took it in turns to bear the burden to its last resting place. Not one of the family realised that that scene on the hillside was a fulfilment of the vision seen three years before of a white casket borne on the shoulders of young men. It was some time after that we perceived how the event had

been very clearly foreshadowed. Thus Spiritualism corroborates the phenomena so well known as prophecy.

#### MY PARENTS.

I will say a little about my parents. First, as to my mother. When she heard of the way in which my children were used by invisible forces, and saw that I was inclined to believe in Spiritualism, she shook her head and said more than once, "Oh, my son, where will this lead you? Think of the dear children and Annie [my wife]." She was a beautiful soul, gentle and forbearing to all; in disposition so Christlike that had it not been for the spiritual teachings and proofs that had come to us my affection for her would have outweighed my judgment. I tried to make her perceive how the silver line of spirit intercourse ran through the Scriptures, but she feared lest Satan was transformed into an angel of light and was leading me into perdition. To my wife she spoke inquiringly; wanted to know what transpired at our circles, and what the spirits taught. She even told my wife of strange experiences of her own.

My father was not so conservative, and he came one afternoon to see for himself. He and I sat at a small table, and soon it commenced to rock under his hands. I called over the letters of the alphabet, and the name "Williams" was spelled. My father asked questions, which were correctly answered. In answer to the question, "How did you meet your death?" the table tilted to the four letters, "BELL." I wondered what this meant, but my father said the answer was correct. His cousin Williams, when workmen were installing a peal of bells in an English church, wanted to go to the top of the tower. One of the bells had been inverted during operations, and Williams, in climbing up, pulled it off its

balance; it swung over and killed him on the spot. This proof set my father thinking, but mother kept aloof. Her testimony was to come in after years, just before she passed on to join the "great cloud of witnesses." And I may as well tell the story at once, as reported in the Shannon paper,

"In the year 1857 Mr Wm. Nation and his family arrived in Nelson from Sydney, and he started the "Nelson Colonist." After the family had grown up Mrs. Nation [my mother] gave much of her time to visiting the sick, the houses of fallen women, the gaol, and was always happiest when ministering to the wants of others, especially the sick and poor. The busy world had no charm for her, death had no terrors, and in her last hours the light within the soul, the bright spirit within the clay casket, shone forth with remarkable lustre. Her memory went back to girlhood days, and she told those around her of many incidents." How the memory of the past starts into life as the bodily senses grow dim. Every act is registered by the spirit within, and old scenes and actions stand out in bold relief. Be careful, my reader, of the dial plate within; be good and do good, then you will have no regrets when this life's closing day is at hand. Every loving word, every kindly act, every scene in which you have helped to make others happy will bring sweet comfort.

#### A DEATHBED VISION.

Three days before she passed away she had a beautiful vision as she lay, or reclined on a couch, for she would not take to her bed. She was describing the scene with great animation when she exclaimed in rapture, "Oh, they're waiting! oh, what a company! Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Moffatt—there they are! Oh, what a sight! What joyful faces!" Then, as if she was replying to an invita-

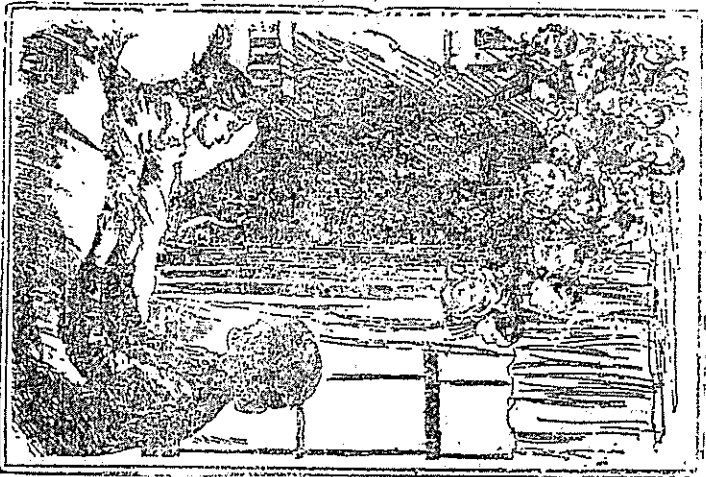
tion, "Come away? Yes, I'm coming, praise God! Tell Mrs. Udy that I have seen her mother and Mrs. Moffatt; they are so beautiful, and so glad to see me. Oh, my children, this is worth all the suffering we endure. Praise God, and magnify his name! Oh, children, I shall come to meet you." Then, after a pause, as her eyes looked upward, and her face lighted with joy, "Oh, what a sight! What a cloud of happy faces! I'm coming; yes, I'm coming! What a home to go to! Who would stay on earth?" In answer to a question, she replied, "I'm in no pain—only weary—wearry. Farewell!" She then passed away in peace to her heavenly home.

Such was the deathbed experience of my mother. Does any Christian reader doubt the truth of this narrative, knowing that many have had similar experiences? Is it not a proof that the spirit world is close to us and that all we want is to have our spiritual eyes opened to recognise the friends who have gone before? This testimony is not by one who was a Spiritualist, but of a professed Christian, and it confirms the claim we make that the spirit world is all around us, and that those who have passed on can communicate. Old friends called to the aged pilgrim, and she was so delighted that she realised the possibility of herself returning to welcome her husband and children. He is now with her and we have occasionally talked with them.

The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. S. Barnett, Methodist minister. I printed two hymns, one commencing, "Silently the shades of evening," and the other commencing, "Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest." An organ had been placed near the grave, and one of my daughters played. As we sang, the voices with all the parts blending sweetly, an impressive feeling of solemnity pervaded the large company which stood around.

## ANOTHER DEATHBED SCENE.

The Christian Church denies that the souls of the departed can return to earth, and yet history is crowded with instances of their appearing to those just about to cross the border.



The above illustration is taken from the New Zealand "War Cry," of November 11, 1917. It represents the last moments of a Salvationist who had a vision, when the spirits of those the woman had helped appeared to her just before she joined them.

The "War Cry" wrote these words: "The vision shown in our picture was vouchsafed to a dying woman-warrior recently, who was sorely tempted before passing through the river. The converts of the years past fled by her, gladdening her, so that all despair departed and she lay for hours just radiant, murmuring, 'Bless God! Bless God!'"

Is this not a testimony to the nearness of the spirit world? Is it not a rebuke to those Christians who see the spirits of the departed where their own people are concerned, but only talk of demons where Spiritualists are concerned? What inconsistency, born of deep-rooted prejudice through false teaching. Even good old General Booth, who founded the Salvation Army, spoke of communion with his deceased wife, but the leaders of this organisation, in their blindness, suppress his testimony. He was very outspoken, and his words are worth quoting:

"I have a spiritual communion with the departed saints that is not without both satisfaction and service, and especially of late the memories of those with whom my heart has had the choicest communion in the past, if not the very beings themselves, have come in upon me as I have sat at my desk or lain watchful in the night season. Amongst these, one form, true to her mission, comes more frequently than all beside, assuring me of her continued partnership in my struggle for the temporal and eternal salvation of the multitudes—and that is my blessed and beautiful wife."

## DEMONOLOGY.

From 539 to 330, before the time of Christ, the Hebrew nation was held under Persian rule, until Alexander the Great overthrew Cyrus, the Persian king. The Persian religion was Zoroastrianism, and we can find in the Old Testament well-defined ideas or tendencies which it impressed on the Hebrews. One was demonology, the belief in an order of evil spirits. In none of the books of the Bible written before 539 is there any mention of these. In

Zechariah iii. 1, Satan corresponds to the Zoroastrian Ahriman, the Spirit of Evil. This Spirit of Evil, and Ahuramazda, the Spirit of Good, were in perpetual conflict. In 2 Kings xvii. 6, we find an allusion to the "cities of the Medes," to which the Hebrews were carried, where they learned of Zoroastrianism. Matthew xii. 45 discloses the effect of the Persian demonology. The unclean spirit "taketh the Persian demonology. The unclean spirit "taketh seven other spirits more wicked than himself," and enters a man." Are not these the seven wicked spirits of Zoroaster, the "Ashma-Daevas?" In the Talmud the arch-fiend is called by that title, Asmodeus, or Asmodeus. Surely they are the same.

Take the chronology of the Old Testament and from the time of the earliest record, the Garden of Eden story, with its talking serpent (or devil), as absurdly claimed by the Christian Church, to the Deluge, we have 1656 years, and no mention of a devil or demons. Take another stretch of time, 1451 years, to Sinai and the giving of the Law, and still no mention of them. Another 1000 years and we are at the dedication of the Temple, where do we hear of them? To the Persian monarchy is set down as 336 years. For 3700 years, from the Hebrew account of Adam and Eve to Zoroaster, what does the Bible teach concerning a devil or demons? Nothing.

#### THE INNER CONSCIOUSNESS.

And now I will take my readers into still another region of mystery. I have spoken on the marvelous phenomena of table-tilting, automatic writing, independent markings on a slate, clairvoyance, clairaudience, and trance-speaking; I have tried to explain how my family and visitors to the house were influenced by unseen intelligences in a variety of ways and received the best of teaching, and now I desire to explain how the soul can manifest itself

independently of the material mind. Intelligent Spiritualists discriminate between outside spirit control and the working of what is called by scientific men the "subconscious self," the "inner self," the "higher personality," or in simpler language, the "soul." There has been a great war of words over this inner consciousness, but I shall try to explain in simple terms so that inquirers may receive light on the powers and possibilities that mankind possesses not awakened to any extent.

In the hypnotic sleep the soul manifests surprising powers. Those who have not studied the subject can form no idea of the capabilities of the soul when the body is in a deep sleep, and the prejudice which some persons hold against it vanish when they see its use in healing the sick, giving strength to the weak, breaking up bad habits, and in dealing with those whose minds have been unhinged by bodily ailments and mental troubles. As a means of education and upliftment, under the guidance of a teacher who has the welfare of the subject at heart, there is no process to be compared to it.

When I found that the truth of spirit communion was being attacked as being attributable to the subconscious self only, I determined to study hypnotism, and both wife and I look back with a feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness to the incident that set our minds in the direction of searching into the mysteries which pertain to the soul. I found a pupil in a young woman (now our son's wife), who was a Spiritualist, and through whom spirits had spoken at our circles. I explained that I wanted her to sit for the hypnotic sleep that we might learn if the soul, the inner consciousness, personated the spirits of those who had passed on and could deceive us. I was going to test this matter to the best of my ability.

The very persons who have invented the theory

of the subconscious self to account for Spiritualistic phenomena have done much to intensify the investigation of hypnotism, and increased knowledge has been gained, so we are thankful. Every movement directed against Spiritualism has been foiled, not so much by counter attacks as by the conclusions forced upon the minds of adversaries by their own investigations. Scientific men in all countries have been shaken in their theories, several have declared that spirit agency alone accounts for the manifestations, and all along the line there is a striking change in the attitude of the press and the public towards Spiritualism.

The lady assented to my request. I promised her that when in the sleep I would not put her through any exercises that would excite laughter; that I would treat her as a lady should be treated, and that Mrs Nation would sit with us. We then commenced a series of sittings which have proved very interesting and instructive, benefited the young lady mentally and physically, and enabled us to distinguish between communications from spirits and the talk of the inner self. There are some who object to hypnotism because, they allege, it destroys the will-power of the subject; that the operator can make the subject subservient to his will. If the subject has evil tendencies naturally, and the operator is an unprincipled person, he could very easily strengthen the desire to do wrong; but he has not the power to change the course of life in any one whose every-day desire is to do right. We do not object to fire because it brings disaster as well as comfort. An electric wire can convey a park that would explode a mine, but it can also brilliantly light a city. We have to deal with opposites continually, and hypnotism has its opposites.

My experience has taught me that the will can be strengthened. Take a man whose every-day life is

being blasted by strong drink; he tries to conquer the craving, but breaks resolutions as fast as they are made. Put such an one into the sleep and give the inner self suggestions that the liquor will become distasteful and the craving gradually cease, and the man will soon find all desire for it die out. And so we treat bad habits in persons of all ages, and some troublesome diseases are also cured. The weak and timid can be fortified and made strong in character, and the treatment is not only beneficial physically, morally, and mentally, but spiritually also. The power of "suggestion" is little known.

#### A WORD TO PARENTS.

I would like to say a few words to parents—especially mothers, for upon them the care and welfare of the children press heavily. The lives of children are made or marred by the words spoken to them from day to day. Children are often told that they are dull and stupid; and called hard names too. Torrents of abuse are poured upon the little defenceless one and the inner consciousness takes it all in, believes every word, and the child is made worse by ignorant parents and teachers. The grown up boy or girl that is bullied and sworn at may be dull and stupid and very trying—and it may be that prenatal conditions are the cause—but the bullying makes them think they are past being good, and with this thought prevailing in the mind they go out into the world with no desire to be what they might be. If a child is corrected for a fault, encourage it with the suggestion that it will grow good. Throw a gleam of sunshine out in the midst of the storm, and the tender mind will rejoice in it though the body may smart under the rod.

We have not yet learned how to live; nor do we know how to cultivate our offspring to get the best results. If mothers knew the power of suggestion

upon the unborn babe they would ever be watchful over their speech and temper while carrying to the birth. The cross and peevish infant becomes so because adverse influences have been impressed upon it before it was ushered into the world. The father has not been kind and considerate to his wife at a time when it was most necessary for her to be surrounded with loving attentions, the kindest of thoughts, and help. He has been selfish and expected attentions, which has increased his wife's burdens and cares. She, in addition has probably been worried with household work, and her temper, having been tried, has made her say and do things which did not become her. The home has not been the abode of peace and love and when the babe has come it has been the reflex of the mother's condition of mind for months past. This is why we see many miserable and stunted little ones. It is the mind of the mother that makes or mars her offspring.

Parents, if you want children to be proud of, who will come as blessings and joys to your home, live in harmony. This is a thought world, in which the germ, or embryo, of human life is influenced either for good or ill by the thoughts you send forth. See that you nourish the tender shoot with loving and noble thoughts, and you will beget the best of children, and humanity will be blessed in turn. Don't accuse and blame them for everything they do that doesn't please you. Don't call them "brats," and "the pests of your life," for you are the pest, and sowing a crop of trouble for future reaping.

I have purposely digressed, for this subject is all-important. And now just a few words more. You probably have a very troublesome child in the home circle, most unruly and untruthful. Do you know of a cure? Don't thrash it unmercifully and pour out angry words. Try this plan: when the child is asleep go to the bedside and whisper lovingly to it.

Whisper kind and encouraging words to the inner self. Use "suggestions." If the child is deceitful, given to lying, don't ask it to be truthful, but say it will be. Repeat the suggestion again and again. If you want to understand how the inner self follows suggestions, read what follows.

#### THE INNER SELF.

It was in May, 1905, at Levin, where I resided, that I first helped the young lady, now known as Sister Annie, into the hypnotic sleep. My object was to find out whether the sub-conscious, or inner self, as it is called, would pose as a disincarnate spirit to bring tidings from the world beyond. I knew I had a task before me, but I was in search of Truth, through whatever path it was to be found. My wife joined us in the search. The first stage of sleep came in a few minutes, and in less than half an hour the deep sleep followed. Soon after this there were feeble whisperings from the inner self, and this was followed by full voice conversations.

After a few sittings, while the subject would be reclining in a chair, fast asleep, the inner self conversed freely, and wife and I were often amused at its absence of reasoning power. "You enjoyed the party last night," I would suggest. "Yes," would be the reply. "And you had three dances with the King." "Yes." "Your dress of white satin looked very nice; you helped Mrs. Nation to make it." And the reply would be the same. Then I would change the current of conversation by saying, "You were disappointed in not being able to go to the party last night." "Yes," would be the reply, and so on to all my assertions. Then I would point out that she had told me she had been to an evening party and danced with the King, and next told me she had not been to the party. She would reply, "You tell me and I believe what you say."

I want the reader to carefully note this fact: the subjective mind does not reason, and believes what it is told. In this is made plain "the power of suggestion," and whether awake or asleep every person is susceptible to it in a greater or lesser degree. I have pointed out how mothers can influence the unborn by good and cheerful thoughts or spoil its life by the reverse. I have also touched upon the benefits to a child by whispering helpful suggestions to it when asleep. I have shown how, when a boy or girl is continually found in fault, without a kind and encouraging word, all aspirations for a good and noble life are stunted.

And here let me say that although the inner self of the sensitive was amenable to any suggestion at first, it is different now. When I have suggested anything contrary to fact she tells me she has outgrown former conditions. This will surprise those who believe the subconscious self is always a slave of suggestion.

#### THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

I now come to another interesting phase of our experiences, which shows how the operator can imagine scenes and project them on the mind of the subject. We called the inner self Queenie, and in what follows the reader must bear in mind that when the name Queenie is used it refers to the inner self. I have sat near her and imagined such scenes as ascending a glacier and being overtaken by a blinding snowstorm, scaling the slopes of a burning mountain and peering into the mouth of the crater to see the surging fires within—and Queenie has enjoyed these journeys. It is wonderful how the imaginative pictures of the operator are reproduced in the subconscious mind. If I say to Queenie, "Show the picture to her when she is awake," it is reproduced in every detail to the outer self.

On one occasion we took a trip to the Celestial City. We passed through a gate of pearl, walked up the golden street, saw the magnificent temples and delightful homes, walked under an avenue of beautiful trees and amidst the most lovely of flowers, stood gazing at the crystal waters of a river, and saw the shining ones passing to and fro. To the subjective mind it was no realm of fancy. She was so carried away with the beauty of the scene that she did not wish to return. I made her promise before we started on the journey to return with me, and when I said, "We must return to earth and finish our work there," she showed a disinclination to leave. She said, "I don't want to go back, but I promised you I would, so I must." I asked her to show the scenes to the outer self, and she reflected everything so vividly that to this day the lady says the pictures are a pleasing memory.

The objector jumps to the conclusion that the subconscious self is the originator of all the phenomena connected with Spiritualism. This is merely an idle opinion. I took up hypnotism to elucidate the truth on the subject of the inner self posing as a disincarnate spirit, and I now know the difference. Unbiassed investigators know that Spiritualism is fully proved. Let us scan its progress.

#### SOME FACTS.

Seventy years ago there were rappings on a cottage wall at Hydesville, in America. Here were sounds capable of being proven by one of the human senses. Here was an expression of intelligence capable of being tested by the mind; and this intelligence manifested its independence of all surrounding minds by declaring itself to be a spirit that had passed from earth. And had this occurrence only taken place once, and only in the presence of an isolated family, and only under such



circumstances as might be considered doubtful and ambiguous, then, of course, it would be questionable; but the fact is that it continued to occur, continues to occur to this day in the presence of millions of people; and the evidence of those millions of people upon any other subject connected with human thought or intelligence would be considered as indisputable testimony; but upon this one subject it is not considered indisputable. Why? Merely because it is unusual.

You are aware that even so great a philosopher as Lord Bacon has said that upon questions of unusual occurrence, the testimony of one man is not considered sufficient; but when the occurrence shall take place repeatedly and consecutively, and more than one mind—a score of intelligent minds—attest to its accuracy, it were folly to deny it merely because it is unusual."

In the presence of the proofs that Prof. Crookes and others have given to the world of the actual materialisation of the spirit form, under circumstances precluding the possibility of deception and fraud, and of that spirit form presenting itself palpably to the human touch and sight and the hearing, and of presenting clear evidences of materiality, we say that it rests with our opponents to disprove this fact before they deny the existence of a disembodied spirit.

In the presence of those who say they hold daily communion with spiritual beings, giving intelligent proofs of that communion, we say it rests with the unbeliever to show that this is the result of aberration of intellect or of mind, and to show that any disease of that kind ever simultaneously and in all parts of the world, broke out at once, attacking high and low, the learned and the unlearned, the scientific and the ignorant, the minister in his pulpit, and the child by its mother's knee—that there

was ever such an intellectual miasma as to cause twenty-four million people living upon the earth at the same time, without any previous communication, to declare that they could hold converse with departed spirits. Such a discovery and phenomenon in the world would be more wonderful in itself than the admission of the fact.

Spiritualism has turned the tables upon its opponents with overwhelming evidence, and defied them to prove that its claims are not true. It might have elected to close its case after John's vision at Patmos, but it has kept the channel of inter-communication between the two worlds open, so that the searching soul might quench its thirst with living waters from the fountain of spirit, rather than linger at the shrine of "tradition's lore."

For seventy years spirit phenomena have manifested at every available opportunity. They have increased in frequency and grown in strength, and the great emigration of souls to the spirit world during the great war has quickened and awakened the spiritual perceptions of man, thus demonstrating the potential power of Spiritualism in the spiritualisation of the world.

#### THE SOUL DOES NOT SLEEP.

But we will return and talk a little about the soul—the inner self. When the material body is asleep it can go forth at large, talk with those who have passed on, visit distant earth scenes, and even the spirit planes. The soul does not sleep, and it gets its temporary release from the body when the body is in profound repose. I have been surprised at its powers. In the hypnotic sleep I have sent it away on visits to different places.

One night, knowing there was a meeting on at the New Century Hall, Wellington, I directed the soul of the medium to go there and tell me what she saw.

In a few moments she said, "I am in a hall; there are many people; I see a stage with flags hanging at the back of it." "Tell me all that you see on the stage," I said. She replied, "I see a table with flowers upon it, two or three chairs, and an organ on one side. A gentleman is sitting on one of the chairs; he is neither young nor old, has a black tie, and his coat comes round on to his knees." I recognised him as Mr Wm. McLean, the President of the Wellington Association of Spiritualists, in his frock coat. "Who do you see on the stage besides this gentleman?" I asked. "No one," was her answer. I looked at my watch; it was getting on for nine o'clock, and I could not understand an audience at that hour without a speaker. Then she said, "Oh, I see a lady, but she is not on the stage; she is in the passage between the people; she is moving about and talking to people." "That will do; you have succeeded splendidly," I said. I then woke the sleeper.

Now, here are the facts: "Sister Annie," at that time, knew nothing of this hall, having never entered it, yet she correctly described the stage and its furniture. She had never met Mr McLean, yet she described him and his dress. He was presiding at one of Mrs Loie Prior's meetings, and she was in the aisle giving clairvoyant messages. The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes were suspended at the rear of the stage as a compliment to this American visitor.

I have known the soul of a sleeper go out over the ocean and read the name on the stern of a ship, go on board other vessels and describe the coloured sailors, the appearance of the cabins, etc. Foreign lands have been visited, and on one occasion the scene was evidently a city in India, for the domes of the buildings, bazaars in the streets, and the quaint costumes of the people were clearly described

Spiritualism teaches that man is a spirit now, encased in a body of flesh, and like Paul can visit the spheres beyond. It is not by believing certain doctrines that spiritual powers are awakened, but by reaching forth to the higher life and educating the soul to visit the scenes of that life.

#### A NEW EXPERIENCE.

The experiences of the soul while in the deeper magnetic sleep are a profound study. There are several stages in this sleep, and my subject has often been in the sixth, a depth not often attained, and I never helped the subject into these depths without prayer that she might be protected by the advanced spirits who used to watch us in our proceedings. It was in the fourth stage that the subject, one afternoon, evinced terror. She grasped my hand beseechingly, and I at once fortified her, saying, "Be brave; all is well; nothing can harm you; press on." Presently the feeling of terror passed, though fear was manifest. There was next a calm and peaceful expression on the features, and then came a smile, while the hands were stretched out to some invisible presence. I then said to her, "You appeared to be terrified; what was the matter?"

She replied: "I had to pass along a very narrow pathway, cut around the side of a precipitous cliff; it was a dangerous path, but I kept close to the wall of rock. All at once I saw hideous faces looking up at me from the dark depths on the other side, and some of the creatures came up close to the edge of the path and tried to clutch my dress and pull me over. I was frightened. Then I heard you telling me to be brave and go on. I got past these creatures and next saw before me a great circle of darkness, which I entered because you told me to go on; that all would be well. This helped me. When I came through this great circle of darkness into the light

again I saw a high bridge before me and I knew I had to cross it. It was very narrow and when I got upon it I had to be careful of every step. You were close behind me, urging me onward, and I felt you had had to cross this bridge sometime. When I got near the other end a beautiful spirit appeared—it was Sister Ellen's mother. She was robed in white, and as I stepped on towards the end of the bridge she held out both hands and welcomed me. She said I had done well and would be able to visit the spirit world and their homes at any time."

I record this as another experience of the soul when the body is asleep. The subject knew nothing of it when she awoke. Before she did she was controlled by a spirit who often speaks through her, and we were told that the soul had to pass through times of temptation and trial, and fighting also, in its advance to higher ground. It would now be the privilege of the sensitive to visit the higher planes of the spirit world, where she would be taught and helped onward by advanced spirits.

My researches have thrown a flood of light on the power, for good or evil, which unseen intelligences have upon us, both when asleep and awake, and it is necessary to warn those who long for mediumship to be exceedingly careful. If the sensitive has no aspiration for higher things and sits in the company of those like-minded, the risks are enormous. In the trance condition he or she may be overcome by depraved spirits seeking their downfall. I would never introduce a sensitive into any circle on a low plane of thought, fearing consequences in the end. Many who commence to investigate Spiritualism express surprise at the frivolous and untruthful messages which have come to them. They have come because the sitters have been as magnets for them. Lofly aspirations are prayers, which bring exalted spirits to every seeking soul, and most pre-

vious gifts will probably unfold. The heavenly messengers are drawn by our aspirations, however feeble, and they bring comfort, strength, and wisdom, even when a soul is passing through sorrow and sickness.

#### SPIRIT WORLD DESCRIBED.

"How would you describe the spirit world?" I asked a spirit.

"It is difficult to make you understand," was the reply. "You know something of the law of vibrations; we move in the higher vibrations; you in the lower. Everything is as tangible to us where we are as what you have around you. We have grass, flowers, trees, earth, rocks, mountains, rivers, seas, and all the beauties of your world, which is but a reflection of the spirit world."

"You have dwellings of all kinds."

"Yes. We do not wander, like Arabs on the desert. We, on the astral plane, live in houses, as you do, and we furnish them as we desire. We have also nurseries for infants, schools, colleges, and immense temples, where the Masters teach. We have these buildings; and of course they have doors, windows, curtains, furniture, musical instruments, and all the articles you find in a comfortable home. Do not think we live like Eskimos in huts and squat on the floor."

"It seems to be a very natural world," I said.

"It is. In your Bible you are told by Ezekiel that in a vision he was shown every chamber and porch and window of the earthly temple which was to be built. Then you read that all the furniture of the temple, even the spoons, bowls, candlesticks, curtains, tables, and all other articles, were fashioned according to the pattern showed to Moses.' (See Hebrews viii.) John was carried away in spirit and shown wonderful scenes in the spirit world."

"I am pleased that you have opened up the subject by referring to the Scriptures," I remarked.

The reply was: "The religious teachers have closed their eyes to the spirit world and therefore do not understand the writings of the ancients. If you turn up the account of David giving to Solomon particulars concerning the temple you will find that a spirit wrote the instructions through the hand of David."

"Do you believe in eternal progression?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Whatever do you think men like Mozart, the musician, are doing, and all the artists and gifted men who were inspired during their days on earth? They are all progressing to higher unfoldment. And every soul, however lowly its state on earth may have been, will rise upward, onward, through the ages that lie beyond. There will be the mighty universe for us to explore, and millions of creations for ascended souls to delight in."

#### A VISIT TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Our sensitive, Sister Annie, having passed into the sleep one afternoon, the spirit of "Sister Ellen," once an inmate of a Catholic convent, took control, and said she was going to take charge of the body of the sensitive whilst her spirit would be taken to one of the spirit spheres to see and learn something of life there. Sister Ellen chatted freely with us while the sleeper's spirit was absent for three quarters of an hour. At the expiration of the time Sister Ellen said, "I will now leave you, for our Fairy Queen is returning." This was the name we had given to the sensitive's inner self. A convulsive movement of the body showed that the spirit was back again.

"I'm back again," she said, "and everything I saw was so beautiful; but I do not think I can describe it to you. Oh, it was delightful."

"Did you see any flowers?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; they were so beautiful; it seemed as if they were full of life. So it was with the grass."

"But all vegetation is alive here," I remarked.

She replied, "I knew you would not understand, and I do not know how to make you. The flowers and grass and all vegetation are in a higher degree of life. They are more beautiful, and you feel that their life is far beyond what we see on earth. The air, too, is—oh, I do not know how to explain it. You sense its sweetness, and are made extremely happy when you breathe it in. It is no use my trying to tell you, for when I speak I spoil all, and you cannot understand."

"Did you see any spirit people?"

"Oh, yes. I saw your two girls, Ellen and Alice, and two other spirits who seemed to belong to the same sphere. Sister Ellen's mother was my guide. I saw many bright spirits; some were in groups, talking; others were walking, arm in arm, and the whole atmosphere was full of love. I saw Beatrice and Margaret, and they brought me flowers. Sister Ellen's mother took me through a beautiful garden—oh, so beautiful; and into the home where the sisters dwell. I passed from room to room, and I could tell what each room was used for. I could sense music in one and study in another. When we left the house we went down to a river, and here the scenery, the air, the foliage, flowers, and water cannot be described. Everything is far more beautiful and ethereal to what we have on earth."

"Did you go on the water?"

She laughed, and said, "Do you know, as I stood on the bank, admiring everything, Ellen's mother said she would take me on the river, and immediately there was a dear little boat at our feet. She stepped into it and asked me to follow. I was afraid, for I could not realise that I was a spirit out of the

body, without weight. However, I stepped in, and we sat down; then the boat moved down the stream guided by my guide's will I suppose, for she had nothing in her hands to move the boat with.

"I was next taken to the Summerland, where the children are. I saw Reggie and his cousins [four of our grand-children], and they came with flowers. The teachers looked kindly and lovingly upon me as I moved amongst them. And I must tell you that when you look into the faces of spirit people you know just what they are like; the face reveals their disposition. You know they are kind and sympathetic—you feel it. You don't know how happy I felt, and I feel so now. The children in that delightful place seem to live in the midst of flowers. The very things they play with they form with the flowers. It is 'the land where fair flowers bloom,'"

#### ANOTHER SCENE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On another occasion the sensitive's eyes closed and she remained motionless. She was away on one of her visits into the spirit realms. During these visits some grand scenes are opened up to her, and as far as human language can describe them we are favoured with a narrative. But she often says, "I cannot make you understand the beauties and glories of the planes beyond, for I have no language, and when I speak I spoil everything and would rather remain silent and dwell in thought upon what I have seen and heard. When conscious again, on this occasion she said:—

"They have been taking me away again to scenes beyond—a long way, and I feel tired. Sister Margaret was my guide, and it seemed that our flight was upward and onward amidst varying scenery of exquisite beauty. I saw in the distance a magnificent building standing in the midst of many trees, and as I got close I saw what delighted me. The

grounds were laid out with artistic taste and the flowers were so lovely and sent forth such perfumes that I wanted to linger among them. I felt a sense of peace and harmony; the air was bracing and deliciously sweet, and I loved everybody. I am sure that no delirium could exist in such a place; to me it was heaven. There were very many spirit people, and as I looked into their faces they nodded and smiled—and, oh, what refinement, grace, and loveliness I saw in them. There was no haughtiness, no proud reserve, and I felt at home amongst them all.

"I cannot adequately describe the grandeur of the immense building, or temple. It was a colossal picture of architectural beauty. To describe it I cannot, for language such as ours could never convey an idea of its translucent beauty and magnificent proportions. We ascended five white stone steps and entered the vestibule.

"We passed into a vast hall. The windows were draped with curtains, the patterns of which were a study; the windows were of stained glass, and the whole building was lighted with a soft rose tint. Statuary stood here and there. The seats were divided into three sections, divided by aisles; the seats were richly upholstered, maroon in colour, and the woodwork was artistically carved. At the far end of the hall was a stage, upon which stood a table and a few chairs, also a small table at the side. All the seats were filled, and I felt a sweet peace as I sat watching the scene. Then soft strains of music floated through the hall; where they came from I could not discover. The melody thrilled me and filled me with a feeling of worship and adoration, and I wondered whether the heavens beyond give more enjoyment than I at that moment possessed. All was matchless—perfect.

"Now a door opened at the side of the stage, and

a majestic, venerable man came to the centre table. I can describe neither him nor his robe. I may say that he was a radiant being, his face glowing with light, and he was majestic in his bearing. Other spirits, male and female, came upon the stage and took seats. The radiant one rested his head upon his hand, as if in meditation or devotion, and the audience bowed in profound silence.

"Then he stood up and began to speak. I was at once rivetted, for his language and voice was more like music than speech. I cannot describe his eloquence, nor tell you what he said. I have listened to and conversed with angelic ones, and realised their love and wisdom, but this was a new revelation to me. He spoke of the Great Life-Giver and His marvellous works; he spoke of the immensity, the splendour, and the glory of the universe; he discoursed on suns and star-worlds; the heaven above and the earth beneath; he spoke of the silent yet powerful forces at work in the sun's rays, the wind, the snow, the frost, the rain. Even the most infinitesimal forms of life, he said, were moving in harmony under the guidance of a Supreme Intelligence. Nature, in its marvellous manifestations, appeared to be his subject, and at the close he lifted the great audience almost to a state of ecstasy as he magnified the wisdom and power of the Creator. Then softly he gave a benediction, and a stillness and peace rested upon all.

"I was spell-bound and did not like to come away, and now that I am back here again I feel a sadness. Never can I forget that presence and his sublime discourse, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you more and give you a better idea of what I have seen; but I think much is purposely shut off. It is worth all the sufferings and trials of this life to be counted worthy of dwelling with those angelic ones who are so gracious and loving in all their ways.

They greeted me as though I was equal to them. We are all loved and cared for by these celestial beings."

These soul-flights into the higher astral planes and Queenie's accounts of what she saw, made our sittings very interesting.

#### THE WORLD BEYOND AND ANGEL GUIDES.

"I want to write about the disembodied soul immediately after death," wrote the spirit known as Julia, through the hand of W. T. Stead, and as the subject is of importance it is worthy of a place in these pages. Julia wrote:—

"When the disembodied one meets the guardian angel there is usually a blank wonderment. All is so new, and there is such unexpected sameness and differences. When, for instance, we wake into the new life we are still in the same world. There are all the familiar things around us—the pictures, the wall, the window, the bed; and the only new thing is your own body, out of which you stand and wonder how it can be that it is no longer you. And then you begin clearly to understand what has happened. You are the same. I mean that there is no break in your consciousness, your memory, your sex. There is no change there; but you are, in a manner, different.

"When my guide came he spoke to me in a very sweet, strong voice that had in it the cadence of the invisible. And I was thrilled through and through with its note, which did not seem strange to me. Nor was this strange, for he had often been with me during my earth life, although I had never seen him. I recognised him as an old and familiar part of myself; and when he said 'Come!' I did not hesitate. There was, as it were, a natural response to what seemed as the prompting of your own conscience. That is often the case.

"We all have our guides. These angels, unseen and unknown by us, prompt us to all good actions and dissuade us from evil. They are with us in thought, and we often receive their warnings as if they were the promptings of our own spirit. So they are, but the spirit which prompts is quite outside of our own conscious self.

"When I began to move I walked as I used to walk, and it seemed natural to do so. My guide walked beside me and we saw the world as it was, with spirits moving among men. I did not see, at first, which was which. They were all living people, it seemed to me; but I saw the spirit pass through matter and move away, as physical bodies could not do. Then I asked my guide, and he said they were like myself—those who had lived on earth and had passed on. Then I saw that they moved sometimes as if they were still in the body, at other times as if they were angels, coming and going with great speed, and I remarked upon it to my guide. And he said, 'Yes, they can do as they please, for it is in the power of mind to go slow or fast.'

"Then I thought, if they can, I can; and I asked, not speaking, but thinking in my mind, if this were so? And my guide, without having spoken, said, 'This also is possible to you.' And I said then to him, 'May we go as they go wherever we are going?' He smiled, and said, 'As you will, so it will be.' And then I had my first experience of the new freedom of locomotion. The earth seemed to grow small beneath my feet.

"We went through space at a great speed. I did not feel the speed so much while in motion as when we stayed and discovered how fast and how far we had come. When we stayed it was not in this world at all. We had left your planet and were now speeding through space. I was hardly conscious of movement. We went as we think. Only the things we

saw at first disappeared, and there was nothing to check or time our flight.

"We went to a place a great distance from your earth. The distance I cannot measure. Nor do we take account of distance, when you have only to think to be anywhere. The stars and the worlds of which you see gleaming twinklings at night are to us as familiar as the village home to the villager. We can go when we please, and we please very often.

"For there is one passion that increases rather than diminishes on this side, and that is the desire to know and learn. We have so much to learn and such facilities. We shall never be able to say we know everything about this world, for the marvelous wisdom of God is past finding out. When we reach what we think the ultimate there is a new vista of marvels which we see before us. We pass through, and when we come to a stop, beyond us again stretches a new, invisible marvel-world, into which we also, at some new stage of development, may begin to see.

"What oppresses us—if we may use the word—always and everywhere, is the illimitableness of the universe. Up and down we see it unfolding always and ever. When we make the most effort to exhaust the subject the more inexhaustible it appears.

"The journey which my guide took me was a long one—how long I do not know. He led; I wished to follow him. The motion was not flying—it was thought transference of yourself. When I look back I see that it was made slower and simpler to give me the sense of distance. Now the movement is instantaneous. But at first it was gradual. From walking we seemed to glide into the air without effort. The world simply sank away from us as when you are in a balloon; then it slid behind and we went through the air or through space in ether

without landmarks. He went a little before me. I was at first a little frightened; but he was with me, and there was, besides, such an exhilarating sense of liberty and power. You don't know what a prison the body is until you leave it. I exulted; I was so well, so free, so happy."

#### WHAT OF INFANTS?

The question is often asked, What becomes of infants after death? Many a mother has sorrowed deeply over the loss of her little treasure, and found no comfort. Angel guides take charge of them and they are lovingly cared for and taught. There are times when the infant is brought to its mother and placed in her lap; and as the child grows it is often permitted to visit the home, if that home is a place where love and harmony abides. Through our sensitive at Levin little children who had left the earth as babes and grown to tender years, were brought that they might learn something of earth life. They were delighted with the talks we had with them, and often brought us spirit flowers. Some of these children had been born in the slums of big cities, and therefore knew nothing of their parents. One little girl, a quiet, loving child, often came. Connie was her name. One evening I asked her if mother was in the spirit world. She told us she was not there yet, but her father was. I asked if she had seen him; she said no. "Doesn't he come to see you?" I asked. She was silent for awhile, and then she said, "Dadda not kind to mummy." Poor little Connie! Her father was in the lower grades of spirit life, and he was not fit to be in her company. An appeal was made to our spirit friends to bring the man to us some evening so that we might help him. He was brought and we talked to him about his little girl and how he could rise to her level. He listened attentively, and then Connie came and

embraced him. The meeting broke him up, and he resolved to be a better man. Connie came to us shortly after; her heart was full, and she thanked us warmly for helping "dada." Connie and her school mates have grown into girlhood since then, and they are among our most loving spirit friends. Parents, there is a lesson for you in this incident; let love and peace rule in the family, and if you have children in the Summer Land they will be permitted to visit you.

The majority of people have no idea what life in the spirit world is like, for the Church teaches nothing on the subject. Mourners are conducted to the grave and left there; Spiritualism spans the grave and comforts parents with the knowledge that children are lovingly cared for and educated in that higher life.

We have witnessed the meetings and greetings of parents and children, and heard the sweet messages of love; we have seen the longing of parents satisfied and tears shed over the reunion. And in dealing with spirits in darkness and despair we have, after inquiring a little into their earth life, asked, "Did you ever bury a little child?" A nod of the head would perhaps be the answer. "More than one?" If more, the number would be stated. "Would you like to meet them?" "They cannot," and the hand would point upward as if to say they were in heaven. "We will ask our friends to bring them," we say, but a shake of the head is the reply. But the children are brought and the clairvoyante sees the meeting, and the wretched soul is lifted out of a condition of despair into one of happiness and hope. Parents, if you would be with your children in the Summer Land, fit yourselves to associate with them and progressive spirits who have the care of them. A passionate temper and bad language will bar you entrance to the spheres of purity and



love. Put a curb on your tongue and temper now. As we sow here we reap there.

#### ANGEL GUIDES.

Every person has a guardian spirit who tries to influence us while on earth. While helping us they help themselves. One evening our sensitive was controlled by a gentle, loving female spirit, who put her hand in mine. She said as I sought the highest in spiritual communion she was able to come close to me; that she was a spirit guide, and that I was committed to her charge before I was born. "Then I have for long years grieved you by my waywardness and sinfulness." Her reply was, "Out of evil cometh good, and I have my reward. I am pleased to be able to speak to you, and will often come thus. You are doing a good work, which will bring a rich reward. Do not be content with what you have attained to. Reach higher still. God bless you."

Then, holding my wife's hand, she said, "Dear one, you will not have to wait long to speak to your guide. She comes very close, and will talk to you as I am doing. We have been watching over both of you, and your union was influenced by us. You will understand everything some day. That which is dark and hidden will open out in due time, for God's purposes never fail."

"Does every person born into this world have an angel guide?" I asked. "Yes, it matters not to what depths of evil a man or woman descends they shall be saved. They may sink into the deepest hell, yet there is an angel who waits for each to arise from the depths and become a ransomed soul. You know the Scripture teaching, 'They are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.' None are eternally lost, and every ministering spirit finds rejoicing 'in the presence of God' over the salvation of the charge

committed to them. Good night."

We called to mind the passage, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee," and realised its deep meaning. When conscience sits upon the bench of reason as judge; when remorse has proved a purging fire, and in its extremity the soul longs for deliverance, then like a flash of celestial light the angel watcher is there to guide on the upward path and comfort the wanderer with the hope of life eternal in higher realms. What a glorious gospel Spiritualism preaches! How different to the preaching of eternal torment, the punishment of a wrathful, vengeful God, by the Church.

To show how we are under the care of spirit people I will relate an incident. A lady visited us at Levin for the development of spiritual gifts. One morning she looked up and said, "Two angel forms have just floated into the room. One has written the word 'Josephine,' and the other has written the word 'Inez.' They have come with a message for you, and have now written, 'We are watching over Mary.' The lady did not understand the message, but I did, and I warmly thanked the two bearers. Here are the facts: Twenty-three years before, our eldest daughter Mary, when we lived in Greytown, had two beautiful spirit friends always around her, and they helped in various ways. Inez, when in the body, was a French teacher of music, and she was always with Mary when she was at the piano, and helped to give a light, crisp touch when the fingers ran over the notes. They both became very dear friends. Now, the lady who saw these two spirits on this occasion was a stranger to us; she had come to Levin on a visit to have any psychic gifts developed, and knew nothing of Josephine and Inez. Twenty-three years had passed since the days when their visits cheered us. Our daughter had married and had a grown-up family. Family cares caused

her to forget them, and they were but a fading memory. The year 1919 saw our daughter in a private hospital in Wellington to undergo a serious internal operation, and we were concerned as to the result. While lying in the hospital, Josephine and Inez comfort us with the message that they were watching over the one they were drawn to nearly half a century before (and this comes through a stranger), after years of silence and forgetfulness. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." And so we are watched over, even in the darkest hours.

This incident may comfort and cheer some poor lonely-soul passing through a period of illness. To such I say, Have faith in your unseen guides. They hover over the sick bed, and should the time of your departure be at hand, they will meet you at the threshold of the new life and conduct you to your home.

Remember, there are no pains in the death hour. The body which has been racked with pain lies quiet and the spiritual eyes are opened to behold the watchers and something of the scenes beyond.

#### TO THOSE WHO MOURN FOR THE DEAD.

Hear the words of Oahspe:—"It is Jehovah's will that ye drink deep of the sorrow of parting, for by this bondage will ye be again reunited in the heavens above. The progress of the soul of man is forever onward; and the glory of the resurrection of him that goeth before is equally great as is the sorrow of him that remaineth behind. But the love that bindeth together is as a chain outstretched across the universe; nor time nor distance shall prevail against the inventions thereof. Swift messengers, well trained to course the vault of heaven, will pass between you, carrying the tidings of your soul's delight. And as Jehovah giveth summer to follow winter, and the winter the summer, so also shall the

time come again and again, for ever, in which ye shall mingle and part; again labour together, but in broader fields, and again part for a season. Behold the wisdom of Jehovah in placing far apart the places of the souls of men, for all things abiding near together equalise themselves. Even as there is a glory in a new birth, so is there joy in resurrection..... Hear me, O man! I will answer thee a great matter. The angels of heaven who are good, labour for those beneath them. This is their work day and night. Think not that they go away to idleness for ever. To the etherean industry becometh rest; to those who have attained to be gods there is spontaneous growth for ever. Remember this and be wise. To the atmospherean and to mortals idleness of soul leadeth downward for ever. Remember this also and be wise. Behold the rose and the lily; they are perfect in their order. Being one with Jehovah they painted not themselves. Let thy soul practise with Thy Creator and thou shalt become one with Him, even His son. The star of Jehovah is within thy soul. Feed it, O man, and thou, O angel of heaven, and it will grow to be a god. Rob it, or starve it, and thou shalt remain nothing. It is weak and dim in the vain. It is bright and of great power in him who forgetteth himself in labouring for others."

The foregoing words are the utterances of an exalted spirit and should be carefully pondered. Those who live for self; who spend their time in frivolity and wrongdoing will enter the next life as dark souls, to dwell in the lower spheres. The soul that lives to spread love and goodness all around will shine as a bright star in higher realms.

#### OUR HOME.

Let me say a little about our home. The family of five daughters and a son are grown up and all

are married. Three are in the spirit world. My wife and I dwell in a comfortable home at Levin, and children and grand-children often pay a visit. It is a home where peace and happiness dwell, and "family jars" are unknown. It has been a resting place for mediums, and where some have developed their latent gifts.

#### THE HOME DEDICATED.

When we entered this home we resolved to dedicate it to God and angel ministry. Our wish was that it should be a sanctuary where every visitor might realise the sweetness of spirit communion and go forth comforted with the knowledge that the "dear departed" were only separated by a thin veil. And we prayed that our hillside home might be as a lighthouse from whence the rays of spiritual truth might radiate.

For over sixteen years at the time of writing it has been the place of publication, every month, for "The Message of Life." Type was purchased, a suitable room erected, and here Mr Nutton has prepared the copy and set the type with his own hands. And from this room, in like manner, this little book has been prepared and sent forth, even to the third edition, besides other books and leaflets, proclaiming the truths of Spiritualism. And here, too, a small book depot was established from whence a large number of books and pamphlets on Spiritualism have, for years, been forwarded to nearly every part of New Zealand. The dedication of the home has been followed by much blessing, for our angel friends have been in charge.

At the first seance held in our new home several Spiritualists were present, and we commenced the proceedings by singing the following words to an air which has been a favourite since spirit manifestations first occurred in our family:—

As one by one our friends depart,  
So long united to the heart  
In joy and sorrow too:  
Thou who didst weep, forgive the tear;  
Who didst console, now deign to cheer;  
Who saith, "Fear not!" bid us not fear,  
And peace of mind renew.

At most but a few years shall glide  
Ere each shall reach the loved one's side—  
Soul-cheering promise given.  
They are not lost, but gone before,  
Have crossed the river, reached the shore,  
And from the eternal heights look o'er  
And beckon us to heaven.

Then I stood and dedicated the home, and especially the room in which we were gathered. While the blessing of the Great Supreme and ministering angels was invoked Mr R. H. Taylor saw, clairvoyantly, a snow-white altar in the centre of the room, and from above fell a shower of white flowers. Then he was entranced, and his principal control, Dr. Hoffman, always kindly and gentle in speech, and whose exhortations and teachings lifted us onward in thought and feeling, spoke. He said there were bands of bright spirits around us who were pleased to be present and take part in the dedication, and would bring blessing in our endeavours to reach to higher things spiritually and to spread the knowledge of spirit communion. Then followed an earnest appeal to all of us to live a spiritual life, manifesting the gentle spirit of the Great Narrarone in helping humanity to rise out of the grosser conditions of earth.

#### AN OPERA SINGER AND HIS STORY.

The next control was "Friend Bethel," who, when on earth, was a bass singer in an Opera Company. We commenced to sing the hymn commencing

When He cometh to make up His jewels,

when he broke in with his rich bass voice, revealing beyond question that a different personality to Mr Taylor was singing through his organism. This hymn had a special charm for Bethel, and always drew him to us when we sang it. In connection with this hymn he told the following story:—

He was on his way to an Opera House, in one of the American cities one night, when he was arrested by the sweet singing of a little girl in one of the homes he was passing. He went close to the window and stood listening until the little singer had finished, and he was deeply touched by the chorus:

Like the stars of the morning His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems for His crown.

The sweet voice of the child and the beautiful thoughts expressed in the hymn struck home to this man of the world, and he passed on to fulfil his engagement with his mind opening to a fresh train of thought. The voice and the words had stirred him deeply, and he could not rest until he had called upon the parents and asked for an introduction to the little charmer. He was kindly welcomed and became a frequent visitor, the little girl becoming a great favourite. He often sent the family tickets for an opera, and there were times when the little girl was entrusted to his care.

One night he took her, and she was well cared for by him behind the scenes. The performance was nearly finished when there arose loud cries of "Fire!" Instantly there was a tumult, everyone seeking a way of escape. Bethel found himself separated from his little companion, and he fought his way to where he had placed her. He was none too soon, for the fire was devouring everything near her. The terrified child fell into his arms, and lifting her upon his shoulders he tore his way through the struggling mass of humanity, fighting against death. He saved the little girl, but the injuries he

himself received were so severe that he died soon after. Some years after, he told us, the young girl died also, and he was there to receive the released spirit. The hymn we had sung drew him to us on our dedication night, and some time after the youthful singer came with her friend and spoke to us.

Another control who spoke that evening was Jean, a loveable Scotch lassie, who spoke with the Scottish accent. It is always a treat to listen to her, and she warmed our hearts as she talked of her ministry and love of angels, and the necessity of unfolding the spiritual nature by holding the purest of thoughts and sending them forth to help others. Altogether the evening was one of spiritual enjoyment and intercourse, and led the way to many others held year after year.

#### AFTERWARDS.

Yes, we have had many evenings rich in blessing in our Levin home, and often we have met visiting mediums, among them Dr Peebles and the late Mr J. J. Morse, the former known as "the Pilgrim," because of his travels in many lands, and the latter named as a brilliant inspirational speaker. So many mediums have visited us, some of whom stayed for a while to rest, that our home became known as a "Medium's Rest." Many other persons came to learn something of Spiritualism and its teachings, and to get in touch with friends who had passed on. Our sensitive, "Sister Annie," when she was with us, was often used by spirit friends to give proofs of spirit return. Never can we forget the happy hours spent in talking with those we once knew in this life, of others who came to have a chat, and of advanced spirits who were known as Teachers and Masters. Then there were the little children who delighted us with their prattle and statements concerning their school, their recreations, and the les-

sons they learnt in their rambles with the teachers. And then we had special nights when we sat to help spirits in the lower planes. This phase of work has been abundantly blessed, and many who knew nothing of the law of eternal progress have returned and thanked us for the light and help they had received when they first came, hopeless and despairing. Our sensitive will have bright stars in her diadem when she enters her heavenly home.

PROOFS.

I will confine myself to a few, to show how spirits disclose their identity. The minister who married us came one evening, but he failed to speak through the sensitive. He, however, nodded in answer to questions, and it was not long before he made us understand that he knew us long ago in Nelson. The sensitive's hands were made to take one of Miss Nation's hands and one of mine, then he closed his right hand over ours, as is done in the marriage service, and he showed much pleasure when we mentioned his name.

On one occasion the sensitive was controlled by one who had evidently suffered in the throat, for she could not speak and kept pulling at her throat as though suffering from a choking sensation. I asked if the control knew me. A nod was the answer. I mentioned places I had visited, and when I came to Christchurch there was a pronounced assent. "Did you know me in a Sunday School?" I asked among other questions. Another nod. I tried to recall the names of those I had known, and as the fingers still pulled at the throat I felt sure it was someone who had suffered with a throat affection. Like a flash the name of Jane Priesthall came into my mind and I uttered the name. Then my hand was shaken heartily and gladness overspread the face. I was thankful for her remembrance of me after the pass-

ing of many years. She had often been at my side though I did not know it.

Jane was in my class in a Sunday School. Her absence led me to look her up, as was my duty. I found her in bed, suffering from diphtheria, and as the fungus had grown to an alarming extent, the doctor had made an incision in the throat and inserted a silver tube, through which she was with difficulty breathing. It was a pitiful sight. Jane did not recover; her spirit passed on to the higher life, and glad was I to meet and greet her after the lapse of over thirty years. This incident will give an idea of the difficulty a spirit sometimes encounters when trying to make itself known through the organism of a medium for the first time.

Sometimes pictures are shown to the medium of communication. On one evening an elderly gentleman came to learn a little of Spiritualistic phenomena, and when Sister Annie was entranced a little spirit girl, Violet, took control. After a short conversation, she said to the visitor, "I see a lady; she puts her hand on your head and she says, 'My boy,' she puts her arm round your neck, then she pats you on the cheek, and she's kissing you. It's your sweetheart [meaning wife.] She does not tell me her name. Now I see a picture. It is a strange-looking room, and there are two men wearing good clothes—gentlemen. Their coats are off, and their shirt sleeves are turned up. What is that for?" I said, "Wait a little, and you will see. The lady will give the gentleman a proof." She continued: "I see two women; they wear white aprons and caps, and one is holding a bowl. Oh, I see a lady lying on something; she is so pale, and is lying so quiet. Poor lady, I feel sorry for her." Then excitedly, "What is that man going to do? He has got something in his hand and he is pressing it on

her face. Why does he do that? Oh, now I see him with a knife. These men are doctors and the women are nurses. I see them now excited and they are troubled. I won't look any more." The picture then disappeared. I turned to our visitor and said, "What is the meaning of this picture?" His reply was, "Too well I know. My wife passed away in a hospital after being put under chloroform." This picture and the mention of his wife and mother, made a deep impression on the visitor.

Some spirit friends talk with us as familiarly as those still in the flesh; the three Sisters of Mercy, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ellen, may be said to be fireside companions. Then there is Nelly Burton, who has often sung through the sensitive the song, "Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro." John Ballance, once Prime Minister of New Zealand, is a close friend and took a great interest in the progress and development of "Sister Annie," and he it was who asked that she be called by this name.

Another old friend was George F——, once a member of the House of Representatives and a Cabinet Minister. Away back in the sixties he and I worked side by side in a printing office, and he possessed strong mental powers, by which he rose to an eminent position. But strong drink ruined him. The last time I met him was in the Parliament House grounds. We shook hands, and feeling his weakness, he said, "Naton, don't think too hard of me." He soon after passed into the world beyond. One evening I spoke to friend Ballance about him and learned of his low condition and that he needed help. "Bring him to me," I said, "for we were friends." A fortnight later a strange control came to the sensitive; it was my old friend. He seized my hand and held it as though clinging for help. When he got the power of speech he thanked me or the invitation to come, and added, "Oh, Naton,

I have been in hell!" This shows how high positions and education on earth do not save a man from descending to the low planes of life in the spirit world.

We talked with hands clasped, and I told him that the time of deliverance had come; that eternal progress was the lot of every soul. He thanked me for my words and the hope I inspired. His mind opened to the truth of eternal progress, which every soul could achieve, and he became brighter and happy. What a glorious gospel Spiritualism is—salvation to the uttermost for every one. My friend has risen from the dust. I have since heard him speak in his old style as when addressing a public meeting.

#### A SEANCE WITH MAORIS.

I had been talking with a few Maoris about the spirit world and how in days gone by their tohungas (mediums) talked with the dead. As there was a Maori dwelling close to where I lived, a seance was arranged to be held there by a mixed party of Europeans and natives. We had not sat long when Para, one of the number, fell into the trance state, rose from his seat, and talked in the Maori tongue. He spoke of the time when his tribe lived in peace, of invading tribes and their fights, of those who had joined the spirits of their forefathers in that new country, and was angry because the pakeha (white man) took their land. He addressed his people who were present, and one portly dame rose from her mat on the floor when the control spoke to her and touched noses with the medium—their way of greeting. The other Maoris did the same, and the portly dame said to me, "Nason, that my uncle; that him all right." When the seance was over we sat and talked, and the woman said, "Nason, do you forget me? You not know me? I know you at Papawai

(Wairarapa) when you come to the pa (a native village) with a music and your gals play and sing and you talk to my people."

Here was the finding of "bread cast upon the waters after many days." When residing in Greytown North, in 1884, I used to go to the Papawai pa on a Sunday morning and talk, especially to the young native people. The meeting house was spread with clean matting, and while the young ones sat in front of me the adults squatted at the back. The Maoris appreciated these visits, for I spoke to the understanding of minds not opened to any extent to the lessons Nature was teaching us on every hand. I had arranged with a Maori living at the pa that if he would come up on Saturday to my house in Greytown with his horse and trap, I would send down an organette, so that we could have some music. He was pleased, and complied, and on Sunday mornings, when fine, two or three of my girls and myself walked three miles to the meeting house and entertained our dusky friends with singing and music and a helpful talk. And when we were leaving for home they brought to us as many water-melons as we could carry. I could not refuse the gift, for it would have given offence, but to the people whom we met it looked as though we had been out on a foraging expedition. In this Maori dwelling, twenty years after, one of the Papawai girls, now a portly woman, shakes my hand as she reminds me of some teaching done amongst her people.

In connection with this seance with the Maoris I may state that two years after, the occupier of the house where we met passed away. Sometime later she controlled Sister Annie, called me "Fader," the word she always used when addressing me. In a few words she made me understand that Hiki had not forgotten me.

I could fill a book with incidents of spirit communion, of despairing souls confessing to crimes committed while on the earth, of friends long separated brought together, and instances showing how little children act as ministering angels. But it must not be supposed that it is necessary for all spirits to come back to earth to get help. Oh, no. Mighty bands of advanced and powerful spirits direct and also help in uplifting souls out of the hells of the spirit world, but they bring many into earth conditions for help to show us the condition of those who lived a selfish and wicked life when on earth.

#### LIFTING SOULS OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

There is no work among mortals which receives the blessings of angels more than that of helping a fallen brother or sister to rise higher. The greatest teachers the world has known taught that to help one's fellows is the most Godlike work we can engage in. It is the work of angels both on earth and in the lower heavens, and thousands of undeveloped souls who surround the earth are uplifted through the organism of a medium. Our medium has around her a band of spirits who protect her from the influence of those who come from the depths. That the reader may understand how we work with such I will give instances.

#### A WOMAN OF THE CITY.

She was one who, at an early age, entered upon a life of infamy. Several others of the same class were brought with her; she, being of the talkative order, was spokeswoman. I greeted her with "Good evening," and she returned the greeting, with a nod and a smile.

"You had a gay time when on earth," I said, and she replied,

"Quite true, and I am still having a gay time as you call it."

She nodded when I asked her if she knew she was in the spirit world. "No doubt you often think of girlhood days and of mother," I added.

This remark had the effect intended. With a wave of the hand, as though a little put out, she said, "Why do you bring up the days of childhood again? They are past and I do not want to think of them. When we go out into the world we leave the happiness of childhood away behind."

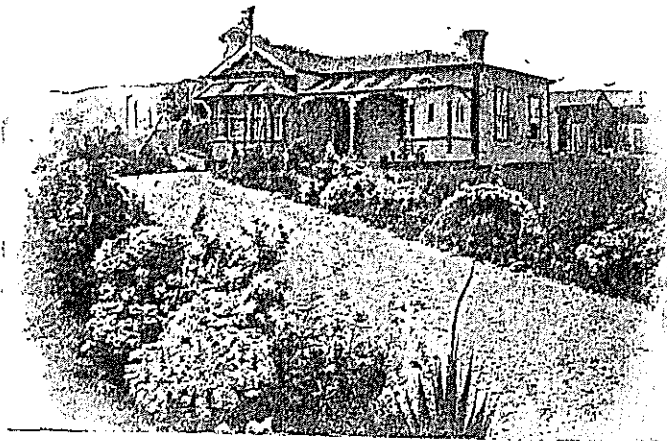
"But do you not feel an unrest, an unsatisfied feeling concerning the past? Thousands of women, like you, have awakened to remorse in the spirit world; they have bemoaned their low condition, and in the bitterness of despair have prayed for help. At once an angel has grasped the raised hands and spoken loving words. Have you never prayed that the happiness of childhood might come to you once more? Would you not like mother to come close and fondle you as in days gone by?"

That her mother should see her and know the worst was too much. She shook her head.

I then opened the door of hope to her; spoke of the lowly Nazarene and his love and sympathy for the outcasts of society, and with my hand upon her shoulder prayed that the light of heaven might lend this soul out of darkness. And the prayer was at once answered. Her mother came to the wandering child, and tears of joy mingled on both sides.

#### A HARD WOMAN.

Another woman, we were told, would be brought into earth conditions to see if it would hasten her release. She was English, and had owned large mills or factories, had amassed wealth, mostly by the cruel sweating system. Some hundreds had been in her employ, and she, being hard and merciless in disposition, utterly selfish, and avaricious, had crushed the life out of many and created



MR. W. C. NATION'S RESIDENCE AT LEVIN.



misery and hopelessness instead of happiness. She took control of the sensitive and was in a very low condition. She moaned, and said, "Why, oh why? Why could not my wealth have brought me what it did on earth?"

I said, "I am sorry, lady, that you do not enjoy life as you did once. Does not the reason lie within yourself? Perhaps, in the midst of your wealth you did not think of the happiness and comfort of those who were in your employ. In their poverty and times of sickness you showed no sympathy and did not help them."

She was indignant at such plain words and said, "Why should I have troubled about them? I employed them and paid them for their work. I always received their wages; then what had their poverty or sickness to do with me?"

"Do you understand the chain that binds you?" I asked, for, like Marley in Charles Dickens' ghost story, she wore a chain.

"No, I do not," she said, with evident annoyance.

"Why is it that I am screeled like this?" she asked. "Well, lady, you made that chain—every link of it." She turned and looked at me with an arched brow.

I continued: "You, no doubt, have read the works of Charles Dickens."

She nodded.

Then you will remember how Marley wore a chain and articles which represented what his mind was most occupied with when he lived on earth. If you examine your chain you will see that every link and what is attached to them symbolises your actions and thoughts when you ran a big business in England. Your mind was and is your real self." She listened attentively.

"Your mind was absorbed with thoughts of this world's wealth, and is so still. Your position, your

wealth, and your business, were the gods you worshipped—they were your golden calf; and until your idols are disowned, you will make no progress. Many of the grantees in this world think they possess great wealth, but the truth is the wealth possesses them. It possessed you; it made you its slave, and you made others your slave to get it."

She looked down at her hands, then told me she had been many years in spirit world. I urged her to go among those she had treated harshly and tell them that she repented of her doings, but she shook her head slowly, as though that was too much to attempt.

The next day we were told she had been thinking deeply, but could not renounce her earth ties. Another day passed and the chain had disappeared and she was emancipated. Bright spirits were now her helpers on the toilsome journey upwards. It would be a sorrowful pathway, for she would have much to overcome, but it leads to happiness. She is an intelligent woman and will help others.

#### A DESPERADO WON.

He was a rough fellow, whose life had been spent in ships upon the sea—a desperado, who defied the laws of God and man, and crushed the spirit in every man he got into his power. The sensitive's face took on a defiant expression, the fists were clenched, and feelings seemed too strong for speech.

I said, "What have I done to stir you up? Cannot you be friendly? If you and I had met in the flesh, say in the bush, I suppose you would have looked upon the offer of a pipe of tobacco as a friendly act, and you wouldn't say nay to a nip of whisky."

This drew him out. With anger blazing in his face he snarled, "If I wanted a pipe do you think I'd ask you for it, or a whisky either. Do you think

I'd take from you? You think you're a grand man, but you're a sneak, and you sneak people that don't belong to you. [This referred to our rescue work among those in the lower planes of spirit life]. And you think you'll get something for what you're doing, no doubt. But wait. If I get hold of you you'll get something for sneaking some that belong to me."

I laughed and told him I would continue to take as many as I could from such a condition as he was living in.

He shook his fist in my face, and said, "I'll wait until you come over. I'll meet you and you'll know all about it."

The medium said afterwards that this man made her feel towards me a cruel ferocity and a desire to knife me. She felt that she was held in restraint by her spirit band as far as her elbows, this man only being able to use the lower part of her arms.

"What a happy meeting it would be," I replied.

"Thank you for the promise of such a welcome."

"Welcome, you call it. You won't get a welcome from me, but you'll remember me."

"I hope I will meet you," I rejoined. "I see you are a man with a strong will and a leader of men, and I'm glad we have met; but don't go away with the idea that you can intimidate me."

"I'll fight you, if you want to," he said.

"Very well. And now, my friend, let me explain why I am engaged in this work of 'sneaking' souls, as you term it. I find that vast numbers are in despair and misery in what we call the hells of your spirit world, and I and those with me are devoting our energies to rescuing all we can. Do you think I will give up this work because of your threats? Oh, no, my good fellow."

"Yes," he chipped in, "you think you're doing something grand. Well, you needn't try your hand

upon me. I know you think you'll get me, but I'm damn'd if you will," and he spoke hotly.

"If you prefer to remain as you are, friend, that is your business. But why are you angry about my work?" I asked.

"Your work," he snapped. "You have drawn some of my people after you. I'd like to know what you are going to do with them now, you've sneaked them. I can get others, you know."

"If I have drawn some from your rule," I replied, "they are now in a higher condition. There are powerful spirits in the regions beyond who are engaged in lifting every soul that longs for a better life, and if you try to hinder their work you will be swept aside. You and I may differ in what we believe to be the correct thing, but in my early life, had the same influences encircled me as encircled you, I might now have been standing by your side. We might have been pals, delighting in holding the weaker ones in our power."

He listened as I went on. "Both of us can look back to the days of our youth—to childhood. Can we not call up to memory the old home; yes, and a mother's care and love?"

"Mother! My mother never cared a damn about me. She left me to go my own way."

Only once before have I found one who spoke in such a way of his mother, and he afterwards apologized, saying he did not mean what he said. To the man I was now dealing with my heart went out in tenderness, and I said—

"Friend, you have drawn me close to you. I owe my mother a wealth of love for my up-bringing, and I can sympathise with you. My life would probably have been a rough one, like yours, had I not had a mother's love and guidance. And now let me take a place at your side and tell you that I extend to you the hand of a brother—of one who feels deeply

that your lot has been a hard one, and I wish we could be chums. Give me your hand."

He did not respond, but there was a change in his demeanour, and I went on speaking.

"I'm not going to preach to you, but I ask you to go away, alone, and sit down and think. You are in a desolate, dreary region. There is not a flower nor even a blade of grass growing there; no strain of sweet music comes to you. All the beauty of nature is shut out. Try to think of me as one who owns that your lot might have been mine, and I want to stand by your side; I want you and I to work together to help others. You're not happy, and I want you to share my happiness. Will you think over what I have said and let us be friends?"

He nodded his head, but said not a word. He felt that I meant what I said, and when I bade him farewell it was with the conviction that another strong recruit and with him some of his band, would rise to higher things. I believe he will smile when he tells the story of how he was "sneaked."

These are the men we delight to win—men who have, through their lives of crime, sunk into a hell of their own making; who, being men of powerful will, lord it over others, and keep them in subjection, making them tools to do their bidding. Truly, make "hell" for others. Some who sing about the "the land that is fairer than day" forget that there is also a land where millions dwell in darkness, and where those who were fiends on earth are fiends still, revelling in evil doing. In the work of saving souls who are held in subjection by these monsters in vice and cruelty, we naturally draw them to us, and they come with the bitterness of hatred, threatening us with awful punishments for drawing away those who have been under their power. No circle should undertake this work that does not recognise what it means to a medium who

has no band of protectors on the spirit side. An unspiritual circle is a danger for everyone in it—especially the medium. Our medium is under the care of exalted intelligences, and there are times, while she is delivering an address, when she is enveloped in a blaze of light dazzling to the mortal eye.

On the following Thursday evening we held our usual circle for rescue work, and at the close of the circle a control came and stretched out a hand to me and then to my wife. It was this man. We had a talk together, and I must be content to give a short summary of what he said. He commenced by saying, "You don't know what a week this has been for me. Hell is no name for it; it has been agony to me; I have been tortured as with hot irons piercing me through. Those have come to me whom I crushed under my heel, and I see the hells I have made for them—not a few, but many hundreds of them. Oh, if you could know what those souls have suffered through me. I see it all now."

With words of hope I tried to cheer him, and told him that his duty was to ask them to forgive him and then work for their emancipation.

He replied, "I fear they will never look to me for that. They have suffered. I realise now my beast nature, and I deserve all I am suffering."

I told him that the torture of remorse was the experience of all repentant ones such as he, and I asked "Have you a desire to get back on the old track?"

He seemed taken aback at such a question, and in a strong, firm voice he answered, "No!"

The way of transgressors is hard, and our friend has a rugged and a slippery climb before him, but he will triumph, and be a deliverer for those he has kept under his heel. Let all who read this narrative pray that he may overcome and win many souls.

I have helped many a desperado. They have come full of malignity and threatened me with all the terrors of the hells from which they came. At times it was difficult to get a quiet hearing, and when I succeeded in pacifying them by calling up bygone days in their earthly homes and the happy days of childhood and youth, telling them that they would rise out of the depths into which they had sunk, they would stop me and say, "There is no hope; I'm in hell," and some would quote what the minister said, "Once in hell, in hell for ever!" If these ministers knew that they were damning instead of saving souls, they would repent with bitter tears. These poor souls are in the cells of despair, are bolted in by an ignorant, unfeeling clergy. They are like slave-drivers, and they lay into their congregations with the whip of a God of wrath, whose torments are eternal! Verily, they meet a reward. I tell the hopeless ones that the door of mercy is never shut, that I recognise all of them as brothers and sisters, and pour the oil of consolation into the heart of my listener. As a rule I win them. They give me the hand of friendship, and ministering angels take them in hand. Coming back into the earth conditions and meeting with kindness is a great help to numbers.

We have dealt with drunkards, misers, murderers, suicides, harlots, baby farmers, the horribly profane, intelligent dispirited, the horribly cruel masters, but I think the religious bigots are as hard to win as the outcast. The love of self and spiritual pride are fetters that keep them in the dreary wastes and mashes of a false theology for years.

Some of our work has been carried out in cemeteries where numbers of spirits wander about waiting for the Lord to come, or the sounding of the last trump. The bondage of church teaching has

very much surprised us. In these "cities of the dead" clairvoyants can testify to the great number of spirits wandering aimlessly about.

#### A NEGRO.

We have talked with negroes and some of those who are working for their uplift. The negro does not love the white man. One was brought for me to speak to. He said:—"You not like some of de white men; dey cruel; dey beat us and take de life and soul out ob us wid de whip. Dey call us dogs and swear all de time. You love de darkie people and tell dem of a better time. Oh, massa, long time ago de white man in ships came to our country and he steal de faders and de moders, and de chilt'en too, and den dey sell us to wicked men to work in de cotton plantations, and we cry bec'use we got no friends. De white man so cruel he kill us and don't care. You talk to my people, but dey tink dey is slaves still, and 'traid ob de man wid de whip, if he come along. Dey not know dat dey hab been dead and lef de old plantation. Dey cannot understand. Some of my people come wid me to-night to hear you talk. Try to make dem know dey in de 'pirit land, and de white man can no beat and hog and kill now. You come ober here and talk to lot ob de darkies when yo' body 'sleep. You come in 'pirit and tell dem dey not slaves; but, oh Massa, dey do not believe. My people all in de dark."

In our home seances we often talk with the dark-skinned people, and try to show them that they are out of the old body and away from the old plantation and the slave-driver, but they live in fear of the whip and are afraid to think. There are many like them all around us in "civilised" life; and in the churches the members are in almost as much in fear of a new idea as the negro.

Connected with the work of rescuing souls in the

lower planes of the spirit world I may state that for over seven years we, in Levin, have devoted much time to it. And "Sister Annie," with her husband, at Raethi, have also given much time to this work, sitting for the purpose twice and often thrice a week.

#### OUR SPIRIT VISITORS.

The talks with our spirit friends at the fireside were times of refreshing. They cheered us on our way and encouraged us to stand fast in the face of the opposition of those who were ignorant of the truth of spirit communion, and of the trials and worries of daily life. We have staunch friends in the unseen world.

One whom we know as "Noe" said one evening:—"You are blessed in having high and lofty souls to come so often to you. Your labour to uplift the dwellers in darkness draws them to give you help in this important work. I have watched your endeavours and bid you go on, for no obstacle can hinder your progress. I hope to bring my loved one—my soul partner—one to me a star, an inspiration. We all have our spirit mates, sharing with each other the brightness of the pathway, the fullness of love, and working together to help others to ascend to the heights beyond. My loved one and I are as one, journeying on as in our youth on earth. There I loved and wedded, and we dwelt in happiness. She passed on before me, and my earth life became dreary. Did she wait for me? Yes. Was I ready for her company? No. I had to journey through the lower planes. What led me on? That star, until that day I stood beyond what you call 'the lower astral plane.' It was like the awakening to a new life, and she stood before me in a bright shimmering garment. Ever since, her inspiration has led me on. Can you understand the yearning of my

soul during the separation of years? Yet for all I gained I now say, 'It was well.' My earth life led me to sink, and so I had to journey in the lower and darker realms. You may ask me, 'Are we to sink?' Not as I did, friend. But you are often in the lower grades of spirit life as a worker to redeem those whose deeds have weighted and sunk them into the depths of hopeless despair. By this work you are helping yourselves onward—more than you understand. You stoop low to help those in the depths, and an angel hovers over you in turn to sustain you and inspire you in your work. My loved one will come to you as a messenger of glad tidings. She brought me love and spirituality; she will bring the same to you—peace, harmony, love. I have seen your pathway in the past, and I can trace it in the future. It is no closed book to us; but some things we dare not give; we give only that which is necessary. Let love abide with you, breathe it in your speech, show it in all your actions, so you will keep in touch with the love spheres. One of the writers of old truly said, 'Love never fails.' You may have many gifts, but love wins souls, creates happiness for others, and fills you own soul with the highest delights. As the beacon light shines over dark waters to the toiler on the sea, so let your light shine for the benefit of the derelicts of humanity.

#### GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

And now let us leave the things of this life and learn what we can of the conditions of life after the soul has left the body. We could fill a book with the accounts given by those who have passed on, but we must condense.

#### THE HELLS OVER THERE.

The late W. T. Stead, speaking through a medium, said:—"It is not all joy, all delight, in this

wonderful land. Let me assure you that there are hells over here just as terrible, in a spiritual sense, as those of brimstone and fire preached in every denomination by those who have not attained any spiritual knowledge, and, indeed, as dark spiritually as the lurid doctrines with which they blaspheme the Divine Intelligence—Divine Love. Do not think that any earthly rank, of pope, cardinal, emperor, king, or potentate of any kind, or any earthly possessions whatever can give immunity from the law of justice and love over here. It is, indeed, quite the reverse. Those in high estate have a greater responsibility and have to answer for souls whom they have in any way influenced in a wrong direction.

Good as it has been to write about the surpassing beauty, the ineffable joy encircling those who have lived up to their highest ideals, it is just as important for the world to know of the hells awaiting depraved souls, who are simply filled with horror and dismay at finding the result of evil deeds done in the flesh, and are consumed with remorse just as awful as the material fire depicted by ecclesiastics. But there is no 'eternal' punishment. 'Tis a monstrous fallacy—one of the cruellest and most wicked dogmas that ever darkened the souls of mankind. Nothing is more untrue and more degrading than to talk about the wrath of God and the eternal torments of the damned. Beliefs of this kind are the fertile source of error of every kind.

To imagine for one instant that any human being is authorised to give a passport to a soul leaving the body for its spiritual home is rank blasphemy. To imagine that any man can forgive sins is worse than blasphemy. It is binding fetters round the soul and hindering its growth. There is no forgiveness of sins. The only way of escape from sin is to grow nearer to the light, to the encircling love wait-

ing to lift every downcast soul when once it turns to higher things. It is one of the immutable laws of the universe that each soul must and can only grow from within that spark of divinity so obscured by the lusts of the flesh.....

A desire of mine to visit "the spirits in prison" came to me and quick as thought I was transported to the dark abysses of spirit life. I was not alone. Going about with veiled faces—as the glance even of those angelic beings is as blinding as a lightning flash—they are at the side of any who, in hopeless despair, call upon a higher power for help. To those who have attained at least to a divine discontent with their surroundings they give hope and aspiration. To hate and loathe the companionship of the depraved souls they are associated with is the first step onward. I have seen spirits lifted out of their surroundings and set to help someone still lower than themselves, to rise.

It was my privilege to speak to some of these out-cast spirits. As Christ went to speak to the spirits in prison, I reminded them that each of them could become a Christ. I tried to teach them that God does not punish; that each soul makes its own heaven or its own hell. Like the prodigal in the parable, the repentant soul has only to turn towards the light and say, "I will arise and go to my father," and it is drawn one step nearer to the Divine Source of Love, which will at last draw all humanity to itself. I gave the injunction, "Be a Christ!" with even greater emphasis from this side of life than when I was in the flesh. Every individual soul in earth life, in the prisons of spirit life, and through all the grades reaching upwards, has the same road to travel. The great law of Progression through service to others prevails throughout.

#### DYING—NO PAIN IN IT.

DESCRIBED BY A VISITOR FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

There is no pain in dying! It is as the ebbing of a tide; as the flowing away of a stream; as the passing from snow-clad Switzerland through a tunnel and alighting in sunny Italy; as the passing out of the darkness of night into a perfect day. It is a wonderful surprise, to find oneself floating out of the limitations of time into the immeasurable space of eternity.

The greatest surprise of all is that you feel the gliding away of human things without a pang, or a regret. You feel that pain itself has departed, and glad of death even while it is upon you. One cannot understand, unless one has passed to mountain heights and seen the glory of the sun rise far out upon the sea; seen it suddenly come up, tipping, for the moment, the waves with crimson and gold, and then rise in full glory, as though night had never been there.

If you have inhaled the perfume of a flower, but have never seen one; if you have read musical notes, but have never heard them expressed; if you have thought of love, but have never loved—then you can imagine what the mortal state is compared to the immortal. You are awake, alive, active; the dull lethargy of pain and suffering, departing as with a breath, and the strong strength of active life surging around, above, beneath; the ineffable rest, floating out into an infinity of certainty, while all material things, save love and consciousness, seemed evanescent. This was the experience.

Oh, but the quickening of the spirit! I cannot tell you what it is like. It is like an oratorio compared to the simplest melody; like love itself that vanquishes the night of time and the pain of death. I was presented to MYSELF! My thoughts, all my

past life, were impersonated. Everything I had thought or done came before me in form—in beauty or deformity.

I cannot think what death would be to him who has never done a thing for humanity, or loved any one. I am told there are barren wastes in human souls devoid of love. I am told there are wildernesses in Spirit-life devoid of flowers, and music, and children's faces, and sweet smiles of grateful acknowledgment from those whom one tried to help and redeem in outward life.

In the spirit all things become real. We are no longer masked by selfish desires and impulses. We see things without the tinge of the external body. Even the material brain loses its power to delude us. We grow to become what our thought is, and our light and life are made beautiful by the grandeur of the image that we have built for humanity.

I now know why I have ineffable hope for every race beneath the sun, because all races are peopled from the skies. I now know why I had every hope for the uplifting of every child of earth to the highest splendour. I now know why womankind always appealed to me with mute lips and longing eyes to be released from the thralldom of the subtle chain that the ages have woven around her. It was because of the spiritual firmament that I learned that the angel of life is dual, and man and woman are fashioned in the image of God. I know now why every secret hope, whether veiled within the skin of the African, or bound down by the narrow limits of Oriental custom, or veiled in the Red Indian, appeals to me as belonging to somewhat beyond what matter and man had bestowed.

Yes, death is the living splendour of the universe. Without it there is no spring-time or blossom—no rare transmutation of things that changes night to day. Without it the ebb and flow of human affairs

would become solidified and crystallised, and man to-day would be petrified in the midst of his sin and crime. Without death you could never rid yourself of error. Without it you could not grow into diviner manhood and womanhood.

What has come to me is the result of death. I am transfigured. I am all I hoped to be; all that I aspired to be. I stand before you perceiving that which is highest and best in every soul; knowing that every thought, feeling, and inspiration towards goodness has its prototype in splendour in the spiritual being. Death makes all this possible to be known. It gives you the key to the temple of your own life.

Millions of souls are coming earthward to inspire mankind. They will speak with a sound mightier than the surging of the sea, more vocal than the voice of the great waterfalls, more potent than the sweeping of winds over myriads of forests. Death and Life are one, and these voices are the voices of those who have passed through the gateway of Death, and beckon you onward.

#### AWAKENING TO THE LIFE BEYOND.

This little book, dealing with the unseen world, is published, not only to show how near the spirit world is to us who are still in the flesh, but to lift the thoughts of the reader to understand in some measure what life will be like after the transition which we call Death. The spirit of a young woman tells her story as follows:—

I was lying very ill. I remember the doctor giving me something in a spoon, and then my brother held me in his arms. I felt a strange drowsiness come over me, and then I lost consciousness. When I awoke I was free from pain, and looking across the room I saw my father, who had been dead some years. It was him in spirit. I said, "Father, is it



you?" He smiled and came towards me. I did not think I could walk, but rose and went towards him, and was surprised that I was not tired. He took me in his arms and said, "Come with me."

I had thrown a wrap around me, and each step I took was firmer than the last. I felt so glad. Still, I did not know I was a spirit. As we passed out of the hall into the street I said, "Father, I have been so ill, and the night is cold." The stars were shining, and the ground covered with snow. All the village was asleep, but I saw people going to and fro. I recognised some of them, and one was an old neighbour, a miserly, sanctimonious man. I stopped and said, "Father, that man is dead; he has been dead a long time. And look, there is that man who was thrown from his carriage and died last winter." Then I saw an elderly woman, a good old soul. She came from a house where there was sickness.

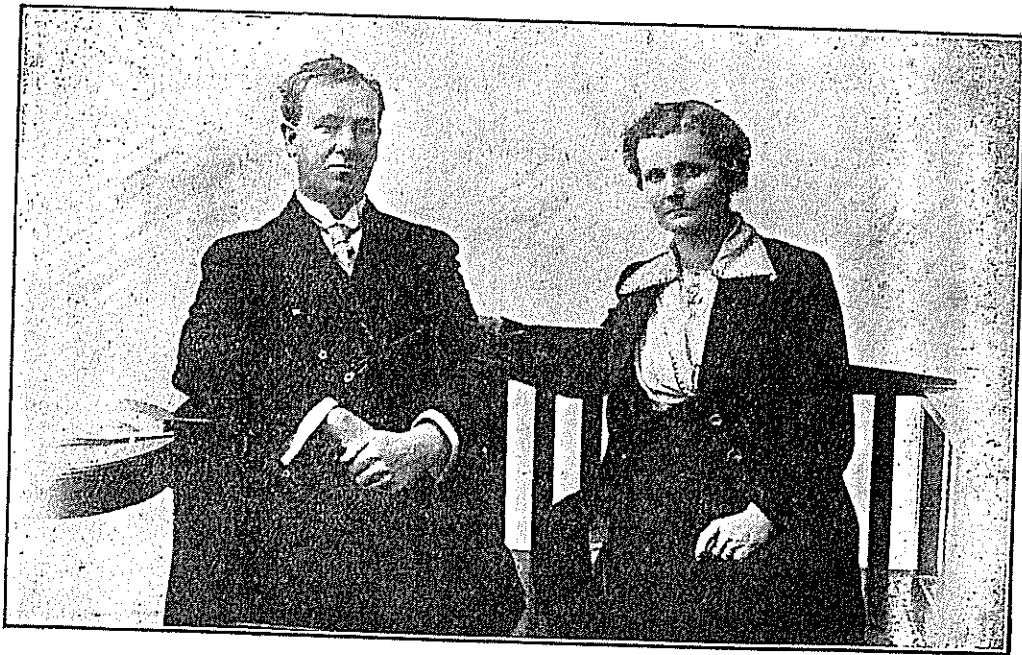
We moved on, and it was a glorious day. "It is a good world," I said. "There are better things to see," said my father.

Soon we were beyond the old scenes. My father held my hand and I rose with him. I was brought to a place of rest. When I awoke I found myself in a beautiful place. There were hills and vast distances, forests and shining waters and green fields. Flowers were abundant, and the air was alive with perfume. It was glorious. Truly there is no death.

#### LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. C. C. NATION.

You have asked me to give you a general view of spirit life. Well, there are sublime heights to which I cannot soar, and there are depths into which pure and mighty spirits only descend, on errands of love and mercy. All spirits live in the conditions they make for themselves, and I will give you a description of this life as I am enjoying it. And yet no one



MR. C. C. NATION AND WIFE ("SISTER ANNIE.")

can convey in earthly language the ineffable beauty of the scenery and the delights of friendly intercourse. We have homes and all of them accord with the taste of the dwellers therein. Those with artistic tastes and cultured minds have exquisitely furnished homes, surrounded with everything pleasing to the eye in the kingdom of Nature. They are little Paradises, and those who live here are souls whose natures reflect and shed forth goodwill and love to all around. We have all kinds of institutions. There are receiving homes for infants and others for children of all ages, who are instructed in various ways, according to age and capacity, then passed on to higher standards. Love is the ruling power, and parents who have been bereaved can be comforted by the knowledge that their babes and little ones are better off in the Summer Land than under the most favourable conditions on earth. As they grow they are taught much from Nature, for all grow to the stature of men and women. I have seen parents at the grave of a little lost darling, not knowing that the child is not there. Still, planting flowers on the grave is not without a recompence, for it is a link that helps tender thoughts to go out to the absent one. It is a fact that babes are often brought and placed at the mother's side as she lies asleep, when conditions are suitable. The soul of the mother knows her child is there. But parents, as a rule, are too earthly minded, and in time the tender love shrivels up into just a remembrance. And when a mother in after years comes over the border she is perhaps met by a son or daughter, tall and beautiful. She expected that some one would take her to see her "little one," and she can hardly realise that it has been growing all through the time of separation.

Do children grow in idleness, passing the time in fairy-land? No. They have knowledge imparted

R

to them on somewhat similar lines to those in the schools of earth. They have teachers who develop the possibilities of the mind. As the children advance in knowledge work is provided for them. The little children have told you how they have been taught to sing and how they have sung to the poor spirits in misery and carried them flowers. A happy beginning. Then they go on taking their degrees in different branches of education. Eternal progress is the lot of all.

You have asked the condition of the soldiers who came over here during the great war. Well, there are no deformities of body here; but the spirit of the man is perfect, and he is surprised, after recovering from the shock of death, to find that he has a soul body, a counterpart of the fleshly one, sound and active. He feels the separation from his loved ones, but after a while he finds solace in the new life and longs to communicate with those still on the earth.

Each man and woman on coming over to us are the same in disposition and character. The mask of pretence drops off with the body of flesh and you are seen and known for what you are. People mingle together as in earth life, and they have dislikes and likes, hates and loves. The man or woman of low character gravitate to the low planes, and cannot live with the refined souls who by their aspirations and striving after good have lifted themselves. There are innumerable souls wandering in darkness. They are shut away from all light—in the darkness of the mind. Take, for an instance a woman who on the earth read nothing but frivolous literature. When she comes here her mind is a blank. She is mentally blind to higher things. Another phase of darkness is found among religionists. Here is a man who believes that he has all the truth given to mortals from God. He preaches it here, and con-

demns those who differ from him. He shuts up his mind tight like the oyster; he has no room for a ray of light; he holds to his particular brand of religion and lives for years in darkness with no knowledge of the beauties and splendours of life in the spirit.

Perhaps you hesitate to believe that denominational churches here. There are cathedrals here far more magnificent than those of earth, and all kinds of religious beliefs. Go to any member of a church and try to alter his opinions; he rejects your arguments. It is the same here. The man waits for his Lord to come. But he will break through his shell in time. There are thousands of Orders here, called after some pet theory or saintly personage. Those who now speak with you claim no distinction; nor do we pay homage to any high-raised angel. God is supreme. We bow before Him alone.

#### SEARCHING FOR HEAVEN.

JOHN WESLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN PREACHER, SPEAKS.

We have all heard of the Rev. John Wesley, who founded Methodism. He has spoken from spirit life through Mrs Cora Richmond, an American lady, describing his welcome in the spirit world and what he found there; how he searched for heaven as he pictured it when he was on earth. He was taken by a majestic Oriental guide to the heavens of different nationalities and religious worshippers, and Wesley says:—

We traversed what seemed to me interminable spheres, with great rapidity, and saw innumerable beings. We visited several spheres. At last we passed through what seemed to be a narrow belt of half-luminous ether, which had connection with the earth.

"Here," said my guide, "is the heaven of the Protestant Christians." I noticed that there were

various divisions, as though each was careful to be separate from the others. I said, "What is this? Surely among brethren there can be no such divisions into creeds since they have passed from the earth."

"Certainly," he said. "Over there are the Baptists; yonder the Presbyterians; and all denominations distinctly represented; while farther on are the followers of the Roman Catholic faith, who have a heaven of their own, a state barred and walled about that no Protestant can enter."

I was shocked and amazed, and I said, "Does Christ dwell here? and are these my brethren?"

"Christ does not dwell here," he said, "because by their very pursuit of the kingdom of heaven he is shut out; these walls are the barriers of their own creeds. They have hemmed themselves, their families, and their friends within these walls, and now are singing hymns and expecting Christ to come to them."

"What do they do?" I asked.

"They sing praises and pray," he said.

"But, do they do nothing for others?" I asked.

"Oh, no; theirs is the ministry of self; the kingdom of heaven was their small conception of it, and their own happiness was the chief thought."

"Do they ever visit the earth?" I asked.

He answered, "Never. They believe not in angelic visitations. They came here for rest from the toil of earth, and they simply sing and wait for the Christ to come. Their labours are ended."

And I saw that these minds were dwarfed; their appearance was that of pignies. They rotated in an orbit of selfish aims, just for the ambition of the kingdom of heaven; that their object was salvation for themselves and their friends; that the different walls were as impassable as though they had been made of the solid substance from earth. "Oh," I

thought, "can I not go among them and show them that this is not the way?"

"Wait awhile," said my guide, "I will tell you afterward. There is another heaven into which I will introduce you."

We passed on, and I recognised some whose faces were familiar on earth, whom I had supposed were saved, who had pursued salvation with a vigour and earnestness that I had commended. They believed themselves saved. I shall never forget their mournful singing; their shrivelled half-starved appearance. We passed on unobserved.

We entered a broad arena. I could see, over upon a slight eminence, a group of people around what seemed to be a teacher, guide, and friend. I asked, "Who are these beings? They do not seem tethered, and bound in any special way, but who, intent upon some object of the mind, or employment, seem to radiate light all around them."

He said: "This is the heaven of the disenfranchised souls; those who have no special manner of salvation; those who have come through no creed or dogma into the kingdom of heaven."

I asked, "Are these of Christian lands?"

"Of all lands beneath the sun," he said, "and of all faiths and beliefs; of all countries and climes. They move in response to the thought that is within them; who have the evidence and light of truth, and who without any limitation, have sought only the benefit of others."

I saw, as we approached, a number of people gathered around a centre, within which there was a radiant form teaching and instructing them; and the vast multitude swayed and moved around this form, and messengers were sent hither and thither, as though in obedience to mandates from the centre. I saw women clothed in spotless white, whose countenances were radiant with self-sacrifice. The little

children were carrying lilies and white flowers, as though intent upon some errand of mercy. They sped away toward the earth, and when they came back they were laden with burdens, which they laid down at the feet of this teacher.

I said: "Who are these, and why are they going hither and thither as though intent upon some sublime mission?"

By some sudden spell I was drawn toward them, when, lo! a being of matchless, loving countenance, like unto the Son of Man, stood in the midst of this heaven without a name, where no Christian, no Hebrew, no Buddhist abode, but where the souls of all who had won the fight seemed to congregate.

I bowed my head in great humiliation and asked if I might be a message-bearer from this heaven.

My guide departed, and I was left standing in the midst of a group of little children, who offered me flowers. One said, "Go, and if you know anyone who is sorrowing, leave a flower in that home."

I have been performing this work. And now I bring my offering to you. I ask you to know that the kingdom of heaven which I found was not in any distant place or sphere, as usually taught, but abides within you. Go, even into the lowliest places of earth and bear a blessing to those who sorrow. Seek the kingdom of heaven by no selfish pathway, but lay your offering at every human shrine that is in need of it. And the angels of God will bless you, and multitudes who have risen from earth will smile upon you in your work of love.

#### SPIRIT COMMUNION.

Spiritualists, in your seances do not rest satisfied with common-place talk; see to it that you advance. Let your thoughts rise in a strong desire for spirituality, and you will gradually unfold higher gifts. The medium especially should do this, in our little

circle we try to live in thought in the spirit world and when, again and again, we have thanked a beautiful spirit for coming to us, the answer has at times been in effect, "Your thoughts draw us to you. We can come close to those who long for our company." And what pathos, what tenderness, what rich love are expressed in their messages, and the sweetest of influences steal over us.

There is no sweeter comfort than that which this spirit communion brings. It speaks peace to every one when passing through the dark hours of sorrow or pain; it comforts and sustains in the throes of so-called death, banishing the false teachings of God of wrath and an everlasting place of torment. Awful doctrines! The bereaved are learning that those who have passed on are alive, conscious, not afar off, and that they can speak through the veil that separates.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread.  
He bears our best-loved things away,  
And then we call them dead.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine for evermore

#### CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

If you are forming a circle see that those who sit are earnest in their desire to develop not merely merely psychic gifts, but spirituality; gifts will follow. Do not make the circle a religious affair for form's sake; sit reverentially, avoiding all frivolous small talk. Intelligent spirits do not visit frivolous circles; those of low grade do. A person with the fumes of liquor upon him, or of tobacco, or dressed in evil-smelling garments, should not be in any circle. Join hands and sit quiet; singing, not loud, is a help to concentrate. The medium, before the time

of sitting, should avoid any exciting conversation and aim to be of good service and help to those she sits with. Spirit communion is a holy thing and it should not be thrown to dogs.

If a depraved control comes (he may have been allowed to come for help), give a loving welcome, and urge upon him the fact that progression is for all, and show him the upward path. Remember, the weal or woe of that soul may be in the balance. Help him!

#### CLOSING WORDS.

And now the account of our experiences must be brought to a close. The narrative is one of simple facts, and our hope is that those who are seeking for some knowledge in this book. A pin-hole in a sheet lets the light through from the other side, and if what is written here lets in the light, the object of its publication will have been gained. Thousands of persons are inquiring what has become of our friends who have passed on. They are like the Indian chief, of whom it is recorded that after a fight in which his tribe had been badly beaten, he sat in the midst of the remnants of his tribe and lamented their lessened numbers. "Once we were as the leaves of a tree," he said; "now our braves have gone, we know not where. Shall we ever see them again? Two winters ago I lost my squaw, the jewel of my heart. I have mourned for her day after day, but she does not come. Does she think of her 'Red Feather?' Is she with the Great Spirit? Is she with all our people? Oh, that some one would tell us about that unknown land!" This is the condition of mind of numbers of people, who are longing for knowledge concerning their dead. To such we say, "Keep an open mind; and do not be afraid to use your reason. If you have made up

your mind to search for truth be prepared to give up some of your old ideas that cannot help you. When, during the great war, the British cruiser "Kent" sighted the escaping German "Nurrberg," in order to increase the speed of the cruiser because the supply of coal was low, they smashed up the boats and fed the furnaces with them. They thus destroyed all hope of escape if the cruiser was sunk. But there was no thought of defeat. In your quest for truth be prepared to burn up all the rubbish of doctrines that will not save you when the body of flesh sinks into the grave. You will have to fight. Superstition, ignorance, malice, and misrepresentation have always withstood the truth-seeker, and then, perhaps, you are afraid to harbour an opinion of your own. A young woman of my acquaintance was walking home from church one Sunday morning in company with an elderly lady, and they fell into conversation about the sermon. The young lady said she did not believe that any souls would be lost, as the clergyman had said. The old lady said, "My dear, it is God's revelation and we must believe it. All we have to do is to simply believe." This is the condition of mind of thousands of professing Christians and accounts for their low state. We are told to "prove all things," and this cannot be done without our reasoning faculties. Open your mind, like a flower opening to the sun, and the rays of divine truth will find you though you may be but a little violet by the wayside. Look for a fuller, freer, happier life, and the angels of God will bless you and lead you onward.

## THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES. ADVICE TO INVESTIGATORS.

If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one, to see how seances are conducted. There is, however, a difficulty in obtaining access to private circles, and you may have to form a circle in your own home or at a friend's house. A circle of from four to eight persons is best, some of the negative, passive temperament, the rest of the more positive type. The female element is a great help. Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in a subdued light, round a small uncovered table. Place the palms of the hands flat upon the surface.

Quiet conversation may be indulged in. Avoid argument. Scepticism is no hindrance to manifestations, but a cantankerous person is a hindrance. Soft music is often helpful. Be patient, for you may have to sit several times before getting anything. An hour is long enough for a sitting.

If the table moves, let there be no excitement. As investigators you must keep an even mind. The chairman of the circle should suppress anything that would upset the quiet of the sitting, and see that no frivolity in conversation is indulged in.

He should now ask the unseen operator questions. First of all, give a kindly welcome; then ask him to agree to a code of signals. Suggest that the table should tilt three times if the answer is Yes; once if the answer is No, and twice if the reply expresses doubt. This settled, a safe factory start has been made.

The next thing is to open up communication. The chairman should propose that the unseen operator should tilt the table at certain letters of the alphabet when a name is required, as for example the question is asked, "Where did you meet your death?" The letters of the alphabet are now called over, and if the reply is "England," the table will tilt at E, then at N, and so on until the full word is spelled.

It may be that the hand of a scribe is influenced to imitate writing on the table. If so, put a sheet of paper on the table and a pencil in the hand of the medium. (These should be

placed handy before the sitting.) At first there may be only a scrawl all over the paper, but this may give place to writing in large hand, until the controlling power is able to write in the ordinary way. Sometimes handscapes are drawn, if the control was anything of an artist.

If one of the circle is entranced be very quiet and wait for the control to speak. If the medium is shaken about rather roughly, expostulate, and, if this is unheeded, break up the circle. The assistance of an experienced Spiritualist is necessary in such cases.

In your investigations keep a level head. "Try the spirits," is a Scriptural injunction, for in the unseen world there are all the phases of character you meet with in this life. If spirits of low degree come to your circle, throw off to him or her the most kindly influences and reason with them. You may lift them heavenward, and they will become helpers.

---

Books published by W. C. Nation, Levin, N. Z.

**THE MESSAGE OF LIFE**, a monthly journal, devoted to the teachings of Spiritualism and Occult Subjects. Subscription, 3s 6d per annum; beyond the Dominion, 4s.

**HERE AND HEREAFTER**, a selection of articles showing the relation of the life that now is with that which is to come. One shilling, postage 2d. W. C. Nation, Levin.

**LIGHT ON THE UPWARD PATH AND THE WORLD BEYOND**. Suitable for investigators and those who long for a spiritual life. One shilling, postage 1d.

**THE UNSEEN WORLD**, being the occult experiences of the Nation Family and subsequent investigations. Third edition, enlarged, two shillings, postage 2d.

**BEYOND**, a smaller book of interesting reading pertaining to our future life in other spheres. Sixpence, postage 1d.

## WHAT SPIRITUALISM IS.

### IT TEACHES

Personal responsibility.

It removes all fear of death, which is really the portal of the spirit world.

It teaches that death is not the cessation of life, but mere change of condition.

That man is a spiritual being now, even while encased in flesh.

That as a man sows on earth he reaps in the life to come.

That those who have passed on are conscious—not asleep, that communion between the living and the "dead" is scientifically proved.

It thus brings comfort to the bereaved, and alleviates their sorrow.

Spiritualism is a science, a religion, a philosophy, and embraces the whole realm of nature.

It brings to the surface man's spiritual gifts, such as inspiration, clairvoyance, clairaudience, healing powers, etc.

It teaches that the spark of divinity dwells in all.

That as a flower gradually unfolds in beauty, so does the spirit in man unfold and develop in the spheres beyond.

Spiritualism is God's message to mortals, declaring that there is no death; that all who have passed on still live; that every soul will progress through the ages to come to heights sublime and glorious, where God is Love, and Love is God.