

is perfect, the mind of the originator understanding some things of more importance than punishment, and that is providing abiding places so lovely for his poor, ignorant children that this loving kindness causes all to repent in time and to long to obey his laws.

Every spirit in the sphere I am now trying to describe is placed in whatever location he seems to be attracted towards, for the law of attraction rules the spheres, and this creates perfect harmony, no one with whom you may not be in harmony ever entering your particular atmosphere, yet you can see and be near ones in the opposite power, or force, and not feel in any way offended, because each and all are distinct individuals, not interfered with by the law of repulsion, for its work is to keep the inharmonious apart. And these two forces, attraction and repulsion, make the spheres above a Heaven indeed, for peace, love and harmony reign supreme.

Purity and kindness govern the higher spheres, and to enter them spirits must be in touch with nothing earthly. When my spiritual nature was developed enough to long to visit the realms above, my angel guide beckoned me to follow her and then my sensations were beyond description.

The entrance to the sphere above my own sent a thrill of such delight through every nerve I possessed that I placed my hand upon my heart to keep its throbbings and desires within bounds, for I felt sure it would leap from my spiritual form.

What I witnessed no mortal eye could bear. Purity and kindness

had placed upon the brows of all such glittering crowns of glory that my spiritual development made me feel out of place in an atmosphere inhabited by angels and spirits so beautiful.

Their robes were purest white, clothing them like fleecy particles, woven into something so rare and beautiful I wondered whether angel's hands had not been the weavers, for I felt sure nothing less godly could have touched such beautifully woven and finely finished material. I at last spoke to my guide about this.

"Yes," she replied "but the work is all done by pure and holy thoughts not by the hands of the weavers. While it seems very delicate to your vision its lasting qualities will only give way to greater works of beauty. We will now enter and you will see greater wonders."

I never spoke again till I returned to my own sphere. The spheres we now entered and visited I cannot describe, my language is not equal to it.

Lakes, rivers and wonders too great to be believed by mortals were visible in every direction.

The lakes shone like bodies of pure metal and very beautiful streams were of silvery whiteness, over which glided boats and boatmen like floating white spirits, enjoying blissful rest. Laughter flowed from their lips so sweet and pure that no earthly music I had ever heard could equal its sweetness.

Joy shone upon the faces of all and lights of holiness surrounded them so grandly that the pain of mortal sorrows, remembered just