

errors, and you will be helped in every way you desire."

When she had finished speaking I thanked her and rested for a long time, having no desire to leave my blissful resting place.

When my thoughts reverted to anything which I regretted very much I thanked the conditions which placed me off from the other spirits. Sometimes I felt just as happy as I possibly could when I recollected some good I had done.

In time I began to feel better satisfied and wondered why I remained in the same spot so long, and was then told I could receive instructions in the spiritual laws, but was to call only higher intelligences than my own.

"I am not competent to judge of this," I replied.

"I will call an instructor," my angel friend kindly replied.

And my own mother's dear spirit form was brought to me, and from her sweet, heavenly lips I received the first lesson in the greatest, grandest and most wonderful philosophy in the universe—the truth bared of all shams, deceptions and wrong ideas of God Almighty, the father of every being born into the world without regard to race or condition, and whose love for all his children is so great that not one soul will be lost. But all must obey his laws before they can enter the almost incomprehensible life beyond the spheres, intended as preparatory stations, or degrees of spirituality for fitness to enter a mansion too pure and holy for even the higher intelligences to fully understand.

The instruction given me by my mother helped me to move from

place to place, and I was soon developed enough to return to earth without a guide. And then I visited my own dear ones very often, but could never make them understand me when I spoke to them.

After I had learned to propel my body properly I was permitted to visit all my old friends and relatives, even ones higher than myself. And I will now try and give you a faint idea of the beautiful places I visited.

Wonderfully beautiful are all the spheres but the higher one ascends in the realms of blissful light, the greater the purity shining on the brows of the angels and spirits, whose works of loving-kindness place them in the higher spheres.

My own work placed me only in the third sphere, and I will commence with my own spiritual home.

In location I would say it was far above the skies which mortals sometimes believe is Heaven, but which we know is only a misty part of the atmosphere around you.

The formation of the sphere of which I am now trying to give you a faint idea, is not composed of silver and gold, as my orthodox church friends sometimes tell you, but is pure and unadulterated morality(?) condensed into something indescribable, for no mortal could see it with his mortal vision. I will describe its appearance as near as I can. Lights of softness play all around and interpenetrate what seems to be the foundation or principal particles entering into the home not made by mortal hands, but on which no mortal hand could put one smallest particle of improvement for its construction