


A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS  
IN  
OTHER WORLDS

BY  
NETTIE  
PARRISH  
MARTIN



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NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.

A  
Pilgrim's Progress  
IN  
Other Worlds

RECOUNTING THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES  
OF ULYSUM STORRIES AND HIS DISCOVERY  
OF THE LOST STAR "EDEN."

By

NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN

Author of *Indian Legends and Other Stories.*



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# DEDICATION

to

*The memory of my Father and Mother*  
**STEPHEN ROSWELL PARRISH**

and

**BETSY OSTRANDER PARRISH**

*Who by example and patient teaching taught me early to love the Bible truths, my Heavenly Father and His Son Our Saviour. Also my husband, ALBERT SMITH MARTIN, who lovingly encouraged my literary endeavors.*

**NETTIE PARRISH MARTIN.**

*Auburn, New York, April 30th, 1908.*



## PREFACE.

THERE is nothing within the bounds of human vision that causes more admiration and wonder, and more speculative conjecture, than the millions upon millions of twinkling stars that dot the firmament of ether which is around and about this world upon which we live.

The Sun, the Moon, the gleaming stars, each and all are silent voices to man telling him of the Master Mind that planned and put this wonderful mechanism in motion, without a fault in all its workings.

Who among us can say that he has never stopped to conjecture, or question in his mind, what those bright shining lights might be? Perhaps he may have formed in words his own idea, or imagining as to their meaning and reality.

That they were not all created simply to light up the darkness of this small sphere, all will agree with me, for there are more beyond mortal vision than we see or science has discovered. Thus we are confronted with a great mystery which man, thus far, has been unable to explain.

To maintain that this is the only one of the brilliant array of gleaming, lighted worlds that affords a home for intelligent beings, belittles the omnipotence of Him who created it all.

From this world's earliest history to the present time, these luminaries have had their devotees among the inhabitants of this world. There have been Sun worshippers and Moon worshippers; students of the heavens have placed the stars in constellations and named them; in all ages man has ever been a star gazer. And the Great Dipper, the Little Dipper, the Pleiades with Orion, and the Southern Cross, have become household words, and are readily pointed out by any school-boy of common intelligence.



In my flights of imagination I have not sought to advance any theory or dogma. The work was suggested by a dream the writer had in which her two little boys came from some other world and took her away with them among the stars.

The scriptural quotations with their application to this world and the lives we live and our future existence, are suggestive lessons which all may do well to read and profit by.

These Biblical sayings often opened the beauty and reality of God's word to me in a way that I had never interpreted before.

That there are other worlds besides the one on which we live, where human intelligence dwells, I sincerely and honestly believe; whether the scenes which I have described or the people whom I saw were all a dream or a revelation I do not know or presume to say. Certain it is that there is a Heaven, eternal in the skies, where God the Father dwells, the Creator and Light of all mind and matter.

God has promised that a time will come on this world when the inhabitants will not need the light of the Sun or Moon; that time will surely come and all His promises be fulfilled.

Leaving my book in the hands of an intelligent public, I trust and pray that the messages from Divine Writ may, like a shaft sent by God's hand, enter into the mind of some poor wayfarer, lighting up the dark future with a firm faith in God's promises, showing Him as a reality. May all on this planet come into a closer walk with the truth and the light.

To my readers I would say, accept all that seems good, pardon the errors, and do not fail to search the Scriptures, for the time is near for the fulfilment of God's promises to sin-bound man.

N. P. M.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ULYSUM'S SKYCYCLE.

*By the line of thought, we can quickly fly,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky,  
And though the ethics seem to jar,  
They claim attention when bourn from a star.*

AUTHOR.

How many of my readers have ever wished for a thing until wishing becomes a reality, and the gratified longing a positive burden and bitter disappointment. Should this have been anyone's portion they will readily understand my feelings when I became a hero with none to herald my greatness.

My parents were farmers in the good old state of Indiana; the farm consisted of one hundred and sixty acres, fifty cleared and the rest timberland. Here among nature's most beautiful scenery, I opened my eyes to the light of this world. Our home circle consisted of father and mother, brother Zeb, a younger sister Toby, and myself. As I grew to years of understanding, father announced that he intended to keep Zeb and Ulysum "ter hum" from school to help on the farm, as a hired man's wages ate all the profit up, and he considered that we might as well have it among us as anybody else; and I guess he got it, for I never heard of anyone's getting any profit but him.

Occasionally we went to school, but this was at rare intervals, and was always when there was nothing else to do. Zeb liked these holidays, as he called going to school, and made the most of his time while there, but I never liked to go, and after I got so I could read pretty well, had rather go anywhere else, and so I played truant.

Zeb always had to work harder than I did and he seemed willing to do so, for if we were both set at the same job he always got his part done first, then helped me out with mine. In this way we grew to early manhood, Zeb a worker, I a shirker.

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Whether I was born tired, or whether I lacked hurry-up-activeness in my make-up, I do not know, but certain it was father was always yelling, "Come, come, Ulysum, hurry up; I tell yer tew hurry," and then he would turn to whoever happened to be near and remark: "That boy'll set the Mississippi River afire some day fur sure. Wake up, boy, heaps of time tew sleep and dream when yer dead. What on airth dew ye see up ther in space anyhow?" After these reminders I generally-woke up and took an easy jog for a spell, or until his eyes were off me, or he was out of sight, then I forgot to jog and went to dreaming or playing until the work hours were over or brother Zeb came to help me out with my stent.

Thus my boyhood passed away and I found myself at twenty-one "Jack of all trades and master of none." Zeb, in the meantime, had saved his earnings and when the opportunity offered, bought a small home, then found a wife and settled down. This, of course made me think about doing the same thing, but I had no money to buy me a home. Every cent I could get hold of went for books on bull-fights, fishing tackle guns and powder, and all sorts of inventions for taking life easy. Still, when a young man begins to think these things over, he is most always as good as gone. At least that was the way it turned out with me, for I found a girl romantic enough to link her life with mine, and we just joined hands and went to the minister's and got married.

Of course it made a stir, and everybody had their say. But father's words hurt me most of all. When he was told, he hollered out, "Wall, I dew declare, if that don't beat all; I hope the gal won't be sorry she's tied tew that fellar. Who in creation has he fooled into that snarl?"

"Why," answered Zeb, "it's one of Smyth Loburn's girls, Henriette."

"Henriette Loburn! Wall I dew declare, he'll set the Mississippi River afire some day, that's sure. Wonder what he'll dew now?"

"Kimsed," (that was father's name,) said mother "we'll have to lend a helping hand, and start them." I was listening outside under the window.

"Not by a durn sight. That boy's as full of his pranks as a bat is of bugs; he's got to larn to care fur himself," and

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there it ended with him; but mother, bless her, slied out a good many things, with some small change that helped us a good deal. Henriette's father owned a number of houses in the city of L—, and he told us to move into one of them, and with the things they gave us, and those mother gave, we got under way, and managed to launch our ship upon the high seas of life in pretty good shape.

I got a chance to work in a machine shop, and when I was given my first week's pay life began to be wonderful real to me, and when my boss told me I was as handy as if I had always worked at the machine business, it lifted me quite a little in my own estimation.

As father had truly said, I was always full of my notions and plans, always building air castles and working at some device of my own creation that he said was all fudge and nonsense, and it angered him to have anyone leave the old beaten path, or rut, as he called it, for anything new. "Boy," he would say, "time is money; can't afford ter lose time."

But when I was married things were different. Henriette listened to all my notions and entered into all my plans (and you bet I had enough of them) and did my work and her own round the house, bringing water, splitting kindling, and making fires, letting me study out my inventions.

The one thing that had been my boyhood dream was to make a ship that would navigate the air. I had worked with my brain whenever I was alone to solve the problem of letting me fly away like a bird through the upper air. I made a good many airships, in my poor way, that were failures. But when a shopmate described one that he had seen at a fair, a few days before, I was wild and I determined to try my hand at it once more. I hunted up all my old broken machines and set at work with his description before me, and I fancied I could outdo all that had ever been done.

As I worked at the shop during the day, I had no time to devote to my invention but evenings. Of course, this was slow work, but after a long and steady pull my invention was completed, and I got my boss to let me off for a day on urgent business, as I told him, for I was wild to see how it worked, and also to make improvements where it needed any.

When the morning sun at last began to crawl over the hill

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I called Henriette to get up and get the breakfast, and let me sleep till it was ready; but so great was my anxiety to try it, I could not sleep, so I got up and walked around with my hands in my pockets until she called me to breakfast. I ate a hearty meal, and told her to put me up a lunch, for I might get hungry before I got back. This she did; then we both went out where it stood, for I wanted her to help me fasten it to my back and legs, and also help me up the ladder which stood leaned up against the house, for I was to start from the roof of the house.

When all was ready, I climbed up the ladder, bidding Henriette "Good-bye; have a good supper ready when I return"; and I jumped off, flapping my wings with all my might and wiggling the tail, but it caught on the gutter and I hung there, head downward, until Henriette pulled the ladder over to me, and with much difficulty righted me up for another leap.

As it was early morning, I hoped to escape the curious eyes of my neighbors, who would call me a fool, and if I made a mistake say, "Just what you would expect of a crazy crank, trying to get into heaven with a flying machine."

Now, as I look back, I don't know but I was a little off from the too constant thinking of how to navigate the air. Ever since I was a small boy I had studied, and tried, and thought, and failed of course, but nothing daunted I kept pegging away until I found myself on the housetop ready to start. Everybody called me an oddity and crank, but I notice it's the oddities that succeed, though, and so I let them have their say and worked away with the approval and love-light of my wife's eyes.

As I said before, I was righted up, and I made another leap, but what followed I only know through Henriette's telling me, for when I returned to consciousness, I found myself hove into port for repairs. My shoulder was out of joint, one leg broken, and my head cut badly. When baby Ute came, Ulysum Jr., my! How I did love that mite of humanity and I resolved more than ever to do something handsome for him, to make a success despite my failures. Henriette, of course, knew all my plans, and all the jibes and jeers of my shopmates, and she used to say "Never mind, Ulysum; you'll strike oil sometime, you're so handy; then the laugh will be on the other side of the mouth. as they say."

## THE SKYCYCLE.

How I did yearn to do something smart in the world like other men I read of. And then, too, Henriette said all successful people were called oddities if they succeeded in doing something new and unheard of, or suggested a new idea the world never heard of. So I worked in the shop days and worked on my sky-boat nights, and dreamed in my sleep how it would look when I had it all finished. It seemed just like a bird in my dreams, but it sailed away as soon as I opened my eyes, when morning came.

About two years after my leap from the housetop, I saw the first wagon run by electricity and my joy knew no bounds, for I thought here was my help; if it worked all right on the ground, why not use it in the air, and be the first discoverer of wonders in space. When I told Henriette, she was as full of hope as I was, and exclaimed: "I do hope you will succeed, Ute. I knew I had drawn a prize if the girls did say I had made a fool of myself. Father stuck up for me, and said, 'Let Henriette alone, I guess a branch of Kimsed Storries will have gumption enough to get along when worse comes to worse.' I declare I never dreamed you were so handy. How father'll laugh if it's a success; he does so like to get the best of the girls and mother."

And so we talked over our plans, while we ate our supper. When I proposed to go to the city of C— and visit the manufactory, she urged me to go; so I sent a note to my employer that I was indisposed, and off I started for C—.

I found the works all right, and the overseer all right, too, for he listened to all my plans, took me all through the building, explained every part of the works, besides giving me a good many points on electricity. When I left, he told me to let him hear from me, and he wished me success. Ah! How many, many times did I wish he had not said that, for often our realized hopes bring upon us of events we could not foresee.

I went home full of ideas, and told Henriette I was now sure of success. I got Noel Dobbs, who was another oddity, so they said, a splendid electrician, to help me, after I got the outside all done; also to teach me how to manage the electric part and repair it if it got out of order.

When I was all ready, I invited him to make the trial trip



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with me, but he folded his arms and quietly remarked that he was made to walk and ride on the ground and he believed in men sticking to the elements for which they were fashioned, "but," said he, "if you are determined to risk your neck in that thing, I will help you all I can, and that is all anybody can do." And he did, for when the thing was all ready, he came over and helped me load it into father's big wagon, and went and helped me set it up in the meadow back of father's barn, watched me make my trial trips, and saw that all was right. When he saw how gracefully she cut the air on her upward mount he clapped his hands and called her the "Gray Forest Eagle." Still no amount of coaxing would induce him to take a short ride in it, though he knew it worked all right.

My Skycycle was modeled after a bird with a balloon attached. The body of the bird was my boat, in which I made a small cabin. I fitted up a pair of wings of steel wire and canvas; next a tail of the same material, which I worked with the electric machinery, which was inside of my boat. The head of the bird was a small room for observation, and the eyes were windows to look through; the bill held a box for tools for repairing if it became necessary; the legs were grappling irons, with feet like claws; they served as ladders by which to climb into my boat. Beneath the body of the bird were two rubber-tired wheels, like bicycle wheels, which were worked by electricity when I wanted to ride on the ground.

In the cabin I made a cupboard which Henriette filled with food, and books, and other notions, such as only a woman would think of. "For," said she, "if you should see a lot of new things you might be gone a week." Poor little woman! How often I thought of her words — "Gone a whole week." I next put in a lounge, a small table, a chair, some bed-clothes, and other things for keeping house on a small scale. Henriette bought some pretty blue and white cloth and covered my bed, putting a plaited ruffle all around the bed, the spread, and the pillow, which made it look very cosy.

Everything was ready the day before Christmas and I made up my mind to start that evening. When I went in the house and told father and mother my intentions, father flew in a rage in a moment.

"I declare, boy," said father, "you dew have the darndest

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notions in yer head I ever hern tell on. Why can't yer stay whar ye belong?" Then mother began to urge me not to go, but it was no use. "Well," said father, "if yer dew go yer as good as dead, that's all thar's of it, and Ute's an orfun and Henriette's a widder. I'll be gol darned if I'd live with yer a minute if yer didn't give up some of yer foolishness. No, I wouldn't, boy! No, I wouldn't!" and he walked away mad. Some way father and I never did get along well; besides, he had a hankering for that grandson of his and pity for Henriette.

As the nights were lighted by the moon, I determined to start soon after sundown, and follow in the wake of that light as far as possible; then land, take a short rest, and start fresh in the early morning.

Christmas Eve bells were ringing in the different churches at L— when I cut her loose, and bade them all good-bye. She rose slowly at first, but with perfect ease, giving me plenty of time to arrange everything in perfect order. When this was done, I looked down and saw them all looking up at the ship; mother, who stood apart from the rest, had her apron to her eyes, crying.

Oh! why did I not go back then! Why did I pride myself on the idea that I was born to be famous! Little did I dream that when my first taste of fame came there would be bitter tears and sad reproaches to mingle with it. But I felt splendid, and I headed my boat for a haven somewhere, sure I would reach it, somehow, in my wanderings through space.

## CHAPTER II.

### ULYSUM LANDS SOMEWHERE.

*Oh! upward fly, my bonny bird,  
In silent space an echo wakes;  
And all immensity is stirred  
For venturous man thy mystery breaks.  
And knowing all that's been concealed  
A God-like man he'll stand revealed.*

AUTHOR.

How lovely my airship did behave, and how elated I did feel. At last I had succeeded, and I wondered what the people of L— would say when they heard the news. Of course, the papers would be full of items about the flying machine and the daring adventurer Ulysum Storries. First I thought of the little group I had left watching me out of sight; then I thought everybody is a crazy crank that ever made a hit in the world, and no doubt they think I am one; but let me, or any other person, become successful, then how different; how they praise that boy *of mine*, and how proud to own the relationship. They seem to know so much in a moment of time. Next I fell to watching the stars, and wondering what those bright gems could be; and when a flying star shot through the sky, I was perplexed to know what it meant, and why the knowledge of these things was denied us. Surely there must be some good reason or we would have known.

A slight tremble brought my mind back to my ship again, and I got up and began to coil up my wires and fasten up things for the night. Next I noticed a breeze which I had sailed into and which grew stronger every moment, and finally blew a gale that took me out of my course quite a little; so I thought to rise above it, which I did and found things smoother, and more to my liking.

The course I had mapped out was to cross the Rocky Mountains and visit California and return. But in some unaccountable manner I had changed my course from West to due North

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and was making for the Pole without knowing it. And what was worst of all I could not keep awake, and in spite of every effort to do otherwise I fell asleep with my hand on the propelling rod, lost to all my surroundings.

How long I slept, I do not know, but it was broad daylight when I awoke and found myself rushing somewhere so fast I could only hang on and wait. All around me were flashes of lightning, and I made up my mind my ship was on fire, and I a prisoner in it doomed to burn up, too. To put it out I could not, for I only had a few bottles of water which Henriette had kindly put in for drinking purposes, and besides I could not let go, for fear I would part company with my ship, and so I hung on for dear life, while my heart seemed to freeze with fear within me. I hung on, and swerved, and, shook, darting hither and thither, going no one knew where until after days of expecting and waiting, and watching for death, I began to wonder why I did not die. and why my ship did not burn, and end the horrifying scene; then, from sheer exhaustion, I lost consciousness entirely.

When I came out of this state, I was so dazed I could not think, and for a long time I sat in a half stupor, insensible to all around me. But finally, my reason returned, and I crawled on my hands and knees to the window and looked out to see what could be the matter. All I could see were long streaks of light flying past my Skycycle, and I, as rapidly, going in an opposite direction. Then I bethought me to go and look ahead, so I went to the door and looked out, and there, ahead of me, was a large ball of fire flying through space, and taking me along with it. The reader must imagine my feelings, for I can never describe them. Then passed weeks of horror, with brief periods of hope, until I lapsed into a condition of numbness, a don't care-state that gave me courage to look on all this reckless flying through space, amid the glare of lightning, with my electrical machinery sending out sparks of fire, every one of which I expected would ignite the combustible material of my ship and scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven. As I said, I had the courage to look upon all this in time with a diabolical glee, and would sway and jerk with the ship with as little fear as I had when I first sailed away from home on my wild adventure.

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Finally, I began to have an anxiety to see where I was going, so I crawled to the edge of the boat and looked over, and there far, far away I could see the Earth, but I was going in an opposite direction, so fast it seemed I and my ship must be torn to pieces every moment. But nothing of the kind occurred, nor did the streams of fire or sparks ignite anything. So far I felt I was safe. But why, oh, why, did I dare fate and beard the Gods? I might have known I was courting death. Yes, father was right when he said I was foolhardy. Then I wondered if all the balloonists who were lost, and never heard from again, had met with the same kind of a fate.

But tired, worn-out nature will yield at last to sleep, even in the midst of great dangers; this I found out, and my eyelids folded down over my weary eyes, and with a prayer, the only one I ever learned ("Now I lay me down to sleep") I passed into slumberland. What a prayer for a grown-up man! How mean I did feel to think of all the years I had lost, and neglected to learn a more appropriate one; but I said the one I know with all the earnest fervor I could command and went to sleep, to dream of little Ute and Henriette.

Oh, if I had only done as mother and Henriette had urged me to do, I should have been at home safe and sound now instead of chasing after fame. Fame? What was fame? Was it to follow, forever, this pesky comet — was that fame? Bah! How I hated myself. But . . . Well, I slept and wakened, a restless disturbed sleep, for months, or, until I lost all knowledge of time; and still I was flying through space in the wake of that fire ball, and was no nearer being burned than when I was first drawn into its influence. The strangest part was that my electrical machinery kept running all the time, with perfect regularity, with a merry clicking sound, that was truly companionable to say the least.

At length I became conscious that I had shifted or changed in my course in some way for I seemed to be descending as rapidly as I had been flying ahead, and this knowledge made me wide awake, and my strength in a measure returned, so I felt brave enough to go out and reconnoitre and see what the change was. When lo! I seemed to be descending onto the earth, or so I thought it to be, and my joy know no bounds.

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Well, after all, my journey had been worth while, and I was soon as elated as ever, and watched with interest the lessening distance. I now became aware of a feeling of hunger, a feeling I had not experienced since the first night I left my home. I was at a loss to account for the long fast, and the return of a longing for food. But I made me a cup of coffee, and ate a sandwich which proved to be as fresh and good as ever, and when my repast was over and the cravings of my stomach satisfied I got my grappling irons ready, then sat down and waited and watched. I got some paper and a pencil and began a journal, giving a description of my thrilling ride through space harnessed to a comet. How grand that sounded. Why, yes, I began to think fame was nice after all. Then I laid down my writings and went out to watch again. This time I noticed the comet had parted company with a portion of its substance, the main part going on, with the detached part still drawing me, although this part of my crazy friend was losing strength, it seemed to me. Once it let go, and I fell down a long distance in a second, but the thing settled down, and hitched on again, and in company we neared the earth.

The earth did I say? Would that it had been. As I watched, I began to think it must be the Arctic region, it looked so like seas of ice. If it proved to be so, here was another drawback, for I should surely freeze to death before I could get away; but that was better than being burned alive. So I watched and waited; then the meteor, for so I called this part of the comet, began making a series of horrifying manoeuvres that kept me busy trying to keep right side up. First it would zigzag, then make fearful lunges, then rush back toward me threatening to knock me out of existence; next it would dart ahead, and rear and plunge like a living mad thing. When it became easy again, I reached for my grappling irons and ropes, threw them overboard, opened the balloon valve a little more, and awaited events.

Not long did I have to wait, for after a few terrific lunges I felt the irons fasten, and shortly I drew myself down to *terra firma*. When I leaped out of my boat on to the ground, imagine my surprise to find instead of ice, nothing but shaly shining rocks. Never, in all my life, had I ever seen or heard of a place, or rocks, on earth like this. Rocks, rocks, on all

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sides, mountains of them, everywhere I looked, resembling in color ising glass, with not a tree or shrub as far as the eye could reach. What part of the earth could this be? All this time my friend, the detached part of the Comet, lay not a hundred yards away, seething and boiling, a mass of molten rock, struggling, so it seemed to me, in the agony of death — like a dying gladiator. All around, up and down, the air was full of red hot stones, thrown there, evidently, when the thing burst, and I was forced to keep dodging to save myself from being hurt; but, fortunately, I escaped and so did my ship.

I confess I was in a quandary to know where fate had placed me, and as I had lost all knowledge of direction I wondered how I was to find my way out of this dismal region. I cried aloud, "A man is a fool, the fooliest kind of a fool, to leave home in a balloon." After all, now that I was on land again, what better off was I than when I was up in the sky? I knew of no way to get out, and must die eventually of starvation, while up there I had no pangs of hunger. Oh, how my heart sank within me, and the stifling stillness made me sick. Man though I was, and had bearded the Gods, my bravery was all gone, and I was completely demoralized. I crawled back into my ship and cried as if my heart would break. I thought of the dear ones at home, all looking up, watching and waiting till hope went out forever, and I cried until I fell asleep, just like any great blubbering schoolboy; and I am not a bit ashamed to tell it, either.

Reader, did you ever wake up from a frightful dream, in a still night, when all around was inky, blackness and feel the awful gloom of being alone? If so, you can imagine my feelings when I awoke out of that sleep some time in the night, in that strange land, with darkness all around me. I tried to penetrate the gloom, and discover one friendly star! but not one appeared to my strained vision. Oh! Solitude, the depths of hell were paradise to this awful stillness; for in that abode there would at least be companionship, which I felt I would never find here. Once more I found relief in tears, and again sleep folded me in its motherly arms, and I slept until it was light.

This was a welcome sight. I soon was out of bed, and began to look around. The sun was just coming over the

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mountain tops, and looked twice the size of the sun that used to crawl over the hilltops near my old home in Indiana. The air was a delicious, dreamy, summer air, not the freezing, cold I had anticipated, but just warm enough and cool enough to give one a feeling of wanting to do something. So I made up my mind to eat my breakfast and get out of this region as soon as possible. With these thoughts in mind, I went to work and got a good lunch, then rolled my ship along over the rough rocky ground, with little or no exertion, for the air I noticed made one feel as light as a feather, and my ship rolled along so easy, it seemed as though I was being helped by some invisible being. For hours I walked in this way without getting tired, or seeing anything but bare rocks in every direction. Still I determined to push ahead and, if possible, solve the mystery of my whereabouts. When the sun was directly overhead, I knew it must be noon, and I hurried along seeking a level place to rest and eat my dinner. On coming to the top of a hill, I saw, in the valley below, a small pond with a belt of some kind of vegetation around it which made my heart leap with joy, and I hurried as fast as I could toward it. When I came near, I saw it was moss, the most beautiful moss I ever saw. Soft, downy, moss like velvet, and such a beautiful color. As I came near the water's edge, there all unconscious of my presence, sat two of the largest frogs I had ever seen. This was a pleasant surprise, for I was very fond of frogs' legs; so I caught them and fried them for my dinner.

I thought as I sat eating my lunch, this isn't so bad after all. These dainty "tidbits" are a real luxury in my own home, and if I can get enough of these I won't starve. The little bit of green around the pond was evidence I thought, that I was going in the right direction, and besides I was south of the sun. These thoughts made my spirits revive, and as I soon discovered that the frogs were plentiful, I determined to lay in a store of them for future use, for I knew my stock of food could not last a great while, and, besides, dried frogs' legs are very appetizing.

The air was so fine, I concluded I had had my bad feelings all for nothing, and, as I felt the need of sleep more than anything else, having been between life and death so long, fighting for



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one and expecting the other, I gathered up my dishes, took them into my cabin and went to bed and to sleep.

No downy couch ever furnished a more delightful resting-place than did my bunk to me on that particular occasion, for I felt the worst was over.

Over did I say? What kindness the Father in Heaven shows to us poor mortals on earth, when He hides the future from us, and the good and bad alike comes to all unawares. Oh! how I did sleep and dream all that afternoon, never once thinking I could be anywhere else but on the earth. The dawning revelation of the truth I shall never forget, or the agony of mind I passed through, and the wonder is I did not go mad and commit some rash act and end it all.

## CHAPTER III.

### HE FINDS HIMSELF ON THE MOON.

*When the stars are bright in the arched sky,  
And the silver moon sails serenely by,  
Then I love to muse on the loving Heart  
That has made and fitted each wondrous part,  
Till it makes a whole so stupendous, grand!  
Of which Man was part when by God 'twas planned.*

AUTHOR.

ALL the afternoon and way into the night I slept, resting from the terrible strain my nervous system had passed through. As I said before, I had lost all knowledge of time, for my time-piece which had always gone all right, had stopped and refused to go, no matter how much I coaxed it. When I awoke, some time in the night, I concluded from the position of the moon, which was shining in my window, that it was about midnight, and as it was a bright, starlight night, I lay there wide-awake looking at the bright glimmering dots, thinking of home, and how fortunate I was, that I had escaped so much. On looking at the moon again, I was puzzled to know what was the matter with it, for instead of the man's face I saw North and South America as plainly outlined as I ever saw them in the geography I studied when I went to school.

Could I see aright? I looked again, then I got up and went out into the basket and looked. Yes, it was North and South America. But what did it mean? Was it a reflection, or was it some other world like our own? I was wide-awake now, and for a long time I looked and watched this wonder, thinking all the time it must be a reflection. But why had the moon never done this before? Yes, I could trace the oceans the land, and even locate the state where I lived. Where, where, in common-sense, was I? Was I losing my reason, or had the moon changed its face to tantalize me? I pinched myself, I turned my face away, but when I looked again it

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would still be the same, and my mind was tortured until the agony caused the perspiration to stand all over me like great beads, and I watched it spellbound, until it rolled over the mountain top and was lost to view. As it was still dark I returned to my bunk and waited for the day to break. As I lay there I thought of everything that could happen to make this change, but not one idea was satisfactory, and after worrying and puzzling my brain over it, I fell asleep again, and dreamed I was talking to the earth and moon, who were both big giants, with legs and arms made of long strings of stars.

When I first discovered them, they were dancing a jig, and bowing to each other in the most comical way, their great long, slender legs, bent in all sorts of shapes. First I wished to get on the earth, but when I tried to climb up the legs they would fly away up over the great monstrous head, and down I would fall through space; then I tried to get on the moon and here I met the same fate. At last I landed on the floor of my cabin with a scream that must have reached the North Pole if I was anywhere near it, and I awoke to find it broad daylight.

I picked myself up, and with the awful consciousness of fate upon me, went out and sat down on a large rock, and, in abject loneliness, burst into tears. I was weak, my head ached, my nerves were racked, and my hands trembled so I could scarcely hold anything. I ate no breakfast, for my appetite had gone, and my mind was in a state of wonder as to where the moon had gone; or, was I a castaway upon it, sent here for my daring audacity? Oh, how I did long for night to come that I might make sure if all my fears had told me was true. When noon came, I had had my cry out, and I philosophized that it would be better to eat a morsel and keep up what little strength I had left, for if the moon appeared all right when it once more made its appearance, I would have more heart to try and find my lost home. So I made me a cup of tea, for I remembered mother use to say, "Nothing like a good cup of tea to warm up the drooping spirits." When I had eaten and drank, I did feel better, and was thankful I was no worse off. It was pleasanter to be sure than being way up in space — Nowhere! If on the contrary, it should turn out that I was really onto the moon

## ON THE MOON.

I certainly was doomed to a long pull of it, living and dying all alone; for surely no human beings ever lived here; and this was the pay I had received for my importunate rashness, for always having my own way.

At last the day wore away, mid tears and reproaches, and I welcomed the night as I had never done before, while I waited and watched for the moon or earth to appear, whichever it might prove to be. At length it began to rise over the mountain tops, and there, Oh misery and woe! were the same outlines of North and South America, as plain as could be, and my heart sank within me as I watched the earth roll majestically on through space, while its mighty waters shone like gold, and did not look as if they ever lashed themselves into foam mountains high, fearful to behold, and destructive to life. No! The world looked like a ball of gold, serenely peaceful. Long and lovingly I watched it take its onward course, with my yearning heart crying rebelliously all the time that fate had placed me here, while home, and those I loved, were sailing so far above me, never once thinking of my being on the moon. What an awful fate was mine, a prisoner on the moon. Then I fell to reproaching myself, asking who it was that had made this trouble — who but Ulysses Storries? I wanted to become famous, and what had it all amounted to? No doubt I was famous in L—, for in all probability they were talking about my mad adventure, and were scouring the country to find my dead body, or parts of my flying machine. All these thoughts did not help me one bit; neither did the knowledge of my being on the moon. Poor, dear wife Henriette, and poor baby Ute, why did I not stay with you, and provide for you as I ought to have done! But no, "I had made my bed and must now lie on it," as father used to say.

How good that name "father" did sound as I repeated it aloud; how I did wish I could see him that very moment. I would bear all the scoldings he would ever give me, and kiss the chastening rod, a subdued being forever, if I might only be within hearing distance of that voice once again. Thus the misfortunes of yesterday may be pleasures tomorrow when worse trials appear.

I had not intended to stay long where I was, but weeks

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went by, and in my apathy I was undecided what to do. I was afraid to leave for fear I could not find another pond of water with the same amount of game, for the frogs still continued to be plentiful, and the lovely moss, I accidentally found out, made splendid vegetable greens when cooked; so I waited until the reality of my situation settled upon me with all its horrifying probabilities, and I felt I must soon lose my reason. I slept well nights, though I was often visited by fearful dreams. My days were full of grumblings and mournings. My tears were always ready to flow, when I considered my forlorn condition. But one cannot cry forever, if they be sane or insane. So, after a while I made up my mind a change would be good for me, and I might as well investigate this home, for home I now felt it was to be while my life lasted. So I made preparations to leave this my first resting place on the moon. I took a quantity of frogs' legs and a basket of moss and put them in my cabin. I named the pond "Heart's Ease" and sailed away, with many regrets and some tears.

It was still pleasant weather; the air, the soft, dreamy kind that is so soothing to the nerves, and I let my ship loose, letting her go as she had a mind to.

At first she bumped along over the rocks, hobbling like a lame turkey, until she caught a stiff breeze, when she flapped her wings and sailed away as good as ever.

As I had lost all calculation of time, which caused me much worry, I determined to fix up some method by which I could ascertain how long I was gone from my first home on this desolate world. I really meant to return, so I named the first day Monday, and as the air was so summery I called it summer, and so I entered it in my journal: "Monday morning, June 1, I left my home Heart's Ease, and sailed away to discover what was to be found on the moon." I really felt my spirits revive. I got a cup of coffee and ate my breakfast, while my ship winged her way over the hills and rocky mountains. Thus does change of scene and earnest occupation drive away the bad propensities of the human mind. Dear old skycycle! How fond I became of it now that I saw it was a friend in need, and obeyed my every wish; I would use it very carefully hereafter, for it was all that could ever cross the gulf that lay between me and home and bear me to those I loved.

## ON THE MOON.

All day I sailed away over dreary desolation and when night came I halted and rested in the midst of the same chaotic scenery. I did not forget to watch for earth, nor did I forget to cry when I saw it come slowly up, with the same face, and I watched it till I fell asleep the same as I had done for weeks before. As I looked at it that night, I fell to speculating whether the earth had not at some remote period been like the moon, and I wondered if the first man Adam came on earth in the way I did on the moon. Then I thought if I have got to stay here always, I wish God would send me an Eve for a companion, and I began dreaming of the possibilities of such an event, and all I could and would do.

I had always rather lorded it over my brother and sister at home, and mother even gave way to my superior ways as they chose to call my overbearing manners, but father downed me every time by telling me "None of that! Don't get tew big fur yer breeches, Ulysum; and don't fur land's sake fill up with tew much wind. Better git a jog on, and dew something sensible; people'll find it out fur themselves if ye know anything. Ye don't need ter blow yer own horn." Father was a real Hoosier, and he never could bear airs, and he always sot down on them every time. I shall never forget how he took me down the night I was married. The President of the United States never began to feel as important when he heard he was elected, as I did when I knew for a fact that Henriette belonged to me; a human being that would look up to me as her protector, and also as a genius to be looked up to. Well, I guess I felt the situation and acted accordingly. Henriette wore a green cloth dress, that she had dried apples and sold to purchase, and Ulysum Storries thought she looked as smart as anybody. I got acquainted with her down in Mott's Hollow at a spelling school. I beaued her home, and we got engaged that night. When I went after her to go and get married, her father took my hand and said "I'm glad you've got so much sand." Just what he meant I don't know, but I rather think he was pleased to get rid of one daughter, as he had six more at home.

When I drove up in front of our house father was just coming in with the milk, so I tied the horse, and took Henriette into the kitchen just as father came through the woodshed

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door. When I introduced her as my wife, father turned and looked at me, and then said: "Wall, I dew declare, you've gone and done it now fur sure; now what on 'arth are ye going to dew?" Mother felt ashamed of him, and she hurried to say, "Give me the milk pail, Kimsed; supper is ready as soon as you are." Then, turning to Henriette, she apologized for his rudeness, by saying: "Never mind, he don't mean all he says." But father broke in again with: "Going to let that mare stand out thar all night? Better git a jog on and put her in the barn"; all this with that rasping voice which was anything but pleasing to a newly-made bridegroom. Of course I went out and fixed the horse all right, but it nettled me a good deal to be made so little of before the only person who thought me smart. When I went in mother was talking to Henriette, and both were having a good time. Mother told me afterwards she liked her, but father said: "I'm sorry for hur, fur if thar's anything done tew git a living she'll have tew git it. That's sure as mosquitoes around a rain barrel."

All this ran through my mind as I sailed along so lonely and so homesick; for like a drowning man all things that I had done in the past flashed before me at times with such vividness it was truly appalling.

All the time I had been sailing, I watched for some sign of vegetation to prove to me that the moon was not all a rocky desolation; but the day passed, and I saw nothing but rocks, rocks, and I began to worry for fear I had lost the only place where I could find food. The clouds collected and the breeze began to freshen, when to my great joy I saw a large pond in the distance, and I sailed toward it. I landed on the shore beneath a large shelving rock that seemed made on purpose for me, and when I had fastened my ship securely I went into my cabin and lay down for the night. I heard the sound of "patter, patter," and I knew they were raindrops. As the wind blew them against the sides of the ship it made me think of the times, when brother Zeb and I slept in the room over the kitchen. When it rained we were lulled to sleep by the sweet song of the wind and rain. When thunder and lightning came, too, we would say: "What a big load of dead went over the bridge into the gates of Heaven," for we fully believed the thunder was caused by wagon loads of dead being

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carried over some long bridge, up in the sky, into heaven; and the flash of lightning, the light from the city as they passed through the gates. As I lay there thinking over those happy times, I remembered I had a book on my shelves on geology, philosophy and zoölogy, so I lighted my lamp and took the book down. I soon became interested in the chapter that treated of the formation of worlds, and more especially the part that told of earth and all the changes it had passed through since its rock period.

I read of intelligent man's first appearance on earth, and I thought how like myself, only where was the garden of Eden? Then I thought of my Bible which Henriette had been thoughtful enough to put in my cabin. I got it and began to read about Adam, and how Ève was made for him as a companion for he was lonely, and I thought if I pray maybe there will be an Eve given me. So I knelt down and asked God to send me an Eve if I had got to stay there forever. "Oh! please do, Lord! Send something in the shape of a human being. Do, dear Lord, Oh! please do." I had never cared to read my Bible before, for it seemed so dry, but now I read page after page, and chapter after chapter, of Genesis with the deepest interest, all the time saying inwardly: "How like myself; all alone on a world, and a new world at that. Poor Adam, what did you think and say?"

Of course, poor man, he was willing to go to sleep and lose a rib for the sake of companionship; for myself, I was willing to lose two or even three if I might hear a human voice again.

I now understand why it was not good for man to be alone, and I read long and earnestly that dear good book until the rain ceased; then I put it up and went to bed full of questioning thoughts, which ran something like this: "Perhaps I was placed here for the same purpose Adam was on earth, to people the moon and I began to be reconciled to this condition of affairs.



## CHAPTER IV.

HE IS PROVIDED WITH AN "EVE."

*Oh! Human Kind with wants so wide —  
Dissatisfied as soon as gained;  
And like a peevish, fretful child  
You long for joys yet unobtained.*

THE morning sun shining into my cabin window, awakened me from the good sleep I was having, and I laid there watching the rays sparkle on the waters of the pond. I was aroused from my meditative mood by a strange sound, which caused me to investigate; when, joy of joys, there on the ground beside my ship was a queer looking being, with great large owl's eyes and a body as round as a dumpling, with hands and feet to match, looking with perfect wonder at my skycycle. That it was a woman I knew by the long hair on its head; and then the remembrance of my prayer came up before me, and I was disgusted with myself, and I wondered what I wanted to pray for an Eve for, and I loathed my wish and repented that I had asked for it.

Would it not be so with most of humanity's wishes, if all were granted? So I cried aloud "Am I never to make a wish without its being given me?" Hereafter, I would pray, "Thy will not mine," and at least be sensible. As I looked at this specimen of a mortal, I thought nothing would tempt me to take such an Eve to my bed and board, and I looked at her with as much wonder as she did at me. I felt a pity for her and, strange as it may seem, I did not want her to go away, for I felt there must be more of them somewhere.

Finally I mustered up courage to go out and speak to her, and see what she was like. I never was accused of having drawing-room manners, but I knew enough to lift my hat to a lady when I met one, so when I came up to her I tipped my hat and said, "Good morning." Not a word came from her in response, but she stood and looked straight into my

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eyes with a sad, solemn look that spoke volumes. Again and again I spoke, but with no better results; not a sound came, not a muscle moved — nothing but staring wonderment. What next to do, I did not know, so I took a turn around my ship, then came back and took another look at her. Well, I thought, they have caught onto the Paradise fashion here, for I now perceived she had on for a dress, a double row of dried moss around her waist, and that was all. What can I do, I thought, to make her speak to me? I will try to shake hands with her. But if she should be afraid? Still I could but run my chances, so I walked boldly up to her and put my hand on her head. She never stirred; then I wondered if I could find anything to give her that would perhaps make her talk, for I saw she was animate for she breathed regularly.

Henriette had put in a small pocket looking-glass among my things and I made up my mind to give her that, for I knew all the ladies I had ever met liked to look at themselves in a looking glass; so I got it and let her see herself in it. For a little while she gazed in it, then grabbed my hand and looked behind it to see if there was a girl like herself there. Next she walked around me to see if there was anyone behind me, but no amount of coaxing would induce her to touch it, and I was compelled to carry it back again.

I now sat down on a rock and sat thinking what next to do. I had read “Robinson Crusoe” and “Gulliver’s Travels,” but my experience was far ahead of theirs, I knew.

How I did wish it was in some place on earth, for then I could go home and write a story, and get up a great sensation in the newspapers. But, no, I was on the moon with no one to read or hear of it. So anxious was I to see what this strange creature would do, I had forgotten to eat my breakfast, and it was noon before my stomach reminded me that I was hungry. The day passed, and she was still in the vicinity of my ship and seemed as contented as could be. When she was hungry, I noticed she ate moss, and when thirsty, she made a cup of her little fat hands, round as dumplings, and drank from the pond. As I became accustomed to seeing her around, my feelings of repulsion passed away, and I must say I was thankful for the companionship of this strange being; I named her

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Wonder" after the large brown eyes that always looked me with so much wonderment in them.

Often when I watched her, my prayer would come up before me and though I was thankful for this mite of humanity I felt she could never be my Eve, though just what I expected when I prayed for an Eve I never could tell. But as I do know, I never expected it to be answered in this way; and if Eve had come arrayed in jewels and satin I would not have been as surprised to see her as I was to meet this child of a gin world, without a particle of false modesty or affectation. She was a true child of nature, and as such I regarded her. Week passed by and still she lingered in the vicinity. She would bring me the nicest moss; catch the largest frogs, and stand by, and watch me dress them and cook them without a word, and when I would offer her a choice bit, she would dabble away as fast as she could to a safe distance and watch me while I ate. Each morning I would look for more of these things, but none came, and I began to think the first people on earth must have corresponded with my wonder Eve, and reading over and over the first chapter of Genesis, I came to think I was a veritable Adam, and Wonder, my Eve; then I wondered what Adam thought when he first saw his Eve, and if she looked anything like mine, and if he backed up the harness, and strained the breeching as I did when his sire was answered. Of course not, I would say; there never was such another fool as Ulysses Storries. I studied the Bible day after day, and pondered over it, but I never managed to get any light on this subject other than my own conclusions, and these did not make my fate any more agreeable.

Of course I had read all this when I went to Sunday school, and had heard mother tell it over and over, but it all seemed different now as I read it, way up there on the moon with none to hear but Wonder, and she couldn't understand.

Mother was a good Methodist and wanted us boys to join that church, but father was always throwing cold water on mother said. "Durn the ministers," he would say, "they're stuck-up lot; why don't they go ter work, same as I dew; don't want ter hear them read the Bible; I can read my book at hum, and I ain't got no money nuther for them."

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But mind you, if one of them went to him directly and solicited aid, he would give more than mother thought we could afford, and if she spoke to him about it, he would silence her by saying, “Wall, durn it, what did ye let him kum ter me fur? ’Spose I’se gwine ter pinch so he’d tell the hull meeting house of it? Not by a durn sight, Nancy Ann, so thar.”

In my earth life I had read and heard about the moon being a world of desolation, a deserted burned-out world, with no verdure and no living beings on it. Wonder’s presence and the little verdure I had found around the small lakes made me incline to the belief that it was a new, unfinished world, and that there might be more truth than fiction in my being placed here alone.

One morning, when I arose and went out I missed Wonder, and I searched everywhere but without success; as the day wore away, and she did not return I censured myself for not being more friendly. I thought this is to pay me for not being satisfied. Now I am indeed alone. Where could the child have gone, I kept repeating, but the day passed and another, and still another; at the twilight of the third day I saw her waddling over the rocks, and never did a face look so good as that little brown one, with its big brown eyes. She came toward me with her arms full of lovely moss, and some nice frogs; laying them all at my feet. She seated herself on a rock and watched me as I tried to make her understand my thanks.

I determined after this to keep a close watch over her, and if she went away to follow her; accordingly I made me a bed of moss on the ground, and watched until she was asleep, then went to sleep myself.

Not long after this I saw her going again over the rocks, and I let my ship loose and sailed over the hills in the direction I saw her go. In a little while I found her, and when I was directly over her head, she looked up and seeing who it was she began making a queer noise, striking her hands together and crying. I concluded she must be afraid, so I let my ship go as low down as I could, keeping close in her vicinity and she seemed pacified.

At last we reached a very large pond, or lake, and here I SAW a large number of these little creatures, for the largest

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was no taller than an eight-year-old boy, all standing and looking up with amazement at my ship, chattering and pointing toward it in a state of the greatest excitement.

Down went my ship, but when I got out, and looked around, not one could I see, not even Wonder; this was a great disappointment, for I was in hopes I could find one among them I could speak to and make it understand; but an hour passed, and not a glimpse could I get of one of them. I began to despair of meeting them again, when I saw Wonder crawl out of a hole in the cliff; on closer inspection I saw the round heads of the others peep out of similar holes all the way up the steep perpendicular rocks. "Well, well," I said aloud, "I ought to be grateful for the companionship of these inferior beings, for they are certainly better than a dog, and besides it will afford me some pleasure to watch their mode of living and habits. I now perceived they were Cliff dwellers, a race of people I had been reading about in my earth home just before I left. I soon discovered they lived in groups or families as contented as squirrels, and in time I learned they had made their caves or rooms in the soft shale rocks by digging them out with some sort of knife.

The floors they covered with moss, and I found them very comfortable during the warm weather as the air in my ship was close, and I rather liked the novelty of camping out, as I tried to force myself to believe it really was. I found out also it makes a good deal of difference just where you do a thing; now, if I had been camping out at home on earth with these same people what a joy it would have been; but way up there — well — the reader must imagine the rest.

As I became accustomed to these people, and they to me, they threw off all reserve, and came at a safe distance and watched me for hours, while I prepared my food or did my other necessary work.

Wonder was the only one who ever came close enough for me to speak to her, and it was she who dug out my room and came and led me to it when it was all ready, gesticulating to make me understand that it was for me.

For a long time I wondered how they reached their rooms, for they were dug out one above another all the way up the Cliff, but by watching I found they had ropes made out of

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fish skins, twisted and rolled, which they fastened on the top of the Cliff and swung down to their rooms. Each one had a rope which, when not in use, was used as a belt, which often came up to the armpits.

The room Wonder had made for me was low down near the shore, where I could watch my ship and hear the waves splash upon the rocks, and I thought, “Poor child, you have some sense after all, to plan this so conveniently.” Wonder kept my larder well supplied, and it seemed to be such a pleasure for her I let her have her own way. When she came with my supplies her companions would follow her, keeping well in the rear, peeking out on either side like earth children playing “old hen and chickens,” and when she was ready to return they scampered on ahead like so many sheep. Never during my whole stay among them could I make friends with any of them but Wonder, and even she kept her distance with as much precision as a society belle. Under these circumstances I had nothing to fear from them or they from me. I used to wonder when I saw them watching me with such surprise, if Cain was looked upon with the same curiosity by the people of Nod, when he went for a wife among them, as I was by the people of the moon. Often, when it was early morning and they thought me asleep, I would find numbers of them looking at my skycycle, and gesticulating with their hands and making such grimaces it would make me laugh in spite of myself. Then the awfulness of fate would make me cry the next minute, for I was hungry for the sight of my own people.

I knew there were those whom I had made wretched by my foolhardiness, and so my repentant thoughts ended in a perfect deluge of tears day after day.

One morning I awoke from a dream of home, and when I realized the utter impossibility of my ever returning to earth, I asked myself this question: “What had I to live for?” Not a thing! I would end all this trouble before night! There was no way out of it but by the road of death, which would bring oblivion and rest from all my distressing troubles. There was the pond, and once I was in and determined they should soon end. How many times have I thanked my Heavenly Father that I did not put my wicked thought into execution. Oh,

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if everybody would wait when tempted to do wrong, wait a month or a week, or even a day, and see what would come to them, how grateful they would be that they put Satan behind them, and waited for the dark clouds to roll by, and the sun to shine once more. Never in all my life had black despair had so complete control of me, as I planned for leaving the moon by my own hand. My skycycle I would leave to Wonder, and the story of my fate I would cut in the shale rocks, so if another unfortunate should ever be thrown on this world he could read my sad experience. But then I argued it is not likely any other person would be such a crazy idiot. I deserved all I had experienced, for I would not hear to reason.

When Wonder saw me cry she would utter a word like "Swish! Swish!" and away she scampered like an Indiana chipmonk, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. "There," I thought, "I have scar't her away;" but she soon returned with an armful of fresh moss and a real live fish, which she laid down before me. She looked so sad, I felt she must be sorry for me, so I took the fish and dressed it. Before I could light my lamp she had dug a hole in the ground, put in a quantity of dried moss, then some stones, then more moss, and by pounding some rocks together she ignited the moss. The stones were soon heated. She next wrapped the fish in fresh moss and placed it on them. It was soon cooked fit for a king. While I was eating she watched me with such a sad look. I thought, "Poor child, she wonders what ails me. She thinks I am hungry."

Yes, Wonder, I was hungry for home and friends. The fish brought up afresh the memory of home and helped more than ever my determination to end all my misery by drowning. The next morning would do, and I set about finding a soft, shale rock; when it was found, I went back to my ship and lay down, thinking it would be my last night on the moon. I slept well, awakened early, and went to work cutting my name in the rock. I had scarcely cut the first line before I saw I had worn away a portion of the blade of my knife, and that I must be more careful if I wished to finish. Again a day passed and it was not all finished, so I must endure another day. What matter if I left it as it was? But I must see the earth once more and bid her "Good-Bye." I lay in

## “EVE.”

my bunk watching for her appearance, when I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I realized was a shaking up, and voices that spoke my language. In an instant I was on the ground, and I heard some one say: “Now we can get out and away from this infernal place. Throw him out, throw him out; we want the ship and must have it.”

“Gentlemen,” said I, “where did you come from and how came you here on the moon? If you wish to get away I am with you; we will all go together, and try our luck.”

But they grabbed me, took some of my wire that was lying loose on the ground and bound it around me, then threw me down and made off with my ship as fast as they could go over the rocks. I was left alone, bound head and foot with wire so twisted I could not extricate myself. How I foamed with wrath and wriggled and twisted to get loose, that I might follow them and give them a good sound thrashing, which in my present state of mind I felt I could do with the utmost satisfaction.



## CHAPTER V.

### DWELLERS IN THE MOON.

*How oft our sorrows blessings prove,  
But while the clouds a shadow cast,  
We all forget bright days still move  
Behind dark clouds — each storm's the last.*

IF there is anything to make a Storries swell up with rage to a white heat, it is to have some one get the better of him unawares. I had now lost all relish for suicide. I was very much alive, and wanted to live to meet the robbers, and give them what they deserved. When the sun came up, the Cliff dwellers came out. I saw them looking at the ground where the scuffle had taken place. They pointed to the trail the thieves had left in the soft clay. They made the greatest ado, and I knew by the signs they made that they were angry at my loss. Wonder, with the help of another, unfastened the wire with which I was bound. Wonder ran and brought two dirks, made out of rock, and pointed out the way the men had gone, placing her finger on the tracks they had left. One of the others brought a fish skin belt for me and when I had put it on and placed the dirks inside, they seemed greatly pleased. After eating a morsel, I started up over the rocks, following the trail, waving a good-bye to my little friends, who watched me until I was out of sight. At first I walked rapidly thinking every moment to overtake them, but the day passed and I was still following their tracks. As I could not see after dark I began to look about me for a place to rest during the night. As I came to the top of a hill I saw another pond, and I hastened toward it, for I was both thirsty and hungry, having eaten nothing since morning. When I had slaked my thirst and gathered some moss for my supper, out on the stillness came the evening song of my friends the frogs: "How deep? Knee deep! How deep? Knee deep!"

## MEN IN THE MOON.

I looked around, and saw on a large rock close by the water's edge a large frog, a perfect beauty, just waiting for me to serve him up, *a la mode*, which I proceeded to do, and while the others were singing I ate him with a relish.

"How deep? Knee deep! How deep? Knee deep! Ker-chunk! Ker-chunk!" came the hoarse notes of the bullfrogs and the memory of my boyhood home came floating before me; the October days, when the purple shadows crept and lengthened in the valleys at twilight.

What a change from my wretched condition of the day before. I had something to live for now; the punishment of evil doers. *I had heard a human voice!* So, there must be some more of their kind somewhere in this world of desolation, and my desire now was to live and find them. One thing I had noticed since I landed on the moon, and that was the tendency of everything to become round. The verdure was round, the rocks, the Cliff dwellers, and in fact everything I saw was in that form, and I wondered why it was so.

I was in a very peaceful frame of mind as I lay on my down mossy bed and watched for the earth, wishing a good night to the dear ones there, who were looking for my return. I was up at the first peep of day, ate my breakfast, and was off after my lost ship.

I soon found out that my long tramp of the day before had wearied me more than I had imagined, and long before noon I felt that I must rest. While I was taking my nooning I was approached by an aged man; he was pleasant looking, and I asked him to be seated. "Friend," said he, "you have lost something, but do not be discouraged; you will recover it, but not as soon as you would wish. You will see many wonderful things before then. Take heed and treasure up wisdom while you may." He looked at me kindly; then he went on to say: "I am one of those who guard this abode. Here we are always in the midst of death, but they die not. I was before the confusion of tongues, therefore I understand all of the languages of earth, also all of their customs, and the sad experiences of those who dwell there." While he had been speaking, I kept thinking how glad I was that I had found a human being to talk to, and as I looked at him I could see that, though centuries of years were his, he still wore a

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

youthful look. His eyes were bright with the light of intelligence; there were no wrinkles in his face and his step was as elastic as that of a young man.

While we were talking he pointed to a lovely girl who was coming rapidly along the path, saying at the same time:

"Here comes a suicide. Look, and be thankful you still live."

On she came until she reached the waters of the pond, when she uttered a sad cry: "I have been betrayed! Oh! I loved unwisely! Forgive me Heaven—" and she sank out of sight. I sprang forward to rescue her, when the old man took hold of me and said: "It is the hypnotic influence she has cast over you. The sins of her earth life she is living over again; but here comes her betrayer." Then I saw a young man with a wild, haggard face, walking beside the pond and peering into the dark water. He kept saying: "Poor, poor Belle! Why will you not let me rest? Why must the folly of my life forever be before me?" Above him, in the air, I saw an angel with the beautiful face of the one that went into the water; and the youth held out his hands towards her, but the vision vanished and he rushed away crying: "Poor, poor Belle; how could I be so cruel?"

"Sometimes," said the old man, "he sees the picture of that peaceful home, and the agony of the aged father and mother of his victim, and the ruin he has wrought there; and sometimes he sees the goal he could have attained if he had been a man after God's own heart, and his remorse is great. Poor spirits, wandering out from a kind father's home, I pity them."

After a pause he went on to say: "The spirits of all the suicides are sent here, and so are all the murderers, and these bodies are given them (through hypnotic influence), so like their old ones. They are always living over their earth life, for the spirit within them is a consuming fire, that purges the dross from the pure gold. Here, nightly, they see their earth home roll above them through space, but it is a lost home, lost until every tithe is paid.

"The life the murderer destroyed he cannot restore, for life is the gift of God. Other sins man, in a measure, can fully or partially atone for. Thus, when they come to know

## MEN IN THE MOON.

what life is, what immortal life means, their sorrow is great. Oh, if man would only pause in his wicked career to talk with God, and use his God-given power for his own good, strength would come to him to defy every lure of sin that could tempt him."

"Well," said I, "I have no wish to spend my days here among such people. What an awful fate is mine. Oh, to wake up and find it all a dream!" and I sighed. Then I asked: "Do they know each other, and can they talk together?"

The old man replied: "Certainly, they know all of each other's past. It is the material corruption in earth life that darkens the spirit vision. When the spirit is freed it knows all." What he meant I did not know.

I next saw a cow coming on a run down a hill, and I exclaimed in surprise: "Do you have cows here?"

"Yes, that which seems to be. Hark! These are different however, from the docile creatures you have been used to seeing on earth.

As the animal came nearer I saw that a man was whipping it, and the poor beast tried hard to get away, but could not. As they came close by the man gave the cow a kick that threw it down. At the same time he cried in a loud voice: "This is the way you treated the poor dumb beasts that you had care of in your Earth life. How do you like it now you have to wear their bodies? Take that! and that!" The man began to kick and strike it again, and the cow cried: "Oh, do stop! I cannot bear it any longer. Oh, forgive, forgive! I am sorry I ever did those things. I did not know it was so bad. Oh, don't hurt me any more."

"You see," said the old man, "a class we have here that has felt no pity for dumb beasts; those who have used their life and blood for their own selfish ends; and when they could no longer give it, or made a mistake from sheer weariness, they beat them, and life went out in their service. So they are given these bodies and made to feel all that they so cruelly made others feel. *For with what measure ye mete, it shall be meted to you again.*\* This law governs all the planets, for whatever evil you have caused to come to another that same shall you know, unless you repent and seek forgiveness of those you have wronged.

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\*Matt. Vii: 2.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

“On this planet the evil force assimilates to itself its own, and the hypnotic force furnishes what is needed to clothe and make it real. All the evil men have done to others they must experience here. This is done that they may know and realize the same suffering that they have caused others. You know, that if you hear of one who has passed through a trial that you have undergone, you understand and have for him the same feeling of sorrow that possessed you during your own trial. When you return to Earth tell everyone you meet what you have seen here, that they may take heed in time.”

“I don't believe I shall ever go back to Earth, and I don't want to stay here,” I replied.

“Still, for all that, you will return, though the time is a long way off. Your resolve to commit suicide came near making you a companion of those whose abode is here. God gives to everyone a talent, and to some two, and some day He will ask you what you have done with yours. Had you stuck to the small things of Earth, as you thought them, in time you would have found your talents and become proficient in the line for which you were designed. Every talent in God's sight is of the same value, for His own hand fashioned and gave them all.

“The diamond is worthless so far as looks go, until it is cut; but remove the outside and behold a beautiful gem of dazzling brightness. So it is with the spirit; it grows brighter as the dross disappears, as evil is overcome.”

“Is the Moon all over a world of desolation?” I inquired, anxious to know all.

“Oh, no; there is much that is beautiful here; it is a world as yet unfinished — still growing, growing. But I must leave you now; we shall meet again soon, I trust. Be not afraid; you are not of this world, and nothing can harm you.” As he spoke he disappeared behind the rocks.

How lonesome I did feel; all alone on a world, where spirits of such people were forever living over their deeds of wickedness. Yet I felt grateful that I had met him and that he had told what he did.

I was a prisoner on the moon. I wended my way thoughtfully along the trail. When the sun indicated that it was noon

## MEN IN THE MOON.

again, I stopped on the top of a hill and set about getting my noonday meal. Here I found a small scrub of a tree that bore a fruit something like our wild plums; on tasting, I found them very nice, and I relished them with my frog meat and cooked moss. I also saw sparse growths of grass here and there among the rocks. While I was eating my dinner, I saw a horse coming up the steep path toward me and a man was urging and whipping him at every step. The horse was lame and blind, and bore a very heavy burden. As they came near I saw that the animal's flesh was torn with the cruel lash.

"Oh, cruel driver, do stop," said the horse, "and let me eat and drink. I am so hungry and thirsty."

I got up and remonstrated with the driver, but he answered me not, and continued to beat the horse until it fell down. Then he said: "This is the way you treated your poor horses when on Earth; now you feel what you gave others; how do you like it?" Then, as the horse did not rise, he sat down and waited for it to recover before beating it again.

I finished my dinner as soon as I could and got away as fast as my poor tired feet would carry me, for I could not bear to hear or see any more.

As I followed the trail, I saw with joy that I was nearing a region where vegetation was more plentiful. After a few more days of travel, I found the ground covered with moss and grass and a few scrubby trees, and occasionally I saw people at a distance. I did not go and speak to them for fear I should lose the trail, which always seemed as if freshly made. One day I came to a large clump of trees, and, as the weather was very warm, I decided to rest there until toward evening, when I could accomplish more than in the heat of the day. So I sat down near a little brook that ran on one side of the grove, the first I had seen, and with my hands dipped up a drink of the water and slaked my thirst.

While I rested I thought of the kind old man I had met, and I wished I had asked him about the different things I so longed to know. Poor, wicked spirits, would they ever be released? In future I was resolved to be very careful about what I did, for I had no notion of coming there to live over my misspent life.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

I saw a man coming and when he espied me, he came up and took a seat beside me, and remarked: "It is very warm, sir, to-day," and he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Yes, it is," I replied, and the question and answer reminded me of Earth. As he seemed so sad and sighed so often, I asked him how long he had been on the Moon. He smiled a wan, sickly smile, turned and looked at me a moment, then answered:

"You are a newcomer, I perceive, and now as I look at you, are none of us. As you wish to know how long I have been here, I will tell you. I was the first corrupt birth on Earth, the first occupant of this unfinished world, this planet of blood. On Earth they called me Cain. So you see of Earth time the records are musty, and the backward track lost in the mists of centuries. But in this world, the oft recurring events of my wicked life, keep the day a never-ending one. Do you see these letters on my brow?"

I looked up, as he lifted his long black hair from his forehead, and I read in letters red as blood — *Cain* — and I shook so my teeth chattered. How I did wish he would go away; but he turned to me and said:

"Eat your dinner, friend. I now recognize you. You are the youth all the Moon is talking about; the one who wished to solve the hidden mysteries of space, and discover something new. You see we spirits are great mind readers, when once a person gets within the radius of our hypnotic influence; but outside of this world we know nothing, only as the late comers bring news of our lovely Earth home. You have much to see. Do not be afraid, for no one can harm you here. They are coming!" he cried, and away he ran groaning pursued by a countless multitude who were yelling: "If it had not been for you we would never have been here!"

Although the heat was intense, and I had sought the shelter of this grove to get away from it, I did not stay any longer for fear he might return. I forgot all my discomforts in trying to place as long a distance between us as possible.

When it began to grow cooler and the evening came on, with a soft twilight, I met, suddenly, with another colony of cliff dwellers, and though they all scampered away and went into their caves, peeping out like rabbits, I never saw

## MEN IN THE MOON.

a more welcome sight than those big brown eyes, and little brown waddling bodies. Among these people I felt I was free from evil spirits, for I did not see any while I was with Wonder, only those who stole my ship, and then the cliff dwellers took my part.

I searched among the rocks for a vacant cave, and when I found one I took possession of it, and was soon asleep. One thing I had learned while I had been among the Moon's people and that was they were hospitable and loved to give gifts. When I arose and went out, I saw one of those people just going away. I found she had placed my breakfast on a large flat stone near my cave door, and to my great surprise I found it was fruit; one kind was a sort of pear and I found them delicious; the other kind was like our grapes, but very sour, and only three in a cluster. As I knew no name for them I called the pear fruit cactus plums, as the shrub that bore them resembled the cactus plant, and the other I called grapes, although they grew on a small tree. Near my cave stood one of these trees, and the large, round waxy leaves, with little thorns, made a noise that was very restful when the breezes played with them. In the lonely night time they made me think of the Balm o' Gilead trees at home, which we youngsters used to say held fairies, and we used to listen to their whispers. Among these cliff dwellers I saw one who reminded me of Wonder, and as she was the one that always brought me my meals, I concluded that this was their custom,—hospitable to all.

The only words of their strange guttural language that I ever learned were "Squish! Squish! Tatha! Tatha!" When I left them, I repeated these words and they capered around apparently so happy I did hate to leave them; but my ship was still out of sight, and I must find it. I thought, when I was once more on the trail, if I can never get back to Earth again, for I did not believe the old man who said I would, I can at least be very comfortable here with these people. I would teach them, and take Wonder as my helpmate; for some reason I had not given up the idea that she was sent expressly to me.

Remember, I was all alone on a strange planet, and my heart longed for something to love, and feel a friendly interest



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

in. I walked rapidly along, busy with these new problems, when on coming to the top of a hill I saw with surprise I was approaching a great city surrounded by a high wall. Here, indeed, was a great joy, for surely whoever built that wall, and the dwellings within it, must be rational human beings, and well advanced in the arts and sciences. I paused and gazed upon the lovely scene with emotions beyond description, while my resolutions of an hour before, regarding my becoming a cliff dweller, vanished like a receding picture in a kaleidoscope.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ULYSUM MEETS KING PHARAOH.

*Oh, city of the long ago,  
Thou victim of Time's ceaseless flow;  
How many mem'ries round thee cling,  
Of vaunted power and glory's ring.*

WHILE I stood looking, two men came up and asked if I would like to go into the city. "I would, if I may," I replied. "Well, you can come with us;" and they signed for me to accompany them.

When we had walked a little way together I inquired of them how long they had been on the Moon.

They both turned and looked at me in surprise, then they broke into a loud laugh, saying something that was lost in the noise and confusion of the city as the huge iron gate swung in to let us pass.

I was sorry the moment the gate closed, for I found myself in a strange place, within a closed wall, and I wished I had stayed outside. How often do coming events cast their shadows before them. After awhile I overcame my timidity and began to look around and take an interest in things. I said to myself, "There is no hypnotism here; this must be real," and I purposely touched the men to satisfy my curiosity. Yes, they were flesh and blood, but where did they come from? This thought kept running through my mind at every step.

This city was so like the pictures of ancient cities I had read about on Earth, I kept thinking I must be dreaming, and would soon awake to the full knowledge of having been asleep. Oh, would I might! but I trudged along, on all sides, seeing strange sights. The dwellings were different from any I had ever seen; the windows had no glass, the door frames no doors, but instead lovely bright-colored portieres hung in front of them; the streets were long and narrow.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

As I had no place to go, I asked the men if I might stay with them. They nodded, and kept on walking as fast as they could through street after street, until we came to a large square, in which soldiers were marching back and forth, each one carrying a heavy golden-headed spear in his hand. They wore silver helmets, and their bodies were covered with golden mail, of a basket-work pattern; beneath this was a scarlet cloth suit; their hands and feet were covered with a much finer network of silver, which glittered in the sunlight.

In the center of the square was a large building, a castle or palace, with a huge dome in the centre of burnished gold. As we came up to the soldiers, they challenged my friends with: "Halt! Whom do ye seek?"

"Remissis! Great is Pharaoh!" they replied. Then my heart sank within me, for I did not catch the first name, and I wondered what I should say when they asked me that question. My time came, and they asked me "Whom do ye seek?"

"Pharaoh!" I answered, as I remembered the last name.

"Bind him! He is an impostor!" they all cried, and I was grabbed and borne past the palace, and thrown into a dungeon. Here I lay, bewailing my hard luck, until some time the next day, when a coal-black servant, dressed in silver tinsel over white, came and told me to follow her. I gladly obeyed, although I trembled so I could hardly walk, for I felt that my fate was about to be settled for some act of which I had been guilty. Through long passages and halls she led me until we came to a beautiful garden where she pointed out a seat; then, with a call from a silver horn, she summoned another, dressed in the same fashion, and ordered her to bring my breakfast; it consisted of fruit, fish and moss. I gladly partook of it, for I was so hungry and wretched I did not know what else to do.

When my repast was over, she bade me follow her. As I did so, I asked her where she was taking me. She shook her head and put her finger to her lips. Through more long halls and spacious rooms we went, meeting groups of people everywhere. They stared at me, and I heard many ask: "I wonder what he did?"

I had not slept any during the long hours of my solitary

## KING PHARAOH.

imprisonment, so distressed was my mind. For consolation I kept repeating over and over the words Cain had told me: "No one can hurt you here, for as yet you are not one of us." Then the kind old man had said: "Fear not." But for all this, I did fear, and was sick at heart. How I did wish that I had never come into the city but had kept on after my ship.

At length we came to a large room, larger than any I had yet seen, which was full of people. As we entered they separated and formed two lines for us to pass between.

The walls on one side of the room were covered with the faces of children, one above another, sculptured in marble, while on the opposite side were the faces of beautiful women, all looking so sad, I thought the King, if there was one, must be a Blue Beard. What did it all mean? At the end of the room was a throne, upon a raised platform, with three silver steps. At the bottom step, on either side, were two horrible looking men, with large battle-axes in their hands. When they saw me they grinned and felt of the edges of their axes, as if to see if they were sharp. This did not add to my confidence. The throne was made of silver, draped with yellow velvet with a scarlet fringe. The chair represented two gold vultures; the heads, bodies, and two wings made the back, the other wings the arms. The eyes were diamonds, and blazed like lighted lamps.

On the throne sat a man with a crown on his head, wearing a purple robe covered with gold and silver ornaments, a string of precious gems around his neck, and in his hand a scepter of precious gems and gold. When we entered the room, his piercing eyes met mine and kept me fascinated until I stood at the foot of the throne.

It was a grand sight! The room, the people, the King upon his throne,—and at any other time, under more favorable circumstances, I should have been delighted to have studied the scene, but, as it was, I trembled with fear.

The King motioned me to come near, and, as I did so, my attendant knelt down and bowed low three times; then the King said: "Why have you come into my kingdom? Whom do ye seek?"

For a while I hesitated, and his jet black eyes seemed to

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

search me through and through, but, finally I found voice to say, "Pharaoh."

"Young man, do you know who Pharaoh is?"

By this time I had completely lost my wits, and for the life of me I could not tell, but as every one was looking and waiting for my answer, I said: "A great King."

"Of what country?" was his next question, and I answered at random, "Turkey."

Then both of the men with the battle-axes sprang forward to seize me, but the King motioned them back, saying: "Sir, I now perceive whom you are. The one all the people on the Moon are talking about."

"Yes," I replied, growing bold, and somewhat easier in my mind.

"And is it possible you do not know of what country I was King; you who have come so lately from Earth? Some people who come here tell me my name is in sacred history, and that it would not be complete without it. Is this so?"

I answered him: "I once heard my mother read out of the Bible, about a king Pharaoh who caused all the male children to be killed, that is all I--"

With a terrible shriek the King rushed past me crying, "Oh, awful truth, thou art ever pursuing me," the others all followed him, shrieking like mad beings. As they disappeared I saw the walls were moving, and the children's faces took forms and seemed living beings, thousands of beautiful cherubs! And the women also seemed alive, and sprang forward and clasped their own with kisses and bursts of laughter. They floated away out of sight and the palace sank beneath a lake. I stood on the shore. I saw the king and his followers in the middle of the lake, and the water was rising rapidly around them. I called to them to come out and save themselves, but they kept talking and did not seem to heed their danger. I was about to plunge in and warn them, when some one spoke my name, and on looking around I saw my friend the kind old man. As I pointed at the King and his people he said: "Brother, this is the Lake of Tears. Its waters are replenished by the tears of the mothers and sisters of the children that this wicked king slew. The lovely children on the wall were his victims, the women the mothers, the drops

## KING PHARAOH.

of water that you saw falling into the lake their tears. Oh, who will wish to see the *gathered tears* \*which he has caused to flow!" When his deed is recalled, this wicked king lives over his misspent life, and ends the scene in this Lake of Tears. He was warned, and entreated, to turn from his wicked ways, but he heeded not the warning, and now he eats the bread of disobedience."

"Will this never end?" I inquired.

"That is not for me to say. He who would be happy in the spirit life, must have been happy by well doing in the material life, for the mortal life helps the spiritual for weal or woe. Earth life, brother, is a preparatory school, and man there is a free moral agent, to choose good or evil, whichever he will, and he must be satisfied with his own choosing and future condition. God has heard the cry for release from that world, and He has kindly given all who dwell therein a plan to live by, which if followed leads them to life eternal; a life within the charmed circle of the celestial beings who are in Heaven. This He has held out to all; there is no one cast out. Long and lovingly He waits for them. What more can he do? What more can they ask?"

"The Bible is a wonderful book," said I, "and I am anxious to read and know more of its truths."

"I am glad to hear you say so; there is a better chance for a man who reads the Bible to live aright than for one who does not. But, brother, a hungry man is a poor critic. Come and eat your dinner, for it is long past noon, and as I go your way we will journey together. Come, I will lead you to a spring where you can find food, and drink, and rest.

When we reached the spring, my friend, the old man, called my attention to some leaves that grew near the spring. He told me to gather some and taste of them.

"Why, how delicious!" I cried. "They taste like mother's bean biscuit. What do you call them?"

"They are called bread leaves, and are composed of the same elements as good wheaten bread. Eat your fill of manna, and give thanks to the Giver of all good things, our Father in Heaven. I will now tell you my name, for we shall journey some time together. I am called RELIABLE, and I hope we shall get to know each other well and become the best of friends."

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\*Psalm. lvi's: 8.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

When we left the spring and were descending a long hill, I noticed a large plain, or meadow, covered with horses and cows that were grazing, and I asked Reliable if they were real cattle.

"They appear to be, but are, in reality, hypnotic bodies only adapted especially for the spirits of those who, in Earth life, were cruel to dumb animals. After death they abide in whichever animal they misused, and come and live on these Plains of Retribution. Here, they must feel every pain they have caused other beings to feel, until every tithe is paid. You have doubtless read in your Bible where it says: *The Earth and all things groaneth and travaileth with pain waiting for its redemption,\** have you not?"

"No, sir," I replied, and I felt ashamed of my ignorance.

"You will find it there, and I tell you the animals will be redeemed first, because man has been so cruel, and such a hard task-master to them. The elements of the Moon are hypnotic; thus its influence is particularly fitted for each wicked spirit that comes here."

"I never believed in hypnotism," said I.

"It is a real power, nevertheless. It is a power that can be used for good or evil, but there is a greater power which Evil cannot use."

Looking toward the Plain I saw a bull leave the herd and come plunging and tearing towards us. I looked around to find a place of safety, but could find none. I picked up a stone to throw at it, when quicker than I can tell the bull rushed at me, and the next thing I knew I was picked up on his horns, and going at a break-neck pace down hill, over the rocks, with the expectation of being dashed to pieces on the way. Round and round we went, I hanging on for dear life, and calling to Reliable to come and help me. As we came to a pond, the bull gave a fearful bellow and shook me into the water; then turned and galloped out of sight. I swam to shore, and reached it just as Reliable came up, laughing heartily.

"Well, sir, what do you think of hypnotism now?"

"I can't understand how that confounded bull had anything to do with hypnotism," I replied, as angrily as I could, shaking out my wet clothes as I supposed.

"Why," said Reliable, "you were hypnotized by some bad

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\*Rono VIII: 8.

## KING PHARAOH.

spirit; there was no bull, or pond of water; feel of your clothes again, they are perfectly dry."

Sure enough, they *were dry*, and I felt too mean for anything. Then I thought he had thrown the spell around me, and I said, still in bad temper, "I don't care to take any more lessons in that art, that's certain."

"Never mind, brother, if nothing worse befalls you than a lesson, now and then, of this force, you will escape with but little trouble. I have told you, before, that nothing can hurt you, so be prepared for these little tricks, and make the best of them. You are in the midst of this influence, and there will be many a joke played upon you. In your present state you are a very good subject."

As we walked along I asked him about the cliff dwellers; whether they would ever learn to do things as people did on Earth.

"Oh, yes. Their permanent home is not here, although their bodies are the outcome of the elemental force, or Nature's plan, on this world. Their spirits are 'Stars from afar.' You have heard of a group of stars called the Asteroids, have you not?"

"Yes, I learned something about them at school."

"One of them will be their home in time. They are being fitted now for their future, and when the time comes will be translated there in a deep sleep, and will never know the change."

"Oh, I am so glad to know that," I exclaimed, "for they are such a quaint, inoffensive people, I would like them to get beyond these influences and live in a better world."

"Then you do not want them to remain here with you, and Wonder become your Eve, and you her Adam."

Well, I just stopped short and stared at him! How in creation did he know this? Then, as I saw a merry twinkle in his eyes, I asked him how he knew my thoughts.

"I must tell you I am an immortal. I watch and guard this abode. We go and come at will, and know all things that belong to our part of the Master's vineyard, which is a great joy to us, who love the Lord. Did you ever hear of the revolt in Heaven?"

"No, I don't remember to have ever heard of it. Is it in the Bible?"



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

“Yes, and as you have never read about it, I will tell you.\* Evil, or Satan, whom you have heard about, was once a good angel, high in authority, but he wickedly got up a great revolt in Heaven. What it was over the Good Book does not state, but we believe he wished to rule in the Father's place. Be this as it may, he was thrown out of Heaven with all of his followers, onto Earth, the Good Book says. There he set up a kingdom for himself followed with all the direful results which has come to that world since. As he knew all the mysteries of life, he immediately began plotting for human bodies for his spirits, or followers, who went with him, for all were cast into outer darkness, with a *loss of perfection*, a loss of the knowledge of the blissful home they had been banished from, placed in the bodies of Nature's first offspring. There they must forever remain, unless they could graft into their bodies the good seed of progression. So he planned to enter the charmed circle of Eden, where dwelt the Immortals, and by seductive words win Eve, the fairest one, to concede to his wishes, promising her that she should be called the Mother of all flesh and Adam the Father of all flesh. So artfully did he persuade her, she consented and the seed of error was grafted into the good seed, and good and evil have since walked hand in hand among the dwellers of Earth. The first born, being of animal, not spiritual nature, was, at heart, a savage, and killed his brother. The Heavenly Father saw that to cleanse the world from evil the curse of death must come to all living creatures, that through this door all could come once again to their lost home.”

He paused and listened as we were about to enter a narrow defile. I turned, also, to look, and was filled with dread, for I saw coming, just behind us, a vast army. There was such a great multitude I felt sure it would fill the whole defile. There were soldiers on foot, and on horseback, and chariots with armed drivers, all dashing forward, and plunging in a confused manner.

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\*Rev. XII: 7, 8, 9.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HE HAS A WONDERFUL DREAM.

*Ah, what is fame? A bit of rhyme  
Forgotten soon on wings of time;  
And what is power? A fleeting breath,  
A bubble burst, that yields to death.*

A ROUTED army is a fearful thing to see. I only took one look, then scampered up the sides of the ravine as fast as I could never stopping to see what had become of Reliable, so that I could put as great a distance as possible between myself and the oncoming multitude. So fast did I run I stumbled and fell flat on my face, while the neighing of horses and the rumbling of chariot wheels sounded so close to me I thought I must surely be run over. When I reached the top of the hill, I turned and looked. They had gone through the defile and were rushing back. In the foremost chariot, which was drawn by eight coal-black horses, I saw a kingly man holding a long spear in his hand; as he turned his face toward me, I read, on his forehead, in bright red letters, the name HEROD! On, on went footmen, horsemen, and charioteers, all with a wild, haunted look, as if they were trying to outride some terrible foe.

I now looked around for Reliable, fearing he had been run over and injured. Imagine my surprise when I found him sitting on a large rock close beside me with arms folded, looking as calm as if he were inspecting a moving picture.

"Who are those people, and where are they going?" I asked him.

"They are part of the Moon's army. The one in the first chariot is another slayer of innocents, and he gathers his army as he journeys along to the Lake of Tears."

"Could any amount of prayers avail for these poor creatures?" I questioned.

"Young man, it is surely right to pray for those who have

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

passed away in sin; but of one thing you may be certain — you will never find on Earth a person who will be frank enough to say that his sins are as bad as those of some one else.

“Every one seems to think his own sins will be winked at, and those of his neighbors punished. To pray for Satan is a good thought; remember to do it. The Bible says, pray for your enemies, and he is man’s worst enemy, the instigator of all his troubles. Do not enter his ranks, but with JESUS as password, look heavenward and pray that Evil may return to a merciful Father’s home, where a welcome is assured in these words: *He that repenteth of his sins, and seeks my forgiveness I will in no way cast out.*”

“Are those men who just went by with Herod his wicked servants?” I asked.

“Not all of them. Some are persons who have committed the same crimes and they join the army whenever it comes near them.

“Does it not hurt the animals to have these wicked spirits in them?” was my next question.

“Not at all. The force of hypnotism does it all; it acts like a bad dream which is forgotten as soon as they are free from its influence.”

We had now approached a wild, rugged mountainous region. I saw a road leading into a large cave with a floor as smooth as marble. I thought it must be a tunnel, and that we could walk through it.

As we reached the opening I heard groans, and loud cries, with awful heart-breaking sighs, and I turned back fearing to know who or what was in there. “Stop!” commanded Reliable, taking hold of me; “I wish to tell you this is the Cave of Recollection. Here abide those who were the direct cause of the Saviour’s death. Judas Iscariot comes here every day, at a certain hour, and joins those you hear moaning and crying in the cave.”

“Will they always have to stay?” I asked, as we walked rapidly away.

“I think,” replied Reliable, “that after a time they will be pardoned, for the Savior said: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*\* They are self-accused; they never care to come out, and are thankful for this cave to hide in.”

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\*Luke xxviii: 34.

## A DREAM.

As evening approached Reliable pointed to a large field where there were some fruit-bearing trees. Near a spring of water, I found two fine frogs (put there, as I told Reliable, for me). When supper was ready I called Reliable to help me eat it, but he declined. I may say now, that I never saw him eat or drink anything. When I had finished my meal, we both lay down on the mossy ground and began talking about the Earth, which was speeding on its way through space over our heads. As we watched her Reliable began talking about the wrongs committed there, and the deceit practised by Evil to gain men's souls, and make them return to the lowest plane of life, which is the animal, or savage. Said he: "I always feel so sorry for a man or woman when, by their own acts, they fall again to the lowest plane of life; they do not realize how near they were to the long lost home."

While we had been talking, I had noticed the sky was getting red, and soon the ground and my clothes were the same color; so bright did it appear, I asked Reliable if the Moon were on fire.

"Oh, no! Something far worse. There is a large company of murderers and suicides coming from Earth, and such arrivals always change the atmosphere to this color. When you get back to Earth, and see the Moon like this, then you may know there are fresh arrivals of such spirits here. I have some work to do, so go to sleep and don't be afraid, for nothing can harm you. I will be back soon," and, saying this, he left me. Do all I would, I could not help feeling lonesome and uneasy.

After he had gone I lay there watching the sky with its rapidly changing colors; and I wondered how he thought sleep could come to anyone in such a weird scene. I grew chilly, positively cold. Every sound, caused me to jump with alarm and the sweat began to run in ice cold rivers down my back while I tried to be brave. How I missed Reliable and wished he would return. Next time I would insist on going with him. While I was in this torture of mind, a verse came to my mind that sister Toby, and her schoolmate friends, used to say to the Moon when they were trying tricks of fate:

*Oh, silvery moon, in yon ether blue,  
Answer, I pray, and tell me true;  
If I shall love, and shall I wed?  
If this is my fate, let your face turn red.*

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

After repeating this three times, they would make a wish go to bed backward, and dream of their future husbands. Poor Toby, how I longed to see her, and all of them, and I wondered if they ever thought of me.

As my mind returned to the scenes around me, I was miserable and homesick. The night waned slowly, and the blood-red sky seemed in no hurry to depart, nor did my chilly feelings. I tried hard to keep awake until Reliable's return, but to no purpose. Towards morning I awoke, and saw Reliable had returned and brought two others with him. The three were conversing in low tones, so low I did not understand a word. If I had tried to, I could not, for a drowsy feeling held me captive, and I was soon asleep again. Just how long I slept the last time I do not know, but the scenes I passed through, in the short period I was asleep, were so real to me, I always feel, when I relate them, that they were reality itself.

Reliable had said to me, in the fore part of the evening. "I suppose you would give a good deal of money if you had it, to see your home again, and would be willing to go anyway, so you made the journey in safety."

"I certainly would," I replied; and this is what happened: I went into a deep sleep or trance, and thought I found my skycycle, and was preparing to return home, and leave the Moon with all its horrifying scenes. This I did in a very short time, and in a still shorter time I reached my home and landed in the same field from which I had started so long ago. I tied my skycycle to a tree and then skipped away to the house with a glad, beating heart.

It was night, and they were all asleep. As I looked up to the sky I saw the Moon sailing through space, still blood red, and I thought how glad I was to be away from that world of sad regrets. I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. I knocked loudly at the door, and I soon heard father's voice saying: "Hello there, what's wanted?"

"It's me, father, Ulysum, I want to come in." After a little shuffling he opened the door, and I started to go in. He pushed me back, saying: "What a darn lie! Who are ye, anyway?" Then mother came out and looked at me and screamed: "Oh! Kimsed, it's a burglar! Murder! Murder!"

"I'll burglar him," said father, and he grabbed the stove

## A DREAM.

poker and came at me. Mother took the broom, and they hit me right and left, I dodging all the time, and proclaiming my identity.

"You! Ulysum! You lying dog! You look more like a frog from the back medder," and with that he slammed the door in my face.

This was a fine state of affairs; to go home and be treated like that. What under the sun ailed them, anyway?"

I wondered if I had changed so much. I knew where there was one who would be glad to see me, my darling Henriette, and off I started for L— to find my wife and baby. I walked very fast, but every familiar spot on the way seemed to come fresh to my mind, and rise up to bid me welcome.

When I reached my own home, I went to our bed-room window and rapped on it softly, for fear I should wake little Ute; getting no answer, I rapped again. A man's gruff voice called out: "Who's there?"

"Does Mrs. Ulysum Storries live here yet?" I was afraid she had married again, thinking me dead.

His answer was reassuring: "Yes, up stairs."

"Tell her if you please, her husband is here, and wants to come in." I heard them talking, and, after a while, Henriette's cheery voice as she hurried to open the door. With a big lump in my throat, I started to embrace her, when, with a regular whoop, she rushed back, crying: "It's a tramp! It's a tramp!" Then out rushed the man, and I saw it was Ben Berwick, a shopmate, who was living in part of the house, and he yelled:

"What do you want here, you villain?"

"Ben, don't you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, or will shortly, if you don't move on pretty quick."

"But Ben —"

"Here, Tige! Here, Tige! Sic him! Sic him! good boy!"

At his invitation out came a big bull-dog, and before I could climb a plum tree, that stood in the yard, he had a good mouthful of the seat of my breeches in his teeth. "Call off your dog! Call him off! Murder! Murder!" I yelled. Then I awoke, to find Reliable and his two friends trying to pull me out of a tree that stood in the grove where we had rested.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Here! Here! Young man, what's the matter? Hold on there! What are you trying to do? Have the hypnotic powers got you again?"

I could hardly believe my eyes, when I came to myself and found it was a dream. I felt so sore over it I could not say a word, but just walked off by myself and sat down and cried. I kept saying between my sobs: "But it was so real. It was so real." When I had calmed down a little, Reliable brought his two friends and introduced me to them, calling one TRUTH, and the other OBEDIENCE. "When you have eaten your breakfast," said he, "we will journey along together."

"I don't want any breakfast," I replied, buttoning up my coat, for want of something better to do, and I kept my face away from the strangers. "I had breakfast enough last night."

"Why, what happened last night?"

Then I told him my dream, and how real it was, and how they treated me at home.

"You were hypnotized, but not by bad spirits," said Reliable. "Never mind, now you are yourself again; but I cannot help laughing when I think of how you scrambled to get up the tree, and say, brother, when in that state you have considerable strength."

He began to laugh, and the others joined him. When he had drawn his face down to a sober condition again, he went on to say: "If I remember aright, you said last evening you would be willing to be hypnotized if you could see your friends at home, did you not?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but I thought they would know me; or, at least, I would have a good time looking at them. Instead, it turned out all wrong."

"Nevertheless, you did go home, and saw them, and they you; but you have changed since you came under other conditions, and they did not recognize you. There is nothing new or startling in the spirit leaving the body during sleep. It often does this in any Earth life, and wanders back to the scenes of other lives, traveling faster than one can think. You really saw them, and they you; it was the communion of spirits."

"Why didn't you let me stay there if that was so?"

"I had nothing to do with your going, and if I had, your

## A DREAM.

body was here, and as the spirit had not broken its connection with the body, it had to come back. You should be thankful for the pleasure of seeing them, and knowing that they are well, and happy."

"Not much pleasure in being treated as I was,—called a robber and tramp and turned out of doors; if that is pleasure I don't want any more. I prefer to have my spirit stay where it belongs, with my body. I don't care for hypnotism any way." I saw them look at one another and smile. When I had finished washing and had combed my hair, we started on our way again, along the trail. I could not help thinking how real it had seemed; my finding my skycycle, and how disappointed I was to learn that I had been the victim of hypnotism. I was glad of one thing, which was that this force was mostly on the Moon instead of Earth, for there was deceit enough there already without any help from this force. After a while Obedience asked me what I thought of electricity and I told him I did not know much about it, but those who did know thought it a wonderful force.

"They are only in the alphabet yet," said Truth. "I wonder what they will say when they know all? You will see great wonders done by its use before you return to Earth, but there is a greater force than this." He was interrupted by a man sitting by the path crying and moaning as if his heart would break. Obedience put his hand on his head, and said: "Friend Wishihadn't, what is the trouble now?"

"Oh," replied the man, "conscience is troubling me again. All the *would-have-beens* are after me to-day, taunting me for taking my life in a fit of passion, when a life's opportunity and happiness were within my grasp. Then the suffering I have caused others who were innocent. How could I have been so cruel! Why was I left to the powers of darkness!"

"My dear brother," said Truth, "I know you have repented, and are truly sorry for your sins. We will carry your message to the Father—*Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow. For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation.*

"What words of comfort those are. Let me go back to life, even the lowest, and with angels to guard me I will work my way up again and become a perfect man. Do not forget me, Oh, please do not."

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\*Isa. 1: 18. \*Cor. VII: 10.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Truth assured him that he would not, and we left him crying over the ruins of a misspent life.

We came next to a level tract where I saw more cattle, and I thought of the bull, and my ride, and I asked Reliable if he could keep hypnotism away from them. "If you can, keep them back, for they will try it on me again, and I have had enough for a long time."

"Don't be afraid," replied Reliable, laughing; we will do the best we can for you, but your material body is a splendid subject for these demonstrations," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. Seeing a donkey coming towards us, he cried: "See! Who is that fellow after?" It did not take long to find out, for the animal came straight up in front of me and said, in a coarse voice, "What did you do on Earth to be sent here? Did you kick or starve some poor animal?"

"No! No!" I cried, as it stuck its nose close in my face. "Shoo! Shoo! Get-up! Get-up!" and I dodged behind Reliable. It rushed after me, turned, and let fly its heels, directly towards my face, but I was too quick, and they missed me. He galloped away, back to the herd.

I never had had much love for a mule, since I tried to ride one for a prize in a circus. I was the laughing stock for the whole crowd, and the mule had the best of it, for he tumbled me around until I was completely worn out. So I had no hankering for mules in general.

"You are not a very brave man to plan new discoveries," observed Obedience. Did you think everything would be fair sailing, and you would meet with no mishaps?"

"I hardly know what I did think. One thing I am sure of, I never thought of hypnotism or talking donkeys."

"Did you never read in your Bible about Balaam's ass speaking?" asked Reliable.

"Oh, when I was a small boy I had a little book that told about it, but I never believed it."

"What, do you mean to say that you do not believe the Bible?" he asked, in surprise.

"Why, no! Not exactly that; I thought all of these things were figurative, for I did not think a dumb animal could talk as we do."

"It is literally true, he spoke and reproached his master

## A DREAM.

for his cruelty. So you see, Balaam is now an ass; he knows how good it is to be a beast of burden."

"I wonder if that was Balaam himself?" I asked, smiling at the idea of such a thing.

"Yes, I am," said the ass, coming up again; "I am Balaam, and I advise you to be good to dumb animals, or you will spend your days on this planet. Good-bye, don't ever be a donkey," and away he went again, in among the herd, and I lost sight of him.

"On Earth," said Obedience, "there are guardian angels, who keep an account of all the deeds done in the body, and it is well to hear the silent voice and obey its teachings."

"I have often noticed that when I am about to do anything wrong, I seem to hear or feel something that says: 'Don't do it!' Is that the silent voice?"

"Yes, that is the silent voice, and if you listen and obey its teachings you will, in time, hear it so plain it will be like talking to a person you can see, and it will keep you in the right path, and guide you in the midst of danger."

"I should think you would get tired of these scenes, every day and all the time," said I, watching a lion crouching and growling a little way off.

Before he could answer, I heard shouts and yells, and on looking in the direction from whence they came, there was another large army going along the road, and such awful looking creatures I had never before seen. I inquired who they were, and Obedience answered: "They are the instigators of the French revolution, and all others of their kind — those who make a reign of terror on the Earth. Look at their faces, and you can read their lives. Do they not look like fiends with their wild, haggard eyes, and long disordered hair?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN AMBASSADOR FROM EARTH.

*Thou Queen of Beauty! Lotos flower,  
A fitting shrine for Love's sweet power,  
But cruel Fate, with wicked art,  
Crushed love, and passion ruled thy heart.*

IT was getting very warm, and I felt tired so I proposed that we should rest under some trees that I saw a little way farther on. This was agreed to, and we hastened forward, and took advantage of this cool spot until the noonday heat was spent. I gathered some bread leaves and sat down on a large rock to eat my luncheon. A woman was coming our way; when Reliable saw her, he turned and asked me: "Have you ever noticed how the habits of life mar or beautify the face?"

"I don't know as I ever did," I replied.

"They do," said he, "every virtue or vice which humanity cultivates makes the countenance express either good or evil; either glory or dishonor whichever they will. If you study these things, you will see for yourself. Watch this woman, she is called Mother Tiptop, and her face pictures a wasted life. She came where we were and took a seat on a rock under a tree; then looking around from one to another, she said: "It's a fearful hot day."

"It is, indeed," replied Reliable. "How is Mother Tiptop to-day?"

"Just the same as I have always been, a fearful sinner; and she leered and grinned. "Part of the time I have friends, then again I am without a single one, and my misdeeds torment me until I wish I could get away from them."

As I watched her, I could see she had leered so long, her eyes had taken on that look, and she had grinned until there was always a grin on her face. Her wicked temper showed in her fierce black eyes, as she rolled them about from one object to another. At last she seemed to realize that I was from

## AN AMBASSADOR.

Earth, and, with a coarse laugh, she cried: "Now just look at that one; what did you do that they sent you here? Something worse than any of us, I'll be bound, or they wouldn't have let you bring that body with you." Then she laughed again, such a boisterous laugh, and turning to Obedience she inquired who I was. She turned to me again: "Had to come to it, didn't you? I'm glad of it. Glad of it," and she laughed hilariously.

I felt tempted to throw a stone at her, then I thought, "You poor fool, you." I had just framed the words for utterance, when she said sharply: "Well, I wasn't fool enough to come here till I had to. Now, which is the biggest fool? Never mind, let's make up, and shake hands." She extended her hand to me, but I drew back in disgust. Then she laughed again and said: "I like your manners. I must say they have not improved since you left Earth." She extended her hand again: "Come now, that's a good boy." I still drew back, and thought to myself, "I don't want to shake hands with a murderer, or a suicide. No sooner had this thought entered my mind than she screamed: "He reads my life! He reads my life, and there they all come." Then she rushed past me shrieking, "He reads my life," until her voice was lost in the distance.

"What are you looking at, brother?" asked Reliable, coming up to me.

"I am not looking at anything in particular," I replied. "I was thinking how tired I am of these scenes, and I was wondering if you ever felt as I do."

"No, we do not, for we are invincible against all power exerted by error. We are agents of an All Wise Father, whom we love too much not to love his children who are bound by the chains of sin, and we do all we can, through love, to help them," said Obedience. "Speaking of being invincible, do you remember how the children of Israel went through the Red Sea? How Daniel lived in a den of lions? and how the three children were saved from the flames in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes! I've read about them."

"The spirit or power that was round about them was invincible, and it is still possible for the dwellers of Earth to be so wrapped in this force, that Satan can have no power over

## A. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

them." You remember the faith that can remove mountains, do you not?"

"I have heard mother speak of it, but I do not understand it."

"If you understood it, you would see all these things. Faith in the power of God, the power to perform, and to keep all promises brings peace, brings love, joy and power. The wild beasts of the field are subjugated; the wicked are baffled and cannot prevail against it; it has a power over all matter, and the forces of Earth. This was demonstrated by our Blessed Saviour, who, in the midst of danger, could withdraw where no man could follow or know, and is also shown by His victory over death. Faith is implicit trust in a person you have not seen, a trust to do his bidding, feeling all will be as he says. Christ arose a tangible body, as He was before He was crucified, and showed us all how perfect was his faith in all his Father's promises. When humanity is willing to give up error and accept this truth literally, the spirit of truth will be given them. They will obey God and become new, growing more and more into the power of this force, which leads directly through the gates of knowledge into the life perfected. *Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find.\**

Go to God with all your affairs, be they large or small, He will hear you; this faith pleases him, and is what He desired." When Obedience had ceased, Reliable asked me what I discovered in Mother Tiptop's face. "I hardly know," said I, "she looked so ugly."

"I will tell you; you saw the marks of an evil temper, which had caused her to break every law of life laid down in the Bible. Remember that *he that conquereth his temper is better than he that taketh a city.*"

"Does one know what brought another here?"

"Oh, yes, it is all talked over among themselves, and is also flashed on the sky when the spirits of this planet meet to hold their congress, which is called 'The Murderer's Congress.'"

We had now reached the top of another hill and there below us in the valley was a second large city, with a high wall all around it like the city of Pharaoh.

The three men drew apart from me, and I saw that Truth was giving orders to the others, but I could not understand a

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\*Luke II: 9. \*Prov. XVI: 32.

## AN AMBASSADOR.

word he said; so I employed my time in looking at the city. How lovely it seemed from my perch on the hill top, with its glistening domes reflecting the sunlight. At one gate that opened toward the hill on which we stood, I saw a long line of camels, heavy laden, wending their way with their drivers into the city. Now, I thought, this is real, and no doubt is where these three men live. As they made a move to go on, I inquired the name of the city.

"It is called Cleopatra's Court. Do you know who Cleopatra was?" inquired Reliable.

"I have heard her name, but I do not remember who or what she was," I replied.

"She was a beautiful woman, the queen of Egypt," he explained.

I thought of King Herod and said: "I think I had better go on and follow the trail, for I don't want to see any more dissolving views."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but I saw them look at one another and smile when I said I would go on. The nearer we came to the city I kept thinking "This surely is a real city." When we passed close to the wall and my hand touched it, I knew there was no myth about it. When we reached the gate, and I saw the streets with their hurry and bustle, I only needed Reliable's "Come, brother, come," to go along with them; besides, the trail went into it also, so there was no other way for me to go.

After we entered the city, and I had time to look around, I was glad I had come for everybody looked so happy and jolly, and it was so pleasant in every way, I found it a great relief to my poor, tortured, melancholy mind, which had become depressed by the horrid sights I had witnessed, to find something homelike, and I thanked my friends for urging me to come with them.

After we had passed through several streets, we came to an Inn, and Reliable said we would stop there for luncheon. It was a fine hotel; the rooms were large and airy, and there was a court-yard with a magnificent fountain in the centre, with flowers and shade trees, and walks all around. Reliable took a seat, and called for a lunch for me. As I took one beside him, I thought if this should prove unreal it is a delightful

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delusion at any rate, and I drank in the scene with pleasure and comfort.

"Brother," said Truth, who was watching me as I enjoyed the cool breeze which was tossing my hair around, "this is better than being outside under the tropic sun, don't you think so?"

"I certainly do. I must have landed in the temperate zone."

"You did, and as this planet is still young, or about the age of the Earth when vegetation and man first appeared there, it is still evolving toward atmospheric conditions when the waters will be divided and vegetation spring forth in abundance where it is now sparse and stunted." Then the conversation turned upon the growth of worlds, and I was an interested listener.

After awhile Truth arose with the remark: "I must go about my work." He came and shook hands with me, saying: "Don't get discouraged, keep right along on your journey of discovery until you find the perfect life, and the forever day. Good-bye! We shall meet again, a long time hence." He laid his hand on my head and said a few inaudible words, then shook hands with Reliable and went away followed by Obedience who also bade us good-bye.

Just after they left a beautiful girl came across the court, and arranged the table; then she rang a bell, and a black dwarf came in with the luncheon. He took his place back of me with a large fan made of long scarlet feathers which he waved back and forth with a rhythmic motion in unison with the delightful music which came from somewhere near and filled the air with harmony. Talk of beauty! Stars of Argon! I never saw such beautiful black eyes in all my life, as the girl had. They were the laughing kind I had read about in Earth books, but ten times more beautiful. Her lips and cheeks were cherry red, her complexion that of a rich peach. Her dress was a reddish green silk, cut low in the neck, which left the full neck and rounded shoulders exposed to view; the arms were bare, with only a ruffle of lace around the arm-hole. Such shoulders, and such arms, and dainty hands and feet. I saw it all at a glance, this perfect beauty with her winning grace. Only once had I looked at my lunch, and I seemed to have forgotten it entirely, so engrossed was I

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watching this fairy as she flitted here and there among the flowers that filled the court.

At length Reliable came up to me and, looking down on the untasted food, inquired if I were sick? "Oh, no," said I, blushing; "I was thinking." I began to eat, and here was a surprise; the food was the same that one would find in any first-class hotel in Chicago. My thought! Didn't I eat when I came to myself: Two cups of coffee with rich cream, hot rolls, broiled beefsteak, mashed potatoes, with three or four vegetables, and a dainty dessert, which, whenever I think of it, makes me wish for more. I had just finished eating, when Reliable said: "I am going away a short distance to another part of the city and I wish to tell you, that I have made provision for your sojourn here, if you care to remain, or, you can go with me," and he folded his arms and looked at the girl who stood leaning against an urn, watching us.

Did I want to go? No! I forgot all about my resolution never to leave him again, and I was not a bit afraid, just then, of hypnotism either. Why should I want to leave such a cool place for the outside heat of a tropic sun? The Inn was lovely, the servants gracious, and the maiden divine; so when Reliable turned to me, with "Well, brother, what do you say?" I answered "I think I will rest here, if you do not mind."

"As you will," and he turned away smiling. After Reliable had gone, the young lady came up to me, and said: "Sir, with your permission, I would like to talk with you about Earth, for I am told there is where you came from." She smiled sweetly, and I assured her I would be most happy to tell her anything I could, and I placed a chair near mine for her.

We feel very much honored, sir, that you have chosen our house for your home during your stay here." She smiled again, and the eyes rested on me with fondness. "My name is Pyra; I am the daughter of the innkeeper, and I beg the privilege of entertaining you as my guest. May I?"

"Certainly!" What else could I say? Let anyone who reads this put himself in my place in front of a pretty girl in full dress, or undress, for there was but little of the waist, with a form of perfection, and eyes full of tenderness. Let her ask him to be her guest, when all he has is on another planet;



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what would he do? Stay, as I did, I'll bet, and blush and stammer thanks like a bashful schoolgirl, taking her first lesson in the art of love.

"Oh, this is kindness itself," said she, putting her jeweled hand on my arm, and looking way down into my heart.

That look! Why it just fixed my fate. I lost my head entirely, and would have dared all the hypnotic force on the Moon for that one look, with the emotion of blissful happiness that permeated my being at that moment.

Father used to say: "Ute acts like a durn fool every time he sees a different petticoat," and I guess he was about right. I was glad that my three friends were away, as I thus allowed myself to be carried down this stream of emotion and new-found happiness.

We began talking about the Earth, she asking questions, I answering, until we touched upon the theme of love. Well, perhaps I was foolish, but I was depressed, and like a drowning man, I caught at this one straw of sunshine. I told her she was beautiful, while I held one of her little dainty hands in mine, and kissed the round cherry lips, and ended by telling her I loved her.

All this in one short afternoon. I forgot Baby Ute, and Henriette, all about Earth, and everything but those lovely eyes that held me spell-bound.

"Ah," said she, "you Earth-born make splendid lovers, for when you come here you do all the things over and over that you did there. If you have had a hundred loves they all come back to you here, and vanish and come again. To-morrow I will take you around the city, and introduce you to my friends," and she described many different things of interest that we would visit.

It was twilight, and the shades of evening were softly falling around us, ere I awoke from that blissful dream. The noise of the city was hushed, the music ceased, and the great bells in the watch-tower clanged out that day was gone, when I escaped from the spell that love had placed around me. I arose to seek my couch, and we bade each other good night. Somehow, when I was alone in the privacy of my own room, I felt a shamefaced feeling, a pain around my heart that try as I would, I could not put away. After a time I fell asleep

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and did not awaken until I heard Pyra singing beneath my window, as she went about her daily duties. I hastened to rise and dress, for at the sound of that voice the spell was upon me again, and I took unusual care with my personal appearance. When I went to put on my clothes, I saw, with surprise, that they looked as good as new, while the night before I was ashamed, they looked so old and worn.

While I was busy dressing, I heard two men talking about a flying machine that had come from Earth, and was in the city, but before I could get down to ask them where it now was they had gone, and I was disappointed.

Pyra came up to me and asked: "Did you have a refreshing sleep?"

I assured her that I had.

My anxious inquiry was: "Did you see the men who were talking about a flying machine?" and I explained my loss.

"Oh, that is too bad!" she cried, "but we will surely hear about it as we go around the city, and, perhaps you will find it. But do you wish to return to Earth? We all do here, but the Coat of Skins keeps us prisoners so long," and she sighed.

"The Coat of Skins?" What do you mean? I asked.

"Don't you know that our first parents were driven out of the garden of Eden and had to wear Coats of Skins as a punishment for their sins? Oh, we wish to go back, but we don't want to wear the Coat of Skins and yet we have committed the same sin. The beautiful eyes looked so beseechingly sad, I said: "Pyra, don't talk so; it makes me wish I had never seen you. It is better to be as we were last evening, dear."

"Ah, yes, that is so. I had almost forgotten. We will go to breakfast."

She wore a lace dress, which fell in soft folds around her; the waist was cut low and left the lovely neck and arms to show their perfection; around her neck were three strings of bright red beads, and, on her arms, bracelets of the same. White slippers encased the small feet, and, as she put her arm through mine, she caught up the train with a graceful movement, and, smiling, walked with me to the table, chatting and laughing as if she had always known me.

During our repast, she told me about the wonderful Court of Cleopatra. The city at this time is full of strangers from

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all over this world. Pharaoh comes, Herod comes, Nero and Cæsar, and darling Antony; AND I might say, it is mostly kings and queens and their courts that come to the Court of Love. It is really gorgeous. Why, my dear," and she looked straight into my eyes, "the beauty of centuries is here to attend this court, and the dresses are magnificent. The queen of beauty, of passionate love, holds the sceptre during the pageant march before her, and women and men drink and drink at this fountain, until they become intoxicated with love." She laid her pretty head upon my shoulder while my arm stole around her slender waist, and she whispered: "Would you like to drink at that fountain?"

"Ah, Pyra, am I not drinking there, now?" and I drew, her lovely face up to mine, and kissed her. Once it flashed through my mind that I was a fool, but the feeling went as soon as it came. After breakfast she asked me to walk with her and see the lovely flowers. As we strolled along, we talked about the different things we came to, she leaning on my arm, and looking so tantalizingly beautiful, I likened her to every flower we saw. Suddenly she stepped in front of me, threw her arms around my neck; her eyes grew intensely brilliant, her bosom heaved, and her voice grew tremulous as she asked me if I had a wife or sweetheart on Earth. For a moment I was staggered. What put that into her head, I wondered. As I looked at her and felt her whole being tremble with emotion, waiting for my answer, I put conscience one side, and told a lie, and said: "*No!*"

I felt ashamed of Henriette with her homely ways, and plain face, and even little Ute did not seem half so cunning to me as he used to.

"Oh, I am so glad, for I can have you all to myself." I know sensible people will blame me, and say what a fool, or something worse, but I was not used to such treatment, and like many another Earth-born, when away from home and friends, I let the stream of pleasant excitement carry me past my good convictions, pleased with the marked preference shown me."

She asked me if I liked dreaming. "Yes, if they are good dreams. But, Pyra, do you marry on this planet?"

"Oh, no, dear; we just dream, and dream, and dream here

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forever, and forever. If we are willing to try again and wear the Coat of Skins we can get away from here," and she broke forth in sobs so sad, I caught her in my arms and held her close to my heart, while I murmured, "Don't, Pyra. I will stay here with you and dream forever if you wish." And yet, while I was saying those words, the thought of Henriette's sensible, modest ways came up before me and I felt glad she would never know how great a sinner I was. Then I inquired if there ever came bad dreams."

"Oh, don't speak of it, don't!" and Pyra shivered, and hastened to change the subject by asking me if I had seen the comet, the previous evening."

"No, is there a comet coming?"

"Yes, and they think it will strike the Moon, and I hope it will for then we shall get out of this prison, or go into oblivion which would be better still."

"Oh, do not say that, Pyra, for I long to live here with you, in this sweet dreamland forever; let us trust it will not come."

The lovely head fell on my shoulder. I held her closely, while she whispered: "Don't let me wake up. We will sail away on the sea of love unmindful of everything about us, for who knows but if I can really entice a mortal, and hold him, I may, in time, get back. You know it was a mortal who enticed a spirituelle and kept her in bondage that he might have a spiritualized material body when he is perfected. So let us dream and dream."

Somehow, I could not ease my mind or keep the thoughts from coming that dreams ended usually with an abruptness that was anything but pleasant.

We now heard voices, and were joined by several other of her girl friends, all beauties, and as Pyra introduced me to them I wondered which was the belle, for I really could see no choice. One of them said she had been sent to tell me that Queen Cleopatra wished me to attend the festivities at the palace. Then I overheard Pyra say to one of them, "Who knows but if we entice a mortal we will all be liberated without having to wear a Coat of Skins, for never was mortal here before."

One would have supposed this would have been enough to have opened my eyes; but, no, I was with a lot of pretty girls,

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who were trying their best to entertain me, and I was well pleased to go to Court if they were to be my companions. All my trials while in the city of Pharaoh I had forgotten, or, at least, they did not come to my mind, not even when they mentioned that Pharaoh and Herod had already arrived.

The city was beginning to put on a holiday appearance, and strangers were flocking in in great numbers to see and take part in the coming ceremonies. All this I noticed, as we passed through the streets on our tour of sight seeing. Long caravans of camels, and lovely horses, all decked out with beautiful embroidered blankets, with strings of tinkling bells, and gold and silver tassels on their headgear, came through the city, carrying on their backs distinguished guests, who had come to pay their respects to the Queen. I saw many a dark-eyed beauty lift the silken curtain of her little tent upon the camel's back, and speak to her gaily-dressed black servants, who led the beast upon which she sat, giving her orders in a melodious voice, while she gazed around upon the varicolored flags, banners and other decorations that were being put in place all over the city.

After many turnings through different streets, we came to a large well, in the center of a square, which was surrounded by a low stone wall. On the four sides were large stone troughs and two men stood there beneath green silk-covered tents and drew the water for man and beast. As we came up to them there was a number of water girls, as Pyra called them, with large green and red jars on their heads, each waiting their turn for them to be filled with water.

Here was beauty of another type; brown skins, with a rich red glow on cheeks and lips, jet black locks with a close curl, and eyes whose blackness was most intense. They wore short scarlet silk skirts, with bands of black and yellow around them; their waists were slightly covered with long silk scarfs, striped with black, and red and yellow, draped around them, with one end left loose and carried up and used for a head covering. All wore sandals held on by scarlet ribbons, large gold hoops in their ears, with bracelets on arms and ankles. As we stood beside the well waiting, that we in turn might get a drink, a chariot drawn by six coal black horses stopped by the well,\* and the driver asked Pyra if I was the Ambassador from Earth.

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"I do not know," replied Pyra, "but he is from Earth; he came with three strangers, and whether one of them or he, is the one you seek, I know not. I will inquire," and she turned and asked me the question.

"I am the only one from Earth," I replied, "but am not an Ambassador."

"Yes, you are," said Pyra. "Say you are, then all will be well. Now, don't forget you are an Ambassador from Earth." Then she told the driver I was the one he wanted, and he bade me come with him, and he took my arm and led me to the chariot.

"Come with me, Pyra," I urged, as they came up to see me off, but she shook her head, saying: "We will be there soon. Don't forget that you are an Ambassador from Earth."

## CHAPTER IX.

### QUEEN CLEOPATRA'S COURT.

*And kings were there, and queens and lords, and ladies fair  
to view,  
And as I gazed admiringly, I thought it all was true,  
When like a flash, they vanished all, like horrid nightmare's  
scare,  
And naught was left but memories of sin and black despair.*

THE driver sprang to his place, the footman took his, and we whirled rapidly away through street after street, until we stopped in front of a magnificent palace, which was guarded by a long line of soldiers, which separated into two lines, to let us pass between.

What a beautiful sight! The guards were drawn up in martial array, their black skins conspicuous in their silver mail and helmets. Each one carried a long silver spear the head of which was made of some glittering gem, which gleamed like a star. As we drove through the lines, they all bowed their heads and remained so until we had passed by. When I saw this I began to have misgivings of how this visit would end, or what could be the outcome of it.

The palace was a large, white marble building with a veranda all around it supported by fluted gold pillars. There were no windows or doors, but openings with richly embroidered tapestries in front of them. As we drew up to one of them, a guard came up to the carriage, helped me to alight and escorted me inside. Another took me to the throne room, saying that the Queen was waiting there to receive me. I noticed as we passed through room after room that the walls were hung with the richest tapestries, and the beautiful mosaic floors were covered with lovely scarlet rugs. There were easy chairs, divans, ottomans, luxurious lounges, and pillows of all sizes. As we went from room to room, and I saw the elegantly dressed throngs of people that filled the salons, I

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was amazed at so many different styles of dress, costumes from the earliest ages down to those worn at home when I came away. All were made of the richest materials, but of one color only — *scarlet*.

Why all these things did not put me on my guard I cannot say. I forgot all about hypnotism while watching these curious people. Now and then a thought would cross my mind as to the reality of the scene, but when some one would bump up against me and I would feel their hand or arm, I was reassured.

There was one thing that especially troubled me, and that was how I was to play the part of Ambassador to a real live Queen. What would be expected of me? How was I to act? This was an experience I had never read about, so of course had no knowledge whatever as to my proper course of action. Pyra and her friends were surely making game of me. But the die was cast. Already I had been called Ambassador, so there was nothing to do but put on a bold front and go ahead. One thing I noticed especially and that was, the restless manner of the people, and the intense eager looks at me. Was I expected to make a speech?

That would be out of the ordinary entirely, for a Storries was never known to make a speech, only father, and that was always to Zeb and me, the same old one thing over and over again, so many times, we knew what he was going to say when he turned round to spit before he commenced.

As we entered the throne room, I saw a bright scarlet covered platform, with three steps leading up to it, and in a sandalwood and gold chair sat a beautiful woman with a crown on her head and a scepter in her right hand. When she saw me, she smiled and beckoned for me to come nearer. Over the throne was a canopy of richly embroidered scarlet velvet and satin, worked in dragon designs with gold thread, and finished with gold fringe and heavy gold tassels. Two large gold dragons, with green gem eyes, held the platform on their backs, while two smaller ones supported the steps. The queen wore a bright scarlet velvet dress embroidered with gold and gems. Her underdress was yellow satin quilted, and filled in the front where the outer robe opened and fell away in graceful folds. The waist was yellow satin covered with gold and



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gems, and around her neck there gleamed three rows of diamonds with an ornament that hung suspended from the necklace. This charm was a golden asp with ruby eyes and a fiery tongue. The arms were covered with bracelets and the fingers were heavy with circlets of gold and precious stones. In her wavy black hair were gold ornaments, in the shape of serpents whose gleaming eyes seemed in search of the unwary.

While I hastened to obey her commands, I thought, "What a regal flower! No wonder the Moon rings with your beauty. You are indeed Queen of the Realm of Love." When I reached the foot of the throne, she arose. The guard asked me to give my name, that I might be announced and presented to Queen Cleopatra. This I did, and as we stood waiting for silence, someone whispered in my ear, "When your name is called, kneel down and bow low and kiss the Queen's hand, and say: 'Long may the Queen of Love and Beauty reign,'" and I saw it was Pyra who spoke. When the voices ceased, and there was a hushed silence, the guard called in a loud voice: "Oh, Queen of Beauty, Love's best patroness, I beg your Majesty to give audience, to Ulysum Storries, Ambassador from Earth to this Court. Ulysum Storries, this is Queen Cleopatra, Queen of the Moon."

Then I knelt down, not very gracefully, I'll admit, bowed low, kissed her hand, and repeated the words that Pyra told me to.

"Arise, Ambassador! The Queen of Beauty and Love welcomes you to her Court. I am glad you came at my bidding, for I am anxious to hear of my home on Earth."

Well, well, I thought, here is another moving picture.

"Tell me, is my home still there?"

"Your Majesty, that I cannot tell, as it is a long way off from my home."

"Tell me what they are doing at your home. I am so homesick to go back and I can only see the Earth as it rolls nightly above my head."

I told her where I lived, and that it was a free country, without king, or queen. I told her every nation on Earth was welcome to partake of its riches, for there was room and abundance for all. I told her about the railroads, the steamboats that plowed the vast oceans, the electric lights, the few

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kings and queens I had read about, and, in fact, all I really did know, and I felt ashamed it was so little.

She clasped her hands together and cried, "Wonder of wonders! What a magical change. To think how far I had progressed, even to being a queen, then lost it all through sin. Oh, why were my eyes so blinded! And I must go back to the lowest plane. Sometimes I fancy the Coat of Skins is preferable to this." Her tears began to fall, but one of the young men drew her mind away by suggesting that she had not asked me how I came to the Moon.

I told her about my airship and was describing it to her when we were interrupted by two men who came hurriedly up to the queen and addressed her in a low tone, kissed her hand, then took their places on the other side of her chair, waiting, I saw, for her to present me to them.

"Sir, Ambassador, I wish to make you acquainted with my two dearest friends. This is Cæsar, and this is Antony. You have heard of both of them, have you not?"

"Yes," I replied. "I think I have heard and read about them." Just then I began to realize where I was, and I kept saying to myself: They surely are real live people; but how did they get these bodies?" This, and more than this, ran through my mind in a moment's time. I was reassured by seeing Cæsar bow with dignity, and Antony's friendly handshake was very lifelike! Cæsar looked every bit the gentleman and statesman he was, and Antony the beau-ideal woman lover history had pictured him. Both wore long flowing robes of scarlet silk. As I looked at Cæsar, I wondered what had made me such a fool as to think of coming into such company. Why, in fifteen minutes Cæsar would know I was a country boy, full of the big head, and I began to get uneasy, when the voice of Cleopatra brought me back again into the spell that placed me on an equal footing with the influences of the hour.

"Oh, Ambassador, you do not know how I long to live my Earth life over again. You cannot know. Look! Am I not beautiful? Am I not a royal queen? And yet, and yet, I lost my Eden home, when I had almost reached the gates of Heaven, by stooping to the plane of animalhood. Take me

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back, take me back! and I promise you I will rise to the highest plane, to angelhood, if I may be guarded by good spirits. Can you help me, will you?"

"Dearest Queen," said Cæsar stepping forward, and kneeling before her, "What could I do without you? Would you leave me alone?"

"And I, darling, you surely would not leave me, your own Antony, who gave you his love, his honor, and his life. No! No! Dearest, say no more, but be your own sweet self."

"I have never been my own sweet self since I took the first step downward. Oh, I am so tired of it all. I would give up everything to return once more. Take me back, take me back!"

"Had it not been for you, false queen, our lives would have been different," said Cæsar with bitterness.

"And I, enchantress," said Antony, "would have developed into something besides a moth," and he, too, sighed.

"Alas! Alas! This is the way it always is; their reproaches hold me captive. Until we can all be rescued, the chain will hold us together, for of our own free will we forged the links that bind so tightly. Oh, Ambassador, break it! break it! and let us be free."

She arose and started to come toward me, when another queen came up to her in a great hurry, and demanded: "Why have you not called the Court together, and why have you put off the festivities by such reflections. Talk of love and dreams. Let us drink of the waters of Lethe and dream of love and wake to naught else."

"You are right, Queen Catherine de Medicis. Drink, drink, and let the festivities go on for I cannot break the chain," cried Cleopatra.

"Spoken like my own darling," said Antony.

"Error hath bound us all, dear queen; accept the inevitable, and be thine own dear self again," urged Cæsar.

I was now anxious to depart, glad they had coaxed her into a calm state of mind, when she turned to me, saying: "I command that you stay and dine with us. As you have not seen the palace, I will call a maiden to conduct you, for there is ample time."

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Cæsar turned to me and, in a sad voice, asked if the Earth at large, or his friends, ever spoke of him. Before I could answer, Catherine de Medicis interrupted: "You forget, Cæsar, that the friends we loved are here with us. Those who loved us, and did not come, were the good angels whom we failed to appreciate in our Earth life, and who, had we entertained and imitated their virtues, would have kept us from falling. To-day, of all days, we should abandon all memories of past events. But when I see so many that I have been the direct cause of bringing here, I feel the lowest life on Earth, if lived well, is better than an exalted position lived in sin and shame," and tears filled her eyes. "Oh, for lost opportunities to come back once more."

"I know what ails us all," said a man they called Nero. "It is the presence of this Earth-born. We feel the home influence. Kings and queens have a restless time on this planet. It has been said: *It is harder for a rich man to enter Heaven, than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.\** It is a sad thing when a man is born to riches and power, and then misuses both," and he appeared so excited I began to look for a place of safety, thinking of Pharaoh's palace. A woman came up and put her arms about his neck saying: "Away with these wild memories. You helped and loved me on Earth, and I will help and love you here. Come and dream with me. This is the Court of Love." He turned away, saying "The spell is upon me and I cannot break it."

A lovely maiden came up to the queen, and, after bowing, said: "Your Majesty, I am here at your bidding to conduct the stranger through the palace." The queen presented me, and as we went away together, I saw they were forming in line to march before the queen.

Suite after suite of rooms we passed through, all furnished in scarlet color, and I wondered at this. The walls were carved in dragon designs and the arches and pillars were dragons and coiling serpents, and other awful looking creatures. I did not know the name of them and I asked my guide what they all meant?

"Oh, mythology of some sort," she replied. "I hate those

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\*Matt. xix: 29.

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ugly things, for they always come when Court time draws near. Some say they are figurative of the life we have lived, but I must not think, just dream and love." As she spoke, she stepped in front of me, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me. When I recovered from my surprise, I asked her if the ladies of this Court were in the habit of doing such unconventional things.

She answered laughingly: "It is no more than they do on Earth, though there they do it on the sly. There you sin in secret; here we act openly, for all classes are on a level. It is hard to be worldly rich. That condition signifies to many voluptuous abandonment. Earthly environments shield the actors in the play, that is always one thing to themselves and another to the world."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"My name is Amour. I am one of the Maids of Honor at this Court, though that means little in this world, when compared to the progressive life on the Earth. Come in here, and take a seat, and tell me how I may return to Earth without going down to the lowest plane."

I politely declined her invitation, and asked her to take me back to the entrance of the palace as I wished to reach my inn, and I begged her to carry my regrets to the Queen."

"What inn do you stop at?" she inquired.

"The Inn Delusion. The innkeeper's daughter is named Pyra."

"Pyra! Pyra! I do not recall that name, but that is not strange, for we have different names, as we take on different conditions. The name Delusion should be given to all of them, for they are all delusions, and this is a world of delusions. If you should start to find the Inn Delusion you would find them everywhere, and yet they are so real," and she sighed, and looked so sad. Here a maid came and summoned us to dinner.

"I am not hungry, and I really must not stay," I protested.

Amour waved my excuses one side by saying: "It is the Queen's wish, and, besides, if you do not know the way, you will meet more mishaps without than within." So I stayed.

Amour took me to a room where hung a great number of rich garments and told me to choose one fit for the occasion.

## QUEEN CLEOPATRA.

She said she would wait in a side room while I made the change. As there seemed no way out of it, I put on a suit like Antony's. Then two maids came and curled my hair, and I was ready to go with Amour to the banquet.

"Ah! my dear Earth-born," said Amour, "clothes make a great difference in a person's looks; confess now that you were very much pleased with your appearance when you looked in the glass. Would you not like to live where conditions clothe you?"

"No! No! I want to return to Earth and never leave it again."

"Oh!" cried Amour, "Take me away! Take me with you." and she began to weep, but the two maids touched her arm and she became calm again.

The Queen met me at the door of the banquet hall and, taking my arm, we preceded the other guests, and sat down at the head of the table. If I had thought everything was beautiful before, what could I think of this scene of grandeur? Emperors, kings, queens, princes, dukes, beautiful women of every rank and walk, of life, all radiant and seemingly happy, clothed in richest manner. What more was there to ask for?

Amour must have divined my thoughts, for she whispered, "The memory of a well-spent life," as she passed along down the hall and took a seat at the table which was so long, I could not see the end of it. One would have thought this would have opened my eyes, but the hypnotic influence was upon me and for the time being, it was real, all real.

The table was white marble, resting on the backs of huge dragons. The seats were made to imitate those horrid creatures and the decorations of the table were in keeping.

As each guest sat down, a servant placed a gold plate, cup and saucer, each set with diamonds, in front of him, saying, at the same time, "A souvenir from Queen Cleopatra. Take it with you when you go, in remembrance of your dining with the Queen of Love and Beauty."

"Well," thought I, "this is just fine. I can show these things to my Earth friends and convince them that all I tell them is just true, literally true, and I wish some of them were with me to enjoy this magnificent scene."

The walls were covered with rich hangings, embroidered

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

with gold and silver; beautiful banners, and flowers, filled every available spot; sweet music, and singing floated in through the open spaces, and, altogether, the scene was one of reality, and I upbraided myself for thinking it could be otherwise.

While I was eating the delicious food, Cæsar asked me who ruled Rome. "Well," I thought, "it has come to me at last; what shall I say?" After a pause, I said, "I do not remember." Then the Queen asked me how I liked the Moon.

I answered unthinkingly, "I should like it well enough, if there were no spirits of murderers and suicides on it." In an instant bedlam was let loose. Everybody arose and rushed wildly about. The table began to move, the room to whirl, while through the doorways came an army of dragons, and men and women clutched and struggled with those awful creatures. I nearly fainted with terror as I fled to find a place of safety. Once I looked back and I saw Nero and Cæsar struggling with the Queen. Then I saw that the water was rising rapidly around them. I hurried on, still holding my plate and cup and saucer, the Queen's souvenir; but the earth began to quake, and I was about to give up and fall into the water when I heard someone calling me by name. Looking up, I saw Reliable reaching his hand down to help me to a place beside him; then I swooned quite away and knew no more.

## CHAPTER X.

### HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

*Ah, what is beauty, but a breath  
That passes on the wings of death,  
A God-like gift from Heaven's sent  
That fadeth as our days are spent.*

FOR a long time I lay in that death-like swoon. When I recovered I was angry at Reliable for taking me to the Inn Delusion or even letting me go into the city. I was sulky, and answered in monosyllables when he spoke to me. I felt he was to blame, and, in my weak state, I was childish. He never minded my bad temper but kept on doing all he could to restore me. Sometimes he would say, "Poor boy, your nerves are very weak." Once, when he was rubbing my head, I asked him why he did not help me off of the Moon. If he knew I could get home, why not go now? "My place is here," he said; "are you not satisfied with me as a friend?"

"But, what did you leave me for?" I argued.

"Did I not invite you to accompany me, and did you not decline? But, really brother, you did well to stay here, for your nerves would not have stood all I have passed through since I left you. That experience of yours was only a pleasant little side-show to test your characteristics, and show how far a man will follow his true convictions. But what are you looking for?"

"I am looking for the Queen's souvenir, a gold cup and saucer and plate set with diamonds. I thought they were real any way."

"You need look no farther, for they, like all the rest, were a delusion. The only things real were the spirits of those you saw and conversed with. All the clothing, all the decorations, and jewels, were produced hypnotically. Hypnotism is a real force, brother, and is used here to bring back the pictures of memory. You now see how essential it is that one's life each day should be better than the one before it, always with one end in view, *the perfect life*. Cleopatra is only reaping



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

her harvest of misdeeds, and so are all the others. Debaucheries, murders, suicides, all are harvested here, *for as ye sow, so shall ye reap.*"

I now felt so humiliated over my past conduct that I made a clean breast of it, and told him everything, keeping back nothing. I told him my foolishness with Pyra, and how real it all seemed, and then I asked him what they meant by the Coat of Skins."

"It is a known law here among the spirits that if one sins in Earth life, and lowers himself to the animal plane, when he passes out of that life unrepentant, he must wear the Coat of Skins as did the first parents, when man trod the Earth on the animal plane. Having tasted a better and higher life, it is but natural that they should all shrink from going back to the beginning. Thus you see how careful one should be to listen to the still small voice, and call upon God often that they fall not into temptation nor seek the ungodly. In a measure, you are excusable for your actions, for the hypnotic influence brings out one's characteristics and shows what a person would do if they had a chance and there was none to know or see. You are not the only Earth-born who does these things, when none but the Allseeing Eye can see. That world is full of evil, brim full of secret vices which will one day be brought to light. It is not good for man to have his own way too much. It does not lead to happiness. How much better to obey God and be always happy.

You cannot know how much we pity them and love them. Take Cæsar, for instance, a great soldier and statesman, he progressed until he felt the inward thrill of the perfect life. Then he became a victim to licentiousness; he turned when almost to the gates of heaven to wander back to animalhood, the lowest plane of life, or live here for ages, through the shifting scenes of memory, with others of his kind. Cleopatra is another — beautiful as a mortal could be, with untold wealth at her command, with a winning grace that brought emperors and kings to her feet — all, all, sacrificed to the dragon licentiousness, for the brief period of a short Earthly career, when an eternity of happiness could have been hers as well. No wonder she cries, 'Take me away.' Man degraded is beneath the beasts of the field, while man ennobled is elevated to a

## HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

God. Be wise and follow the promptings of the good spirit. The dragons and serpents that you saw were the cardinal vices that, like the asp, sting to death the hand that plays with the fires of sin. As you are too weak to go on, I will remain with you, and wait until my friend TRUST comes; then we will all go together to the Murderer's Congress."

Now, I did not want to go to the Congress, and I determined not to, for I had seen all I wanted to, of such things, so I determined to run away, when Reliable was off guard, but his next words settled me.

"You see, brother, you could go somewhere else, but with your weak nerves you would be in a bad fix without someone to shield you and help you out of trouble."

"Well," said I, "I suppose I might as well submit. My ship is still missing, and I could not get away if I wanted to. I never expect to see my home again," and I began to cry.

"Yes you will, my dear doubter; you will take that journey and many more and live to tell it all." He smiled and stroked my head, then walked away up the hill.

That night I saw the comet for the first time and I remembered Reliable and Obedience had said, "It will get near enough to the Moon for them to catch its influence."

As I lay on the mossy ground I kept thinking, "What do they mean?" Then I fell asleep and dreamed that the Comet struck the Moon and broke it all to pieces. I was on one piece falling down, down, and Pyra was sitting beside me laughing at my fear. It seemed as though we were going to drop on the Earth, and she cried gleefully, "Now you will win me back, and I shall not become the lowest type of mortal."

I was in an agony of mind, for it seemed as though we would land in father's big field, and everybody would know it and say I had run away with another woman. So I told her I could not live with her, for I was a married man already. She flew at me and called me a lying dog, and said she would throw me off. We struggled and fought, until I felt I was losing ground. Self-preservation led me to say, "Pyra, I am not married."

She let go and cried: "Do you mean it, or is it a lie? Tell me true, are you married?"

"No! No! I am not married." I thought, "When we land I will run away from her."

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

With all her beauty she looked like a veritable devil when she was mad. In trying to jump off, as we neared the Earth, I awoke with a start, and found it was daylight. Reliable was talking to a stranger. I got up, and for once I was glad I was on the Moon, as the remembrance of my dream ran through my mind. Reliable wished me good morning and introduced the stranger whom he called TRUST, saying at the same time, "This friend will be your guardian after you leave the Moon, and will go with you until you reach your home."

Trust took my hand, and after looking at me a moment, said: "I hear, brother, your are to travel, my way. I shall be very glad of your company, and I hope we may spend many happy and profitable hours together, during our long and tedious journey. I am told you started out on a voyage of discovery. Have you discovered anything worth while?"

With the good news of going home my spirits revived, and I answered: "Oh, yes; I have seen a good many strange things and if I can get home all right, I am glad I took the journey."

What a noble looking man Trust was, and so kind. I did hope he would not prove a delusion, and vanish like all the rest. I had been through so much, I had about lost faith in everything. But he read my thoughts, and said: "Brother, I am not a myth, or a delusion, as you will see in time. I am one among you, though not like you. I am an Immortal; but we will talk of this another time. As yet you are weak and cannot bear the light."

Then Reliable came and told us he was ready, and we walked along with the trail in plain sight. When it was noon we halted on the side of a small mountain, in a shady grove, and Trust and myself went in search of water, while Reliable gathered the bread leaves and picked some wild fruit that grew in abundance there.

Trust seemed to know just where to go for water, for he went directly down the side of a ravine, and there, in a sort of cave was a sparkling spring of water, which overflowed and ran into a little brook which was down in among the rocks,inging and purling as if it was glad to give us this good cheer.

While we were down in the ravine, sitting on some rocks (for I had satisfied my thirst), and letting the cool breeze fan

## HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

our heated faces, we were surprised to hear voices, and on looking around, I saw a large number of cliff dwellers gesticulating and making a great ado over something that was behind a clump of tall bushes." Let us go and see what is the matter," said Trust.

As we came near, I saw with joy it was Wonder Eve and her friends, and — was I dreaming? No! Joy! Joy! There was my ship, my Sky Bird, and I ran forward and leaped into the boat with a glad cry, too happy to note anything but the possession of my Skycycle again. After a while I noticed that Wonder was trying to make me understand how happy they all were at my good fortune. They would clap their hands, and say something like "Squish, Squish, Satha, Satha, Squish;" then they clapped their hands again, and jumped around like pleased children. Then the thought came to me, why not give her the looking glass again? so I reached and took it down and handed it to her, but she turned away, and with the others went and sat down at a distance on some rocks and watched me.

I looked my ship over to see if everything was there, and I found it was just as I left had it. Then I called Trust to come up into it, and, when he was seated and I had taken the windows out, I reached for my Bible, and holding it up I said to him: "Do you know I think more of that book than all the other books I ever read or heard about. Reliable has told me so many things about life that are in this very book, I am anxious to study and know its truths." I opened it, as I held it out to him, and my thumb was on this verse: *Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered; fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.\** Trust read it to me, and looking up he said: "Is not that a blessed assurance? *Ye are of more value than many sparrows.* Trust, trust in the Lord, for He has promised never to forget those who trust in Him."

"Do you know, Trust, God is near to me here on the Moon, but on the Earth he seemed so far away. I wonder why this is so."

"One reason, doubtless, was the absence of any real deep trouble during your Earth life. Man, in his own estimation,

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\*Matt. X: 29.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

is capable of caring for himself; but let him be overtaken by adversity, then he remembers his God, and seeks His help."

I asked if the cliff dwellers would have to stay on the Moon and give bodies to the spirits I saw around us.

"Not your friend Wonder Eve, or her friends. They will be transported in a deep sleep to a new world, and progress, while there, into the perfected state. Most of these spirits here must return to the old battlefield of Earth, and obtain a new life through the lowest plane, for they were not good stewards in the place assigned them; thus they must be refined again."

When the twilight began to settle down again, we arrived on the border of an immense plain, with mountains all around it. It looked like a green meadow, only it was so large the mountains on the far side were a hazy blue. The grass was thick and short, and it was like treading upon a carpet as we walked along in the stillness of the solitude. "There," said Reliable, "are the Plains of Deliverance, for here is where the spirits congregate once a year and the DELIVERER comes to release such as are ready to enter a new condition. Very few go as you will see, for evil takes a deep root and it is hard to break away from its influence. There is a great massing here at this time, to talk over plans and methods, and make laws, the same as mortals do on Earth. They call it holding a Congress, and they vote for one or more to be released. Poor things, they can do no more harm at present, and it is to be hoped they never will. There will be a total eclipse soon after the Deliverer goes, and then Congress will break up, and old customs will resume their sway. Draw your airship up at the foot of that mountain, and prepare for your night's rest; with your weak nerves, during the coming events, it will take the combined efforts of us all to hold you down. Go to sleep; Trust and I will take care of you." They walked away together.

How I did enjoy my rest in the dear old Skybird. It was like finding a long-lost friend. When I did wake up my first thought was "Where am I?" A tumult of voices reached my ears. I sprang out of bed, rushed to the door, and looked out. There, close to my ship was a large band of what at home, I would have called Arabs. They were preparing for a camp, putting up tents, and talking like a lot of geese. I

## HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

began to wonder where my friends were, and I sprang down to the ground. Beyond one of the tents I saw them, and others like them. They were talking in low, subdued tones. When Trust saw me he came over where I was and stood beside me.

Pointing to the Arabs, he said "You see they are beginning to arrive; there are no laggards at this time. They all come at the appointed hour, all anxious to put in their appeal and try a new life."

I felt the ground trembling beneath my feet, and soon down the sides of the mountain came a mighty herd of animals, so many, it seemed the whole mountain was covered with beasts. All were making a noise, some neighing, some bellowing, some roaring, until the echoes were terrible. Down they came headlong rushing hither and thither, and often coming so near I would dart behind Reliable or Trust to get away from them. While we stood there watching this pandemonium, Trust turned and gave me a beautiful gold Cross, which he said would shield me from all evil. "You have only to show this, and repeat the name of Jesus, and you are safe. Do not be afraid of losing it, for all who dwell here flee at sight of it. This is the emblem of victory over death, the victory which Jesus demonstrated to all the Earth when He became an Immortal."

I was much pleased with this gift and thanked him over and over. It did seem as if I would be safe with it, and I pressed it to my lips reverently, then placed it in my inside pocket. As I looked again, I saw the plains were filling up fast and Trust pointed out the bands as they came to view. "That is Nero's company, that is Pharaoh's, and that is Herod's." So they came, army after army, of every nation of the Earth and condition. "Poor spirits of a lost home," said Trust; "birth and environment mean so much to us all." He then told me to take my airship and come with him, and we passed through the crowd, going toward a mountain where the sunset seemed to have stopped and forgotten to depart. "That is Mount Deliverance," said Trust; "that golden cloud always rests over it, and no one ever enters there but the angels and Immortals. There is where the petitions are read and answered. The Deliverer holds His court there, and it is guarded by good spirits and the sacred light."

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

As we went along and mixed with the different throngs, I thought how like Earth scenes. At times it did seem they must be real mortals, instead of spirits in memory's clothing. Some scenes made me laugh, and some made me weep.

I heard a number of girls talking, and this is what they said: "There is a real mortal going to be here and we are going to make him give us bodies through his marriage with the daughter of Wimmepaugh. We must keep all our forces on this one subject. We meet to-night to adopt plans." Trust smiled, and I laughed outright.

"You see," said he, "spirits have ideas." I did know there were spirits, and I did know they conversed with one another in their own sphere. I could hear their conversation, and understand them, no matter what nation, whenever we came near enough to them. Here would be a group trying to get votes for Nero; another for Pharaoh, or for Herod, and so it went on, voting for each other, for this one and that one. Said one man, "If we have got to stay here forever, let us make laws, the same as on Earth, and call our world the Spirit World." Then they all cried "THE SPIRIT WORLD, the spirit world, bought with blood," and they looked so pitiful, I turned my head and walked away. We soon overtook two women who were talking about the Sultans. Said one, "You get all you can to vote for the poor Sultans, who say it was men who ruined them, and if all the women will vote for them, they will remember us first of all. But we must not tell the men, for some of them will vote for the Sultans, but if they suspected what we are going to do they would withdraw their influence."

"But what of Cain?" asked an old lady, "He has been here the longest of all."

"Ah, yes, mother. He committed the first crime, and, until all are pardoned he is still out of harmony and must await his time."

Day after day went by until a week had passed, and still the Congress was in session. One night everything would seem to be sailing along in fair seas, when some break would throw all into the wildest disorder.

As I look back I wonder I did not question Trust and Reliable more about these things, but whenever I tried to there was that exclusive atmosphere about them that always kept

## HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

me silent. Once I heard them say that the comet's influence was highly electric, and that the spirits were more restive than in ordinary times. This made me look and watch for the nightly visitant; although it was a brilliant sight it brought terror with it, for it seemed to be making directly for the Moon.

When we reached Mount Deliverance I was left mostly to myself, and I spent the time in my ship reading my Bible. for it had a wonderful fascination for me, now I knew that life was for a purpose.

Obedience was there with many more of the same kind, and all were so busy I scarcely saw Trust or Reliable except at night, when they usually sat near the ship while I slept. Once when I sat leaning over my ship's side sadly watching the surging crowds, Obedience came along, and, pointing up the mountain where the golden mist enveloped it, said: "I am happy, we are releasing so many. Oh, it is such joyous work. *There is more joy over one sinner returned to God than over ninety and nine just persons.\**

The Deliverer is releasing all who call upon His name in true repentance."

A poor old woman came with her petition; it had only one name besides her own. She handed it to Trust, saying, "I am not fit to be saved, for I am a great sinner, but if I may ask for so great a mercy as being delivered, I will take any place in a new life, asking God's grace to help me live a better life. Oh, let the light of the Star of Bethlehem surround me with its protecting influence and I shall be safe." She knelt on the ground, close to the misty cloud, and began to weep.

Trust took the petition and went away into the depths of the golden cloud, but soon returned; and, touching her shoulder bade her arise, and come with him, for her petition was granted, *for the first shall be last, and the last first.*

Then I saw a change come over her, and her face shone, and two angels walked beside her into the cloud, and I saw her no more.

Thus it went on day by day, young and old, high and low, all presenting their petitions for pardon and mercy until all had been heard. No, not *all*, for there was a large number of spirits who were shut out of all companionship except themselves. They were scorned by the murderers, the suicides,

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\*Luke XV: 7. \*Matt. XIX: 30.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

and all the other kinds of sinners. These did not send in petitions, and I asked Trust why they did not sue for a pardon.

“Of whom could they ask a pardon? Can self pardon self? for what self told self was right. If so, they are self-pardoned, and are just as well off here as anywhere; but this is not their place. They were INFIDELS in their Earth life, believing in no Supreme Being, satisfied with their own creation as they chose to call it, asking no favors of God, the loving Father, shutting the door of their heart against all revealed light. Where, where can the poor things go? Not to God and Heaven, for they have none. Not to the Devil or his Hell, his home, for they did not acknowledge him. All, all, they could be, or are, in their own minds, was the creative imagination of their minds; a vital spark that glows, never more, never less, just the one way. Nothing in the past to urge them on, nothing in the future to draw them on until the goal is reached. They could not progress into a God for they do not believe in one, so they are spirits without a revivifying power to progress. There is not a poor sinful spirit on the Moon of the other classes, but believes in a Divine Ruler and asks His pardon. But who shall the unbeliever seek in the Day of Judgment? Brother they are fungi on the tree of life; by their own will they have cut themselves loose, and who shall they ask to graft them back again? You see that Comet? Well, they will be transferred there to sweep the skies, and set in motion the elemental forces of the universe. As all life is progressive, they can always see the beautiful homes, or worlds, under the protecting care of God, as they fly through space, and perhaps in time they may catch the spark of light that will send the glow to the fountain head, or put it out, as they think, forever. Is not that dreadful?

At last the day for the Eclipse came, and the golden cloud began to rise, and rise, until it was high up in the sky; then it floated away toward the Eastern horizon. A shadow crept over the Sun and it began to grow dark. Pandemonium reigned again. I was almost frightened out of my wits by the surging, plunging crowds, that seemed ever to increase.

Trust, Reliable and Obedience told me to take my ship and follow them and in trying to do so I came face to face with Pyra and Amour. “Here he is! Here he is! Don't let him

## HIS SKYCYCLE RETURNED.

get away," and they sprang at me like tigers, clawing and biting, and choking me until I thought I must die. I thought of my cross, and held it up crying, "Jesus, help me." They flew away screaming, and I became unconscious.

When I came to I saw Trust and Wonder Eve standing by me. I heard Trust say, "Too bad. I did not leave him but for a moment." As I opened my eyes, he saluted me with, "Well, young man, you are poor stuff for a soldier." Then Reliable came up and told me we were going to leave the Moon that night, as everything was favorable. How still and quiet it was. On looking around I saw there was not a trace of the multitude that had been there. Where had they gone? Had I ever seen them? Was I dreaming or was I awake? Trust answered my thought by saying: "Wandering spirits, seeking rest, and finding none."

CHAPTER XI.  
ON THE PLANET MARS.

*To A Comet.*

*Bright king of night, with trailing light  
Oh, where in space doth end thy flight?  
What powers from Nature's workshop rise  
That send thee forth to sweep the skies?*

TRUST said he would fill the balloon while I was to rest. I wondered how he would fill it and what with, but he rolled it away over a small hill. After a short time I saw the top of it rise above the hill, and soon he came rolling it back full of gas.

"Where did you get that gas?"

"From a gas well just over the hill yonder; get in, and we will soon have everything ready, and at twilight we will start."

I was glad he was going with me. With great joy I went into my ship and placed things in order, looked after the electric apparatus, and then sat down to await his coming. He had gone to speak with Reliable and Obedience.

How I imagined my home coming and what they would say, never dreaming but there was where we were going. When Trust came back, I loosened the ropes and my ship began to swing round, then to bump along on the ground, then, with a quick motion, she shot up, and with a "God Speed," from Reliable and Obedience, we had fairly started on our journey. How pleased I was to find everything in working order. I chatted with Trust about the Moon and its wandering spirits, telling him I never wanted to see such sights again.

"Then, brother, put your house in order; keep your heart right in God's sight, and you need never fear the re-occurring scenes of life's mistakes, for God says, *I will forget the evil days.*"

I now fell asleep the same as I did when I came to the Moon, and I slept a long time. My ship gave a fearful lurch and

## ON MARS.

threw me out on the floor. I jumped up, rubbed my eyes, wondering where I was, when I noticed Trust watching me and smiling at my puzzled look.

"Don't be afraid; that is only a friendly pat from a comet to help us reach the pathway to Mars."

"The pathway to Mars? Are we not going to Earth?" My voice sank almost to a whisper I was so disappointed, and I felt so weak.

"No, not right away; there are some things I want you to see; then we will take the homeward journey. We are in the electric current that with the comet's influence is rushing us along at a rapid rate, but sit still, and be easy and it will end all right."

When he said that and sat there so calm I seemed to gain strength, and I replied: "Well, as long as you are not afraid I will try and be as brave as you are. My! Don't we go, though? Do you feel sure my airship will stand this pressure?"

"Oh, yes! The air around it going in the same direction, holds every part in such a manner that nothing is strained."

"If I were going home I would take whatever came and say nothing, but to go still farther away is like saying good-bye forever."

"Well, you started out on a voyage of discovery, but you got tired of the Moon before you saw a tenth, so I thought I would take you with me to keep you out of mischief," and he smiled. "Another reason was that the influence of the Moon during the rainy season is very hypnotic and is plainly felt on the Earth. The atmospheric pressure on the excitable and nervous people at that time is very debilitating. Lunatics are worse during this period, for the Moon is Earth's attendant so your world must bear her share. As I have your well-being at heart, I am removing you out of an influence which, even now, is going directly towards Earth."

"Does it affect the people on the Moon?" I inquired.

"Yes, the massing together of large bodies in one place sets in motion the elemental forces and causes disturbances."

"Well," thought I, "I am in for it." No use rebelling, for, as I looked at Trust, I saw he was a man who knew his business, like our old family doctor, who, if he told you to do a thing meant it every time. He would say, in a gruff voice, "Open

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

your mouth, young man, and take this," and I did, though it was enough to make a dog sick. So when I found out I was on my way to Mars, I gulped it down with, "Well, here's a go." Then, after a while I asked him if there were spirits there.

"Yes, there are spirits on all worlds but they are clothed in mortal flesh, not by hypnotism, as on the Moon. Mars is a beautiful planet, full of mortals well advanced toward the perfect life; but I must not tell you all, else it will not be your own discovery."

"How many years will it take us to get there?"

"Not years, that you know. We are going faster than the Earth moves, so we shall not be years."

I can never liken our journey through space to anything that ever happened to me on Earth. The rushing, almost lightning speed; the roaring noise, like machinery or falling water, that was deafening; the glowing vapor, or electric mist, all were awful and grand. But sleep was upon me most of the time, and I knew but little of our swooping whirl through space.

One day I awoke, feeling perfectly natural, and I lay for some time thinking over past events. Trust called me to come and look down and tell him what I saw. We were approaching what seemed to be a large ball of fire and I asked Trust, "What is it?"

"It is the planet Mars. The fire you see is the halo or crown that envelops it. It is well up in the air, not having descended to its final resting place, and it will not until that planet's mission of helping the wandering spirits is accomplished."

"What is that smaller body that looks so black?"

"That is its attendant, or Moon."

"What, do they have a Moon for their wicked spirits?"

"No, not for their wicked spirits, but as a stopping place for the Earth spirits that are sent to Mars for new bodies. It is a growing world, but is in a negative condition, preparatory to taking its place among the brilliant throng. Just a storehouse now for the dross, but a twinkling star in time."

New bodies! What did he mean? I turned to ask him, but he had walked away, and I knew he had said all he intended to that time. So there were spirits waiting bodies! Where did the bodies come from?

## ON MARS.

One day, when we were so near to Mars that it seemed to cover the whole sky; we just whopped completely over, upside down. I thought we were going head first back again the way we came. I tried to turn over and put my feet up to the roof of my cabin, and I cut such a figure, Trust laughed with all his might, then taking hold of me asked me what I was trying to do.

"Trying to get right side up," I said, and I began to struggle again. I saw he stood all right, so I asked him what ailed me.

"Just a little top heavy," and he laughed, but came and took me under the arms and helped me onto my couch. "I was in hopes," said he, "that you could see the golden cloud when we parted company with it, such a beautiful sight."

I asked him if the people on Mars ever sinned.

"There are people on Mars who sin, but they are not real Martians. I will tell you all in good time."

A journey to a strange land is always full of conjecture as was this one to the planet Mars. There were a thousand and one questions I wanted to ask, but Trust always put me off with "Wait and see."

At last we passed through the halo, and then I saw plainly the forests and fields, the cities and villages, the rivers and canals. What a lovely world, all laid out so regular. Instead of the bright green of our planet, this was a reddish green, and just as pretty. Trust said this peculiar color was owing to atmospheric conditions. Of course, I was all anxiety to land. After a week or more of sailing along its surface, Trust told me to let the ship down in a large field, near a river, and we began to settle to the ground. I heard shouting and, on looking down I saw a hundred or more people running to see us land. I had thrown over the grappling ropes, and, when they got near enough they grabbed them and came near upsetting the whole thing. When we landed and our feet touched the ground, I looked up at them, and I thought, "My! what tall people they are." Trust and I must have looked like pigmies to them, but my thoughts were cut short, for a man came up to us and asked us where we came from.

"We came from the planet Earth," replied Trust. "My name is Trust and my friend's is Mr. Ulysum Storries."

"Well, friends," said the speaker, "you are very welcome

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

to this world, and also to my home. My name is Bensuvie Goodheart. They all crowded around us to see and hear. I saw their eyes were dark and almond shaped, and their hands and feet long but shapely. Their movements were graceful, and they had very pleasant ways about them. One asked, "And is this the ship that brought you to our shores?" and they all walked around it. "Well, well," said another, "wonders will never cease; how did you ever get here alive with nothing but that between you and a fall through space, I cannot see." On that high mountain yonder we placed our great skyglass, and we have watched your planet for six years trying our best to communicate with you, but, as yet we have failed to make you understand. Did you never notice any strange phenomena on our world as if we were trying to attract your attention."

"No, I never heard of anybody's saying they thought Mars was trying to speak with us." Then some one in the crowd remarked: "Why, such little people! What can they see? I don't suppose they knew there was such a world as Mars." "Well," said another, "little or big, they have got the best of us, for while we have been trying to attract their notice they have descended in our midst. Let's give Earth three rousing cheers," which they did with a good will.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Goodheart, "I am glad to welcome you among us." Turning to the crowd, he said: "Friends, this is Trust, and this is Mister Ulysum Storries, both from Earth. Shake hands with them, and give them a royal welcome. You will be our guests while you stay on this planet, for this is Urbana Goodheart's land, and everything found on a person's property on this world belongs to them," and he laughed good-naturedly. "As you must be very tired after so long a journey, I will escort you to the house," and he led the way over the river, and through a wide lawn, to a large brown stone house, that looked like a fort, only this had windows, while they have open places to fire the guns through.

What stately people they were, and what queer clothes they wore. Their hats had pointed crowns and sloping brims. Their coats were tight fitting with short skirts, their pantaloons long, and close to their legs. The hat was white, the coat blue, the pantaloons a reddish brown.

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When we reached the front entrance we were met by a lady whom Mr. Goodheart introduced as his wife, Urbana Goodheart, and he explained where we came from. She welcomed us warmly, but I could see she was very much surprised, though she tried to hide her curiosity. Tall and stately, every motion was graceful," and I could not help admiring her as she preceded us into the house.

We entered a large, square room with four windows in it. These windows were long and reached from the ceiling nearly to the floor. The panes of glass were diamond shape, and were of as many colors as the rainbow. The sunlight streamed through in mellow tints, and danced in moving shades on carpet and wall. The walls of the room were covered with pink silk with a border of light green; the carpet was of velvet with colors to match the walls. In the centre of the room was a highly polished table, with a number of books on it, while around the side walls were some two dozen chairs.

Mr. Goodheart placed a chair for his wife, then two for us, and excused himself to go and see about the dinner. "As it is near our dinner hour, we will all eat together," said he as he bowed himself out of the room. After he had gone his wife asked Trust if we had felt any doubts about reaching Mars, how long we were on the journey, and if we met with any adventures.

Our host returned, holding a baby in his arms, and leading a little girl, while behind him marched in, two by two, twenty more, making in all twenty-two. When all had entered, he turned to us and said: "Friends, this is my household flock. We are the parents of twenty-two children," and he gave the names as he presented each one. "Children, these friends are from the planet Earth, and I wish you all to help make their visit pleasant. After dinner we all hope to hear about your home and journey."

What nice mannered children they were, or rather young people, for most of them were grown up to that age. The four eldest of the family were boys about my age, or older; then came two young ladies a little younger, and the others ranging at different ages down to the baby. "Before we go out to dinner," said the host, "I would like you to come into the library and I will show you how you may designate each



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one of us. We passed into another large, square room, about the same size as the one we had left. The walls were hung with parchment panels, some very old, and some nearly new. When he was in the centre of the room, he turned to Trust, waved his hand and said: "These parchments give my line of generation, and the names we have borne since the beginning of Mars. Here are our commandments, nine of them. When you have time, you must read them."

Trust whispered, "See! *Thou shalt do no murder* is not among them. The taking of life is an unheard-of sin on this planet, so never mention it here, never!" He moved along to the other side of the room, where the host was waiting for us. "This panel," said he, "begins with our marriage," and he read, "Bensuvie Goodheart, married Urbana Bellsadore, sixth child of Tenius Bellsadore, and to this union have been born twenty-two children. We have a scientific way of knowing just how many children each family may expect in this world, and also the sex, so this baby is the last," and he patted him as he went on to read the names of the others:

Simodeen, my eldest, is master of the fields.

Onnodeen is master of the chase and sports.

Ninovarre, master of forests and trees.

Danpharon, master of bridges and streams.

Laomeline, mistress of linen and embroidery.

Sarvadetta, mistress of education and fine arts.

Mercefus, master of building.

Melvinetic, master of the forge.

Arbazellon, master of medicine and surgery.

Gillbondon, master of the law.

Gemabrim, master of the loom.

Jewdoing, Kymogene, Belmorthin, Tharadon, Butabillhim, Vernegon, Gibbondus, Sandodan, Bethabarra, Zauthoro, and Amen are the names of my children. Those who have no occupation or profession opposite their names are still too young to choose, and are still in school. We keep a record of the achievements of former generations, and then we strive to advance toward the perfect life more than they did. All labor is ennobled on this world." Here a bell rang out merrily and we were summoned to dinner.

The house, I now noticed, was built square, with a beautiful

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court in the centre, with the rooms around. It was only one story high, with the exception of the towers which were of two stories. Each room was square, I learned later, high between joists, large and roomy. The dining room was a much larger room than either of the two others we had been in and was lighted on two sides and overhead by colored glass windows, mostly in shades of blue and white. The table was placed in the centre of the room and ran nearly the whole length. When we were seated, it made me think of Thanksgiving Day on Earth.

Trust and I were seated on the right of the host and his wife sat next to him on the left. When we were all seated, they all bowed their heads in silent thanks. Next a large loaf of bread was handed the mother who asked God to bless it, and give to them all spiritual bread as they needed it. Then taking a pitcher of water, she asked a blessing over that, and that they all might be partakers of the water of life, and not hunger or thirst. After this the bread was passed to the father who cut it and placed it on silver trays, and the boys who waited on the table passed it around. These boys, I found out afterwards, were the younger brothers, and they were so nice and alert about it I could not help noticing them, and contrasting them with myself, who never touched a dish or anything about the house, but to let it drop and smash it. Henriette always said I was awkward. We were served with bread, butter, cheese, potatoes, roast lamb, green corn, gooseberry pie and coffee. I could hardly believe my senses while I ate my dinner. To think that they lived as we did on Earth; I kept thinking of that hypnotic power on the Moon and dreading lest it would all vanish and I wake up somewhere or nowhere, in despair. But it did not appear, and before I left the family I found everything was wonderfully real.

I was glad I had come, but then it was so far from home, and that awful journey,—it made the chills creep up my back to think of it. But I put these thoughts aside, glad we were among friends in such a nice family, one that prayed to God and trusted in His promises. After we were all served, the father asked for the baby and fed him, and I wondered if the mother was an invalid as I saw they vied with one another to wait on her.

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During the meal our host listened to a conversation between Trust and his wife about bringing up children. Once he looked over to me and asked if we ate potatoes on Earth.

"Yes," I replied.

"Do you find the food here the same as on Earth?"

"Yes, about the same; at least it made me think of home food, and I enjoy it, for it is so long since I have tasted home-cooked food," I replied.

"Then you must eat and make up for your loss."

Right here I wish to say that when one gets in a certain strata of space he has no wish for food, as the elements around him put him to sleep and keep the body from any waste.

Mrs. Goodheart asked me if the women on Earth were as small as we were.

"Some are shorter, some taller, but most of them are about our height."

Next she asked me if my mother was a Burgomistress.

Of course I did not know what she meant, so I replied: "I do not know what that is."

Then Bensuvie explained: "We have just had an election and my wife was elected Burgomistress, the highest office in the city. We were to have a reception to-night, but your arrival has caused me to have it postponed until tomorrow evening, when you will be rested, and can enjoy it with us."

"I am glad you thought of that, father," said Simodeen. "It will give us a chance to get acquainted with them. I have often wondered when I looked up to the stars if there were living beings on them, and if there were, how they looked and talked. It is only recently that we have learned much about the planet Earth, or the Lost Eden as we have named it. Judging by its waters and land, and moving lights, we have come to the conclusion that it was inhabited."

"And ever since that," said Onnodeen "we have done our best to attract your attention and converse with you, but, so far, with poor results."

"I used to imagine," said Danpharon, "that, if there were people on the other planets, they must be queer looking, and talk different language from ours."

"It is very pleasant, certainly," interrupted the mother, "that you speak the same language as we do, for our Bible

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speaks of a world so wicked that God confused their tongues.”

“Do you all, on Mars, speak the same language?” I asked.

“Certainly,” she replied, “do they not on Earth?”

Just then I caught Trust’s startled look and I knew I had made a mistake; but what was I to do? They were waiting for my answer, so I replied: “There are as many languages as there are different nations.”

Then I saw the girl they called Sarvadetta raise her eyebrows with a questioning look of surprise at her sister, and in fact, every one around the table exchanged glances of wonderment.

“The women, of course, attend to government affairs, make the laws and invest the surplus funds?” inquired the hostess.

“No, the men run the government,” said Trust. “I will answer for my friend who, as yet, has not come into office.”

“How lovely of them to do all the work and attend to government affairs besides; why it must be a perfect haven of rest for women,” said the hostess.

Here Ninovarre spoke about our style of dress being different. “Which is the one most used?” he inquired.

Trust answered this question by telling them his dress was the one used by the priests, while mine was a civilian’s.

“Then you have churches and priests on Earth?” said Sarvadetta, with a shrug of her shoulders.

“Oh, yes, churches and priests in abundance,” answered Trust, “and yet the people go hungry and thirsty.”

“Well, brother, we have the same trouble here, thoughtlessness and indifference,” said Bensusie. He pushed back from the table. “Let us go into the reception room where we can visit, and not detain our helpers who are waiting for their dinner.”

“You come with me,” said Onnodeen, taking my arm; “let us walk in the garden.” I gladly acquiesced, while Trust went with the others to the reception room.

As I had always been a lover of flowers, here was a welcome sight for me, for I found my favorites in great profusion, and much more beautiful than on Earth. The court was a very large one, with trees, flowers, and fountains. There were cozy nooks, and pretty seats placed here and there, where one could rest and enjoy the beauties around him. All about

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the house next the court, was a wide vaeranda, with more seats, also pretty colored curtains to raise or fall as one chose. In the centre of the court was a good-sized pond, where I saw fish and a number of swans; I noticed also pink and white pond lilies and other water plants.

After we had taken a long turn around the garden, we took a seat near a fountain and Onnodeen questioned me about my home on Earth. Like any two boys we became interested in each other's description, or difference, in our environments. So interested did we become it was growing dark around us, and we knew it not, until Danpharon came to call us to prayers. As we entered the reception room, I heard Trust say: "You misunderstand, brother, women's life on Earth with a very few exceptions, is not an enviable one. Her mission is wholly misunderstood, and being the weaker vessel brute force has placed her where she is to-day." Our entrance put a stop to the conversation, and the father opened the Bible to begin the evening service.

This rendering of thanks to God, the praise service, and the asking of his daily care, I found out while I was on Mars, was as much a duty, and I might add more, than the preservation of life. "Life," they would say, "why that belongs to the Giver. We are here to compass this journey, or many journeys, until the goal is reached, when to us shall be given the true life, the perfected, eternal life.

We are here to do our duty and prove faithful stewards, and all else will be added in time."

The chapter that was read sounded to me very much like those our ministers read at home. Next they all sang a hymn then each said a short prayer, after which the children kissed father and mother, bade us all good night and marched out of the room. This was repeated every evening while I was on Mars. They worshiped God in the morning, at eventime and in the secret closet. In every place, God was first.

It was Simodeen who led us to our room and bade us "Good-night" at the threshold, wishing us pleasant dreams and refreshing sleep. What a pleasant room! There were two beds, just as dainty as pure white linen and embroidery could make them; two large windows with white linen curtains that folded up crosswise like tucks with a spring arrangement. The carpet

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was very light. There was a small table between the windows with a Bible and prayer book upon it; three pretty chairs, paintings on the walls, and, in the centre was a tall brass holder and bowl, in which incense was burning, the perfume of which pervaded the room. Trust took the Bible, read some Psalms, then handed me the prayer book to read a prayer which I did. Next he led me to the bath room telling me to make haste and take my bath and get into bed as he wished to do the same. Talk about downy beds of ease! I felt I had struck one that night as I laid my tired body down to rest.

When we were both in bed Trust said: "Ulysum do not go to sleep yet, as I wish to talk with you. I wish to tell you first of all that I am going away, and shall leave you here with the Goodhearts. There are some things I wish to say to you. Perhaps I should call it good advice, or hints for your future welfare. First of all, do not talk too much about Earth, and the way people live there, for they will get suspicious of you. Second, do not mention the Moon or the spirits that dwell there, unless they should ask you, when you could describe the cliff dwellers. Mind I do not want you to tell a falsehood but I am afraid if you say too much it may be the means of getting you into serious trouble. They know not the evil of shedding blood, or murder, and they will not speak of it, for what a man does not know about he will not think to make inquiries. So do not speak of murder for they would shun you. Keep the sins of Earth to yourself as much as possible and learn of them all you can that is good. Good-night."

I heard him turn over to go to sleep; but I was wide-awake now and I had no notion of letting him off so easily. So I said: "Don't go to sleep, Trust, just yet, I want to talk with you a little while longer."

"All right," said he, "what is it?"

"I must tell you I felt ashamed to-night that I had to come so far to learn that Earth had a confusion of tongues, and that was the beginning of all the nations there."

"Was that the first you ever heard of it?"

"Why, no! not exactly; mother told us about it once when we were little, and the building of a tower, but I never understood it until now. I am really ashamed to think the people here know or have heard more of Earth than I have."

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"Well, one great reason is, the majority of people on Earth live to eat and dress, and never question, or have a thought, for what purpose life was given them. Most of them would rather enjoy their gross indulgences than study out the secret of eternal life, and others prefer annihilation to living again, if they cannot indulge their animal propensities."

"Do not be gone long, Trust, for I don't seem to get on well when you are away."

"I will come back as soon as possible, for I feel a little uneasy about your ability to be secretive."

"What am I to do without money to pay my board?" I inquired.

"They never take money on this planet for hospitality, believing, as they do, that all they have is the Lord's, and that they must share it with any or all of God's children who may need it."

"I should think that would make a great many lazy people."

"Sluggards are not tolerated here. All must do whatsoever he or she can. If a person is lazy he is taken to the Physical Motor School, placed in a room alone, and put in a harness which runs by power. He is kept in motion, so many hours a day, every muscle working until he has accomplished what would be a fair day's work. Besides, he must cook his own meals, mend his clothes, keep perfectly clean, and this regimen is kept up until he is full of energy, and willing to share in life's duties."

"That would be a good plan for Earth to adopt, there are so many there who shirk—even I did myself."

"You will find a lazy person is diseased if you fully look into his case. There is always a deficiency somewhere, and the cure is work, which is healthful, and life-building. Now, good-night again."

With the early birds the next morning I arose very much refreshed, and Trust and I went out for a short stroll. The male members of the family were up, excepting the youngest, and the father, Simodeen, and Ninovarre were preparing breakfast. As we came to a stream we met Arbazellon, and I inquired if that canal was built for irrigation purposes.

"Oh, no, we do not need to irrigate, for we have plenty of rain and dew. This canal is called Mendon. We long ago

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changed the waters of this planet, and man now controls them. They all run through channels like this. They belt the planet, and cross and recross each other at stated limits, until every place is well watered."

"Do you mean to tell me that this broad stream is like all the others, and that the whole is a perfected water system constructed by man?" I inquired.

"It is even so," replied Arbazellon.

"These are what I saw then when we were up in the air. Trust told me they were rivers, but I had no idea there was such perfection. Are they all walled up with masonry?"

"Yes, that was all done before the water was let in. Each canal has from seven to twelve locks to hold the water during repairs, and some have fifty. These locks are wonders of scientific architecture."

"How wide do you call this canal?"

"Nearly a mile; the larger ones are from three to five miles, the smaller, a quarter to a half."

"Then you have no desert on this world?"

"Oh, no; we reclaimed those long ago; every spot is fertile, and we are progressing very fast now in true husbandry. Yet, with all our knowledge, the leaves do fall, and the flowers fade, and cold and heat come with the changing seasons, which in Heaven is not so, for there it is forever summer, and the leaves never fall and the flowers never fade. We are searching for the heavenly knowledge of how to perpetuate life, and I feel that we shall succeed."

A bell rang out, and Arbazellon informed us that breakfast was ready.



## CHAPTER XII.

### ULYSUM ENTERS MARTIAN SOCIETY.

*Sin is a thief,  
It robs the earth  
Of Eden's bloom.  
But Truth in time  
Will drive it back  
To endless gloom,  
The vampire's Sin  
On life and love  
Shall prey no more  
For wisdom's light  
Will show the way  
To die no more.*

"Would you like to take a ride with me to the fields this morning?" asked Simodeen, as we left the breakfast room.

"Just what I was wishing to do," said Trust; "what say you, Ulysum?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to join you, and see what you do here on this world," I replied.

"Come this way, then," and he took us down through the lawn to a small building where all manner of wheeled vehicles were stored. Selecting three, which he called Motor Wheels, he arranged them, and told us how to use them. When we were ready Onnodeen came with us saying he would ride with me, while Simodeen could go with Trust. Away we went down to a canal over a bridge, then a long stretch of perfect road, and soon we were at the field.

"Pretty good for a mortal invention," said Trust, as he came up and alighted. "Pretty good! A long stride in science since I was here."

What did he mean? Had he ever been here before? I looked at the others, to see if they noticed his remark, but they were busy and did not hear him. The field was a cornfield,

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the largest one I ever saw, and the corn was the tallest and had the largest ears. Why, the Indiana corn was nowhere beside it. The stalks had red stripes on them, and the leaves were striped pink, red, and green. The fringe was golden green, and as I looked at it I thought it was pretty enough for a flower garden. Trust explained that the atmosphere, with the Sun's rays, drew out these colors, for every star differeth from another star in atmospheric coloring and conditions, and this is why the verdure was of a different color.

Simodeen took his help and went into the field; Onnodeen and Trust wandered away together, while Arbazellon, who came along just as we arrived, asked me to go with him. We went over to a big locust tree where we found a seat and were soon lost to our surroundings in an interesting conversation.

"Do you have horses and cows on this world?" I inquired.

"Certainly, horses, cows, and sheep. Horses are very dear, for electricity and air force have taken their place of late and but few are raised, and these merely for sport." Then he asked:

"Do you use electricity on Earth?"

"Yes, to some extent; we are just experimenting with it, and hardly know its possibilities."

"Ah! Indeed! That is the reason why you have never understood our signals. We have lighted electric lights, one hundred miles square. Not receiving any reply we changed it to a circle, next to a star, then to two long parallel lines, but no answer. Finally we used five hundred miles, then a thousand, with no better results, and I have wondered why this was so."

"I do not think they ever thought to look for any such demonstration."

"Perhaps not, but if we should spell your name out in lighted letters, don't you think they would know you were on this planet — MISTERULYSUMSTORRIES?"

"I do not think they would ever think to look for me here; but you have a wrong idea of my name. The 'Mr.' is only a prefix to every name of a male, after a certain age, on the Earth. Ulysum is my given name, and Storries my father's or family name."

"Oh, I see, then I will call you, after this, Ulysum. Mister,

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Mister! I should not care for a common prefix like that. Everybody on this world is called by their given name. So you must call us, as we will you." He changed the subject: "Were you not afraid your airship would give out before you arrived here?"

"Yes, whenever I was awake long enough to know anything; but now, as I look back, I know that did not occur very often."

"Did Trust manage the ship for you?"

"I do not know who did it; it went all right, at any rate."

"I suppose you run up to your Moon quite often?"

"Never! I was never there but once."

"How did you find the path? Tell me all about it."

I told him how I came to be where I was, and that I knew no path; if there was, I had stumbled upon it without knowing it.

"How strange! Why, I wonder you kept your mind in passing through such a trying ordeal. When you got to the Moon did the people receive you kindly, and were they nice people?"

"Nice enough, but I did not care for them. They were cliff dwellers, and had just awakened to the knowledge of home habitation, or home building. I did not fall in love with them. As I said this, Wonder Eve and Pyra came to my mind and I felt ashamed. The rush of blood to my face must have aroused Arbazellon's curiosity, but he said nothing more on the subject.

"Are the women on Earth beautiful?"

"Yes, there are a great many beautiful women and young girls, and children, too."

"Have they learned the art of keeping beautiful? The holding of the freshness of youth until they just step into another and a higher life?"

"No; many of the women fade, and grow old very fast."

"That is sad. Do you have much sickness?"

"Yes, we have a great deal of sickness and the death rate is very high at times."

"How long do they generally live?"

"About sixty or seventy years, some a little longer, and a large number not a quarter the length of that time. Half of the children die in infancy."

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"Here we live to be two and three hundred years old, and woman is in her youthful prime from eighty and one hundred. We are trying to learn the force that reanimates nature, and holds it passive, but as yet it remains a mystery. Since the fall of Eden woman has been the recuperative force. "He sat in thought for a moment, then remarked: "As a general rule the women live the longer in this world."

"It is just the opposite on Earth. Our women are, as a rule, very delicate, and generally die sooner than the men, though there are exceptions to this."

"Our women are also delicate, but they have such good care, they are preserved. Why, brother, aside from child-bearing, they have nothing to do but eat, sleep, and take their ease. Science taught us that women must be the intellectual light of the world, if we wished to reach the perfect life, and we grant them every privilege. Do you care as well for women on Earth?"

"I'm afraid we do not," and I thought of Henriette splitting wood, and mother working in the field, when an extra man was needed, and of my running away to go fishing and letting her do it. But I answered, truthfully, by saying, "Woman, on Earth, takes her place beside man and helps in all kinds of labor," and I felt a conscious pride in saying it.

"Well, brother, that in my opinion, is brutal; what kind of men have you there? Why, women here are the apple of our eyes. Work? Why we'd die working before we would let a woman work. Woman, brother, was created to perform the highest mission of life, which is to regenerate life until the perfect life is reached; and you let her work?" Again he was silent; then he broke forth with "Poor, poor creatures; how can they fulfil their duty as they ought? How can they bring forth healthy offspring and labor beside? Forgive me, brother, but I do not wonder now that you have not progressed any farther. Why, you dwarf the young life in its embryo state, the very time when it should have the best of care. No wonder you die young; you are worked to death before you are born. Have you not read that woman gave a Saviour to the Lost Star Eden? All bright ideas, all scientific progress, have their origin in woman. Her mission was ordained to nourish the vital spark, till such time as it became a living being, or

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

I might say, awoke again to conscious life. I wonder what my darling mother and dear sisters would say to such treatment. Woman here is educated in everything that man is, but she is not required to use her knowledge only as a counsellor, or to educate her children. We consult women in every emergency here, and we have found that their ideas are as good, and usually better, than ours. May I ask if your mother and sister work?"

"Sometimes," I stammered, for I felt like a brute before this noble man.

"Have you a sweetheart, and does she work?"

I would not have told him I had a wife, and all she did, and how hard she worked, for half of Mars. So I said quickly, "No, nor wife, either."

Arbazellon laughed. "You need not blush so, Ulysum; I suppose you are too young yet to have either."

Here Trust and Onnodeen came up and we all returned to the house. While they were busy putting away the motor wheels, Trust managed to whisper. "I trust you were careful in your speech."

"Oh, yes, never fear, I will do just as you wish," I replied, feeling quite satisfied with myself.

After lunch Trust and I repaired to the garden and took seats beneath a vine-covered arbor. Everybody was busy preparing for the reception, and as I felt we should not be disturbed, I took the opportunity to ask Trust why he took me to Mars if he thought I needed so much watching.

"I wished to show you some of the mansions *In my Father's house*.\* You started on a voyage of discovery, and the best thing you could discover would be the perfect life."

"Why not take me along with you? I am not used to this class of people, and I feel out of place. I am afraid I shall let out something I ought not, if I am left alone."

"Ulysum, do be careful; it is for your own good I tell you this. I cannot take you with me, for I am here and there, and it might be difficult to locate me when you needed me most. My reason for leaving you here is this: I have a friend near here who is a telepathist; one who understands divination of thought force. I shall leave you in her care

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\*John XIV. 2.

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and if at any time you should need me, you have but to speak to her, and I will come immediately. Be careful of your hasty temper; let your words be few, and you will get along all right. Always tell the truth, and, above all, let them know you are a married man. Do not use any deception as you did on the Moon."

When he said this, I thought at first I would not tell him. I had already been guilty of a lie; but upon second thought, I repeated my conversation with Arbazellon, and that it had been brought about by his horror at the way men on Earth treated women.

"Are you ashamed of your wife and child?" Trust spoke with severity.

I answered quickly: "No, indeed; but I wanted him to think well of me, and I could not tell him that Henriette worked."

Trust smiled: "You were under Earthly influence when you prevaricated; there are thousands of men on Earth to-day doing the same thing: going as near sin as they can and not get caught."

"I am glad you have told me of my wrong-doing. I will acknowledge my error and beg forgiveness at the first opportunity."

"That is right. I am glad to hear you say so. Always make amends for wrong-doing. But, come, it is nearly time to get ready for the reception."

I tried hard not to go near the company, but Trust would not listen to my excuses, so I donned my Sunday suit and waited for the summons. Soon there came a rap at the door. Trust opened it and Melvinetic came in and said he had been sent to escort us to the reception room.

My! Wasn't he a swell, though. As we boys used to say about a person when he looked extra nice. He had on a spotless white linen shirt with a double ruffle front and diamond stud. A yellow satin vest, cut very low to show the shirt, yellow satin pantaloons that came to his shoe tops, and a dress coat made of a heavy brocaded silk of a changeable red and green, which fitted his fine figure like a glove.

The drawing-rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants, but such things don't amount to much with

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a man, and I began to long for the guests to arrive that I might see the girls, for, of course, I was human. Overhead in both rooms were centre pieces of carved wood with gilded leaves and flowers, and in the centre of each flower gleamed an electric light. On the walls were pictures and panels of exquisite embroidery; in niches stood pieces of statuary, the work of Laomeline and Sarvadetta, Melvetic told me as we strolled about the rooms waiting for the guest. One picture, a life-sized oil painting of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, called forth an exclamation of surprise from me. As I mentioned their names, Melvetic in turn was surprised: "That," said he, "is a dream picture by Sarvadetta and is called *The daughter of Heaven with the Infant Redeemer going to save the Lost Star Eden*. How strange that you should have the same thought, or inspiration, in your world. I must tell her; it will please her so much to know that it is indeed an inspiration."

"Do you not think," interrupted Trust, "that all good thought or work is inspiration?"

"I most certainly do, brother," he replied.

At the end of one room was a low balcony with gold and green silk curtains, and vases of flowers, and this was arranged for the band of music. There were steps to go up to it on either side, and also to the platform which was a little lower and directly in front of it. Here Urbana sat (I call her by her first name, as they all said I must) arrayed in yellow satin and white lace, with sprays of white jasmine fastened here and there amid the folds. She wore white jasmine in her hair, a diamond necklace, and bracelets and rings to match. Bensuvie sat in a chair on the floor near her. When we came up to them they both arose, and waited until Melvetic presented us to his mother, as the Burgomistress of Marteenville. We both congratulated her upon her election, then sat down beside Bensuvie. Soon the eldest sister, Laomeline, came in, gowned in pink silk with black lace trimmings, low neck and short sleeves, with red and pink roses for decorations, and rubies for ornaments. She went directly up to her mother, bowed and kissed her forehead, then bowed to us, and came and took a seat beside Trust.

Next came Sarvadetta, dressed in blue silk and white lace

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with turquoise ornaments and blue cornflowers. When she had saluted and kissed her mother she took a seat beside her sister. The rest of the family then paid their respects, as the guests began to arrive, filling the rooms, as Trust observed, with beauty and elegance. I, too, found myself admiring the graceful movements of these beautiful women.

When they had all paid their respects to Urbana, Bensuvie took her arm and she descended from the platform. Next, several young men came in bearing a purple velvet cloth which they spread upon the platform; then they brought in purple velvet draperies, embroidered in white silk and gold fringe, which they arranged as a canopy. Two gold chairs, upholstered in purple velvet, were placed side by side on the platform. When this was done, a lady and gentleman stepped out from among the guests, passed up the steps and took their places upon the platform. A bell was rung to call them to order, and the gentleman said: "Friends, this is Rhumevia, our retiring Burgomistress." She bowed, came forward, and addressed the company:

"Friends, I am about to place the interest and duties of my late office in the hands of my successor, Urbana, whom you have seen fit to choose for this office. I am sure she will fill the position equally as well if not better than I have done, and I ask you to be to her all you have been to me — co-workers, friends, and supporters. I thank you one and all for your patience and love, and the many kindnesses which you have shown me during my term of office; and now, with God's blessing on each and all, and especially on the dear sister who will take my place, I bid you a loving *good-bye*."

Then the guests formed into two lines, the men on one side and the ladies on the other, and Urbana and Bensuvie walked through and took their places beside Rhumevia on the platform. Rhumevia took Urbana by the hand and led her to one of the chairs and addressed her as follows: "Urbana, accept this seat of honor from your friends, as a favor to them, in honor of their high appreciation of your virtues and capability for this office." Then she took a dainty jeweled crown and placed it upon Urbana's head, and a little jeweled scepter in her right hand. Turning to the guests, she said: "Friends salute Urbana, Burgomistress of Marteville," They all



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cheered her, and the men cried: "God bless our women!"

Urbana stepped forward and addressed them, saying: "Friends, I thank you all for this honor. May I, with God's help, conduct the affairs of this office to his glory and for the mutual good of all. Do not hesitate to tell me of my mistakes, and come to me as a friend in all and every emergency, reposing in me the utmost confidence, which I promise not to betray, and may God bless our united efforts, as He has those of our sister Rhumevia." The band then began to play and the ceremony was over, with the exception of congratulations which were now in order.

How lovely Urbana looked standing there in that glare of light; the brilliant glow of diamonds on neck, arms and fingers, the rich sunlight dress of yellow satin; the pure jasmine blossoms, and the jeweled crown resting on her raven hair.

What would women do on Earth if they had such a chance, and were treated the same way? Poor Henriette, poor mother, and poor every woman on Earth, how hard your lot is. After the congratulations were over, and Urbana and Rhumevia had taken the gold chairs, Melvetic came up to Trust and me and asked us to be presented to the guests. Trust got up without a word, and, of course, I had to do the same. Somehow I managed to go through the presentation to some five or six hundred people without losing my wits. Everybody welcomed us to Mars, and invited us to visit them, and before I knew it I had promised them all a visit without knowing how long we would stay. Had I been at home on Earth all this attention would have greatly elated me, but now I was in a passive mood. I had a feeling that I was and I was not in a didn't-know state, and I might add, a didn't-care.

At times I would look at my coarse clothes (my Sunday best), and feel uneasy; then I would look at Trust and his spotless attire, his noble bearing, and I felt thankful so good and true a friend had been my portion, and I resolved to do my part to always keep his friendship. But, alas! How frail are human resolves; broken on the first pretext, without a thought of consequences.

Once I overheard Trust telling a group of people that we got into a stratum of magnetic force, and this, with the comet's influence, ran the ship without any trouble. Everybody asked

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me questions, and my head fairly whirled in trying to answer them. Finally some bells rang out, and supper was announced. Onnodeen came up to me with a lady whom he introduced as Rodena, a daughter of Rhumevia the ex-Burgomistress, and asked me to escort her.

"I shall be pleased to do so," I replied. I offered her my arm.

"You will take my arm," said she, bowing slightly. "I am somewhat taller than you are," and she led the way into the banquet hall.

What a dazzling display met my eyes! Lights, lights, everywhere; in circles, in stars, balls of light, in fact, the whole room was a blaze of light and flowers. There were three tables that extended the whole length of the room. They were polished so one could see his face in them. Lovely embroidered mats, and table scarves were laid on them. The silver and cut-glass ware, the dainty china, and cut flowers, made a fine display. When we were seated at the table I noticed that the scarves went across the table and served for two couples,— a lady and gentleman on each side. Between the scarves were vases of yellow roses, with wreaths of the same around them, making them look as if they stood in a bank of roses. All the decorations were in yellow and white, even the embroidery on the table furnishings, for these were the colors chosen by Urbana to be used during her term of office.

On my right sat Trust and Laomeline, while opposite were Sarvadetta and Prince somebody, I did not catch his name. He was a supercilious sort of fellow, I saw the moment I was presented to him. While the guests were getting seated Trust whispered, "Be careful of your words, Ulysum," This annoyed me, but I answered quickly, "Never fear." I saw Sarvadetta had noticed his act, and had overheard his words, as I learned later on.

Bensuvie asked a blessing to which all responded "Amen." Then the waiters, who were young boys fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in white, came in with the food. First, they brought little silver bowls of green corn soup with little silver baskets of crackers, about the size of a thimble top. Next, small china plates with four nasturtium flowers were placed

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before each guest; these were filled with a fine salad; other small plates held hot rolls, just a mouthful each. Then came something I never saw before served in little silver egg shells, in cups. I found out later it was made of boiled eggs, chicken meat cut very fine, bread crumbs, butter, cream, salt and pepper. It was delicious, and I wished for more. There was an almost endless variety of dishes made of potatoes, corn, and peas; some that were hard to tell from real meat. When this course was cleared away, they brought in ice cream and cake. The cream was served in the centre of large roses, and the cake was laid on cut glass shells. This was the first time I had seen people eat flowers. Some ate their rose leaves with the cream, and all ate the nasturtiums; while I was on Mars I often saw them thrown in soup when it was served.

Everything was so new and strange, in watching the scene around me, I forgot where I was or what was expected of me. Rodena broke in on my dreaming with "Do the people of Earth eat the same things we do?"

"Certainly."

"Is the cooking the same?"

"About the same, though I have eaten things here to-night I never ate there. That egg food I never saw before and I liked it very much."

"Really! That is splendid; you must learn to cook it, so you can teach your father when you return."

"My father? Why, my father don't know enough to cook a potato," and I smiled to think of it.

"Why, you shock me! Who does the cooking then, you?"

"No, I don't know any more than father does about such things. Mother and Henriette usually do the cooking. Now I thought, is the opportunity for me to let them know I have a wife, but before I could tell her, she said: "Henriette is your sister, I suppose. If you lived on this planet we ladies would think you very neglectful to let us do the cooking for you."

Well, thought I, if it is so awful to let a sister do this, what would they say if I should acknowledge it was my wife? I had learned in the short time I had been there what they thought of wife and mother. Her next question startled me, it came with such earnestness.

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“Are the women slaves on Earth?”

“Why, certainly not. All they do is cook, take care of the house and children if there are any, wash, iron, and sew, and have a good time.”

She looked at me amazed and asked: “What time do they have for study?”

“None, as I know of; they don’t study.”

“And they have no time to study out new theories or inventions for their special benefit? Well, I am heartily glad I don’t live in that world. Do they ever get a chance to rest?”

“Why, they rest when they are asleep the same as the men do.” I could not help thinking of mother drudging from morning until far into the night “to catch up” as she expressed it.

After a moment of thought she added: “You must have a queer world to let women work like that. What do the men find to do?”

“The men work out-of-doors, mostly, and earn the money the women spend,” I answered, a little annoyed.

“Do the men give their money to the women as their own?”

“Some of it, not all.”

“How much?” she inquired eagerly.

I did not have time to figure out just what to say, so I answered according to the amount father and I gave the women folks: “Oh, a dollar or two; all they need for spending money.”

She laughed softly; “What condescension! Does it not read in your marriage rite as it does in ours, ‘With all my worldly goods I thee endow?’”

“Yes, I think it does.” I remembered when the minister came to that part, when Henriette and I were married, I thought I can go that all right, for I ain’t got anything to endow her with, and the rest of the time I was too scared to know what was said.

Again she looked surprised at my reply. Then she turned her searching gaze on me; “And you pretend to give her what is already her own? How generous of you! And women care for their children and do all the rest you have mentioned. I can’t, for the life of me, see what the men find to do.”

“They work eight or ten hours a day, and earn more money in that time than a woman could earn in a week.”

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"But you don't ask them to earn money? Worse and worse! Just listen, Sarvadetta: On Earth they give women half as much pay for the same labor that they give men; and some only get one-half as much for a whole week's work as a man gets a day. What do you think of that?"

"I am not surprised," replied Sarvadetta. "I think Earth must be the Dark Planet that our writers speak of, and our Bible tells of, a world where the people are in outer darkness, which no doubt means a lack of broadmindedness or intellectual truth," and she turned again to talk with the Prince, after giving me a look of astonishing pity.

When she looked at me, after saying those words, I felt she was not struck with the Earthites, and that I must look upon her as an enemy, or, if a friend, a condescending one, and I was uneasy from that time on, when in her presence.

"I am very sorry for my sisters of Earth," said Rodena, and her eyes filled with tears. "Our lot is so different in this world. Women never labor here, not as men do; they are helpmeets, counsellors and overseers. They take care of their wardrobes, oversee all the household affairs, counsel with the men about all improvements, either indoors or outdoors, but *man* does the labor."

"Do you mean to say that men do the cooking and take care of the children?" I asked, surprised.

"All that, and more; they do all the labor. Do not men on Earth care for the young and their mothers who belong to the animal kingdom?"

"To be sure. We would never think of women doing that," and I thought now it is my turn, but she said quickly:

"Well, you had better save a little of your attention for the sisters of Earth, the women, who are far more valuable than any members of the animal kingdom. Woman on this planet is loved and appreciated, as God intended she should be."

"It seems to me the men have the worst of it, and are not half appreciated here on this world," I replied, good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, they are; do they not look happy here to-night?"

"Yes, they look happy enough at this present moment, but if I had to go home and do all you say they have to, I am sure it would haunt me and take all my pleasure away."

I saw Sarvadetta was listening to our conversation and her lip curled with scorn when I made the last remark.

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“Ah, Ulysum, you let the women do it in your world, and it don't haunt you there, and you think it all right. Come, now, confess the wrong.”

“Well, I guess it must be wrong, or a mistake, but how to right it I don't know.”

The band now began to play and the dancing which followed made me think of Earth's scenes.

As I sat there watching the dancers, — Rodena was dancing with Danpharon for a partner — Sarvadetta came and asked me if I danced. “No, I never learned. My father is opposed to dancing.”

“What objection did he have?” inquired Laomeline, who had joined us, and overheard what I had said.

“I hardly know, but the churches regard it as a wicked practice, and, although father is not a member, he tried to have us do as the ministers wished us to.”

“Your father not a member of a church? Does he believe in a God?” asked Sarvadetta.

“Yes, he believes in a God, and lives as near right as he knows how, but he does not go to church.”

“And your churches don't tolerate dancing? Why, you have told of sins much worse than dancing, and they tolerate those. Strange, very strange.”

“Do your priests, or ministers, as you call them, ever speak to the men about their treatment of women in your world?” asked Laomeline, who had been listening to my conversation with Rodena and her sister.

“I never heard them. If they did the men would all leave the church, and that would mean a great deal, for that is where their bread and butter comes from.”

“My! Poor deluded people! Worse and worse! If the men left the church where would they go to worship?”

“Nowhere; they would stay at home or wander about town.”

“So they would compel the servants of God to wink at their sins, for fear they would leave the church and deprive them of their support. Why, they fly in the face of God with their sinfulness. They prohibit dancing, but tolerate Sabbath breaking without a remonstrance, really —”

“Oh, I have heard them speak about it and warn the people

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against Sabbath breaking, but it did no good; they went on the same way."

"So they compel God's servants to unfold the truth and wisdom of God to empty seats, in your churches, or else keep back all they don't wish to hear. They actually make them remodel God's messages to sinful man and fix them up to suit a sinful world. Where do you think *God* is all this time? Don't you see, brother, you cannot improve until your heart is in harmony with the perfect life? Have you a commandment that says 'Keep *holy* the seventh day, for that is the Lord's'?" asked Sarvadetta.

"Yes; that is one of our commandments."

Sarvadetta kept on with her questions: "And they dare to disobey God's law? Don't you see they need restraining? How can they expect good things to come to them when they openly disregard God's wishes?"

"Do the men make all the laws?" inquired Laomeline.

"Yes!"

"That explains it all," said Sarvadetta, compressing her lips. "That explains it all. Your world, brother, is a one-sided world."

"Is not this a one-sided world?" I asked.

Sarvadetta answered me: "Not by any means, for women and men both have a voice in making the laws of this world. Each has a right to propose any change they see fit, and, after due deliberation, it is voted upon, and becomes a law if adopted."

"Then the women vote on this planet?"

"Yes, brother," said Laomeline, "they do, though it is only the married who have that privilege; the unmarried, of either sex do not vote. Thus you see the equality, do you not? Every one votes just as she or he wishes. No influence is used to have it otherwise. The women in this world are educated equally with the men and therefore know as much about the affairs of life as they do; consequently our advice is equally as good, and, what is better, the men are so good and kind they pay special deference to our opinions."

"Well," said I, "you must be right, and no doubt if I lived here I should think just as you do."

Trust came up to us, and said I would have to bid them

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good-night, as he wished to leave early in the morning. He shook hands with them, bidding them take good care of the *Castaway*, as he called me, until his return, and we left the merry-makers to their pleasures.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### ULYSUM IS CATECHISED.

*Two strangers met upon life's way,  
An ardent youth, a maiden shy;  
They walked and talked — a happy day —  
To cross-roads came, and said good-bye.*

WHEN we were within our own room, Trust said: "I am going to tell you how you must behave while I am gone. You must keep a guard on your temper; say but little about Earth life, for as they know nothing about that world they will not ask about the things you should not tell. You must do your own work, and help the others all you can in return for their kindness. Every morning make your bed and arrange your room; in this closet you will find everything to use. Keep the bathroom tidy, and help in every way they need you."

"Botheration!" I exclaimed. "I never made a bed in my life." Then remembering that I was rude to one who had always been so kind to me, I said: "Forgive me, Trust. I did not mean to be rude, but everything is so different here, I seem turned completely around. Are we to walk, or will I take my airship?"

"We are to go in an electric carriage which Simodeen has kindly offered for our use. He will show you how to use it, and when I reach the place where I am to stop, you will return with it, and I will go about my work." Then he gave me more directions about my conduct and I retired to bed, but not to sleep.

Trust knelt by his bed with his cross in his hand, in deep meditation and prayer, for some time longer. I lay watching him, for, somehow, he looked more angelic than ever. His face was lit up with such earnestness, it made me feel ashamed for my gross neglect, and I resolved henceforth to pray more earnestly and see if the true light would come to me.

When Trust was in bed I began to think over all Laomeline

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and Sarvadetta had said to me, and I asked him why they did not let the unmarried vote if they were old enough.

"They need no laws here other than those their parents make for them, being subject unto them until they are married and have homes of their own. Filial obedience is part of their education, and is strictly enforced, according to God's wishes. *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*\*

"And is this law never broken here?" I asked.

"In a few solitary cases, which are speedily punished. If the offenders are young, they are kept by themselves at work for the public until they are ready to do right, when they are set at liberty. If they are middle-aged, their substance is taken from them and given to the parents, who, it is thought have more need of it than the ungrateful, and they must begin life anew, without anything, for the Bible says: *To him that hath shall be given, but to him who hath not shall be taken away that which he hath.* Thus, you see, it stands one in need to work and be saving, and prudent as well, to be obedient, and to have a veneration for those who have given them life that they may progress. One of the most beautiful sights on this world is the respect that children show their parents from the eldest down to the youngest. Their wishes are law and the children obey without question. No task is too arduous for them to perform that their parents may require. It would do many of the children of Earth good to take a few lessons of this kind from the children of Mars; but they all get here after a time, and are conquered."

When morning came, I awoke to find Trust up and making his bed. I sprang up and dressed, then watched him as he quietly put everything in place. I thought, as I had never made a bed in my life, this was a good opportunity to learn. Trust stood by and told me what to do; when it was done, he said it looked very well for a beginner. Then I had to learn how to sweep and dust, and when it was over I was glad of it.

"You see," said Trust, "I want them to have a good opinion of the people of Earth, and see that we know what belongs to good manners."

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\*Ex. XX: 12. \*Mark IV: 25.

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After breakfast, Simodeen brought the carriage around. Trust bade them good-bye, and we started off over the smooth roads (better than our sidewalks in L—), over bridges, past green fields and pretty dwellings, until we came to a city, on the outskirts of which we stopped in front of a nice looking dwelling-house. Trust got out and went in; after a little while he returned with a lady whom he introduced as COMPASSION. I alighted, and after shaking hands with her she informed me that Trust wished her to be my friend while he was away. She said: "I am sure I shall be most happy to become a friend to any or all of the children of Earth. You have only to ask, to receive any assistance it is in my power to give. Come into the house and rest and we will get acquainted;" and she led the way.

Where did Trust become her friend, or she his, I kept thinking, and what was a telepathist? She was a noble looking woman, with a broad, high forehead, and a kind motherly face, that reminded me of some one I had known on Earth. A Quakeress, I thought. She wore a plain, drab silk dress; a thin lace kerchief folded neatly across her breast, while her placid expression inspired one with confidence from the first. The room we entered was a large airy one, very plain, but neat, and with but little furniture. There were no carpets on the highly polished floor, only large rugs; a few high backed chairs set squarely against the wall, a polished table in the centre of the room, and a few paintings on the walls completed the furnishing of the room.

She seated herself by my side, and inquired how I liked Mars. She talked about Earth as if she knew all that had happened there; also about my journey as though she had been my companion instead of Trust. After we had conversed for some time, she rang a bell; a man came in whom she called Melladore, and she bade him bring us some milk and cake.

When we arose to go she followed us to the door, and told me not to forget I had a friend in her, and to come often and visit her.

Trust pointed to the pretty city, which I could see a short distance ahead, calling it Bonnyvoski. He told me, when he

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returned, he hoped to take me to see its beauties, and its advancement, in all industrial matters, over conditions on Earth. "Good-bye; don't run away with Beauty, or let Beauty run away with you, but learn all you can that leads to the perfect life to which you are journeying." Then, with a hand-grasp and another caution to remember my pledge about Earthly affairs, he was gone, and I was once more in my electric carriage on my way to Goodheart's.

What a delightful ride I had, although I was alone. The breeze was cool and refreshing, filled with the odors from the sweet-scented flowers that lined the road-side. I began to sing and whistle, as I flew along to the amazement of all who met me. I had never expected to be happy again, but the human heart was created to appreciate all the beautiful things in Nature, and to see and breathe, and drink at her fount, which brings forth a gladsome and exhilarating feeling.

As I drew near Goodheart's home, I saw Laomeline coming over the bridge, and, as we met, I stopped the carriage to speak to her. She inquired if I had a nice ride and asked a few other general questions, then she said: "I am going into the fields with Arbazellon to collect medicinal herbs for scientific research. You know, if we can find the awakening power in Nature, we have the key to eternal life. Our Bible says, *The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.*\* There is some force, Ulysum, at the right time, that recuperate and awakens life in Nature, or, as the Son of Heaven said when He was here, *She is not dead but sleepeth.*\* He was speaking of a daughter in death, or sleep; so now we wish to discover the spirit power that awakens life."

"I will take the carriage to the house and return and go with you if I may." I replied.

"Certainly" She sprang in beside me and we returned to the house. On the way she said: "There are some plants that never seem to sleep and these are our basis for research."

A little description of Laomeline, perhaps, at this time, will not be amiss. There was something very attractive and lovable about Laomeline; her quiet, dignified bearing, her cheerful manner to all, a sympathetic friendliness, that made one feel they had met a kindred spirit, to whom they could reveal their heart's secrets; one who in return would give

\*Rev. XXII: 2. \*Matt. VIII. 24.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

the best of their own in need, and safely keep your interests and secrets locked within their heart of hearts as secure from prying eyes as you would yourself. Such affinities give one strength, and you feel safe, knowing they will never betray your trust in them no matter what may be the outcome of your confidence, or the circumstances attending it. Such people have died with secrets locked within them rather than betray a trust. This was Laomeline, as I found out later, though I was drawn to her from the first, and would have chosen her for a confidante in preference to any of the others. Trust called this "Spirit Knowledge."

Simodeen came and took the carriage when we arrived at the house, and I went to my room to prepare for lunch. I left my door ajar, without knowing it, and became a very unwilling listener to a conversation between Sarvadetta and her mother. "Mother," said Sarvadetta, "I have been thinking for some time about a story I read once in mythology about three men who came from a star called Earth. I looked it up and read it again to-day, and I feel quite uneasy about these strangers being here. It read that in the early ages when Mars was young and had more sins to conquer than now, all the evil-doers, when they died, were sent to Earth, which was a new, unfinished world, with contrary, negative forces controlling its formative state, where they were punished for their own wrong-doing. In some manner, it does not say how, they concocted a scheme to get back to Mars by heredity. Three men were sent here who represented themselves as angels. They persuaded three lovely maidens of high caste and pure blood to return with them to that world saying that they would make them queens. The maidens left this lovely world, and their beautiful homes and friends, and went to dwell with these men, who, they soon found out, were not angels but shepherds, and tillers of the soil. Instead of making them queens they compelled them to be their slaves, laboring at all kinds of work, and taking care of their husbands and their offspring at the same time. This so wore upon and grieved the maidens that they sickened and died of broken hearts. Before they died, they besought the gods to forgive them for leaving so good a world, and prayed that they might be placed in the sky as stars, where they could see both homes, for their friends

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were on one and their children on the other. Their sad story so wrought upon the god Orion that he caused them to be placed in his belt as bright stars. Now, mother, do you think these strangers have any such mission?"

"Sarvadetta, you must remember mythology is not true; and besides, do not try to cross a bridge before you come to it. You cannot find any fault with Trust, who truly looks and acts the priest and teacher, while Ulysum seems to me to be a very inexperienced youth, without one bit of harm in him. However, on this world every one has a right to speak and have their ideas given due consideration. I will see Ulysum after lunch and find out where Trust has gone, and what their mission is. But, remember, our Bible says: *Be hospitable to all, lest at any time you entertain angels unawares.* A daughter of Mars is always a friend to any in need."

"Thank you, dear mother; I will use charity until we know more. I have asked Simodeen to keep that queer looking skyboat under lock and key, and he has promised to do so until we are all convinced everything is right."

Well! This was a pretty mess. My machine locked up. I a monster of some sort, ready at a moment's notice to run away with a daughter of Mars, to make a slave of her. One thing was certain, it would not be Sarvadetta Goodheart. I remembered I would have to go to confession to the mother, and I had a good mind to go and demand my airship, go to Compassion's house, and leave Urbana to find out my mission as best she could. On second thought, I resolved to do just as Trust had told me, and trust the future to bring things out all right. She would not find out much anyway, for I determined to be very careful how I answered her questions. Still I dreaded the ordeal, and wondered what her questions would be.

The bell rang for lunch, and as I did not wish to excite their suspicion, I went in with the rest and took my place as if nothing had happened. The meals on Mars were very pleasant affairs; cheerfulness reigned at this time, for each and every one was expected and allowed to take part in the topics presented for discussion, and at times there was a very animated debate, conducted with the best of good-nature. "A cheerful, happy feeling during the eating process is good for digestion; it helps

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\*Heb. XIII: 2.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

nature to assimilate food, and aids every function of the body," said Bensuvie. No one was ever expected to come to the table with a clouded brow, which would naturally produce opposite results.

When the meal was over, Arbazellon asked if I was going with Laomeline and him to the fields to gather plants in the interests of science, to discover the true plant food. He said, "We are also searching along a new line, analyzing the Sun's rays and their influence upon the plants at different periods."

"We intended," said Danpharon, "to take him with us, Onnodeen and Ninovarre are going, and teach him how to use our flying machine."

"I am sorry, children, to disappoint you," said Urbana, "but I would like Ulysum to visit me this afternoon, if he will."

I bowed, and replied "Certainly."

The lines of some poet that Trust was especially fond of came to my mind, — *Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us to see oursel'es as i'hers see us.*

"There will be plenty of time after his visit to me for your flying machine," said Urbana. "Come Ulysum," and she passed into the large room I had first entered when I came there. Motioning me to a chair, she seated herself, and the following conversation took place:

"Ulysum, I wish to talk with you about your Earth life, and I trust you will not regard me as inquisitive concerning family secrets, but as a friend who wishes you well, and seeks to do you a kindness. Are you willing I should take this liberty?"

"Why, to be sure. I will answer your questions the best I know how."

"Thank you. To begin with, may I ask you what was your occupation on Earth?"

"I worked at farming part of the time, and in a machine shop the rest of the time."

"How did you happen to come here? Did you know before you started that people lived on this planet?"

"No, we never thought there was any other inhabited world but the Earth, and we could not see if we had, with our skyglasses."

## CATECHISED.

"That is because you have not progressed very far yet. We have known for a long time that the Earth was inhabited, though its great waters puzzled us for a some time. Is there land enough for all the people?"

"Yes, and more than enough."

"If there is not enough at the present time there will be eventually, for the waters will recede into the centre of the Earth when the crust, or rock formation, is complete; then the crooked rivers will be made straight. May I ask where Trust has gone, who he is, and what he did on Earth?"

If I had not heard Sarvadetta say that the three men who ran away with the maidens pretended to be angels, I should have answered, "A Guardian Angel," but I thought that wouldn't do, so I answered — "A priest. I do not know why he went away, as he did not say."

"Do you intend to return to Earth again?"

"I wish to, but I don't believe I ever shall. Trust says I will, but I think he says that to keep my courage up, that is all. As to friends and home, I have lost them all"; and my voice sank to a whisper.

Urbana said sympathetically, "I beg of you not to feel so sad, for you are very welcome to our home, and a share of all our worldly goods, so long as you do right. Let my sons teach you our ways, and if, in time, you cannot reach your home, you could choose a wife from among the daughters of Mars, and become one of us. It is perfectly natural that you should miss your parents and your brothers and sisters; how many have you of those last mentioned?"

"I have one brother and one sister."

"Really! Are there many families on Earth so small as that?"

"Yes, and some smaller."

"How many are there in a large family?"

"Ten or twelve, but that is very rare."

"Do you have queens on Earth?"

Now, thought I, she is trying to find out about the three men, so I answered — "A few, though where I came from they have a president instead."

"What is a president?"

"About the same as a king, only he is elected by the people to serve four years."



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"The same as a burgomistress. Does his wife aid him in making the laws, or in sanctioning or vetoing — whichever way she may judge is right and proper?"

"No, his wife has nothing to do with the office, whenever unless she manages to get to his ear behind the curtain when no one is near, as father used to say."

"What does she do? You are sure she is not a slave to wait on him?"

"I know she is not; there are servants to wait on both."

"What are the names of your queens?"

"I only know one or two names; the best and the one most beloved was Victoria."

"Victoria! Victoria! That is a very beautiful name. I must ask Sarvadetta to look up the meaning of it. All good names come from Heaven and this has a heavenly sound. What are your father and mother's names?"

"Father's is Kimsed, mother's is Nancy Ann."

"Kimsed? That is a musical name, but Nancy Ann seems to indicate endurance and patience."

I thought she had it about right. Father was musical about four o'clock in the morning, before it was hardly light, yelling up the stairway, "Boys, kum git up; time 'nuff ter sleep in the grave. Git a jog on, it's the arly burd that ketches the worm." And she had it about right, too, when she said mother's name seemed like patience and endurance.

Next she questioned about the different laws and governments on our world, but I told her I did not understand them, for I did not care for such things.

"That is really sad. Why, our children are taught law and order as soon as they learn their letters. The government of the home, then the town, next the cities; thus you see we should think it a lack of knowledge on this world for a child not to know those things, as well as the laws and government of heavenly things upon which our laws are based. I will not detain you any longer this time, for there will be opportunities for many more pleasant visits, when I shall have thought of something new to ask you. Go now with the boys and learn to fly," and she smiled very pleasantly as I passed out into the hall.

"What a relief," thought I, as I drew a long breath. I never

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remember of passing through such a dreaded ordeal, when I expected so much and got off with so little, but once before, and that was way back in Indiana, in the little red schoolhouse on the hill, where the teacher caught me passing a note to a pretty girl across the aisle. He told me to bring it to him. Then I chewed it up and threw it at him and it landed square on the bald spot on his head. My! If an earthquake had taken place, I could not have been more scared. He jumped up, looked at me a moment, then in tones of thunder shouted: "Ulysum, go home," and I went, glad of the opportunity, as I was now to get away from Urbana's questions. As I passed along the hall I met Sarvadetta who told me the boys were not quite ready, and would I wait in the schoolroom until they came for me.

Did you ever get acquainted with a person, one you wished to like and have like you? One whose superiority made your inferiority stand out conspicuous, as their preëminence became manifest, day by day, before your admiring eyes? One you loved and hated at the same time? Loved because of these high accomplishments and hated because they made you the background of the play? I knew Sarvadetta looked down on me because I lacked these qualifications; she pitied me for my loneliness, and patronized me in order to learn the secrets of my unexplained being and home. A person whose suggestion was a law; one who could rouse the evil in one in a moment, and then calm the storm, by a word, into restful peace and love. This was Sarvadetta Goodheart. I always felt rebellious the moment she spoke to me, with that *mind me*, dignified way of hers. I was cringing, suspicious, restless, and wholly unnerved when in her presence. She, why she was intellect itself, — with the bluest of eyes that looked way down into the depth of one's soul, and read by intuitive science the secrets you wished hid from all mortal eyes. Then, when she knew all, she used them as a weapon, when convenient, to punish you, or further her own ends when she wished a favor. Still, like a pet spaniel, I licked and fawned upon the hand that administered the chastisement. She was very beautiful, but of a different type from her sister Laomeline. Tall and graceful, a perfect blonde, wavy sunshiny hair, which was always arranged with exquisite taste, a personality in her dress

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

which was very becoming. She was studying to become a priestess, and her reserved, dignified bearing made me stand in awe of her.

Trust told me one day when we were on the Moon, that a good many of the released spirits from Earth went to Mars, where they were furnished new bodies and grew up under more favorable conditions, and I often found myself watching Sarvadetta and wondering if she came from Earth for she was so different from her mother and sisters. So, when she bade me come into the schoolroom I went, though I would rather have gone anywhere else. As we entered the schoolroom I saw all the younger portion of the family were there except little Amen who, they said, was with his father in the field. Jewdoing and Kimogene arose at our entrance and placed some chairs on the platform for our use. They were helping the younger ones with their studies. Jewdoing was hearing the geography and history class while Kimogene was working out a problem for Bethabarra. When they were through Sarvadetta asked them to arise and sing a song for me. Kimogene went to the piano and they sang a song, the chorus of each verse being:

*Daffodil! Daffodil! In bright robe of green,  
Among all the flowers to me thou art queen;  
Thou harbinger telling the Springtime is here,  
To awaken the others and bring us good cheer.*

Each verse was about a different flower. The tune was a lively one and I enjoyed it very much. Then she told them to bring the book she had promised them to read a story from. When it was handed to her I saw it was a book on mythology, and I was uneasy in a moment. I saw no way out of it, so I listened while she read about some people who were sent from Mars to a Dark Planet because they disobeyed God's laws, for he would not let error dwell with harmony.

One thing she read that impressed me very much was this: "To prove to you that God approves of large families, I will read His word," and she read from the Bible: "*Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. They shall not be ashamed of them, but they*

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*shall speak with the enemies at the gate.*" As I had never heard or read that before, it set me to thinking, and I thought "Large families on Earth get along about as well as any after all." But Ninovarre came for me and I was spared any sarcasm about the Earth if Sarvadetta had any for me.

When we entered the field, the boys were flying about in their skycycle. When they saw me, they came down to teach me how to manage one. Their flying machines were the queerest looking things I ever saw. They made me think of the armor of the Black Prince that I once read about. At first I hesitated about letting them put it on me, but when I saw them sailing so easily above my head, I let them put it on and hoist me up. At first I got many a bump trying to make the wings and tail go at the same time, but, after I got the idea I could fly as well as any of them. They were made in the shape of a man and were, in reality, masks for the body filled with gas, which held it in the air and, also served as life preservers in case one met with an accident. I had just got everything so I could manage it well, and was sailing about in fine style, when I heard a loud bell ring. The boys came up to me and said we would have to go to the house, as that bell required all labor and play to be put aside and to get ready for the Sabbath.

"Sabbath? Why this is Friday, is it not?"

"I know," said Danpharon, "but the Lord said, *The evening and the morning is the first day*, and so on until the seventh which is the Sabbath or Lord's day. So you see, Friday evening and Sabbath day are the full time according to our Bible."

"We keep first day, or Sunday, on Earth," I said.

"That seems queer. I wonder why you do that?"

"I don't know. It is the custom, I suppose."

"Don't know? Well, that *is* queer. Why, if I went to Earth and anyone should ask me about Mars, I could tell them everything from the beginning to the present."

"Perhaps you would know no more than I do if your father had kept you in the field to work instead of letting you go to school. But I was some to blame myself for I did not care for school; I had much rather go fishing and hunting."

"But you needed to study to know how to do these things,"

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\*Ps. 127

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

said Onnodeen. To learn how to promote the growth and welfare of these things so you could secure healthful food for yourself and have an abundance of it."

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," said Ninovarre. "This is an old proverb and a true one."

"Well, I don't know anything about that, or the health either; all I cared for was a day of good luck and a big batch of game. The health was out of mind; it was only the fun I thought of," I replied.

Then Onnodeen said: "Without proper study and training you could not know. Our animals on this planet are made the subject of much study and research, and their health is of the greatest importance. So it is with fish and fowls, and in fact, all food materials. There is a great deal to learn and by the spirit's help we are learning it all."

"I am sorry for your world, but don't tell Sarvadetta or she will be reading a long lesson to us all out of mythology," and Ninovarre laughed. He turned to me and continued: "You see she is afraid you are not what you profess to be, and she is looking out for all sorts of mistakes. She is a dear good girl, and would not harm you in any way, but her anxiety for us makes her very watchful. She sees we all like you and do not care what your former life was, and this, with her studying theology, mythology, and all the other 'ologies, with the finding your planet in darkness, being only lighted by the Sun on one side, makes her think it must be the *Lost Star Eden*."

"I am very sure I have not professed to be anything but a poor, foolish mortal driven here by the Fates," said I, with a sigh.

"We all know that, but it seems so improbable, and Sarvadetta is such a matter-of-fact person, she is still in doubt. But never mind, Ulysum, it will come out all right, and Danpharon is your friend now and forever. Here's my right hand on it," and he extended his hand for me to grasp.

How many times during the events that happened during my sojourn on Mars did these words come to my mind and bring some comfort to a weary, sick heart crushed by the cruel hand of Fate. If I could only have seen the end from the beginning, I am sure I would not have to chronicle so many sad failures in my life. While I know mishaps come to all,

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there are different families, and I belonged to a family of impulsive self-sufficiency.

Danpharon's speaking of finding the planet Earth with only one side lighted gave me a train of thought I could not banish, so I asked him if Mars was not a planet with only one side lighted.

"This planet has a bright aurora all around it, which is plainly visible to all the other stars. It grows brighter every cycle, and, in time, will light this world perfectly. Whether we were in darkness during the formation period, I do not know. But, certain it is, since man's earliest knowledge this light has been growing brighter and stronger, and some day the Sun will not light us, and our Moons will not be needed, though they will shine on the same as they do now. Do you know, Ulysum, when I think of all the wonders that God has yet to unfold to us, I feel so small and insignificant and God's knowledge so great and boundless, I am lost, like a grain of sand on the mountain's side, in the immensity of the universe.

The observance of the Sabbath on Mars meant a great deal to the Martians. Every Friday evening at just such an hour a bell rang telling everybody work was done, and the day of rest had begun. Each person was expected to go to his room for reflection and prayer, preparatory to the next day's worship. The usual evening service was repeated before retiring, then all was quiet. No cooking was done on the Sabbath, cold lunches being the rule. Each person was expected to help himself to whatever was provided, and the dishes were set aside until the evening when Sabbath ended. *The evening and the morning were the first day.\**

When I stepped out of my room on the first Sabbath, it was Arbazellon who gave me the usual "Good morning;" and who proposed that I accompany him to church in his flying machine; for, said he, "I must be there first to receive the tithes."

"What are tithes?" I inquired.

"Tithes are the Lord's money." Everybody is expected to give a tenth of all they earn each week to the Lord, to be used in maintaining His kingdom on this world. "Don't you give tithes on Earth?"

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\*Gen. 1: 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

“Why, they give something to be sure, but mother says they are stingy, and don't give to the Lord one-quarter as much as they give to the Devil. Father says the poor old Devil is the head banker on Earth, and don't have to pay interest either. He has all the money he wants for any enterprise he sees fit to start, and also all he wants for loans. But then, father is stingy himself. I never knew him to give more than fifty cents to a minister in my life, and he grumbled because mother gave the minister's wife some dried elderberries and dried pumpkin. Of course, our customs are different on our world from those here,” I said, thinking of Danpharon's words, “Don't tell Sarvadetta or she will read us a long lesson on mythology and the Dark Planet.”

“Yes, I suppose every star, or world, has different ways from this,” he remarked, but, as we were in the lunch room then, no more was said on the subject. When we were through with the meal we both went to the field to make our start. From there we flew along, but I made so many mistakes we were both late and Kimogene had collected the tithes for him.

The temple, as a church on Mars is called, was a large building, and to me seemed built of windows, there were so many, with but a small space between them. It was built of white onyx clouded with yellow. The windows were long and narrow, reaching from ceiling to floor, with diamond-shaped pale yellow panes. The roof was dome shaped, with windows converging to the center. There were steeples on every side and turrets covered with gold and silver burnished until they looked like gems. The inside was as beautiful as the outside, but very plain. The altar was in the center and the seats were arranged around it. Everybody was welcome to a seat wherever they chose, for they were all free. As the services had begun when we arrived Arbazellon said we would sit down near the door, so as not to attract attention, as my being from Earth might disturb the devotion.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ULYSUM GOES TO CHURCH.

*When cruel Fate does buffet you,  
And all the world seems dark and drear,  
How sweet to find one heart that's true,  
That clings to you, and holds you dear.*

WHEN we entered the temple, the congregation was standing and singing. I could not see who were on the altar as there were curtains all around it, but I heard them singing: *Let all the world rejoice and praise the Lord.* Then the people sang: *I will rejoice and praise Him, I will sing of the strength of the Lord. I will exalt and praise His Holy Name. Glory is His forever and forever.* Then the voices from the altar sang out: *He it is that fashioned the universe and made His people.* The congregation replied, *Glory, glory be to Thee, Oh Lord, most high. Amen! Amen!* Again from the altar came: *Lord Thou art from the beginning to the end, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.* Then the people: *We praise Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, thou Lord Omnipotent, Almighty King, our God, Who reigneth forevermore.* Then everyone kneeling sang: *Holy, Holy, Holy; Holy Lord God, we praise and adore Thy Holy Name. Beautiful art Thou in the morning, in the noontime and in the night. Beautiful and wise are all thy ways. Glory, glory, glory, honor and praise is Thine now and evermore. Amen, Amen, Amen.* As all arose and seated themselves, those on the altar sang: *Lift up ye everlasting gates and let the King of glory in.* As they sang this, the tapestried gates that were around the altar ascended to the roof, and in a second a thousand electric lights of all colors flashed out beneath them. With the rising of the gates the altar was in plain sight, with its attendant priests and priestesses. It was built of white onyx, with seven steps that led up to it. The corners of the steps were covered with gold, and the reading desks were also of solid gold. The floor was covered with a rich purple cloth with silver fringe. The priests and their attendants wore long white robes. The priestesses also wore long



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

white flowing robes, belted at the waist, loose flowing sleeves, with veils held in place by gold bands. Each priest wore a gold and purple velvet cap. These robes, I afterward learned, were made from the finest gossamer linen, and were beautifully embroidered by the priestesses.

When the gates had risen, the head priestess stepped to a reading desk, opened the Bible, and read: *Behold a great war in Heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in Heaven, and the great Dragon was cast out. That old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, he was cast out into the Earth, and his angels were cast out with him.\** Then she closed the book and said: "We will now have a short season of prayer."

Then they all made a brief prayer, after which they sang a hymn. The singers occupied two rows of seats near the altar; among them were Laomeline, Sarvadetta, Danpharon, Simodeen, and Ninovarre. How beautiful the music and singing sounded. *I walk by faith, dear Lord, with Thee*, was the beginning of each chorus. After the singing the head priest delivered a short sermon on the reading that had been given from the Bible: *And there was a great war in Heaven.* He said: "Now war, as we on this world understand it, means the force of Good warring against the force of Evil. This, no doubt, is what the good book means,—that Evil was cast out. Satan, the deceiver, was cast out into the Earth, with all his angels. Whether he destroyed Eden before or after we do not know, but the world he was on was cast out into outer darkness. We all know worlds grow, and that it takes millions of years for them to become perfected. We have been searching for centuries for a star or world in outer darkness; for that Earth, or Lost Eden, or Dark Planet that our astronomy calls it. There is only one of all the dark worlds that we can see that favors our research, and even that seems too far progressed to be the one we seek. We read of the sorrow of all the stars at this event, and we all know the obligations that were placed upon this world to help reclaim it. We all know that there are in our midst wandering spirits to whom new bodies have been given. Until it is revealed to us, we dare not say it is you or I, but thank our dear Heavenly Father that our lot has been cast in such

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\*Rev. XII: 7.

## TO CHURCH.

a sunny place, and on so lovely a world, with the knowledge of a good and wise Creator. Then he dwelt upon its promised redemption and its return to harmony, and ended by asking each and all to live for Mars and make it a world after God's own heart; to let each day be better and better; to study God's wishes and do His will, and the next plane would find them nearly to the promised reward.

They sang: *Oh Father, let me come to Thee, and rest beneath Thy sheltering wing*; then he gave the benediction, and those on the altar chanted: "*Who is the King of glory?*" and the people answered: "*He is the Lord of Hosts, and King of Kings from everlasting to everlasting, Amen! Amen! Amen! Amen!*" These words with the music, rolled out in one great song of praise, beautiful and grand. Then the gates descended slowly and I saw they were held by gold chains. When they had reached the floor and shut in the altar, the priestess and her attendants came down singing: *Let this worship be acceptable unto Thee, Most High and Everlasting God. Amen! Amen!* The attendants carried in their right hands gold chains to which were attached golden globes from which issued a sweet perfume which pervaded the whole house. "Frankincense and myrrh," Arbazellon whispered. The priests passed out, then the people on the opposite side, without one word being spoken by them until they reached the sidewalk.

It was a great wonder to me how everybody could hear so plainly all over that large room, but Arbazellon explained it by saying that the gates were voice transmitters, sending every word to every part of the house. There were over five thousand in the room, yet every one heard plainly every word the "Voice Echoes" repeated.

Danpharon asked me if the services were anything like ours, on Earth?

"Yes, something," I replied, and I could have added there was more real earnestness there than I ever saw displayed on Earth.

As we had now arrived where our machines were we did not discuss the subject any further, but harnessed ourselves up and started for home. I went to church three times that day and every Sabbath during my sojourn with the Goodhearts, and I must say I never was more impressed with the beauty of worshipping God than I was while I was there.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

When evening came, and the bell rang for service before retiring, I went to the reception room and, on entering, found visitors whom Urbana introduced as Hebonada, a priestess, and Zaffamadus, a priest. I acknowledged the introduction by bowing and shaking hands with them.

The priestess retained my hand, saying: "I am told, friend Ulysum, that you are one of the Earth-born; I am *very* glad to meet you, brother, and if this be true that you are from Earth, we wish you to tell us about that world."

I wish to ask you a few questions if you don't mind," said the priest. "Have you any objection?"

"Not in the least," I replied, for I remembered Trust's words, "They don't know the worst Evil of Earth, so they won't ask about it."

"To begin with, is your world a finished world? Are you further progressed than we in this world?"

I answered cautiously: "I am sure I cannot tell as I have not been here long enough to make comparisons."

"Do you have churches on Earth? and, if so, how are they governed?"

"Yes, we have churches, but I could not tell the government, for there are thousands of churches with as many governments in the country where I live, to say nothing about the other countries with their different religions."

"Why, that is strange. Are not all religions the one and the same? By this I mean they believe the same, even if their mode is different."

"No, they do not believe the same; each thinks he is right, and the other is wrong."

"Do they believe in the same God?"

"No, I think I have heard they do not," I replied, determined not to say a word more than I ought, and to tell the truth.

"Do they believe in a Heavenly Father, Creator and Maker of that world, and all the worlds?"

"Where I live most of them do."

"Do you?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Good! What do you call yourselves?"

"Those that belong to the church are Christians; those who do not are called world's people."

## TO CHURCH.

"Belong to the church! Why, don't all belong?"

"No; a great many don't belong to anything."

"Do not belong to anything?" and he meditated. "I wonder why they do not believe alike — can you tell?"

Now I had seen Sarvadetta smiling all through our conversation, seemingly enjoying my confusion, and it made me mad, and I did want to say something to get her mad, too, so I answered: "Where I came from they are all branches from the one church; when something went wrong in the church they were going to, they divided, and made one to suit themselves, or, as father said, when they had a church quarrel they split."

"A church quarrel!" echoed the priest and priestess together. "A church quarrel! Why, I never heard of such a thing. I wonder if their Bible tells how God would like to be worshiped. Does it, brother?" inquired Hebonadra.

"I presume so, though I am not a Bible scholar. But I don't think they disagree about God. Father says it is disagreeing over the meaning of His words, or mysteries of the Bible." Now, I thought, I'll give Miss Sarvadetta a hit. She thinks she knows it all, so I went on to say: "One minister will interpret the Scriptures one way, and the next another way, and so on, and father says, the whole upshot of it is they don't any of them know. For his part, he says, he'd take it as it reads, and that he'd get there as soon as any of them."

"Get where?" inquired Zaffamadus.

"Why, to Heaven, I suppose."

Sarvadetta laughed aloud, and curled her lip in scorn.

"That is a sad mistake," said the priest. "Man must work according to God's wishes for his entrance into the perfect life; this is stated very plainly in our Bible. God teaches us the way and we must follow, or we will be made to do our work over again."

"I wonder why they have different ways," said Laomeline.

"Why, I can answer that very easily; they think they know a better way than the Lord's, and they are trying to teach him, and then go in without asking permission," said Sarvadetta.

"Be charitable, daughter," said Urbana; "they may be in the dark as regards those things and we may teach them the true way, through our light and knowledge. We are all your

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

friends, Ulysum. If our methods are better, and accord more fully with Scripture, you may, when you return to your Earth home, tell them and perhaps they will be pleased to adopt them. We believe in one church, one God, the Father of the church, and the people. We have only one method of worship, only one of praise, only one of prayer, and only one for returning thanks; though we may change words in any or all of these, still the method is the same. We believe, in this world, that we are one family with God as Father of us all."

"How is it with their guides, the ministers, as you call them? Do they follow them?" inquired Zaffamadus.

"Not always; they find a good deal of fault with some of them," I replied.

"That is exceedingly sad, for the servants of God should be respected and looked up to as God-inspired messengers, His human voice agents to speak through him His wishes, and make Himself known to His people. I have felt his presence and I seemed filled with the fire of His spiritual power, and thought and words rolled out with such force I was astonished at myself."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Hebonadra.

"We all can come into that state of being if we will attune ourselves spiritually," said Bensuvie.

"The Earth must be a haphazard world," observed Sarvaddetta; "I don't see how God's servants can keep themselves in tune with such contrary influences around them. This, I believe, is why they have adversities; they are sent to chastise the spirit. This saying becomes a lesson: *Despise not the day of small things, for as ye have been faithful over small things I will make ye ruler over greater.* You see, they are not ready yet for the greater."

"A good sermon, sister," said Zaffamadus; "we must not give it all to them, but keep a share to ourselves."

"Ah, now I think of it, there is one question I have not asked you," interrupted Hebonadra, "and that is about the priestesses; are they agreed one with another?"

"We do not have priestesses," I replied.

"Can that be possible?" spoke up Urbana. "I wonder why the people of Earth accord to men all the privileges of

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\*Zech. IV. 10.  
\*Matt. XXV: 21

## TO CHURCH.

office and give to women none. Are the women inferior, or is it a lack of interest on their part in these things?"

Now, thought I, I'll hit Sarvadetta again, so I answered: "I cannot tell; I never heard but one woman preacher, and everybody was down on her, women and all," and I added, "Father said he wouldn't go across the road to hear a woman preach, for all the women he ever knew preached enough without going into the pulpit to do it."

Sarvadetta was hit, and she flared up in a moment. "Really! Most assuredly! Just what I should expect of a one-sided world. The great wonder to me is why they let the women stay there at all. They should expel them and run all things on a male basis." Then turning to Hebonadra she continued: "There is one blessing in all of this one-sidedness, and that is, the women of that world had nothing to do with the banishing of the Son of God from their midst, and they did not sell Him for thirty pieces of silver either, as we are told. So there is some good in being in the background after all, don't you think so, sister?"

"I never once thought of that; may be that is the reason that it is one-sided, that the women may escape the evil of doing such things. How He loved and mourned for that world during His sojourn here. Blessed Prince of Peace, a Man of many sorrows," and Hebonadra raised her eyes to Heaven.

"Does your Bible speak of this, Ulysum?" asked Laomeline.

"Yes, it tells all about it."

"Does it speak about the stars all singing when He took an infant's body?" she questioned.

"I don't remember that it does," I replied.

"Very likely it does not," said Sarvadetta; "to my mind that is the Dark Planet, and if it is why should the Dragon or his angels (she cast a side glance at me) want to sing at such an event. And they sold Him, a Prince from Heaven, for thirty pieces of silver! Just think of it! I don't wonder mythology draws a veil over the scene and says no more about that planet." and she gave her head a toss, as much as to say, "You're paid."

"Daughter," said Zaffamadus, "mythology is hidden mystery, a doubtful truth, a fable with a hidden meaning. I really cannot believe it is that star, for it is, in many respects, like

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our own world. The star you are searching for must, in my mind, be in total darkness to this day."

"Well, Father, don't you think they are in total darkness considering the way they treat women there?" persisted Sarvadetta.

"I know that seems very sad, but our brother says their Bible tells the same truths as ours."

"Zaffamadus," said Hebonadra, "don't you think we are committing an error by discussing these evils before the youth? Let Ulysum make us a visit, and then we will not sow seed that may bring forth weeds."

"You are quite right, sister," put in Sarvadetta, then turning to me, "Ulysum, please keep all the bad of that one-sided world to yourself, won't you?" and she smiled to cover up her rudeness.

Zaffamadus then spoke: "We will leave the subject of spiritual things and ask our brother how he found the path to Mars?"

"I did not know that I found a path," said I.

"Well, you certainly stumbled into a path, and I always held to the theory that there was a path from star to star. Several of our great scientists are anxious to interview you on this point. Will you see them?"

"Father," interrupted Bensuvie, "they had better wait until friend Trust returns; he seems better informed on these subjects than our young friend. He has gone to Bonnyvoski. When he returns I will have him address a meeting at Marteenville."

"We have no more time for discussion," said Urbana, "and Ulysum should be spared all censure, for he has told only that which we have urged him to tell. He no doubt loves his world as well as we love ours. Let the mantle of charity fall on his shoulders, and take him to our hearts as we would like to be taken if we had fallen in their midst. It is time for service and the little ones are tired."

This put an end to my misery, and when it was all over, and I was once more in the privacy of my room, I soliloquized thusly: "I am glad they don't know about the Dark Planet. I am glad they don't know the whole story of the Saviour. Miss Sarvadetta, you don't want me to talk about Earth life;

## TO CHURCH.

well, don't ask questions then. *Don't!*" Here my ear caught the sound of voices and I heard Sarvadetta say to Laomeline: I am glad Hebonadra spoke as she did, for I am afraid the men will get dissatisfied if they hear about the Earth men, and what an easy time they have. We must keep him at home with us as much as possible until he returns to Earth, which I hope will be soon."

"Dear Sister," replied Laomeline, "it is a miracle that he reached here alive. Don't be so cruel as to wish him to try the Fates again. Kindly ask him to do the things you wish, and no doubt he will be glad to do right."

Then the door closed, and I heard no more.

Well, wasn't I mad! I took a chair, and for a long time I sat and thought, trying to study out just what to do. Part of the time I would vow I would leave in the morning. Then Trust's words would come to me: "Be careful of your temper, and promise me to stay until my return." Humph: If that Sarvadetta thinks I am going to be her cosset she is mistaken. How father would laugh to see me tied to a woman's apron strings. Proud beauty! I'll match you yet. I retired to bed, but did not go to sleep for a long time; my mind was in a state of tumult over the trying ordeals I had passed through. When morning came I had fully made up my mind to seek Compassion, and with her aid find another home.



## CHAPTER XV.

### A VISIT TO COMPASSION.

*When a maiden commands,  
It is wise to obey;  
Or at least to hear calmly  
Whatsoever she'll say —  
For 'tis silence ofttimes  
That a victory'll gain —  
While by argument oft,  
A true friendship is slain.*

WITH the determination to seek Compassion, I awoke early, was up and dressed, did my room work and went out to demand my airship. I met Sarvadetta on her way to gather some flowers for the table. With a pleasant smile she accosted me; "Good morning, Ulysum, I am glad to have met you. I have a favor to ask which I feel sure you will grant. When you have eaten your breakfast I will meet you in the laundry and tell what it is." Then she began talking about the beautiful flowers which she was gathering. When she was done, we both repaired to the breakfast room. All the time we were eating, I kept wondering what she could want; but she was so sweet and amiable I concluded it was some slight favor that I would be glad to grant, and I meekly followed her when she signed for me to come with her. When we reached the laundry she turned to me and said: "Father and Melvetic have been called away to Martenville, as you know, and I wish you to superintend the washing, which the men always do on this planet."

"Josephus' ghost! What do you mean — *I wash*. Well, what next? Do you think I can wash?" and my temper went all to pieces.

"Oh no, Ulysum, I have no such good opinion of your ability as that." And she smiled in such a tantalizing way. "I am going to teach you."

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"Teach me! I don't want to learn. Let the women folks do the washing; they do it on Earth, and what's more, they know enough to keep their place."

"The same that any dog does that has a master," and she went on telling how to do this and that, explaining it all. While we were in a heated conversation, three men came in, the helpers, and they overheard it all. From this hour came my fall on Mars.

"These men are to help you," and she gave them a kind greeting, asking about their families and other matters; then, turning to me again, she said: "You are to time the washing to twenty minutes to a vat, lend a hand if needed, and see that everything is put in its proper place when the work is done. Now, brother," and she smiled sweetly, "let me see what there is of real merit in an Earth-born," and she left me with the work and the helpers.

The dickens! I turned and looked at the men, but they were busy about the work and as cheery as could be, so I took out my time-piece and went to work with the rest. The vats for washing were all arranged on one side of the room, being large, square brass compartments; the clothes were put in No. 1 with the juice from a plant that was raised along the river bank, which they called soap plant. They soaked twenty minutes in this vat, then the paddles were set in motion for ten minutes longer. By an ingenious device they were turned into another vat, and so on until they reached the fourth and last. They were then wrung out and hung up to dry, looking beautifully white and clean. When they were dry they were ironed by roller irons, and I must say, they looked fine, but I made no answer when Sarvadetta said: "Really, they look splendid, Ulysum; I have hopes of your future." I put my hands in my pockets and went out whistling to the field.

For all I pretended to be mad, it did please me that she was pleased, and although I knew I was not a favorite of Sarvadetta's, I liked to do well before her, and liked to have her say it, too.

The three men who arrived first had overheard our little quarrel, and when we were cleaning up the room one of them inquired what kind of work men did on Earth. Without thinking of harm I told them men did the outdoor work. That

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

they earned the money for the house, while the women did the cooking, and cleaning, and washing, and making clothes for the children, and mending and nursing and caring for the family, and some earned money raising chickens and making butter, and some took in work besides."

"My! My!" cried one of them. But there must be an everlasting holiday for men in that world. I wish I lived there."

Another asked me: "Why don't you start a reform on this world? Who knows but you were sent here for that very purpose."

"Let's get up a club among ourselves," said the third one, "and keep it a secret from the women; when everything is in working order, we will spring a surprise on them. Come over to my house next third day evening; my wife will be gone to her club and we will talk it over. Will you?" I promised, and we separated.

The next day Compassion sent for me, and, after dinner, Laomeline and I started for Bonnyvoski. I remembered Sarvadetta had said, "We will keep him as much as possible with us," and what a pleasure it was that she had chosen her sister as my keeper. Of all of them, I liked Laomeline the best. So it often happens that our enemies aim to hurt us, but their plans bring us happiness instead. How I enjoyed that ride! The day was perfect, the roads were perfect, and the girl beside me angelic. Onnodeen had kindly rigged us out with an electric wagonette, and we took our time and chatted leisurely about the ways of Mars and Earth. She told me every farm had its forest which was well stocked with game, and protected by law. Hunting was considered one of the most enjoyable of outdoor sports. Boating was another favorite amusement and the smooth gliding rivers were visited by a great number of pleasure seekers.

As we rode along, I told Laomeline there was a vast difference between her world and the Earth. Here was symmetry and order, while on Earth there was a lack of both.

"Ulysum, do they think on Earth that they wander to some other star when they sleep or die?" she questioned, "or do they think they return to Earth?"

I could talk with Laomeline and it went no farther, so I said: "I don't believe they think anything about death; if they do, they all think they are going to be angels."

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"Then one generation don't do anything to help the one to follow?"

"All the great inventions help, of course, but the majority of Earth's people think only of self. There is too much money spent in the dram shops to spare any for beautifying the Earth for those who are to come after. They only think of self."

"How sad! Is there much drunkenness there?"

"My, yes! Why in L—, Saturday nights men get drunk and spend all their wages for drink, and then go home and abuse their wives and children. Father says 'Strong drink is the torch that lights the pile of bad principles, for when wine is in wit is out.'"

"Your father is right. We do not have so much here as formerly, for if a person is found too much under the influence of wine he is put in one of those little towers, which you have seen at intervals along the streets, in our cities and villages. There is room enough for one person only to stand or sit, so only one is put in at a time. There is a window on each side, and the door is glass from top to bottom, and every one who passes can see him. Here he is kept until he recovers, when he is taken out and made to work for the government till he has earned all he has spent foolishly. This goes to the public for improvement. Then he must, by extra work, earn for his family all he has kept away from them that was their rightful due. No one seems to like this treatment the second time, and there is but very little drunkenness here. A drunken woman I never saw. It must be a fearful sight."

"You would see plenty of them on Earth if you were there," said I.

"Oh, I am so sorry! What could have brought such a state of affairs about?"

"I really do not know."

"Perhaps they are discouraged with life, for I have heard it said that a person in that state forgets his troubles. You see it must mean a great deal to women up there; they must be house-keepers, cooks, laundresses, seamstresses, dairymaids, nurses, doctors, counsellors, wives and mothers, and wage earners, and besides all this, as you tell me they are taxed if they have property to help pay public expenditures. Is there anything else that you can think of that is required of them to make them earn

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their right to live? For shame! Don't go back to that world, Ulysum; stay here where woman is treated as she ought to be. What time do Earth women have for their offspring? Each little one needs a different treatment and training, for no two are alike mentally or physically. What time do they have for themselves?"

"Not much. But I thought the men on this planet had the bringing up of the children."

"Not the training, but the care. The mother studies the best methods for each child's disposition and adopts them, and the whole family acknowledges her judgment as right. There is seldom any quarreling among the children, for the aim is always to harmonize the whole; thus the tares are uprooted and the good left to grow."

While she had been talking, I had been thinking about mother and Henriette and my sister Tobias. How I hated that name. Mother said father named her after a girl he used to go with. I remembered how mother and Henriette worked and I thought of Toby as the wayward child. We quarreled as soon as we were old enough. She would scratch and bite, and I pulled her hair, and we evened things up pretty square. Father always took her part and mother mine. If I had a good many chores to do, and wanted to do something else, and, like all boys with pleasure in sight, began to whine, Toby would call me "Baby" in such an exasperating way I would pitch right in for a free fight. What time did mother have to herself with two such wranglesome children with all the work she had to do? I answered Laomeline, "I don't think they have any spare time; it all crowds in with the rest."

"Then you agree with me. Of course you speak from your own family observation. Didn't your mother have any time to devote to you and your sister?"

"No. When we were little, we had to knock round as best we could, and care for ourselves. Mother had to help father."

"Well, a sister is a great help on this planet, next to the mother; they take the lead as assistant. Of course, your sister did this."

"Why she claimed that right before she could walk, and used her hands and teeth to help do the business."

"Dear! Dear! Just think of spirits entrusted to our care

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being left to do their own uplifting, without any help but the example of those around them. If the surroundings are good there is hope; if not, there is none. But, Ulysum, I thought your sister's name was Henriette. Has she a double name?"

Now, thought I, is my time to explain all. So I said: "Toby is my sister, but Henriette is —"

"Your sweetheart, a kind of second sister. Well, you have lost her, so remember it only as a pleasant dream, and don't try the fates again. It is taking your life into your own hands and defying death. You must place your affections on someone in this world," and she gave me a look full of sympathy and sisterly love. I declare I was so taken back I did not know what to think. Was she sorry for my loss, or did she wish me to like her?

"There is one question I wish to ask you, and, Ulysum, you may depend on it I will keep whatever you tell to myself. The question is this: Do you think Earth is the Dark Planet or Lost Eden?"

"From all I read and hear I have not a doubt of it," I replied.

"Have you ever seen the Dragon, and do you think that you are one of his angels?"

I laughed outright, but when I saw her earnest, sad look, I answered: "Miss Goodheart, I never heard of that person until I came here, and as for being an angel I don't think I resemble an angel very much. I tell you frankly I am like all the rest on that world, and I don't believe anyone came from there to this planet to steal wives or slaves. That is just a fable."

"But the Dragon and his angels were bad spirits, so of course you could not see them; but they may have entered mortal bodies, and are in those that are full of evil."

"Well, perhaps so! I know one thing; there are plenty on earth that act as if they had seven Dragons in them; but, Miss Goodheart, don't tell Sarvadetta, for she's down on me now."

"Please call me Laomeline. I am not Miss, but Laomeline. I will not tell her; she is simply overanxious, that is all. Forgive her and be patient. It will make it much easier for all the rest. Do not worry about your lost friends, for we will all give you our love in place of that which you have lost," and she smiled and looked so pleasant.

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We had now reached Bonnyvoski, and we drew up in front of Compassion's house. She came out to meet us, and insisted that Laomeline should come in with me, but she declined, saying she had business in the city, but she would call on her return, and stay to tea, if it would be agreeable to Compassion. She assured her it would, and Laomeline rode away and I followed Compassion into the house. When we were both seated she said: "I have heard from Trust, and he sends this message to you: 'Be patient, Ulysum. I have more to do than I expected and shall leave to-night for a distant city to which I am summoned. I hope to return soon. Remember my best wishes shall be with you.'"

Compassion asked: "Is that good news, Ulysum?"

"If it had come yesterday, I should have said bad news, but today things look different. I told her about Sarvadetta's bossing me and the scene in the laundry.

"I am sorry you had this little tilt. I ought to have foreseen this and have explained to you the reason for this custom in this world. Trust left you there for several reasons some of which I will tell you now. When he left he suggested that you be advised to help the men in all their duties, for your good. Trust knows that in your Earth life you did but very little to help bear the burdens of others. The custom on Mars is to exempt guests and strangers from all kinds of work; they are always waited upon and entertained in the very best manner, but in your case he thought you would gain much useful knowledge.

"Life is a reality, and on Earth a preparatory state. If one does right, that leads to the perfected life. Self should be lost sight of in helping to make others happy. No one has any right to be selfish and forget that they owe a debt to God which they can partially pay by helping those who need help around them. *For whatsoever thy hands find to do, do with all thy might, mind and strength; If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen.* A child should be obedient and honor its parents so long as they live; a husband should love and cherish a wife, and a wife should love and cherish her husband; brothers and sisters also, and neighbors, who are really in Adam

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\*Ecdl. VII: 10.

\*John V: 20.

## COMPASSION.

brothers and sisters of one family. True love is the key to Heaven, and no one can expect to reach that abode of bliss without love pure and undefiled. Ulysum, did you ever give up one pleasure for anyone? Did you ever go one step out of your way to assist a tired mother or father? Did you ever restrain your temper and keep back an angry retort, rendering good for evil? Did you ever seek out the needy and worthy and help them as best you could. If not, then you are a long way off from the perfected life. You need not answer," she said, as I was about to speak; "just think and ponder over these things, and if you find a lack, mend your ways until they are acceptable to God. Think for a moment of a Being, wise enough and kind enough to make all of these worlds hanging in space without apparent support, moving at a rapid rate in their orbits, turning at the same time on their axes, then tell me if man, at his very best in Earth life, is good enough to enter God's presence, on his own merit. Do you think he is entitled to anything for being good?"

"No, I do not," I replied.

"No, he is not, only as his loving, heavenly Father sees fit to bestow it upon him. Think of this, Ulysum, for it is well to halt once in a while, and commune with one's self, and see what is lacking. As I have much to tell you of this world, I will leave these thoughts with you, hoping the tangled threads of your life may all be made straight.

"In regard to your staying at Bensuvie Goodheart's it is a good place for you, for the father and the mother are both pure Martians, being direct descendants of King Kanamanus, the first male inhabitant with spirit and soul intelligence, on Mars. Thus their line of generation is pure. I am about to explain to you a mystery, and for your own sake I wish you to keep it a secret. Tell no one, no matter how much they may touch upon the subject. But first, I will ask you a few questions: In your Earth life did you ever see men who neglected every duty at home — men who seemed to think women were made for their especial slaves and acted upon that theory — never relieving one burden, but continually goading the poor wife, until, like a beast of burden, she fell by the wayside unable to go farther? It is then they wake up to the fact that an angel has walked and dwelt beside them. Have you seen men



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who had promised God (for they do promise God through his servants) to love and cherish the wife He gave them, and who, in a short time, forgot the importance of that vow, by throwing the whole burden and responsibility of the married state upon her shoulders, forgetting even to keep the lamp of love burning as brightly as when he wooed her, until it goes out for want of fuel? Did you ever see or know of anybody on Earth like this?"

"Yes," said I faintly, for I thought of father and brother Zeb, and myself,— how like we three.

"Good! So you have. Now there is nothing that will make a man, or woman wake up to their omission of duty, or cause them to do their duty, better than to make them feel and bear the same afflictions that they have thoughtlessly or meaningly inflicted upon others. You have a saying on Earth that reads, *Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.* Now, if all Earth-born would do this, they would be started on the right way to happiness. No one would like to have the evil they have done to others come home to them; but it will, nevertheless. These men and women we have been speaking about, and, in fact, all who do *wrong* will after death awake in some life where they must bear the same burdens that they imposed upon others. Those men who have treated their wives with cruel neglect, after death are sent here; their spirits enter new bodies and come up under our influences; they must do just as all the men on this planet do — bear the yoke of labor. Care for the children, work out doors, keep house, wash, bake, scrub, run the sewing machine, spin, weave, doctor, and above all, cherish the women, whose only yoke is maternity. Now you see this is a good world for those on Earth who neglect their home duties."

"Do all come here?" I asked in a weak voice. I felt the shivers run down my back as if some one was pouring ice water down my spine.

"Oh, no, I am happy to say there are men on Earth who appreciate their wives and are kind and loving to them; men who are thoughtful of all women, taking pleasure in making their burdens light. Verily, they have their reward. Of course, you remember those you saw on the Moon. I will repeat the Psalm, see if you can find an application for it:

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*Thou feedest them with the bread of tears and givest them plenteousness of tears to drink.” \**

“I think I can,” I replied, as my mind went back to the Lake of Tears.

“The first king on this world blessed his wife for his children, naming them his strength; so he and his sons took upon themselves the yoke of labor, leaving woman only the divinely imposed burden of maternity, and this is one of their laws: *Woman shall govern and counsel all to whom she has been the means of giving life. She shall be spared the hardships of toil, that her body and mind may be strong, to give strength to her offspring.* A weary, tired mother cannot transmit to her offspring a healthy body or mind while her own is at fault. This law has made the Martians a physically strong and highly intellectual people. Those who descended from the first king and queen are pure, so those that come here from Earth have good bodies, but they need more restraint, for the spirit is still evilly inclined.”

“Do they know that they lived on Earth before they came here?” I inquired.

“Only a few isolated cases. The majority know nothing of a former state, no more than you do now, and yet this is not your first existence. Nearly every family on this world has one or more in its household. It is not possible to determine one from the other only by this rule — the wandering spirits are more prone to evil than the real Martians. On Earth there are men and women who, all their lives, have kept the law. There are also angels among the inhabitants of Earth, but the Earth-born know it not. There are people born in Earth life who seem so beautiful in all the attributes that go to make life perfect. They enter into the joys and sorrows of all around them. They fall like a ray of sunshine into the lives of all who come in contact with them. Do you know anyone like them on Earth?”

“Yes, it makes me think of Doctor Princely, the rector of St. Thomas,” who has lived and preached in L — for forty years. His hair is as white as snow, and his face is angelic. Mother says he has a smile and a kind word for everyone he meets, and his home life is perfect. Father says if he could get

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\* Psalm IXXX: 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

along with the Episcopal form, he would join his church for he believes he lives just as he preaches."

"Are there any others that you can think of?"

"Yes, the Sisters of Mercy. Sister Agatha and Sister Theresa who came to see me when I had scarlet fever, and brought me some kind of fever drink, and talked so good, telling me if God was pleased to spare my life they wanted me to try and live as He wished me to. When they were gone Toby said if she could live with them always she could be good; she knew she could. Then there is Deacon Fowler of the Baptist Church and Elder Fox of the Presbyterian Church, and class-leader Smith of the Methodist Church, and good Father Seymour of the Roman Catholic Church, all good men, everybody says."

"They are in the world, but not of it. Theirs is an inner life, a satisfying indwelling of the Holy Spirit, that only those who walk uprightly before God, can ever have. They bear the impress of God's work upon their foreheads, and their countenances shine with the light of God's love. They are nearing the perfected life. *In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there may ye be also.\** Now you see why Trust left you in this place, with these friends. They are proof against any evil influence you may bring from Earth. By this I mean they would soon return to the right course, should you influence them to do wrong, the moment they saw their error," and she gave me a searching look. Did she forsee the future?

"What becomes of the women who neglect their families and home duties on Earth?" I inquired.

"That is another chapter; you will read that lesson elsewhere. Now, as regards Sarvadetta's imperious ways; she is studying to become a priestess, and she has it in her mind that Earth is the Dark Planet, and she is 'anxious for fear you will do or say something that will do harm here on this world. She is a good girl, and will be a good friend of yours if you do as you are bid."

"Do any of the very bad ever come here?"

"No! The very bad must return to Earth until they have

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\*John IV; 2.

## COMPASSION.

gained attributes that will place them on a higher plane, either there or in some one of the perfected worlds. Man cannot reach Heaven without first being fitted for it. In the short time you have been here you have met some who, in Earth life, were wholly selfish. Men whose wives never expected a kind word or helping hand to make life easier for them. Men who spent their money at clubs, in the saloons, in fact, anywhere but home among their own. When they come here they are compelled by custom to do all those things which they selfishly denied to those they were under obligations to help and care for. They have the same trials day by day, the same heartaches, that they made their Earthly companions feel through neglect. One of our dream writers says when a man was totally devoid of all feeling for his wife, he is placed in a female infant's body and returns to Earth life to receive the same treatment he gave his wife. *For with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.\** As it is with the men, so it is with the women; they must do their duty or they will be punished. *For there is no repentance in the tomb whither thou goest.\** Ulysum, every day brings its trials and its joys; endeavor to make each day, each month, and each year better than the one past, for God it always with you and man is ever in his presence.

I am glad that you came for you have an invitation to a birthday party at Rodena's, next fourth day evening, and I thought you would feel less embarrassed if you could dress as the others do, so I have engaged a man to take your measure and make you a suit."

"But, Compassion, I have no money."

"It is a present from me to you, so please accept it."

"Thank you, but I had rather not go. I never cared much for such amusements, and besides I know nothing about their customs here, and I am afraid they will look down on me for my lack of fine culture."

"That would do to say on Earth, Ulysum, but not here; all are God's children, and, as such, no one is despised. On this planet they are all brothers and sisters, but, naturally men and women differ intellectually. Some have more wisdom, some better bodies, and some more spirituality. Money

\* Mat. VII. 2.

\* Eccl. IX. 10.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

on Mars is only prized for the aid it brings the needy; its help in beautifying the world; its aid to science; just a commodity of exchange. No one on this world says *I am and he is not*; no one can judge the spirit by the mortal covering. God looks on the heart and judges aright. — But here comes the tailor I sent for.

“Come right in, friend; the brother is here waiting for you,” and she pointed to me. “You are to make the clothes and take them to Bensuvie Goodheart’s, and if they are all right, come here for your pay. I must now leave you to oversee my serving man.”

After she had gone the tailor turned to me, with the remark “It is a very nice day. Be so good as to stand up for your measure. You are very small for a young gentleman. Have you been sick?”

“No,” I replied; “I am as large as the majority are where I came from.”

“Where was that?”

“From a star called the Earth.”

“From a star? Ha! Ha! I see, poor fellow, a mild case of dementia. Well, it won’t harm you to think so, or any one else. From a star? Ha! Ha! I have your measure. Good day!” and he went out smiling.

Laomeline now came and Compassion invited us into the garden, where she ordered tea to be served. While we were waiting for the refreshments Laomeline told us about her purchases; also about the people she met, all they had to say about the Earth-born, and ended by telling me that Rodena sent especially for me to come to her birthday party.

“I don’t care to go, Laomeline, if you can get me out of the scrape,” I answered.

“Oh, but you must go. She would think it very rude if you did not,” and she appealed to Compassion to help her make me change my mind.

Compassion told her about my party suit, and she seemed much pleased, and admitted that Compassion was right. “You will feel more at home dressed as we do, and you will look so nice,” and she smiled pleasantly.

When tea was over we bade our hostess good-bye and started on our return home. As we sped along I kept thinking of

## COMPASSION.

all the things Compassion had told me. Such a strange, strange mystery! I found my thoughts running in this way; "If ever I get back to Earth I'll do my duty by all; I'll be good to Henriette, too, for I don't want to come here after death and have all the aches and pains and sorrows I have made others feel." Some way I saw the justice of it all, and I was glad I had been told before it was too late.

How beautiful everything was in God's kingdom, and I drank in the beauties all around me. It was twilight and a rich crimson glow was upon the landscape, while, in the tree-tops the mother birds chattered to their fledgelings to sooth them to sleep. The air was full of odorous incense blown by the evening breeze from the sweet-scented flowers along the road banks. The twinkling stars began to flash out in the azure sky like tapers in the hands of winged messengers to light the pathway of Mars.

All this I saw and a feeling of secureness took possession of me. Why care whether Trust came or not? Why not let well enough alone? I was all right now, and I remembered father's calling me lazy and neglectful. I could now see all my waywardness; could see how little I cared how tired either father or mother got so long as they did not call on me to help; and then poor dear Henriette. If she worked all day I was willing she should stay up till midnight to do a little more if it was for me. Next I thought of Dave Gallup who had ten children, and his wife took in washing to support them, and pay house rent, and when he worked, which was seldom, he gave it all to the saloon keeper. Someway I felt glad to think his wife Sarah Ann would have a good time in the next life, while Dave would fetch up here and have to work or starve, for the Martians have no use for drunkards or sluggards. If he drank himself to death he would have to go to the Moon, while the saloon keepers must still stay on Earth to be treated the same as their victims. I said to myself: "I don't believe I will ever try to go back. My friends think I am dead, so I may as well take a wife here, and begin life over again, and do better this time."

Here Laomeline interrupted my musings with — "You are very thoughtful, Ulysum. Are you thinking of your little sweetheart?"

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

I didn't want her to think that, so I replied: "No, I was thinking how strange it was I had come to Mars."

"Yes, it is very strange; but I have a favor to ask of you, which no doubt you will think strange also. It is this: Prince Agamond is coming to escort me to the party, and this I wish to avoid by all means. He has been looked upon as my future husband, and is waiting for me to propose, as is our custom; but, Ulysum, I do not like him for that relation. He is weak and womanish, which of all things a woman dislikes in a man;" and she paused for my reply.

I remembered the Prince, and his haughty, sneering manner toward me at Urbana's reception. I felt a secret pride in being chosen in his stead, and I was not slow in accepting the position offered me as her escort to Rodena's party.

Laomeline thanked me, and pressed my arm, saying: "So kind of you. I felt sure you would grant my request."

This sent a thrill of joy through me that made my heart leap, and my blood to surge like a released torrent, till my brain grew dizzy with the joyful emotion. When I finally found myself, I began to wonder what Laomeline could mean by her sweet sayings and kind looks. If it should turn out that it meant nothing, then there was the *joy of its having been*. If I should wake up and find out I was a only side play, a king's fool, why I would swallow the dose no matter how bitter, enjoy the present, and let the play end as it would. Oh, for a little wise forethought!

While we rode along, leisurely, Laomeline described the Court of Queen Hebetrus, giving me the names of the court ladies, and their different offices, and ended by telling how pleased the queen would be should she make up her mind to marry the prince. "He is a good boy, Ulysum, but weak. A woman loves strength daring, adventure, and intellect in the opposite sex, and do you know I have thought many times he may be a wandering spirit from the Lost Star Eden in search of its mate, for he likes so many."

What a home thrust! Perhaps I was a wandering spirit.

"We have a saying on Mars," said Laomeline, "that reads: 'True love cannot be coaxed, bought or sold, but passionate love can. True love is its own master, passionate love is the

## COMPASSION.

slave of evil.' But we are home. Keep all I have told you to yourself. Remember my wish."

We stopped in front of a side door, where Kimogene was waiting to take care of the wagonette. Here Sarvadetta met us and told me she wished me to go with her for a boat ride on the river.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### A WOMAN'S PARADISE.

*Why is the future hid from view.  
Why does man stumble on and do  
The deeds that he would gladly shun  
If he'd foreseen the wrong thus done.  
Perhaps to teach from Error's sight,  
The bliss of Truth, the joy of Right.*

I HAD been wishing for a boat ride, and Danpharon had promised to take me, but to go with Sarvadetta was something I had not looked for, and I followed her with some misgivings, thinking she had some scheme on her mind which, no doubt, concerned me. Through a long hall or passageway we went until we came to a door at the very end; this she opened and we passed into a large square room, the centre of which was filled with water. Around three sides was a floor with stone steps leading down to the water, and I saw pretty basket boats moored, being tied to iron posts. On the fourth side was a wide opening that led directly to the river. Sarvadetta stepped into one of the boats and told me to sit in the bow and unfasten the chain; then she took two handles, turned them a little, and we glided out into the starlight on the bosom of the Nauvite River.

The boats were models of luxury. They were made of cement and reeds, upholstered with beautiful tapestry cloth, and, by an electrical device the paddles underneath the boat were set in motion and propelled the boat. The lights along the banks lighted the water, which made a purling, rippling sound, like our meadow brook, as it rolled against the walled sides. Both ends of the boat were high and curved. One could rest the head, and with the soft, gliding motion of the boat, and music of the waters, could have gone to sleep very easily. I soon became drowsy, but Sarvadetta had no notion of letting

## PARADISE.

me sleep, so she opened the conversation by asking me if my ride on the water was the same as on the Earth. I told her it was something like, only with our boats we had to use oars to propel them.

"We used to do that a long time ago. Then our boats were of wood and clumsy, but now we use this reed and cement; both are light and durable. Then we have metal boats which are light in weight also. Do you ever use electricity on the Earth to propel your boats?"

"They were just learning its use when I came away."

"I hope they will be successful," she went on to say, "for it is a force that is inexhaustible; a power that man can use to benefit all. Even we of this world do not know the half of its possibilities yet, but when our obligations cease we shall know all, for we shall wake into the higher life. We have promised to help reclaim the Dark Planet by giving new and better bodies, and until the last one is given we are in mystery bound and must progress in order to help them."

We were now passing through a large vineyard on Bensuvie's estate, and I remarked that it made me think of home.

"Then you cultivate grapes on Earth, do you? What use do they make of them besides eating them?"

"They make wine, and raisins, and can them."

"Wine, and raisins the same as we do? Do the women do the work?"

"Men and women both help," I replied.

"Ulysum, are there many people with large estates where you live?"

"What do you mean by large estates?"

"The same as our father's and mother's — a farm of several thousand acres."

"I don't know of any so large where I live; but does your father own as much as that?"

"My mother and father do," she replied. These pretty cottages we are passing belong to the estate and we shall soon come to a lovely little village that is part of it also. These cottages and the village are all occupied by their tenants who have lived here from one generation to another. We are on our way to a home for the aged, in our village, which our father named for our mother Urbana. There are a good many

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

estates on this river which is a thousand miles long, and is tributary to a much longer one. When a man marries in this world his own household give him his portion and help him to establish a home for his wife. No one would think of taking a wife without having a home ready for her. And this they do for all the marriageable members of the family, down to the last child who inherits the homestead and all that is left. They care for their parents, and all the other brothers make them gifts to help out the extra expense it may cost them. All the unmarried of both sexes stay at home and help also, for in this world the parents are first. Do you do the same on Earth?"

"Not where I live," I replied, "though some parents live with their children; but the most of those I know take care of themselves. When they die their property is divided among the children."

"But should they become too old to care for themselves, what is done with them?" she asked.

"Why, they are sent to the poorhouse or some other institution," I answered.

"What is a poorhouse?" and she looked down into the river.

"It is a house and farm kept up and supported by taxation of county property; a home where the poor can be cared for."

"Do the children do anything for them there?"

"No, they are cared for by the county they live in."

"Are there many old people in those homes?"

"Yes; in L — they are mostly old people."

"Ulysum, do the women on Earth labor to support the men?" She appeared to be studying the stars while she waited for my answer.

I remembered that Trust told me to tell the truth, so I answered: "Why, not all of them, but some do."

"Does society recognize the custom as harmless?"

"I never heard anyone interfere. Of course, good people think the man is a loafer, and there it ends, for he doesn't care what they think."

"Tell me the names of some you know and how they manage, will you?"

I thought that can do no harm, and Trust's words came to

## PARADISE.

me, words he was fond of repeating: *Oh, wad some power the gijtje gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us.\** I had come all this long distance to learn the injustice of Earth, but I answered her: "Mrs. Whitney, the milliner, supports her husband and four children."

"Tell me some others, will you?"

"The dressmaker, Mrs. Dupont, takes care of her invalid mother, her two children and her husband."

"What do their husbands do, Ulysum?"

"Oh, nothing, only walk around and smoke cigars."

"What are cigars? Have we any in this world?"

"I have never seen any here. They are small rolls of tobacco which they put in their mouths, with one end lighted, and smoke," I replied. "I wished I had one."

"Why do they smoke them — for their health?"

"Well, really, I cannot tell; the Doctors say it is bad for the health, but when the habit is once formed it is hard to break it up."

"You are sure there is no good in it?"

"I am certain there is no real good in it. Doctor White says 'they smoke their lives away, or life goes out in smoke.'"

"Do their wives give them money for such trash?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, Ulysum, I think after all it is a good way of getting rid of a worthless charge; I believe, if I lived on that world, I would hand over all the money I could get to them, for it is their own lookout, and let them go out and smoke and poison themselves. Love and cherish a wife! Better put in place of that, love their vices and cherish their indulgence. I am very glad cigars don't grow here."

How I laughed to myself; but I didn't tell her they didn't grow, for I knew a long argument would follow, and I should get the worst of it. For in this world I stood for the whole Earth I knew, me, a poor benighted castaway from the Dark Planet. After a pause, during which she searched my face to see if I acknowledged the truth of her accusations, she went on to say: "I think the children of those aged parents in the poorhouse must have hearts encased in steel, that can never be pierced by the power of self-esteem, shame, or that God-given virtue, filial love. They cannot have true womanhood

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\*Burns

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

or manhood, and do not deserve a Heavenly Father's care. Oh! what a world! Woman, frail and delicate, true to her mission in life, earning her food, and the being who is the origin of all her misery, feeds his vices out of her scanty earnings, for you say they are paid a scanty sum. And the parents of those children in the poorhouse, how can they be so ungrateful when most of their parents' lives has been spent caring for them in their helplessness? Ulysum, I wonder the sun shines on that world. Could you be so ungrateful to your parents, and if you had a wife could you eat her earnings like a nursling?" And she looked me full in the face.

I thought while she was preaching if I ain't a fool now, I shall be one soon with such an inquisitor. I declared to myself I won't tell her a thing, and the next thing I know she has a whole book full to take her texts out of. I know I turned red, then purple, and I wished I had stayed at home. She wouldn't catch me going out with her again; but she was waiting for my answer, so I said, emphatically, "No."

"The more you tell me about your world the more I think it is as bad as the world where they sold God's Son for thirty pieces of silver. Of course, if it had happened there you would have heard of it, would you not, Ulysum?"

This made me mad in a moment and Compassion's words came to me: "They would shun you like a viper." So I replied: "Sarvadetta, one would think to hear you talk that I came from the infernal regions. I want to tell you now there are a great many people on Earth who would compare favorably with the people of this world, your good people, I mean."

"I am glad to hear this, though you can see for yourself there is a marked difference between you and us. Now, if one is journeying to some great city to receive some great honor they would very naturally wish to know all about the city, its people, and its customs, and what would be expected of them in the position of honor they were to hold. Now our Bible tells us we are going into a higher, perfected life; that we will be honored by being children of a Heavenly King. But we must prepare for this event; we must have perfected bodies, perfected hearts, perfected love for each other, perfected spirits and souls, or intelligences. We must become acquainted

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with the customs of that city, its perfected language, perfected manners, and be clothed in righteousness, in order to have this honor bestowed upon us by an All-Wise perfected Father, God. But do not let us differ, Ulysum. I am your friend, and if God, our loving Father, permits it to be, I, of all his creatures, should bear you no ill will, for he is helping you all you will let him, while the way is so dark."

"Well, there is so much to learn and so much to do, I feel sometimes as if I would never get there," I answered, sadly.

"Oh, do not be discouraged. I am sorry I made you sad, but my curiosity exceeded my prudence. You may not have to wait until everything is done. Our Bible speaks of a change coming in the twinkling of an eye. It may so change your world—what a joy that would be — from imperfection to perfection. But we have arrived at the village, and the Home," and she turned the boat into an opening the same as the one we left. "Ulysum, I am going to show you how we care for the aged in this world. I mean those who have no living kin, for everyone who has is cared for by them, and kindly cared for, else the law would deal with them severely. All their substance is taken away from them and given to the parents and they must work and care for them besides, or they must pay the government the price of their support. To work for the government in order to support one's parents is considered a great disgrace in this world, so we hear very seldom of that error."

When we came along side of some steps Sarvadetta bade me tie the boat and get out and hold it for her; she ran lightly up the steps and pressed a doorbell that set a whole music box of bells playing a pretty tune somewhere in the building. Soon a man opened the door. When he saw Sarvadetta he bowed and held it open for us to pass through. We entered a long hall; from this we passed into a smaller one, where Sarvadetta stopped and knocked at a door. It was opened by a lady who embraced and kissed her, saying at the same time, "I am so glad you came while I am here; Elantha and Natallion are both looking for you."

"How are they?" Sarvadetta inquired eagerly.

"Natallion can last but a short time, but Elantha is better."

Sarvadetta then turned and introduced me to the young

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lady, whom she called Ludetra, telling her I was from Earth.

"I am pleased to meet you, brother. I have heard of you. Come in, both of you," and she gave me a chair near an open window, while Sarvadetta went to some aged people at the farther end of the room. One, an old man, lay on a bed; the other, his wife, sat in an easy chair beside him. These people were old as years go, but in looks they did not appear like our aged people, although they were thrice centenarians. They were without wrinkles or gray hair, and their complexions were clear, though pale. Sarvadetta kissed them both, and inquired if they were comfortable.

"Very, my daughter," the woman replied, but the man said, "Daughter, I shall soon leave this tenement and go to see those I have lost. Ere the sun shines again on this place I shall have solved the mystery of the change called death. I hear the angels whispering, 'Come, come Natallion,' and the way grows brighter as I near the change. Into the new life, already I feel the buoyancy of returning youth, and it is so full of joy, if only mother, good, faithful mother, could go with me. But it won't be long, dear, we shall meet again, by the river of life, clothed in eternal youth."

Besides hearing what was said, I had been looking around the room, noting the comfortable and cozy home provided for the aged. The floor was covered with a bright, soft carpet. There were several easy chairs, upholstered in bright colors, three dainty tables, pretty silken curtains, pictures on the walls, a desk, and a bookcase. Two single beds, as white as snow, and as soft as down, Sarvadetta said. With these surroundings who would miss home comforts?

The scene at the bedside was so impressive, I found the tears falling, and I turned my face to look out of the window that they might not see my emotion. Arbazellon came in and joined the others; he had a basket on his arm from which he took a bottle of wine and gave the dying man a teaspoonful; then he called the nurse and gave him directions about some medicine. He had some dainties which he had brought for Elantha; then he bade them good night, and went to see other patients in the adjoining room.

When he had gone Sarvadetta went to the table, took up a Bible, and read aloud one of the Psalms. Then she and

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Ludetra sang a pretty hymn, after which we all knelt while Sarvadetta prayed for the sick and dying. As I listened I thought, what a lovely prayer; surely she must have a heart of goodness, if only one could find it. How can I feel so hateful towards her? When we arose from prayers, Sarvadetta kissed them again, shook hands with Ludetra, and with "Come, Ulysum," we returned to our boat.

When we were once more on our way, she asked if I could find any fault with the way they cared for the aged on Mars.

"No," I replied, "they certainly cannot miss home comforts."

"No, nor friends. Here wife and husband live together as long as life lasts. Besides we have a few aged unmarried persons who have survived all their kin. The couple you saw had once a large family, but they have survived them all; now they are going to join them, and you saw how happy they are to have the change come. *'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'* What a blessed assurance. Some one to get a place ready for us. *'Oh, Death where is thy sting? Oh, Grave where is thy victory?'*\* There was no death in this world until Eden was lost. Then God placed an obligation on us, which brought death, for the giving of new bodies must come by progression making death into life until all are perfected."

Dear me, I thought, these sermons are depressing. I wished she would hold up a little and say something pleasant; and she did, by asking me if I would teach the younger children some of our outdoor games. "I will go with you and learn also. Perhaps you will come in the study room next third day evening and explain the games and we can play them the next day. The Prince will be here to attend Laomeline to the party. She will have to be excused. Will you come, Ulysum?"

"Thank you, Sarvadetta, but I must beg to be excused for that evening, I am already engaged to spend it with Uspurrshum at his home." Oh, how many times have I wished I had stayed at home with her and the children. I should have been saved a good big lot of trouble.

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\* 1 Cor. XV. 55.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

“Uspurrshum? Well, Ulysum, I am glad to have you go among our people, but a word to the wise is sufficient. Uspurrshum is a good man to work, but very discontented and visionary, fond of change and dreaming. Do not enter into any of his visionary schemes and you will do well. Our father has a deal of trouble on his account, for fear he will get an influence over Danpheron, who seems drawn to him and seeks him whenever he can find a moment's leisure. I tell you this for your own good. Please keep it to yourself.”

We had now reached home, and as soon as the boat was secured we hastened to join the family in its evening devotions.

When, at last, I was in my bed, I lay a long time thinking of the mystery of life and what I had learned since I left Earth. I thought of the Moon and its restless spirits. I thought of Mars with its sunny fields, its symmetrical canals, its hospitable people, with their lovely manners, and somehow I could not keep Laomeline out of my mind. No matter how much I tried, she would stand before me like an angel of goodness and beckon me on to a sweet, dreamy future. I thought of her preference for me in seeking my aid to rid herself of the Prince. I felt some qualms of conscience for not telling them I was a married man, but I downed them all, and hoped Trust would never come back. As I had got into the play, I wanted to stay to the end.

I often wondered, as time flew on, how so lovely and beautiful a girl could love or even like one so totally different in every way as I was. I noticed as Sarvadetta's aversion became more and more pronounced, Laomeline's friendship and love became more manifest. I thought pity must be the first cause; then the fetters she is trying to break in her own case was the second; the third, our spirits knew that we could trust each other. On Earth I had rather prided myself on my good looks, though Toby used to say, when she was mad at me, “You're the worst looking kid I know, and just like all boys; if a girl looks at them they think she's heels over head in love with them, and their looks is heart killers. Humph! Boys are all a conceited lot, all but Zeb, he's sensible.” She wasn't mad at him then, and her pug nose would go up an inch. But good looks on Mars were more perfected, and I found I

## PARADISE.

was just ordinary compared with their more advanced progression. The mortal covering there was of a finer texture, and where on Earth I had seen a few dwelling in tenements of this kind, here every true Martian was the same.

"It is the result of science and cultivation, the heirloom of generation," explained Laomeline, when we were speaking of these things. "*It doth not yet appear what we shall be like unto.\** Oh, how I long to be one among the perfect," she would say.

Tuesday came, or third day, and there was a general activity all over the place; each one helping to make ready for the Prince and his suite, and I was eager as any of them, for I wished to study this noble personage, and see if I could find out why I should be preferred to him. Really there was a pleasant sensation that thrilled my being whenever I was alone long enough to think it over. Onnodeen and I were standing on the bridge just after lunch, when I noticed three coach cars coming toward us, and Onnodeen, who saw them at the same time, exclaimed: "Here comes the Prince. We will not go to the vineyard until after I assist in caring for their baggage," and he turned back toward the house and I went also. The coaches, I saw, were lined with orange satin and the trimmings were silver. The outside was made of a material that resembled leather, but Onnodeen told me it was made from wood pulp and was very durable.

Every one who could be spared was at the reception door to welcome the Prince and his party and the greetings were very cordial. When the Prince saw me he accosted me with, "Why, you here yet? I supposed you were flying around among the other stars by this time. I think you must have had a thrilling time, and perhaps, you won't try it again," and he entered the house smiling, no doubt thinking he had said something smart.

I wandered around after they had gone in, waiting for Onnodeen, but as he did not appear I went to the garden to see if I could find Uspurrshum. There I met Bethabara and little Amen going out for a walk. As soon as the children saw me, they ran up to me and asked me to sit down and tell them some stories that the Earth children liked. So I picked

\* 1 John III. 2.

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little Amen up and found a seat beneath a shady tree. Then I told the story of the Elf Queen, one that Toby and I were very fond of when we were little children. When this was done they pleaded for another and I was about to tell about Cinderella when Bensuvie came looking for them.

"Well, Ulysum, have you turned baby tender?" as he saw the little head pillowed against my breast. "I must tell Sarvadetta I have found out one thing the Earthborn are good for," and he patted me on the shoulder.

"Father, Ulysum has been telling a beautiful story, and he is going to tell another; please sit down and hear it."

Just then Urbana called, "Come Bethabara, sister is waiting to help you dress. The Prince is here and wishes to see you, and you must look very nice, you know."

"But, mother, cannot I remain until he tells this one story? You can't think how nice they are; the children of Earth must have lovely times; please, mother."

"Not now, dear, some other time," and away Bethabara skipped as good-natured as could be.

Bensuvie took little Amen in his arms and sat down beside me and Urbana sat next. He then began to question me about the Earth. He was such a good, kindly disposed man I did not care what he asked, and I always answered him as best I could, knowing he would never make a great bugbear out of anything. "I suppose," said he, "the Earth people feel very much disappointed at not having large families, do they not?"

"My! no. On the contrary, they are glad of it; one or two are all they care to do for."

"Is that possible? How do they settle the question of God's law, which commands them to multiply and replenish the Earth, for you must have that command in your Bible the same as we have, do you not?"

"I suppose I must have read it some time, but never understood it until now."

"A large family," said Bensuvie, "brings good luck to a household. With the people on Mars it is all income and not much outgo. With our large families, each master of a different trade or profession, we are independent, and when one seeks to establish a home of his own we all help. Men on this planet do not marry until they have a home for the future

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mother with every comfort, for it is recognized here that perfect motherhood advances humanity."

Then I said: "Well, it takes a fortune on Earth to bring up a large family of children, to educate and to clothe them, with doctor's bills and a thousand other things."

"Ulysum," said Bensuvie, as he placed his arm around Urbana's waist, "there is no more beautiful sight on Mars than a mother among her children. The larger the group the more brilliant her crown of glory shines, for she is a supreme sovereign over the hearts she has created. Mother in all, mother to all, and through her, until a child gains his individuality, she is the direct medium to the Heart of all Hearts, the Father God. The husband hath joy because of her, for a good wife is a gift from the Lord, and I realize it more and more day by day. I am very proud of my gift, and while I am spared, no cross, no frown, shall mar the sunshine of life's day for her."

"Ah, dear husband, I have heard those words many, many times, and I am a living witness of their fulfilment thus far," and she smiled such a happy smile.

After they had gone in, I sat thinking of all Bensuvie had said, and I thought of brother Zeb's wife and the wide difference between the two; one the sweet royal lady, blessed in her chosen mission, the other a perfect snapping turtle, throwing an evil influence over all who opposed her. One, the mother sweet and confiding, her kingdom, her large family, the other a hateful tyrant, whose kingdom was a selfish self, one who hated children.

Father used to say when he had been up to brother Zeb's for some tool Zeb had borrowed, and forgot to return, "Nancy Ann, what's up to Zeb's again? Till's as cross as a panther; can jump both ways to once; why, the air's jist blue up thar. Marcy on me, but I'd ruther eat arbs with the cattle out thar in the barn than bread with sich a woman in the house." I think he got that out of the Bible, but I don't know. Still he was fond of saying it.

There was one thing I had learned on Mars, and that was they knew how to bring up a family that was an honor to themselves and an honor to the world in which they lived, which made harmony and happiness all around.

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When the bell sounded for dinner I arose and started to go in, when I saw Uspurrshum looking around as if in search of someone. I gave a low whistle which attracted his attention and he came up to me. He told me not to disappoint him as he had secured twenty who were ready and willing to join the club. "Now, don't fail to be on hand," were his parting words. "My wife will leave for her club very soon after supper, and the evening is ours."

I promised and we separated. I was going toward the house when Laomeline overtook me and asked if that was Uspurrshum I had been talking with. "Yes," I replied. I noticed she looked troubled, but she again reminded me of my engagement for the birthday party. I told her of my promised visit to Uspurrshum saying, "After that is over, I will act as your bodyguard whenever you wish me to."

"Do not give up any engagement on my account, Ulysum," and she started to pass by and go into the house. I asked her to wait and I told her that my promise to Uspurrshum had been made a long time before I knew she wished me to attend her.

"As there is no way out of it," said she, "I suppose I must conform to your wishes," and she held out her hand to let me know she was in good humor, saying: "Thank you, Ulysum. From this time on count me as one of your best friends. Let me give you a hint of what to expect at Uspurrshum's. Do not get imbued with his visionary wanderings, for there is certainly no good in them and I don't know as there is any bad. Our father thinks Uspurrshum is a wandering spirit from some other planet, with a half-realized memory of what he was there, and this makes him restless and discontented, and continually on the lookout for he knows not what. Still he is a good man, for all that, and I wish you a pleasant evening."

When we entered the dining hall the dinner was ready and the family waiting for us. I noticed that the Prince arched his eyebrows when he saw Laomeline and myself walk in together. But I overheard Sarvadetta say to him that they had planned to keep me with them as much as possible, until they knew everything was all right.

The Prince seated himself by Laomeline and Sarvadetta bade me be seated beside her which was truly annoying, but

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I had to bear it. When Urbana had returned thanks, the conversation became general, everyone striving to make the time a cheerful one. Of course, the Prince had eyes only for Laomeline and he directed all his conversation to her. Only once did he deign to speak to me. It was just as the soup was being served that he turned to me with a patronizing air and asked if we lived entirely on soup on Earth as he saw that the planet was composed mostly of water. This remark made them all laugh, but I took no notice of it as a joke, but answered as if it was a natural inquiry.

"I can't say that we do. I have seen more soup here than I ever saw there." To tell the truth, we did not have soup very often at home.

Here Onnodeen spoke up: "That is the reason, Ulysum, you don't fly any better; too many solids, my boy." He laughed heartily, and I joined in, thinking of my many mishaps.

Laomeline explained to the Prince that we had the same kinds of food on Earth that they did so far as the foundation materials were concerned, though the science of cookery, in Ulysum's opinion, is more advanced here than there.

"Really, Ulysum, you have a staunch defender," observed Sarvadetta with an amused smile, while the Prince frowned. Danpharon leaped into the ring to assist me, saying: "It doesn't make any difference, does it Ulysum, what a person eats, if it tastes good and satisfies?"

Then one of the Prince's friends spoke up, saying: "It can't cost much for food up there at any rate, for there are not a million people on the whole world, are there?" Before I could answer, he asked what kind of houses we lived in. I first thought to mislead them by saying *tents*, but I did not; instead I described the homes of the very wealthy I had seen, and I noticed that they all paid strict attention but the Prince, who kept on talking to Laomeline in an undertone and did not speak to me again.

"Did you say they built their homes four and twenty stories high?" questioned Bensuvie.

"I said the dwelling houses were three and four stories, while the stores or business places were from four to twenty and higher."

"Then Earth must be the planet where they started to build

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a tower to reach Heaven and the lightning struck it and tore it to pieces," said Sarvadetta, in thoughtful mood.

"Oh no! That must have been this world, for you build one-story towers."

"That will do, Ulysum. I will excuse you from further reasoning," said Sarvadetta, and she turned to Arbazellon and began to question him about his patients. After this the dinner hour passed without any more annoying experiences for me.

When we arose from the table, Danpharon went with me to get my wheel ready; all the time we were at work he kept talking: "Say, Ulysum, you'll have a fine time this evening. I've half a mind to go with you. Uspurrshum is a jolly fellow, and I like to hear him talk. If one can understand all his theories he is an educator. The folks don't take any interest in his ideas, but I think he is more than half right in what he says. He harps on helping humanity and it makes me laugh, for every time it turns out that he is after some prize for himself while his feelings are for poor humanity."

At any other time I would have said "Come, go with me;" but I did not know just how it would turn out. Besides, I began to feel like a guilty dog, as if I were about to do something I ought not to do, something I would be ashamed of afterwards. So, when he made this remark I said: "I don't suppose there will be much done to-night. It will be just a preliminary meeting, that is all. Uspurrshum only wants me to see his house and inventions."

"Well," replied Danpharon, "there lies the attraction. It is the oddest establishment you ever saw. He presents strange theories and ideas of every kind. His shop is full of curious machinery. The scientists say he has done some very clever work. Father calls him a wandering spirit, and Uspurrshum says he came from somewhere, and *he is* and *he will be*. By this he means all men have lived many lives. He is at work at present on what he calls circles. He declares he can communicate with Jupiter by means of these electrical circles, but his terms and words are so strong no one can comprehend his meaning."

"I am glad he invited me," I replied, "for I like to see new inventions. Perhaps I can get some valuable ideas."

"No doubt you will, but everybody here calls him a crank

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because he has so many irons in the fire at the same time. He cannot attend to them properly, and so makes many blunders.”

“Hello!” said I, “then you have cranks here, do you? Well, then, I am sure to like him for that’s my name, and birds of a feather flock together.”

When everything was ready we returned to the house and I hastened to my room to get ready for the evening. To my surprise I found my party suit had come, and inside I found a note from Compassion. She hoped I would be pleased with it, and when the party was over that I would come and tell her all about it. She recalled Trust’s advice to say little about Earth customs and ended by wishing me a very pleasant time.

I tried on my new clothes and I was very much pleased with them. They were made something like Earth clothes, and something like Mars. A sort of go-between, and I wondered whose ingenuity had fashioned so becoming a suit. Then the thought of Cleopatra’s dinner flashed through my mind, and I pinched myself to see if I was real or unreal; but I could not tell whether I *was* or *was not*.

The coat was a dark myrtle green brocaded silk, lined with yellow quilted satin. It was a fitted back, half-fitted front, open with wide revers and wide collar and cuffs of yellow satin. There were revers on the skirt, both back and front with tiny gold buttons for ornamentation. The vest was very low in front, made of heavy corded yellow satin, and the breeches also, with shoes and stockings to match. There was a pretty necktie of silver satin, gloves the same tint, and a handkerchief, the latter a present from Laomeline. What lovely people the Martians were, I thought; so kind and hospitable.

Danpharon came in to say he was going with me, as he had just left Uspurrshum who bade him come with me. Now this angered me, but I knew better than to show it; so I said: “All right, come along. But see my party suit; isn’t it a beauty? It fits me perfectly.”

“Did I really have it?”

“Danpharon,” said I, “Have you a power or force in this world called hypnotism?”

“I never heard of it. What is it like?”



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"It is a power or influence that makes people believe they have things, or see things, which they do not."

"I never heard of anything of the kind here. Do they have it on Earth?"

"Yes, there is a little of it there, but the Moon is full of it."

"Why, I should think that would be fun. I wish it would come here and make me see our Moons, and the Earth, and the other worlds, if only I was sure of waking up on Mars when it let go."

"Oh, you wake up all right, but it is such a disappointment if it is anything you would like to be, or have, forever. And, again, it is such a relief if you think you are in danger to wake up and find you are not."

"I should think so; but where does this influence come from?"

"I don't know, nor do I know what it is, but I am sure I have seen and felt all I ever want to of it on the Moon. That was the reason I asked you if you had it here, for your kindness to me, a stranger, seemed to me so wonderful, I was afraid I would wake up and find it all a dream."

"I'll tell you what we will do; we will ask Uspurrshum; he is sure to know. Now I will go and get ready."

After the door closed I sat down by my window and began to think over past events. I heard voices under my window behind some shrubbery, where I knew there were some rustic seats. Sarvadetta's voice I recognized, and she was talking about me. This is what I heard: "It seems perfectly incredible, Prince Agamond, that they came from a star, for the pathway was lost when Eden fell. Only one instance is recorded of the finding of it, and that is in mythology, where it tells of the three men enticing the Martian maids to go back with them. Of course, I feel interested in him, for I wish him to carry back the very best report of this world, that it may benefit his home."

"Do you think he will ever return to Earth?" asked the Prince. "You had better keep a strict watch over him, for he may be on the same errand as the three men."

"I thought of that, too," said Sarvadetta, "but my position in life is such that I must think no evil, but do all the good I can, as a priestess; that is my duty."

What more was said I do not know, for Danpharon came for me and we started for Uspurrshum's.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

*When you're sure you are great,  
And feel sure you are grand  
Take good heed, my dear sir,  
There's a fall close at hand.*

My visit at Uspurrshum's was a perfect surprise to me, for I found the faithful day laborer a very interesting host, a perfect gentleman. He met us at the door and welcomed us most cordially, taking us in an elevator directly up to his tower work shop. This was a very large room full of all sorts of inventions, some completed, some in course of construction, while others were just mapped out. Danpharon was selected to show me around, while Uspurrshum was receiving the other guests, who had come to join the Club for Reformation to be established on the Planet Mars. When they had all arrived, some twenty or more, Uspurrshum called the meeting to order and introduced me as the first speaker of the evening: "A gentleman from the planet Earth. He will tell us of some of the customs of Earth, which I think are worthy of imitation.

"But," said he, "there are some things which I wish you to explain first." He stepped across the room to a table and took up a chart of Earth drawn by himself, as he saw it through his telescope, and pointing to the oceans asked me to explain what that meant.

This I did, pointing out the land and water, and giving their names as I pointed to each. It was a splendid chart for one drawn so far away and without any guide but the lenses of a telescope to help the mortal intelligence.

When I finished he slapped me on the shoulder, saying: "Well, well, my friend, you have done me a real kindness in coming to-night, for your words prove my theory is true — that worlds grow. That their formation is first fluid, that solidifies, then becomes rocks which are sterile; then follow atmosphere

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and clouds, then rain and vegetation and soil or land; finally, the waters mostly recede into the center, where they furnish a never-failing spring of pure water for mortal's use and vegetation."

Then he went and got a Bible and read how their world used to be, and where the promise of a great change was given them: "*And there shall be no more sea.* So you see it was foretold of this world long before it came to pass, and it will no doubt be the same with the Earth. I shall keep a strict watch and note the change whenever it comes."

Everyone was intensely interested, and I kept thinking will the oceans of Earth really disappear and leave only the pure crystal rivers? He next read from a work on ancient mythology.

"You see, they agree, don't you, and this book of science is still another proof that worlds do grow. Mars is much older than the Earth, so we cannot expect everything to be in as perfect order there as in this world, but in some things I consider she is far ahead of us, particularly in social and government affairs. Woman, on this world, expects too much. She manages all the social and government affairs, keeps all the offices herself, and we allow her to do so. She carries but one burden, and that an easy one, the burden of maternity. All the rest we have to shoulder; every bit of labor — social, at home, outdoors, all government labor, all office labor, while they just say, yes, or no, and have a good time. Now I think we are as capable of holding an office as our sisters. On Earth, this brother tells us, women bear the yoke of maternity and labor also. Don't you see, brother, if the sisters did part of the labor here, we would have more time for our inventions. Why, I don't have half time enough for the study of different theories I am at present at work on. Do you know I have located Heaven, and I have heard the celestial choir? I could tell you where it is, but I will wait until I get my invention all done, then I will astonish this world for I will talk with the other planets; aye, I will speak with the dwellers of Heaven. On the Earth the law makes woman man's property, and that is a splendid law, I think. She cannot vote there; she does not hold government office; she just walks by man's side, helps in the field of labor, and man has the cream. Don't you wish it was so here?"

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"Aye! Aye!" they all chorused.

"Don't you think it worth striving for?"

"Certainly! Yes! Yes! What shall we do? Just point out the way and we are your men every time."

"Brother Ulysum, please tell these friends what the women do on Earth," said Uspurrshum.

I hope the women on Earth will forgive me, one and all, for trying to take away from their sisters of Mars their birthright. I never felt so small in all my life. I felt ashamed that I was an Earth-born, when I thought of all that some of the women on Earth had to do, and did do. I felt that I was in a hole, and how to get out I could not see. I had "hot flushes," as Aunt Mary Ann used to say, until I felt as if my blood was boiling. As this was the first time I had ever been called upon to speak in public, I was very much embarrassed, for I could see millions upon millions of pleading eyes of the women of Earth peering at me no matter which way I looked, as I stood there trying to collect my wits to tell of woman's condition on Earth. I bowed to the audience, but the Earth eyes were so thick I could see nothing else. I rubbed my hands, and they flew out of them. I coughed, I stammered, and finally said: "Women do so much on Earth, I can't tell the half in one evening. They work just the same as the men, and have to, for some men won't do a thing. Here the eyes seemed to say: 'Don't! Don't! Shame! Shame!'"

I saw Danpharon give a start, half rise, then settle back, and look around the room to see how each one had taken this announcement. The earth eyes were too much for me, and I sat down without saying another word.

Uspurrshum seemed to think it a sensitive streak, and he came to my rescue, saying: "They wash, cook, take care of the children, and besides this, he tells me some of them earn the money that supports their families. They are nurse and doctor, teacher, seamstress, councillor and caretaker of all and everything on that world. Now see the difference. Here women are indulged too much, and man too little. I have a good wife, as you all know, but she just passes all the burdens of life over to me and goes on with never a care to disturb the serenity of her mind. I have to follow the customs of Mars, I have it pretty hard at times when the children are

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sick or things get out of order. You see I don't get time for my inventions, and they drag, and I shall never get to be famous if things don't change. Why, I often work until the night is far spent to catch up and make both ends meet, while my wife, Diannella, is sleeping as sweetly as an infant. Let every one give his opinion now, don't be backward."

As Uspurrshum finished and sat down, a tall, angular man arose (whose name I afterward learned was Sandenegrum). After twisting and turning, he began: "I would like to say a word just here. Among the legends of Mars I find one which says the inhabitants of this planet are of two kinds; first, the translated or original; second, the wandering spirits, or grafted souls from some disobedient planet. The true Martians framed the laws of this world after the perfect world from whence they came, and the grafted have to conform to them. When they die on their own world, their spirits are sent here, enter an infant's body, and come up under our influences and thus progress into the perfect life. In this life they suffer for the sins of their former life. Yet, happily, this beautiful world, and the good and noble people they mingle with, make their punishment lighter to bear, while the environments are harmonious and uplifting. So I question whether we would be doing just the right thing if we tried to overthrow the ancient customs of Mars. If you can convince me that it is right, why I am with you heart and hand. I often think when trials come to me, for you all know I have a large family, numbering twenty-four, and I am overworked, that perhaps I am a wandering spirit grafted here, and that on some other planet was unkind to my wife and children, and now I am getting my pay for it. So I try hard to please, for here lies the secret of happiness, for we are helped inwardly if we always do our duty."

When he sat down another man arose whose little wiry frame and pipe-stem legs made me think of the Jumping-Jacks we boys used to get at Christmas time. Pulling and shaking first one of his pantaloons leg and then the other, he began in a squeaky voice.

"I agree with brother Uspurrshum. We don't have our rights. We have to bear all the yoke of labor and I want an office. My wife has an office and I mean to have one. Why,

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the time was, the Bible says, when women were glad to get any man and have children, and care for them—and they kept their place in the background, where—”

Here Sandenegrum jumped up and interrupted him, saying: “The Bible don’t say it was in this world, and it don’t say it was according to God’s law, either. All that you speak of happened on the Lost Star Eden. The Bible speaks plainly of God’s disapproval, for it was on that world that Satan introduced unfaithfulness. Now, let us not do anything that will give him a chance to gain a victory here. We are almost beyond the power of Error; we have him chained, let us keep him so, and I say let well enough alone.”

Finally, after all had expressed their opinions, and I had been called upon some half dozen times to answer, some question, officers were elected. I was chosen President; Danpharon, Treasurer, Sandenegrum, Secretary, and the little man, with pipe-stem legs, “Man of All Work.” He was to hire the club room, see to the financial wants, do errands, and act as general agent for the society.

We started in with a membership of twenty-five, and Uspurrshum was named as the most suitable person to draw up the constitution and by-laws, and the meeting broke up with the feeling that it had been a success.

The next day, according to agreement, I attended Laomeline whenever an attendant was needed. The Prince told me several times he could wait on her, and he was sure she had rather he would. I paid no attention to these remarks, but did my best, and was rewarded by her approving smile. When night came I dressed and went into the reception room to wait for her and forestall him still farther. Sarvadetta came in first, gorgeous in pale green silk trimmed with beads and silver embroidery. When she saw me, she exclaimed: “What a perfect transformation! Ulysum, you look quite a Martian. You must accompany me.”

“You will have to excuse me, Sarvadetta. I have promised Laomeline to go with her.”

“Ulysum, Laomeline must go with the Prince! He is her especial guest, and it would be very rude and unladylike to treat him in that way. Remember, you will do nothing of the kind.”

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"If Laomeline tells me not to, I will do as she wishes; if not, I shall do as I have promised."

For a moment she looked at me in astonishment, then picked up the train of her dress and sailed out of the room like an injured queen. "Now," thought I, "what is the next move? I had not long to wait, for Urbana came in, and after expressing herself pleased with my suit, requested me, as a favor to her, to accompany Sarvadetta. "I cannot think," said she, "what my daughter Laomeline can be thinking of to use a friend as she proposes to treat the Prince. It would be a great pleasure, Ulysum, to both the queen and myself, if Laomeline would accept the Prince as her husband. Still, no one is unduly persuaded on this subject, everyone must choose for themselves, and I shall leave it all to her own good judgment."

While she had been speaking to me the Prince and Sarvadetta had entered and stood at the farther end of the room conversing in an undertone, and I felt sure it was about Laomeline and myself. I told Urbana I would do as she wished me to, and she thanked me, calling me one of her boys, "and they all mind just as you do, and I appreciate your self-denial very much, Ulysum," this said with a smile of approval.

Laomeline entered and came directly up to me and, holding out her hand, asked me to fasten her glove. She looked like an angel in her white satin dress embroidered with small sprays of autumn leaves. She wore diamond ornaments in her hair, a necklace of these gems with rings and bracelets to match. As I looked at her, I thought I was never so near perfection before. I told her of her mother's request, and that I had promised to grant it. "Did I do right, Laomeline?" I questioned.

"You did quite right, Ulysum. I will obey mother. Turning to the Prince, she said, "I am willing to accompany you, Prince Agamond, as it is my mother's wish."

The way she accepted his escort put me in good humor, and when Onnodeen came to tell us everything was ready, I stepped up to Sarvadetta to act as her escort, but she marched on before me and took Onnodeen's arm. Laomeline handed me a white silk veil to throw over her head, saying, in a low voice, "keep as near to me as you can."

Simodeen motioned for me to occupy his car, and I found

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when I entered that Sarvadetta had gone with Laomeline and the Prince. This pleased me, for I felt awkward in my new suit, and preferred to be free from Sarvadetta's searching eyes. If she thought to slight me she had made a great mistake. I felt she had done me a real favor, for now, when I reached Rhodena's I could be near Laomeline, and could keep away from Sarvadetta. But, in this I was disappointed for they spirited Laomeline away, and I did not get a chance to speak with her until late in the evening. If Sarvadetta had been a revengeful person, her triumph would have been complete; but I knew she felt it was her duty, and duty with her was paramount to every other feeling. I knew she acted wisely, though it made me mad just the same.

What a silly fool I was to fall in love with that good angelic girl. I kept thinking, "What good will it do me?" I had a wife on the Earth; I could not have one there and another on Mars. Then the thought came: "Why not? You never will go back," and as I was just aching to beat the Prince, and as I really admired the girl, I made up my mind to let things run their own way and see how they would come out. When we arrived at the party, we were met at the door by a very tall gentleman in a dark green suit embroidered with gold, who took our cards and ushered us into a large hall, where we were met by another servant dressed in the same way, who read our names aloud from the cards. Four young ladies came forward, dressed in blue and white, and escorted us into the gentlemen's dressing room. Here we found everything for completing our toilets. When we had rearranged our attire, the same young ladies took us into the reception parlor and presented us to Rhodena, her mother, and her father. Rhodena was very cordial in her manner. She offered her arm to me, and asked me to accompany her through the house and grounds.

We wandered through the spacious rooms, magnificent in their costly decorations of brilliant tapestries, beautiful paintings, flowers, and electric lights in many lovely devices. It was all fairyland to me. The court was set in the midst of a flower bed. There were flowers blooming everywhere, trees loaded with drooping sprays of tasseled bloom, beneath which were tables and seats; then there were arbors made out of ropes of flowers and pretty flags, with seats and tables also;



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there were fountains with electric lights; there was music within and without, and I wondered what could be more beautiful.

Rhodena left me to see the master of ceremonies. She gave me a seat beneath a tree, telling me to await her return. How I missed Laomeline, and I kept watching the passing throng to see if I could get a glimpse of her, for I felt sure she would seek me as soon as she could find a chance. While I was thus engaged, I overheard some things which, to a sensitive person, were bittersweet.

In front of me, and close beside the tree, was a bush of fragrant blossoms that half concealed the seat on which I was sitting, and as the throng came from the opposite direction I could see and not be seen. Soon after Rhodena left me, a group of young people came along and seated themselves at a table nearby, and I saw that the gentlemen were friends of the Prince, having come with him. They evidently had been talking about me, for the first thing I heard was this: "I don't believe he came from Earth. Why, it is simply preposterous — in that machine of his. He, no doubt, is a mongrel of some sort, with nothing in his head but stars and flying machines."

Then a young lady said: "Well, he certainly came in that machine, for our father saw him when he was way up in the air, and followed him until he descended. He is sure he does not belong to Mars, as his language is very simple, and father says that he has noticed that he doesn't seem to understand many of our words and phrases."

It was true that they made use of many words the meaning of which I did not understand.

"Well," said another young man, "you see how doubtful it is. We have been trying for years to make them understand our signals, and they haven't answered one of them. I tell you it is a world without life on it, or if there are living beings there can't be many, for the Earth is all water."

"Why, certainly," remarked one of the young ladies, "I don't believe it has even vegetation, much less mortals."

"Well," said another, "he is, doubtless, one of the former dwellers of this world who was caught up in one of the cyclonic storms, when Mars was subject to those freaks of elemental force, and taken to one of the Moons, and from there he has been sent back again."

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They all laughed and commended the speaker for his wit and wisdom. How I laughed after they had gone, to think that the Earth had no inhabitants or vegetation; but I bit my lip over their mongrel. Rhodena came back, and on our way to the house I ventured to ask where Laomeline was.

"Oh, with the Prince, no doubt. Come and have some refreshments, while I tell you about the Queen and her wishes. Dear Laomeline, what a lucky girl. Don't you think so?"

We sat down to atable and were served with coffee and cakes. She waited for my answer, so I replied: "I think he is a great big baby, and I know Laomeline doesn't like him."

"You astonish me! Is it really so?" Then she went on to tell me a number of things she had noticed that made her come to this conclusion that the attachment was mutual: "Still, in this world, we all choose for ourselves. Do you on Earth?"

"Yes, most of them do, but sometimes the relatives on both sides make such a fuss (remembering my own marriage) it is discouraging. If it happens to be a widow or a widower or old maid, or rich bachelor, then the whole neighborhood is up in arms, and the air is full of sulphur and spite, as father used to say."

That is very sad. The person who chooses a life companion is the only proper one to enter into an agreement with the chosen one, for the attributes of each must be pleasing to the other, that the partnership may be harmonious. In the Bible God says, *They twain shall be one flesh*,\* and I insist that no two persons should enter this union without each have attributes that joined will make them the harmonious whole, or the one flesh."

"That is the right way," no doubt, said I. I thought of the *see-sawing* on Earth, but I wisely kept it to myself. When we entered the house, they were just getting ready to dance, and, of course, Rhodena must head the grand march. I took a seat near the arch between the two large parlors, and watched for Laomeline. I only caught sight of her once, as she passed me waltzing with the Prince. This made me too miserable for anything, and I returned to the garden to watch the feasters and hear their merry conversation.

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\* 1 Gen. II. 4.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Here luck, for a wonder, came to me. I had no sooner taken a seat near an arbor than I saw Laomeline coming towards me. When we met she exclaimed: "Ah, here you are! Are you enjoying yourself this evening?"

"No, I don't believe I care for parties; and, another thing, if one is not acquainted, I think they would be better off at home, where I wanted to stay."

"I know it has been very trying for you, and I have not been happy, either, but we must bear these small troubles with patient wills, then they cannot control us. Remember, the Prince returns home after the hunting party; then we shall both feel as if we were free. Until then I must do my duty as becomes a Martian lady. Then, perhaps, I can follow the bent of my own inclination. Make the best of circumstances, for my sake, Ulysum," and she left me to go and dance again.

Well, did the garden shine? Did the music seem to play for me alone? Did every flower seem to speak and nod to me? Did that world seem Heaven all at once, and all my unhappiness turned to joy?

I was so happy I felt like shouting. What a queer sensation love is. While one is under its influence he becomes intoxicated with the ecstatic draught, and smiles and drinks and takes no thought of time. My feelings were doomed to be hurt again, for, in a few moments, Danpharon and Rhodena came strolling along, and this is what I heard: "Rhodena, what have I done that you have thrown me over for that midget, Ulysum? I had promised myself so much pleasure this evening, but the way things have gone so far makes me wish I had stayed home."

"Why, Danpharon, I am astonished at you. Jealous of a mere child, a boy in skirts. So, Sir Knight, I am to be tutored for treating a stranger as becomes a Martian hostess. A poor child that is still in his nursery rhymes. For shame! Where is my manly Danpharon?"

"Pardon me, dear, but you know my feelings towards you, and if I am hasty forgive me; it is my love that makes me err."

"Very well, if you promise not to let the little one upset your wisdom again," and they passed along out of hearing.

Well, here was a revelation. While the Prince had been stepping on my corns I had been treading on Danpharon's.

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I was a kid in his nursery rhymes, and a mongrel, a deceiver, and I wondered what next. I forgot my happiness, and was thoroughly mad when I saw Sarvadetta coming towards me. When she saw me she came and took a seat beside me, and motioned a servant to bring us some fruit. While we were eating it she observed carelessly, "I am afraid, Ulysum, it has been very dull for you this evening, as you neither dance nor play games. You must let our brothers teach you; there is a fascination about both that helps one to enter strange society, and become acquainted in a very short time. Would you not like to learn?"

"I think I should," I replied, "but I don't care for parties. Still if I have got to always stay on this world, no doubt it would be as well to do as others do."

"No, I do not know as it would be well for you to learn, if you have any scruples of conscience on the subject. There is always within each person a still small voice that is ever speaking to us, and telling what is right and what is wrong. If we will only listen, it will always guide us aright. Did you ever notice this voice? Did you ever listen to the inward consciousness?"

Now this was just what I was trying to get away from, for that voice kept telling me I was doing wrong, but I kept downing it every time it spoke. So I answered her that if I had ever heard it I had never heeded it. I thought of my part in the Reform Club, and how something had kept saying "Don't! Don't!" Oh, why are mortals so foolish as to thrust the voice of wisdom far from them? Why have we been so long at the gate and still refuse to enter?

"Ulysum, heed the inward voice; listen to all it says and you will learn many things that mortals cannot teach you." For a long time she talked to me. When we had finished our fruit, she told me she had come to have me go with her and explain the present I had given Rhodena.

"My present? Why, I have not given her a present. I never thought of it."

"Well, there is one there which bears your name; so you must directly or indirectly have been the giver."

"Sarvadetta, either Trust or Compassion has done this, for fear I would feel embarrassed because I could not do as the others did."

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As we entered the room I was surprised at the dazzling display of costly presents. I could not name half of them. Chief among them was a large oil painting with my name attached, called "Memories of Earth." Sarvadetta pointed to it and inquired if it really was an Earth scene.

"An Earth scene?" I cried, "Why, it is my home! Who could have done this for me?"

"I am sure I do not know, but tell me all about it. This I take it, is the dwelling," pointing to the house—"and this?"

"That is the barn for hay and grain." There was a load in front with Bet and Roan hitched to it. Zeb was on the load, and father walked beside it with a rake over his shoulder. Mother and Toby were under the big cherry tree, Toby sitting on a stump with the dog by her side; mother near a bench on which were a row of milk pans and pails, as if she had just stepped out and put them there. There was the lane where the cows were just going down into the meadow.

"What is this?" Sarvadetta asked, pointing her finger at the stone curb of the well.

"That is the well, and there's the old sweep that holds the oaken bucket which draws up the water from the well for family use and the stock. My great-grandfather built that well when he owned just one acre of land, and that has been added to until we have quite a farm, or all we care to work. This is the river, and this the low mountains beyond the river, and this is our orchard."

"Ulysum, I felt this was your home when I first looked at it. It is a very pretty scene, and is really of more value to us who have tried so long to get a glimpse of Earth life, than all the costly presents here. Surely my mind is convinced that you are an Earth-born, though my heart is sceptical at the bare thought of it."

"How does Rhodena like it?" I inquired.

"She has not seen it yet, for it only arrived a short time ago."

The curtain was pushed aside and Compassion came into the room. Seeing us by the picture she came up to me and inquired how I liked her work? "Why, it is just lovely; but how did you know how my home looked?"

"Your description of it was so plain, I could see it with

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your eyes; therefore but little praise belongs to me. This is one of our new-found sciences in this world; the science of seeing spiritually what another sees materially."

"Are you a clairvoyant, a person who sees hidden things?" I ventured to ask.

"No, not what our scientists call a clairvoyant. I only see these things when you are describing them. Then a feeling comes over me that sometime I have been familiar with them, and lived there among them."

"Really, dear Compassion," said Sarvadetta, as she seated herself and placed her clasped hands on her lap, looking up into Compassion's face, "You have described my feelings exactly. I seem at times to have a feeling, a knowledge of some other existence, and I strive and strive to penetrate the misty veil, but the ever present hides both the was and the is-to-be. Still, when Ulysum tells of Earth, I am not, like you happy in thought. I am always troubled and annoyed at the mention of the name, or anything connected with it. Sometimes the thought will intrude itself into my mind that I was one of the maidens who was enticed from Mars to Earth, and died of a broken heart on the Dark Planet. I spend days reading and searching mythology for conclusive evidence of the truth, and I always connect my past with the Lost Star Eden."

While she had been talking I had been looking at Compassion and I was struck with her resemblance to a portrait of an aunt of my father's, which hung in the spare room; a dear, young Quakeress, who had died when a young girl in that same home of mine, and I thought "*Who knows? Who knows?*" Then I turned to Compassion and was about to speak of my great-aunt when her reply to Sarvadetta put my thoughts into another channel.

"Dear Sarvadetta, should you succeed in proving the Earth to be the Dark Planet, or Lost Eden, would you deny it the right of God's love and mercy? We must use charity and the good influence of best thoughts, for all undeveloped worlds, for there is a wonderful power in thought force."

"Ah, dear Compassion, I see I must still strive with self, and remove the darkness from my own spirit ere I can hope to help others to remove the cloud from theirs. I thank you

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for reminding me of the virtue charity, which I know to be the greatest of all. So it is, and until we can subjugate ourselves to the will of God and thereby come in direct communication with His spirit, we can hope for no good to ourselves, or for others whom we are striving to help."

Onnodeen came to say the cars were being made ready for our return, so there was no more said on the subject of wandering spirits. Sarvadetta rode home in the car with me for Danpharon had persuaded Rhodena to join the hunting party, and Danpharon and she found places in the Prince's car.

All the way home Sarvadetta and I were both busy with our thoughts and but little conversation passed between us. I could not forget Compassion's words: "I often feel I have lived on Earth some time and have come thus far toward my last home."

The next morning the "Memories of Earth" was a much-talked-of picture, and Rhodena thanked me over and over again for her present. Our conversation led to a discussion about the two planets Mars and the Earth, and Bensuvie asked me what the people on Earth thought of Mars. I told him I had heard a professor in a lecture give it as his opinion that Mars was a planet without people or vegetation. A world that was cooling off and would soon become a dreary waste, and all life if there was any starve to death. Here the Prince paused in his conversation to ask where the Professor learned or how he knew that any world ever cooled off until it became a dreary waste. Of course I could not answer him, so he went on with his conversation with Laomeline.

"Well, Ulysum, you can tell them when you get back that we don't look much like starvation yet," said Bensuvie.

"I always think, when I hear people worrying over things they know nothing about, how much better it would be if they would study the Bible and learn what God has told them of the life around them," said Urbana; "for the Lord says, *My ways are ways of pleasantness, and my paths are paths of peace.\** God created the heavens, and they include the stars and planets, and I believe He peopled them, and He will forestall every necessity of dependant man by unfolding the book of knowledge to meet any and every need that the development of life shall call for. And still further, I believe that

\* Prov. III. 17.

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when we are all *perfected* we shall go from star to star and visit our sister planets the same as we now travel from village to village, in this our own world."

"That is my idea, dear wife," said Bensuvie. "God made *Man* in his own image, and pronounced him good; and when the good returns to Him, we shall see as He sees, we shall know as He knows, and we shall live as He lives, forever and forever."\*

\* Gen. I: 27.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONSPIRACY.

*Come sound the horn, Oh! Heigh! Oh! Heigh!  
Let loose the hounds, we dash away,  
Through jorest glen and covert copse,  
'Till kingly boar our wild steed stops,  
Then we with quick, unerring aim  
Bring down the prize and win the game.*

A boar hunt on Mars is a grand pastime. To me who had never seen anything of the kind, it was full of thrilling excitement. I will tell what happened to me and what I did to help the right party. After we reached the hunting lodge, at the edge of the forest, they cast lots for their two captains, and it fell to the Prince to be one and to Danpharon to be the other. I was the last one chosen and the prince very graciously gave me to Danpharon's side, making one more on that side than on his. He said I was so small I couldn't hurt anything, and, besides, it would take most of my time to look after my horse. This nettled me a good deal and I resolved to show him I could ride as well as he. I was never afraid of any kind of a horse, and was perfectly at home on their backs. The mare Simodeen gave me was a dapple grey. She seemed all right when I mounted, so, of course, I looked for no trouble. Alas! for human greatness; almost the first thing I met was one of those ferocious boars with a pack of hounds at his heels. He just made for me, and ran between my horse's legs which caused it to rear. As I shot at the boar, I was thrown from my saddle beneath the horse and my gun was discharged a second time, killing the beautiful steed and causing it to roll onto me and pin me helplessly beneath her. Here I lay until near midnight when they found me unconscious, bleeding and bruised beneath the dead horse, and my lordship, the dead boar, but a little way off. My aim had been true to the mark. Ninovarre was to have been my assistant, but somehow we got parted, and he did

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not see me again until I was found unconscious beneath the dead horse. They took me to Compassion's, that being the nearest shelter, and here I found myself when I returned to consciousness again. It was a long pull for me, and Arbazellon was at his wit's end more than once to understand why my system did not respond more promptly to his skill. He finally concluded it must be the Earth-born difference in flesh and atmospheric influence. Still he assured me I would recover and, in time, be as well as ever.

During my long sickness, the Goodhearts were very kind. One of them was with me day and night, but the visits of Laomeline were like angels', doing me more good than medicine. Uspurrshum came too and told me how our society was progressing, and the numbers that were joining. His visits had a depressing influence on me and I longed to be well out of the whole business.

At last I resolved to tell Laomeline. When I did, she was surprised at first, but finally thought it might be a good reform for men as small as myself. When she suggested that I had better keep the Presidency, I threw my arms around her (I was well enough to do that), kissed her fair cheek, and asked her if she would share it with me. When she answered me in the affirmative, I fairly jumped for joy. Poor girl, we neither of us realized how we were weaving a net around us that would snare us both in its meshes. I said to her, "I am a Martian the rest of my life. I will burn up my machine, then I cannot go back." Did I think of Henriette and little Ute? Yes, but I consoled myself with the thought that if she knew where I was she would say, "Stay where you are Ulysum, and be happy."

Laomeline had done her part and got rid of the Prince. Thus do we jump from one evil into the lap of another, oft-times, without stopping to think or consult the inward voice. I was very much elated over the way things had turned out. I grew better rapidly, and entered into the work of the Reform Club with a great deal of interest. Still there were times when my conscience would not let me rest, not even when Laomeline would say: "Why you are not doing anything now; don't worry." But I did worry, for I knew Uspurrshum was not careful, being over-zealous for fame

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Each fifty years, the Martians held a grand reunion meeting on what they called the Plains of Victory, in the centre of which stood the city of Eldemea, the sacred city of Mars. Here were kept the histories of all nations, the tablets of messages of divine authorship, the laws that governed that world given to the prophets when Mars was young, and the Sacred Altar said to have descended from Heaven on the very spot where it rested in the Holy Temple of this city. This year was the end of a half-century. Danpharon had told me: "During this year everything must rest; land, cattle, and man, all must rest and recuperate. You must go with us when the time comes and see how interested we all are to overcome any new evil that has made its appearance on this world since our last meeting." This I had kept in mind, and when I knew for a certainty that Laomeline was my affianced wife, I urged her to let the wedding be as early as possible, giving as a reason my loneliness, and my wish to attend the meeting as her husband. But my real reason was my mortal fear that Trust would return and upset all my plans in that direction, or Uspurrshum would be too premature and overestimate his strength and influence in the Reform Club, and I would be disgraced forever for my part in the transaction. I reasoned that if I belonged to the Goodhearts they would see to it that no harm came to me, and I would be safe at any rate. On Mars it is the custom for the engagement to last a year, the parties to live beneath the same parental roof, and if, at the end of that period, they are still of one mind they are married with great ceremony, and rejoicing. The gentleman takes the lady's surname; I would become Ulysum Goodheart, and Ulysum Storries would be no more.

When her parents were told, they strongly objected to the engagement but wisely told us to wait the year and see what came to both at the end of that time. I knew better than to do that. I urged that on the earth we never waited and, besides, I would feel more like staying there, so they consented to our being married as soon as the camp-meeting was over at Eldemea. This was to far off to suit me but no persuasion could change them on this, and I had to make the best of it. My days and nights were full of quaking fear and

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joyous joy, if one can imagine how such a state of mind could exist in the same person at the same time. If I saw anyone coming quickly towards me. I was sure he was the bearer of bad news. This was the way I lived, as the days glided by, alternating between joy and fear.

Danpharon said they had a surprise for me as soon as I could bear it, and Uspurrshum told me he had a deep project on foot, and this news was anything but pleasant. Question as much as I would they would not tell me any of their plans and I had to be content.

After I was hurt the Prince changed his treatment of me and came often to see me. He laughed, saying: "I thought my side was the winner until your game was found and Danpharon took the prize."

When our engagement was announced, I expected, of course, that he would be mad, but he was not. He consoled himself by taking Sarvadetta, who proposed out of pure pity for so dear a friend as she felt he was, to the whole family. They were to be allowed to break over the long-continued custom of Mars and be married in the city of Eldemea the moment the camp-meeting was at an end, while Laomeline and myself were to wait until our return home. I knew I must consent to these arrangements however much I disliked them.

From this time on, everybody was busy working either for the camp-meeting or Sarvadetta's wedding. Time flew rapidly away and my fears began to vanish also. Not one word did I say to Compassion, nor did Laomeline, for I knew she was in direct communication with Trust. Yet I often felt she knew all without my telling her, for many times I caught her looking seriously at me. When she saw I noticed it, she would smile a knowing smile and turn away.

The Camp-meeting day arrived and Arbazellon took me under his care. We went with the four other sons, Simodeen, Onnodeen, Danpharon and Melvinetic; they assumed the task of putting the tents in place and arranging the furniture. Urbana, Laomeline, and Sarvadetta were to be guests of the Queen.

I was very much pleased to be allowed to attend this camp-meeting for I had never been to a gathering of this kind,

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although I had heard of them many times on Earth. Arbazzellon said I needed change and it would have been such a restful change if only I had felt that I was doing right. But the knowledge of my sneaking, underhanded business with those who had befriended and adopted me as a son and brother into their family circle, would make the chills come, and my conscience pricked my heart, at times, until it was almost unbearable.

I rode out every day through the camp and around the city but only once was I allowed to attend a meeting. As I was quite taken with the discourse, I will give it as near as possible; but before I repeat it, I must say a few words about the city of Eldemea. It was laid out in spiral form, the centre being the Temple where the Sacred Altar was kept. The Altar was made of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold and precious gems, and represented some symbolic message or event connected with its coming to the children of Mars. It was of exquisite workmanship, and as there was nothing of the kind ever seen on Mars before, it had long been regarded with real veneration. Nearby the altar stood a large gold vessel where the people deposited their petitions. They were gathered by the temple attendants and, after due consideration and prayer, were presented at the public meetings for approval or rejection. It was to one of these meetings, Arbazzellon said I could go with Laomeline and Simodeen.

After the prayer and praise service was over, Hebonadra, (the priestess from Martenville) came forward and announced the text:

*“And men have become drunken in sin.* Sisters and brothers: The subject, I shall present to you tonight is of vital importance, not only for this world's growth, but for each individual soul's progress as well. So closely allied can good and evil become there is nothing but the All-seeing Eye that can determine the dividing line between them. In the petition I am about to place before you for your prayerful consideration, we can all see the end from the beginning. God has given this much wisdom to us. Man, in his inherent weakness, is always lenient to the small vices, overlooking them until they become burdens too heavy to be longer passed by, and for his own safety

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he must destroy or be destroyed. "It is the little foxes that injure the grapes."\*

Among the petitions found in the Temple is one signed by more than a thousand maidens who ask that we make it a sacred church law that no intoxicating beverage be allowed at any entertainment or used by any member of the church except as a medicine. We have become convinced, after due deliberation on this subject, that this is one of the little foxes, one of the little sins that needs to be chained. A child will not cry for a thing he knows nothing about, neither will a grown person crave for that he has never tasted. These little maidens tell us they see a danger signal ahead in the growing popularity of the wine cup, for the young men have grown fond of this social custom, and are getting so they *tarry long at the wine cup*. Because of this the Church has felt anxious for its youth. I ask you to-night to go with me over this beautiful world and see the church societies of our youth, the young maidens, the young men, all working for the perfected life, for God and His glory; working in perfect harmony each with the other; then tell me, my friends, if it is not a beautiful sight. Still, among all this beauty, we have overlooked the wine cup and God's message which says: *Look not on the wine when it is red, for it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.\** Let us act while the dark shadow is at the threshold, and put this error far from us ere it crosses the doorway and causes our youth to fall from grace. Our hope and strength is our youth. *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.\**

Sisters and brothers, we have heard from the Dark Planet, the Lost Eden, and we are told that, there the sin of intemperance has caused men and women to become drunken in sin to the extent of obliterating every good moral impulse. We are told that strong drink is Satan's surest foothold there, and, I blush to say it, my heart is crushed with sorrow at this fact, the chaste names of mother, wife, daughter, and sister blackened and polluted by this awful sin. We are told that men and women, *yes*, and the young, are slaves to

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\* Songs of Solomon; ii., 15.

\* Prov. xxii, 32

\* Prov. xxii., 6

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

this vice, for they have become drunken in their sins. There the Evil one has set up his kingdom and his banners float upon every breeze. His signs are reared in the East, in the West, in the North, and in the South, and mortals bow and are willing slaves at his shrine. So great have become the numbers that worship and do his bidding, the truly good are alarmed, and their cry has gone up to Heaven with the smoke of incense prayerfully asking God to save them, else they perish. Do not let the Evil one get such a foothold here. I beseech you all to sign this petition. There is one thing more I wish to relate about this sin on that world. It is a hard thing to say, but mortals there must still be in the lowest plane of existence, for the deeds they do there have never been dreamed of here." Her voice trembled with emotion, as she told them how the drunkard had lifted his hand and smote his wife, his mother, his daughter, and his sister. How woman left her standard of purity and grace, of humility and modesty, and through this evil had smote her husband, had left her little ones to perish. She burst into tears, and sat down. Zaffamadus went on to say: "They smite their mother the author of their being, she who passed through the gates of death to give them life. This picture is not overdrawn. It came to us from the ravings of a sick, unconscious Earth-born. Let us heed the warning voice before it is too late."

A lovely young girl came forward and said: "I thank God that He has shown us the true way and opened our eyes to this sin while it was weak, and we could overcome it. Yet, while we are safe, let us not forget to pray without ceasing for our sisters and brothers of the Dark Planet, for they have not come into the true knowledge of light that God, our Heavenly Father has been pleased to give to us. Surely they are in bondage to Evil, and by sending them our true, loving thoughts we shall draw them into our light which is the true light of a higher life."

Did I hear all this? Well, I guess I did, and I wondered who the raving sick man was. Could it have been Trust? I had no idea it could be me, still I resolved to be very wary and watch. When the service was over, and all had signed the petition, Laomeline and Simodeen accompanied us to our tent where we found Sarvadetta and the Prince waiting for us.

## CONSPIRACY.

"How did you like the lecture Ulysum?" was the first salute from Sarvadetta.

When I told her it was all right, she asked me if I had ever seen anything such as the priestess described. Of course I put on a bold front and answered, "No!"

When they had all gone, and I had a chance, I asked Laomeline who the sick man was and she told me it was myself. "Don't you mind," said she, "Arbazellon says any person with a sick brain may see and describe just such awful things as you did. Why you told of people taking the lives of others while under this influence. It all happened the night the priestess and priest were at your bedside, and they believe it, but *I don't*. Do you know I feel at times, dear, as if something was going to happen to upset our plans." She sighed and looked so distressed. "If I knew that all they said was true it would not dissuade me from doing all I could for the Earth-born or Lost Edenites. The more I hear, the more my heart goes out to them full of love and pity. But then it cannot be true, so we will put that cloud far from us and live in the happy present. She bent down for a good-night kiss; then wishing me pleasant dreams she went out and up into the city. No sooner had she gone, and I was left with my agonizing thoughts, than I heard footsteps and the hangings of the tent door were drawn aside and Rhodena came in.

"May I have a talk with you, Ulysum?"

I acquiesced, and she took a seat beside me.

"Ulysum, I have a favor to ask of you which concerns your future happiness as well as that of one of my dearest friends. Will you grant it?"

"I shall be most happy to grant you any favor, Rhodena, that is within my power," I replied.

"You are very, very kind, but when I tell you I fear you will object. It is this: promise me that you will give Laomeline up. You must not marry her. It will bring her misery and, in time, you too. You heard the sermon to-night. Don't, don't, seek to take her into bondage; do not try to take one of our maidens into the influence of that world's heredity. Will you promise me this?"

"Well, really. One would think, to hear you talk, that I came from the Dark Planet. I cannot promise this, and, furthermore, I will not."



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“Ulysum you must! You shall!” she clasped her hands and walked back and forth. “Danpharon has told me about the Reform Club, and if you do not acquiesce with my demands I will tell my mother, who will in turn tell Urbana. Of course I know it won't amount to anything. Even if it did, the Goodhearts would see to you, and care for you, but your own good sense must tell you it would be much better to wait until you were released from your impure body and was sent here a wandering spirit to obtain a better and purer one.” Here Danpharon called for her, which ended that scene, but not my annoyances, for Uspurrshum soon came in to tell me of his plans.

He knew of a small principality where the acting king was grandfather to the future queen. When the people were at the coronation of the queen, the members of the Reform Club would seize the castle and city, and keep the to-be queen a prisoner until I was married; then they would proclaim me king.

Oh! how I contended with him, begged and pleaded, for him to give up the whole thing, but when he asked me if I did not love Laomeline well enough to make some sacrifice for her, for she would become a queen, I gave in, and let him have his way. Oh! for an indomitable will for good; but I lacked this and went blindly to my ruin. I slept but little that night for all sorts of fears took possession of my mind and did not leave me again until the Camp-meeting was over.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BANISHED FROM MARS.

*Bright was the day, and clear the sky,  
All Nature seemed in festive mood,  
She sent the zephyrs laughing by  
To linger long where beauty stood;  
They kissed her brow, and cheek, and eye  
And then embraced sweet maidenhood.*

NONE too soon came the dawn of Sarvadetta's wedding day. It was perfect in every respect and I hailed it with inward and outward satisfaction. The city was in gala attire for the occasion; flowers in profusion; banners and arches everywhere; all business suspended; in fact, it was the most brilliant affair I ever witnessed. The temple was a virtual flower bed of pink and white blossoms. The floor was covered with a cloth of gold and velvet that had done service, on such occasions for centuries, among the royal families.

The elegantly costumed guests, the dazzling array of precious gems, the grand and lovely city all in holiday attire, became a most wonderful revelation to me for I had never seen anything of the kind in my own world.

No wonder my head was turned with all this grandeur. The queen's palace with its lights and devices, looked like a house on fire. The street illuminations and fireworks were elaborate and beyond my power of description.

The guests assembled at the temple before the arrival of the bridal party. According to agreement, Laomeline and myself went in with the others, and took seats where we could see all that was going on. The bridal party was preceded by seven priestesses, then seven priests, next forty little flower girls, and forty little ribbon boys. The priestesses and priests wore robes of the finest white embroidered linen. The women wore long white veils; the men white pointed caps. The flower girls had on pink silk dresses with shoes and stockings

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to match; the ribbon boys wore white silk blouses and knee breeches and white shoes and stockings. Each boy had on his shoulder a bow of pale green ribbon with long ends which were held like reins by the one next in line. They formed a circle around the bridal party while the ceremony was being performed, for on Mars it is considered a good omen to be married within a circle. The flower girls carried silver baskets full of jasmine blossoms, and they met the bride and groom at the temple door and strewed their pathway with the fragrant flowers.

When the bridal party entered the priestesses and priests sang a beautiful song, as they marched through the centre of the temple to the altar. Following the bride and groom were twelve young ladies, intimate girlhood friends of the bride. and when the ribbon boys had formed the outer circle they stepped inside and stood at intervals so as to form an inner one. They wore silk gowns of the palest lavender hue. Then there were the ring bearers, a boy and girl, both dressed in white silk, each bearing a gold casket containing a ring; for on Mars it is customary for each to give the other a ring.

Then the queen and the immediate families of the contracting parties joined the procession. The queen (Herbetrus) came first with her household; then Urbana and her family. Bensuvie carried his wife's train and walked beside her into the church. From the time the guests came in, motor harps had played soft sweet music, but when the bridal party appeared they burst forth into such a grand melody that I rose in my seat, it was so overpowering.

The Prince was attended by Zaffamadus and Sarvadetta by Hebonadra. The Prince wore a suit of pale green, the richest of silk, ornamented with pearls. Sarvadetta wore the same color. Strings of pink pearls were on her head and neck, and, falling in festoons to the waist line; she wore a misty veil of hand-made lace, fastened by gold sprays of jasmine with tiny diamonds for the flower centers.

When she entered the inner circle, she was met by the High Priestess, Cleophileetra, who addressed her thus:

"Daughter, I welcome you within this circle." Turning to the Prince, she said, "Prince Agamond, whom come ye here to seek?"

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The Prince answered: "My bride." Then the Priestess asked: "Who hath a maiden here as bride for Prince Agamond?" Urbana and Bensuvie Goodheart stood outside the circle and said: "Behold the maiden! We, Urbana and Bensuvie Goodheart give our daughter Sarvadetta to Prince Agamond, and also her share in all our worldly goods. May the Lord bless this union, for as we give a daughter so also do we receive a son. Welcome to our household our son and brother."

Then Zaffamadus said: "Prince Agamond who hath bid thee seek a bride?"

The Prince answered: "The Lord hath said it is not good for man to be alone."

"Who gives this son to take a wife," the priest asked, "I, Queen Herbetrus, give this my only son and heir to my throne, Prince Agamond, to wed Sarvadetta and make her queen when I am gone. As I have been both father and mother to him since his father passed on, I here endow him with his share of all my worldly goods, and welcome his bride into my household, for as I give a son so also do I receive a daughter. Welcome, Savadetta, to my household and to my affections. May the Lord bless you both and prosper this union."

After she had ceased speaking, the High Priestess asked Sarvadetta to make known her wishes, which she did in a voice that trembled slightly:

"Prince Agamond, I ask you before this congregation to become my husband?"

The Prince answered: "I accept your proposal, Sarvadetta, and trust I may prove worthy of the love and confidence you place in me."

"Children," said the High Priestess, joining their right hands, "there are many trials in life; are you each willing to help the other bear whatsoever of sorrow may come to you?"

"We are," they both replied.

"There are also joys; are you willing to share your joys one with the other, and make this union as happy as it is possible for mortals to make their lives?"

"We are."

"Then here, in the presence of these people, I pronounce you wife and husband till death do you part. May the Lord

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watch over this union of hearts and hands. *For they twain shall be the one flesh.\** Amen. You may now exchange rings."

Two of the maidens stepped forward and lifted Sarvadetta's veil, and Prince Agamond said, bowing low before her. "Hail! All Hail! Fairest of women, my gift from the Lord," and he kissed her on the forehead. Then Sarvadetta said: "Hail! All hail, my loving husband; a woman hath great joy in the love of her chosen one. Let our thoughts and hearts be as one," and the congregation said, "Amen."

The harps played soft sweet music while they exchanged rings. Sarvadetta, leaning on the arm of the Prince, followed by their attendants and friends, went directly to the palace. Then Rhodena and Danpharon came with their attendants and were married. After this the temple was soon deserted for everybody went to the palace and enjoyed the good cheer furnished by the queen.

Some time during the evening, when we were seated on one of the balconies, Sarvadetta turned abruptly to me and inquired how I liked the ceremony at the temple.

"It was very nice," I replied.

"Was it anything like a marriage on Earth, asked Rhodena.

"No, I don't think it was; but then I never attended but one marriage and that was my — my — brother's" said I, in confusion, for I came near telling the truth and saying, my own.

"Tell us how they did there," said Sarvadetta.

"Why, he went and got her and took her to a parson and was married." I was describing my own simple wedding.

"Did no one give the bride away?" inquired the Prince.

"Her father did before we left."

Sarvadetta seemed amused: "How strange! Even in matrimony, man has the supremacy in your world. Was her mother living?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I am glad I am on so good a world as this. If I have ever been in that world, the change to this is really beyond my power of thankfulness. I can only wonder what am I that I am led through green pastures and beside beautiful rivers, into a land flowing with milk and honey. Do you

\* Matt. xix. 5

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ever feel that you would like to return?" and she looked searchingly at Laomeline.

"No; on the contrary, I shall always stay here."

"Good! Give us your hand, brother," said the Prince, and he sprang forward and grasped my hand and gave it a good hearty shake."

Then we all began talking about Mars and the progressive changes it had passed through. "Why," remarked Laomeline, "all worlds grow and progress to the perfected state. Every age or epoch has its symbols of the perfected life. In all of man's line of generation he has a dim misty knowledge that he is journeying somewhere, and that somewhere will be the acme of all happiness. We of to-day could not live in the dwellings that those of the primitive age did; neither could we wear the clothes or eat the food they did. Our needs have changed, our bodies have changed, and our intellect has been greatly enlarged. So it will be with the next cycle. I believe we live and pass from generation to generation until perfected. We will not be satisfied with the things we see and know to-day. I am always saying, what wonders are in store for us yet, and I am lost in thoughts of the grandeur and glory that awaits us in the higher life, and I pray, — Divine Father roll on the centuries to come and let me view a little of Eternity's glories." Laomeline was beautiful when animated, and now her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were flushed, and to me she looked like an angel.

"Well," said I (I had grown bold, they were all so kind to me), this world is good enough for Heaven; I don't believe we could find a better one."

"Oh, yes, we could find a better one," said Laomeline. "This world, to be sure, is a part of Heaven, but not the perfected part. There is still a higher and more perfected state, the dwelling place of our Father, God. And do you know what I have come to believe?" she turned to Sarvadetta. "I believe those in the lower life, those still in darkness and error, are sent to the Earth until they are willing to come into the truth and light. I believe that world has been peopled by spirits from all the perfected worlds, rebellious spirits, who after wandering there in misery for a while, are released by

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death to return to their own world, and are born anew into the higher life."

"Really, I never thought of that," remarked Sarvadetta.

"Laomeline," said Rhodena, "you ought to join the Sisterhood and study to become a priestess."

"Yes, indeed," added Danpharon.

The Prince was interested: "Who knows? Her theory may be correct. Certainly, we read in the Bible the evil spirits were sent to Earth from Heaven when the great war was there. Possibly, Ulysum, you may have come home before your time. But this is too serious; let us talk about something that we know about, something pleasant."

Laomeline looked surprised. "Can you think of anything more pleasing than the subject of perfected life? No more tears, no more death; a body that can go from planet to planet, as easily as we now send our thoughts from place to place. Best of all, it seems to me, we can go to Earth and help our sisters and brothers there.

We were interrupted by the Prince's friends who came to take him to the dancing hall. I went with the others, but my mind kept running on Laomeline's words — we shall go from planet to planet as easily as we send our thoughts from place to place. What if this should occur, and Henriette should stumble in on my home on Mars. Things would become rather mixed, and I felt quite uneasy. I didn't think there was any danger of her coming very soon, but when a person knows he is doing wrong, no matter how successful he may be in keeping that wrong hid, he is always seeing danger signals at every turn. For *the wicked flee when no man pursueth*.\*

I argued, Laomeline is such a dear good girl she will forgive me should she ever find out how much I have deceived her, and I threw my thoughts to the wind and entered into the gaieties with the rest.

My wedding outfit had been planned by Laomeline and was the most beautiful design I had ever seen. There was a white silk vest and knee breeches; a royal purple satin blouse with skirt frill; it was trimmed with frosted silver buttons shaped like leaves, and embroidered with silver thread in

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\* Prov. xxvii: 1.

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wreaths of flowers and leaves; white silk stockings and white satin slippers, with purple rosettes. It was a lovely creation and every one who saw it expressed that opinion. Laomeline wore a white satin, with long train, a lovely veil embroidered with silver thread, and fastened with pins set with clusters of pearls and silver leaves. It was a glorious sunshiny day, and the Prince had planned to take us to his home at Eldemea, as soon as we were married. As there was no one to give me away, it was thought best to shorten the ceremony and make it as much like Earth's as possible, or as much so as Hebonadra and Zaffamadus thought prudent.

When I was dressed in my lovely suit I stood before the glass and surveyed myself with real satisfaction. How fine I did look. How nicely my suit did fit. I thought, could it be true I was about to marry so good and pure a girl as I knew Laomeline to be? She had cast her lot with mine from the purest of motives. Had I done the same? I confess I was uneasy. I did not like to think of my part in the matter, and when Laomeline talked of the goodness of God, I felt He was looking right down into my very heart with righteous indignation. Yet here I was; what could I do? I would not think about it, so I strode back and forth across my room like a man about to have a refractory tooth drawn. In the midst of this, the door opened and the Prince and Arbazellon entered and jollied me on my fine appearance. "Say, brother," said Arbazellon placing his hand on my shoulder, "do you know you are getting a gem, the best girl that I know on Mars. Take good care of her, and here —" he placed his hand on his breast "is your true friend, remember always," and his eyes filled with tears. "But come, the time is nearly up."

We had just entered the guest room where the guests were assembled awaiting our arrival and were kneeling before Hebonadra, when suddenly there came a rush of many feet, a disturbing commotion, then a shout of "Long live King Ulysum!" If a thunder bolt had torn the building to pieces I could not have been more surprised. We both sprang to our feet and faced the mob which was waving banners and shouting "Long live King Ulysum!" I felt a choking sensation in my throat and Laomeline grasped my arm, while



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her face was the color of death, "Oh! make them go back! Make them go!" and she swooned and fell into my arms.

On they came, never stopping, but when in front of us, each bent a knee, and bowed to the floor, crying: "Hail King Ulysum!"

Hebonadra and her attendants took Laomeline from my arms and bore her away, while I tried to persuade Uspurrshum to desist and hear to reason, but they all cried the louder. Then Zaffamadamus called the officers of order, and they soon sent them away. When I started to find Laomeline I was arrested and held a prisoner, until the whole matter could be investigated and an understanding arrived at. Surely my folly had found me out. All the people had sat in their seats during this episode, thinking it a joke, a fashion of Earth, but when the real truth burst upon them they fled in the wildest confusion, horrified at the audacity of my crime. I turned to Zaffamadamus to seek his protection. I saw he was in earnest conversation with one of Uspurrshum's friends. When he finally understood the real meaning of the affair, he gave me a look that I shall never forget, and told the guards to hold me for the crime of high treason. They hustled me into a carriage, took me to a high tower, and locked me in a room with iron barred windows. This was a pretty plight and my feelings were anything but those of a happy bridegroom; yet I felt confident the influence of the Goodhearts would get me out of the scrape and then I would never, never do another underhanded thing. How I worried about Laomeline. What if it should kill her? What would become of me? My eyes fell on my pretty bridal suit; my situation burst upon me in full force, and I wept like a child. Oh! what a fate! But it was all my own doings. I was warned against Uspurrshum's visionary schemes. Oh, why did I not heed it?

But where were my friends? Why did they not come? They should have been there as soon as I. I waited in vain; they came not, nor sent one message of comfort. Alone I battled with my conflicting emotions like any other sinful Earth-born, caught in the net of his own weaving. My food was sent into me by means of a revolving slide and I saw not the hand that placed it there. When morning came, two officers brought my Earth suit and bade me put it on and prepare for

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a journey. I questioned them but they would not answer a word. I was conveyed to a car strongly guarded, and taken to Eldemea where I was to be tried for high treason.

When I was led into the court room, or Hall of Justice as it is called on Mars, there came upon me the dread of some impending evil, for every face I looked into was as warlike as those of the yellow-jackets at home, in harvest time, under the old pear tree, when we boys disputed their right to our share of the fruit. They took us for vagrant interlopers who must be driven from the field, for invading what seemed to them their own domain.

I felt the faces before me bore traces of stinging anticipations, and there fell over me a great black shadow which depressed me almost beyond endurance. The room where I was taken for trial was hung in black, the color being symbolic of Satan's shadow. Every one that came to the trial wore black with the exception of the queen, who wore pure white; not a particle of color anywhere about her. This was symbolic, I suppose, of truth and justice.

All of the older members of the Goodheart family were there except Laomeline. They greeted me cordially, but looked so grieved it made my heart ache to see them. I inquired about Laomeline and was told she was too ill to see anyone. How I wished my pesky airship had busted, and I had died before I had brought all this trouble on such good friends.

When the court was called to order, the queen arose, and inquired of a tall, solemn looking gentleman, who stood behind a desk, what the court had assembled for.

"Your Majesty, we are here to determine the guilt or innocence of this person," and he looked at me.

"What is he accused of?" asked the queen.

"High treason! He instigated a revolt to overthrow the government of Mars."

All around the inclosure where prisoners were kept were little tables and seated at them were priestesses and priests, all clicking out on their electrical machines every word spoken, which were sent all over Mars by the same agency.

"Guards bring the prisoner forward and let him speak for himself," said the queen.

When I came up in front of her, she resumed her seat, and

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looking straight into my face with her piercing black eyes asked me to give my name.

"Ulysum Storries," I replied.

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from Earth."

"Who sent you here?"

"No one sent me here."

"How then did you happen to come?"

"I must have struck the trail of a passing comet and was borne here."

"That is an Earth theory; there is no such thing. You struck some unknown strata of elemental force, no doubt. It could be electrical. Is this the whole truth?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Say, your Majesty!" sternly demanded the tall man.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Ulysum Storries, have you a full comprehension of the awful crime you have committed?"

"No, your Majesty."

"Then I must remind you of it. You are accused of trying to overthrow the ancient and established government of Mars, and also the crime of stealing a principality and throne of an aged king that you might set up a new reformed kingdom for yourself. Is this true?"

"No, your Majesty, it is not. Uspurrshum planned it all. I told him not to, but he would not listen."

"Where did he hear about this new form of government?"

"I told him."

"Then you are the instigator of the whole thing. You evidently wished to make the men dissatisfied with the present harmonious conditions of affairs."

"No, your Majesty, I did not. I begged and implored him not to do it, but he would not listen. Danpharon can tell you whether I speak the truth."

"Did you know that Uspurrshum and his confederates had gone to a palace, bound the king, and all his attendants, and left a large guard there to watch and care for it until you came?"

"I heard he thought of doing it but I did not know he had done it."

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"Would you have been willing to have taken the place if he had succeeded?"

"I don't think I would. I know it is all wrong and I am sorry I did not tell of the whole plot. I see I have made a great mistake."

"This is the way with all sinners when their sins have found them out. And now brother, I feel that I can in no wise do better than follow out an ancient custom of justice which was meted out to the first destroyers of peace in the court of Heaven." She turned to the tall man and asked him to read from the Bible the account of it.

With the Bible in his hand, he stepped forward and began reading: "*And there was a great war in Heaven, Michael and his angels fought with the Dragon, etc.*"\* When he ceased reading, she said: "You see they were cast down to Earth. You say you came from Earth, so I must accept your story and recognize in you one of the Dragon's children, come into our world to make this trouble. You may not have known this influence was around you, but in justice to the inhabitants of this world I shall send you back where you came from. You are to be conveyed back to Bensuvie Goodheart's, there to be strictly guarded until such time as the machine in which you came can be made ready for your departure. Then, in the presence of witnesses you shall be put in it and sent away, and this shall be the fate of every one who incites treason from this time on. You are the cause of a rebellion that will take years to overcome. The harmonious thought force has been broken by error, and it will take time to mend the rent. I recommend at the time of your departure that bonfires be lit all over this world with sweet incense thrown thereon, that the smoke thereof may take away every particle of influence you may leave. Guards. remove the prisoner. Let these proceedings be flashed all over the world with an accurate description of the outcast so that, in the event he tries to land again, he may be prevented from doing so. I am sorry for you, and forgive you. That is all I can do. Uspurrshum can work out his problem for communicating with the other planets; should he be successful we will send him to Earth, at this world's expense, with the understanding that once a

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\*[Rev. xli. 7]

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year he will return to Eldemea and be exhibited to the people collected there at the temple door as the *Man who was willing to sell this world to Error*. Brother, adieu, and God speed."

I was marched out of the hall, placed in a car, and taken back to Bensuvie Goodheart's. They locked me up in one of the lodges on the estate a mile or more from the family dwelling. Here I was left to my fate till my ship was ready. When that was ready Arbazellon came and with the guards accompanied me to his home where the family wished to bid me good-bye. I now felt my doom was sealed, my hope of pardon fled, and I wept all the way I was so broken-hearted. Oh! if only Laomeline would go with me, it would not be so bad, for we could die together and that would be better than parting. Arbazellon informed me that she was held a prisoner for fear she would do something of the kind, and so that hope was dead. I noticed every little thing along the road. How beautiful the estate looked. I drank in every scene with the eagerness of a dying man bidding adieu to all he loved. When we reached the home I was taken into the reception room and left alone, while the guards stood outside of the door to see that I did not try to escape.

I did not have to wait long, for soon Urbana and Bensuvie came in and took seats in front of me. They both grasped me by the hand and expressed their sincere sorrow for my trouble. They wished it were possible for them to mitigate my punishment but they could not. "We have tried in every way we could but such a strong sentiment has set in all over this world against you, we have been obliged to desist in our efforts in your behalf, least we make a still worse error," said Urbana, and she burst into tears. "I feel sure you would not have done it had you stopped to think or taken counsel. I say to myself, what if it were one of our sons, cast away on a strange world, then sent away again because of some youthful folly?"

"Ulysum," said Bensuvie, "tell us what they would do on Earth in a case like this?"

"Put me in prison, and, perhaps hang me."

"Poor boy. You don't mean to say they would take your life."

I made a clean breast of it. "I will tell you truly. Earth

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is a sinful world; they do take life, they rob one another, they tell falsehoods, they are guilty of sins you, on this world, know nothing about. Although I tell you this, believe me, I have never been guilty of any of them in my own world. I have been guilty of falsehood here, to cover up telling of these things, which never looked so awful to me until I came into a better world, and saw with other eyes what they would see if they were permitted. 'Oh, for some power to let us see ourselves as others see us' is a favorite expression of a noted poet in my world and it often comes to me here when I hear the different views about the Dark Planet. I ask your forgiveness, and thank you for your great kindness to me which I shall never forget.'

"You have our forgiveness, Ulysum," said Urbana, "and best wishes for your safe arrival home. Our constant prayer will be that when your spirit is released from that world it may wander back among us, for I know we shall meet again." She kissed my forehead, then left the room weeping. Then Bensuvie took my hand and said: "Ulysum, my son, we both believe you innocent of this crime. We think you have done nobly in doing as well as you have with all the difficulties you have had to surmount. May God bless you and help you and all your world into the liberty of truth and light."

I hastened to say that not all of Earth were bad. That there were countless numbers there who were living as beautiful lives as any on Mars.

"I am glad to hear you say this," rejoined Bensuvie. "I now understand what is meant in our Bible by the wheat and tares. *Let them grow together till the harvest.*\* If God is for you who shall be against you? Good bye; I shall pray for you," and he began to weep. "Daughter is coming next," and he left the room.

The door opened again and there came my darling Laomeline, pale as a statue, eyes swollen from long weeping, and her whole bearing one of utter dejection. I sprang forward with a glad cry and grasped both of her hands in mine. They were like the hands of death, so cold and white. I led her to a divan and drew her head to my shoulder, while I murmured "Dearest Laomeline, go with me, will you?"

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\* Matt. xiii. 26.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"My dear, dear one, how can I let you go alone? It is cruel, cruel," and she began to cry. I broke down too, and we both cried as those cry who are about to be parted by death. My false position stared me in the face. Could I say farewell with deception in my soul? If I should die could I meet my God with this sin unrepented? No, I could not, and I finally mustered up courage and asked my darling if she would still love me if she found out I was unworthy."

"I shall love you always, and I know however much you may judge yourself unworthy, to me you are very dear." Trusting, faithful womanhood! It has ever been so, it will always be so, until man is spiritualized through thy influence and devotion. How could I tell her after this that I had deceived her and was already a married man? No, I could meet death a dozen times, but tell that truth, never. Thus we parted, she trusting and loving, I loving and deceiving. A child still of the Dragon.

"Ulysum, there is much I wish to say to you but our time is limited. I feel I would rather go with you than let you go alone, but they will not let me. I shall enter the sisterhood and study for a priestess, and my prayers shall ever be for you and for Earth. I will never forget you, and shall invoke Divine assistance to guard and help you reach home in safety. I am positive that somewhere, and somehow, we shall meet again, and forever be happy and at rest. After you reach Earth, when evening comes, look for Mars, and send by the line of thought your love and a kiss to your own Laomeline. I will look for Earth and send the same to you. Thus, though they part us here, our spirits can and will annihilate both time and space and commune, with none to say nay. Then with one long, impassioned kiss, a folding to my sorrowing heart, we parted; she an angel, I a sinner; she a sacrifice to error, I the deceiver that offered a stone for bread.

The guards took me to the field. As we passed the Queen's carriage she motioned for me to come near; the guards led me up to her. She put out her hand and said: "Good bye, brother. This is done in the name of Justice. I have looked it all over, line by line, and I feel I have acted justly. I feel I have been prompted by an invisible power to keep an earthly heredity from our world, else it would not have happened on

## BANISHED!

the day of your marriage. Whatever is, is for the best, if we will it so. God bless you, let us part friends. She grasped my hand and turned away to hide her emotion.

The field was a perfect jam of eager people, all curious to get a glimpse of the Earthite. Danpharon, Onnodeen, and Arbazellon, with the prince, walked with me to my ship and bade me farewell, saying that the others were with Laomeline in the tower, and that they would watch me as long as I was in sight.

The ropes were loosened. My skycycle obeyed my command and rose slowly up. I was once more a wanderer on the sea of space, bound for somewhere or nowhere! How could I tell?

When the night came (night on Mars was always like our twilight), I looked down and I saw the bonfires glimmering like stars all over the surface as far as I could see, the smoke of which would purify the air and scatter my influence to the four winds. At first I let my ship take its course, without trying to shape it. I sat in my cabin and thought bitter, rebellious thoughts; I had revengeful feelings against everybody and everything. Then I thought of Trust and Compassion. Why had they both steered clear of me in my trouble? I had sent word to Compassion and requested her to let Trust know my predicament, but no word came. They were like Earth mortals. When you are clear down, no one wants to be counted your friend, and you must wend your way alone.

I did know that Heaven does stoop and reach out a helping hand, when the tired sinner cries for help. How the words, "The Dragon and all his angels were cast onto Earth," came to me with the full force of reality as I sailed over the planet Mars. Death I would have welcomed gladly, but to put out the vital spark myself meant years, yes centuries of roaming on the Moon, and, with a shudder, I concluded to be resigned to my fate and let Death find me wherever and whenever it would.



## CHAPTER XX.

### ULYSUM REACHES JUPITER.

*Where, restless spirit, dost thou roam,  
When thou hast left thy prison? say  
Dost wander back to thy earth home  
To view the life of yesterday?  
Or dost thou search for Heaven's dome  
When thou art free from pulseless clay?*

SOME four or five days passed and I still was hovering over the planet Mars. I had kept awake by sheer force, but, as man was made to sleep, I finally fell into the arms of Morpheus and slept I know not how long. I was finally awakened by a sensation as if some one was jerking me, snapping my ears, and cuffing first one side of my head and then the other. This sensation lasted until I was fully awake when I saw that I had struck another streak of lightning, as I called it, similar to the one that took me to the Moon. The snapping and jerking was the noise and momentum of this force or strata. I seemed to be flying up like a Roman candle followed by the same movements and noises every minute or two. Showers of sparks enveloped my boat, and, as the whole situation rushed over me, I concluded Death had found me at last and this was the end. Imagine my surprise when, on looking around, I saw Trust, dear good friend Trust, sitting by my cabin table as unconcerned as if he were in a drawing-room car. With a glad cry of welcome I sprang forward. Falling on my knees I kissed his hand and burst into tears, saying, "Oh, Trust, how did you get here? I am so glad to see you. I don't care now if everything does go to pieces. I can die if you are with me," and my tears fell afresh, while I trembled like a person with an ague chill. It may seem strange that a man could weaken and become so like a nervous woman, but I found myself at times even worse off than that; the strain on my nerves was telling upon me and I broke down at the least change in my surroundings.

## ON JUPITER.

"There, there, Ulysum, none of that," said Trust. "You are not going to die yet, and, besides, I need your help on this journey and many more. So brace up; I am with you and that is happiness enough you say, for the time being at any rate. Now to answer your question." He looked me straight in the eyes. "But first I will ask you how you come to be here." After waiting a short time for me to answer, which I did not, he went on to say: "When I returned to Compassion's, I was informed of your trouble, which shocked me greatly. I saw it would not do to go near you; that it was better for you to stem the tide alone than for me to interfere. So I waited for your dismissal, which I was sure would come to you when I learned what you had tried to do, though I wondered why you did not know better than to get entangled in such a scheme. Then your treatment of that dear good girl Laomeline! It is well she does not know all your perfidy which would double her sorrow. The whole thing has ended just as it should. Error did not succeed in planting his banner in a happy world through your foolishness."

"But, Trust, I never intended to return to Earth, and Uspurrshum planned all of the revolt; I could have stopped that if they had let me; and it would have been all right between Laomeline and myself in time, for I would have told her all."

"For better or for worse, till death do us part," said Trust solemnly. "Your obligations on Earth are not severed."

"Oh, Trust, cannot we go home? I am homesick and weary of wrong doing."

"We are now on our way to Jupiter. I have made up my mind to let you see a little of the 'Higher Life,' the life that the Earth-born are drifting into as fast as their stubborn natures will let them. Let me see, what have you learned on Mars? The first and best. Woman is appreciated and only bears the yoke of maternity; second, man bears the whole yoke of labor, which was ordained that he should, and he is very happy that it is so; third and fourth, it is a world without murder or suicide, or the great social sins; a world with only eight commandments; fifth, a world of universal brotherhood; sixth, a world of prayer and praise."

He paused, then went on: "The poor Earth, tottering under

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

her weight of error, has, through the motherhood influence, brought forth many bright jewels, stars of the first magnitude, to lay on the altar of the 'Higher Life,' to glorify God the Father. And though some may come late, yet shall their offering be acceptable; they shall receive their penny the same as those who came early. The Earth, as you have learned by this time, is an unfinished world. When one is brave enough to leave the ranks of sin and become a child of God, there is great joy; the Bible says: *There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than ninety and nine just men.\** We are on our way to Jupiter and I trust past experiences will teach you a lesson you will not soon forget."

"Is Jupiter a perfect world?" I inquired.

"So far as the real Jupiterians are concerned, they are perfect; the wandering spirits from Earth make some trouble, though the environments soon transform them into beautiful characters. The scolds, the liars, the instigators of wars, the heartless coquettes, the soothsayers, and deceivers of all kind are sent there, and, under better conditions grow up to love well doing, though the old way will at times break forth; then there is trouble for them and their friends."

"Shall we stay there long, Trust?"

Trust smiled, but answered. "No, we will not. On your account, I shall get away as soon as possible. Still, like the burnt child, I think you will know better than to play with fire very soon again. However, I shall watch you."

"How can you tell we are going to Jupiter?" I asked, watching the shower of sparks all around us.

"I know the path, and you will in time, which will be a great discovery for you. I believe this is what you left home for, was it not?" and he smiled. "This will be a fitful journey, as a large comet, with eight trains is rushing on ahead of us and its influence is to disturb the equilibrium of space, still fear not. You must sleep; it is best for you." Thus I slept and woke often, ever with the consciousness of seeing Trust keeping vigil over me and my boat. At times, I can seem to remember awful plunges downward; then, as rapidly we rushed upward; I had a spasmodic choking as if breath was cut off but, in an instant, the sensation was gone.

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\* Luke xv. 7

## ON JUPITER.

"Hello! Ulysum. It is time for taking up tickets. We have reached our destination, and I need your help in adjusting your flying machine and setting its wings."

"Why, have we reached Jupiter so soon?"

"Yes, we have reached it, though we are still far above it in the ethereal plane; when we leave that, we shall need the wings to help us land, for we must pass through a storm belt or cloud mist which the influence of the Comet has thrown around the planet."

How Trust knew all these things was a mystery to me, but whenever he told me to do a thing I had found out it was right every time. Of course, I was all excitement to see what this new world was like, and the kind of people that dwelt on it; but we did not land or even leave the electric path for several days. When we did, we shot down with a rapidity that was really appalling. Soon after leaving the cloud plane, the balloon righted itself, the wings spread out beautifully, and we sailed along the surface until Trust told me to let my ship down. We landed at eventide near a large forest; Trust told me to stay with the ship while he went to find a place to tie it up. In a little while I heard him call, and I rolled the ship across a meadow up to a small clearing in the wood that seemed made on purpose for it. After securing it, and locking the cabin, we started back over the field to the highway, and Trust informed me we had landed on a nobleman's estate, and that we would seek food and rest at the castle.

"I wish we were going among the poor," said I, "for I am sure I should get along better."

"That is wrong; the rich and intellectual are the ones from whom you should learn. The environment is uplifting the higher one ascends in life, and, besides, the poor you speak of you would look for in vain for this world has nothing that compares with Earth poverty."

While we were sailing above the cloud plane, I had noticed four moons, in the sky, two crescent shaped and two full; these with the brilliant stars, formed a lovely sight. I called Trust's attention to them and he said, "they are unfinished worlds, the dumping ground of Jupiter until it becomes an affirmative finite star. Then they, in turn, will teem with life uncultured. *And the Moon shall turn to blood.*"\*

\* Acts ii. 20

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Oh, Trust, what a wonderful being God must be! What a master mind to make all this universe and put it in working order, with never a hitch or break, but forever and forever it goes on and on, supplying its own waste, eternally eternal."

"Rather say: *What is man that thou art mindful of him?*\* It makes me feel small, I admit, when I come face to face with Omnipotence and immensity, for, of all of God's works, man is the most unsatisfying, the most arrogant, the most troublesome; still, I feel He loves him best."

We now had come to a lodge gate; when Trust pushed the button a bell rang and with a loud rattle the door swung back.

We found ourselves upon a bridge that led across a small river into the grounds of the castle.

A man appeared as we crossed the bridge, and putting his hand to his forehead, bowed twice, then inquired what our wishes were.

"We are strangers," said Trust, "and we require food and rest."

"There is always plenty at Ahbimalee's. Enter, thou art very welcome to rest and break bread with him, though our fast is long since over." He placed two chairs for us, crossed the room, and turned a switch which set another bell ringing somewhere in the distance. He told us this gave the announcement of our arrival and that the master would soon send a car to convey us to the castle. He entered a room at our right, but after a few moments returned and requested us to come with him which we did, passing into a large and spacious room which I soon perceived was fitted up as a toilet and bath room. Here he brought us clean clothes and shoes, telling us that when we were ready he would notify a servant who would escort us to the castle; than he bowed and retired. Some way I felt timid about going to a castle, so I asked Trust if he couldn't go and leave me with the lodge-keeper.

"It would be bad manners, Ulysum; so get to work and make yourself presentable, for we stay here during our sojourn on this planet. Then you must remember you have just been graduated from a school among the high caste with honors,

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\* Psalms viii. 4

## ON JUPITER.

or flying colors." As he spoke, he looked at me sternly. "Please bear in mind your shortcomings, and do your best, for somehow something tells me this will be a wonderful visit for you." There was a sad look in his face but he went about his toilet and I, mechanically, did the same. After a while, he remarked: The Jupiterians dress something as the Earth-born do, and something like the Martians, a combination of the two." I saw this was true when I put on my rig. First, pantaloons, full like the Turk's, silk stockings, and sandals; next, a thin coat, like Earth coats, made of silk with vest attached; over all, a loose silk gown, with flowing sleeves, belted at the waist, with a girdle.

"What a queer costume," said I, looking in the long mirror which covered the one side of the toilet room. "What a queer fashion. Do we take them with us when we go away?" I took another look in the glass, thinking how well I looked.

"No; when we leave, we put on our own raiment and leave this for some one else. One thing is certain; it is a great improvement over the old way of carrying a lot of luggage. I feel so cooled and refreshed. But come, are you ready?"

While we were making ourselves presentable, I heard lovely music mingling with the tones of the distant bell. When Trust saw me listening, he told me it was the announcement of the arrival of guests, and that everything and everybody would be ready to welcome us when we arrived at the castle.

He led the way back into the room we had first entered and the man summoned a servant and car and we were soon bowling along through the grounds. First, a well-kept forest, then a wide park of shrubs and flowers; next a lovely grove; and last, a beautiful lawn.

As we neared the castle, I saw it was an immense building with towers and balconies. It looked like more than one house, when lighted up, as it was at the time.

At each turn, we came upon some new beauty, and I did so want to speak of these things; but looking at Trust, I saw he had on his most dignified manner, and sat up so straight, that I pulled myself together and looked, but said not a word. The carriage, or car, we rode in was a light wicker work affair upholstered in pale blue velvet.

When we reached the castle door, we were met by the

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

nobleman himself, who greeted us warmly, asking our names, and where we came from, which questions Trust answered. He then conducted us to a large drawing-room, or leisure room as they call them, and presented us to his wife and family. There were so many children I asked Trust if they all belonged to him. Trust said yes; that a family of fifty was no uncommon sight on this world, for the Jupiterians like the Martians, thought a large family their strength.

After the introduction, the lady and children withdrew and we were left alone with our host, who led the way to a large dining hall, where he ordered a lunch to be spread for us. He was a splendid looking man and had the air of a person of much knowledge, which impression I afterwards found to be correct. His wife was a sweet faced, modest, retiring lady, with the goodness and grace of an angel. His name was Ahbimalee and hers was Kleedah; their surname, or inherited name, was Horavannovarre; like the Martians, there was no Mr. or Mrs. used, only the first name.

I enjoyed my lunch, which consisted of bread, honey, milk and grapes. And though Trust did not eat no one ever seemed to notice that he did not.

When Trust said that we came from Earth, our host exclaimed:

"Earth? Earth? Why that is a star of the sixth magnitude, lying in the north-west part of the heavens. A star with a very indistinct halo of a greenish cast, sometimes visible, then lost entirely. An unfinished world we think it to be, and, indeed, we have named it the Dark Planet from this fact. And you came from there? Well, this is an age of marvels, and extraordinary things; but your journey is the most marvelous of all. It proves my theory that there is a pathway between the stars, and that a single sunbeam, if rightly conserved and stored, can light and draw you all the way. Trust told Albimalee to kindly keep our journey a secret, as he did not wish to arouse curiosity, as our stay would be short, and, if he would excuse us, we would retire early as he knew I was very tired and needed rest.

"To be sure. It must have been a very tedious journey. I long to hear the details, but one must rest else they make

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poor narrators.” He arose and conducted us through many long halls, up two flights of stairs, or roller steps, for all one had to do was to step on a platform and we were carried up without any movement on our part.

“The room assigned to us was in a tower on the third story. It had three windows from which there were views of the distant mountain range, the river, and a goodly share of the estate with its pretty villages along the shore of the river. The furnishings of the room were very plain but of the best materials. I found this was a characteristic of the inhabitants of Jupiter. Their motto was “Strive for the best, and be not content with less.”

The bedsteads were of silver, with the softest downy beds; the furnishings were of silk and lace; the chairs were of silver, as was the table, and even the picture frames that were hung against the blue tinted wall.

One may wonder how I dared to get into such a sumptuous bed as this downy creation was with its frills and lace, I a poor homespun product of Earth; but let me say, environment is everything. My sojourn on Mars, in the lovely home of the Goodhearts, had given me an insight into a higher plane of social life than I had ever expected to reach, or would have seen had I remained at home on Earth. So satisfied does man become, after a time, with his humdrum life there, accepting it as the only alternative, making up his mind to get used to it however much he may dream of better things. He seldom realizes that the creation of these thoughts proves the ability, *to strive for, to get, and to hold*, else they would not have been created. As every one there was used to these things, I very soon fell into their ways, thereby causing no comment or question. I myself knew not these things when I left home. I had never thought of a higher life. I had heard of Heaven, to be sure, but it was a far off shadowy place that I really thought no one was ever good enough to reach, and as for myself — why — Earth — was pretty good with all its faults. So I lay there in the mellow halo light, thinking of this lovely home, so far away from mine, and of the very large family. I remembered that among the number I had seen young men about my own age, and young ladies too, and I wondered what their names were, for Ahbimalee and Kleedah were



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such queer names. I asked Trust if the people on each star had such peculiar names.

"*For every star differeth one from the other,*"\* he repeated. "Yes, Ulysum, the names are different and peculiar to each star. In this world the wealthy grew so very rich, their wealth became a burden until they used their money to buy up whole principalities which they named after themselves. Each is the Lord or Prince over a house, the people being brothers and sisters of the house, who are entitled to every benefit, to share and share alike. They are all interested to advance their house or principality to the highest possible state of being that revealed mind light can make in accordance with their gospel teachings. This principality is called the House of Horavannovarre. Each house is known by its color, and the people wear the color of the house to which they belong. There is a natural pride in this, as well as in the constant working for the developing of a higher life. Woman on this planet is first, the same as on Mars, and bears only the yoke of maternity, without the suffering of Earth, for in this world they obey the law. They do not hold office, or manage the affairs of government as they do on Mars, though their counsel is often sought in these affairs. There is a national dress, a church dress, a work dress, and a home, street and social dress, so there is no discord about these things. Custom has ruled that all shall dress alike, the material being the very best that can be obtained suitable for the station in which it will be used. But I must not keep you awake any longer; go to sleep and rest — and pleasant dreams." I heard him turn over, which meant no more talking that night, so I settled myself for a nap with this thought running in my mind: "I will be careful to do just as they all do on this world and try to leave it without being in disgrace."

When I arose in the morning I began making up my bed but Trust told me I need not trouble about it as the children did that on this planet. Then he added: "Seeing you have learned how, put it in practice when you return to Earth, if you see your wife or mother is tired, and you will be happy in well doing."

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\* 1st Cor. xv. 41

## ON JUPITER.

When we descended to the large hall where we met the Lord of the castle on our arrival, we found the family all assembled, and waiting to greet us before going into a chapel for morning devotions. And what a family! I could not remember their names, and was forever getting them mixed the short time I stayed there. After devotions, we repaired to the dining hall where we breakfasted with the family, while through the open doorway music and song came floating from somewhere outside. During a lull in the music our host asked me if they used music on Earth as a healing power. "I think not," I replied; "I never heard of it being used in that way."

"Well we use it here for healing and also as a safeguard against Evil, for who ever heard of a person being inclined to evil with good music around him. These musicians are a thousand miles away in the city of Staddeldamarr. They furnish music for fifty houses or principalities, at one and the same time, and yet you hear the words as plainly as if they were in this room."

"Something like a telephone," I remarked to Trust.

"A telephone?" questioned our host. "That is a new name to me. We call them Voice Organs. They are constructed upon the plan of the human throat and ear and the melodies are brought here by sound cords. The expense is trifling and we can have music at any time."

When breakfast was over Trust and Ahbimalee repaired to the library. I was about to follow, when a young man, about my own age, invited me to go with him to his workshop, which I did. No sooner had we stepped inside than he turned to me and inquired if I came on a sunbeam. At first, I could not understand what he meant but when he asked me the second time I told him I came in a skycycle or flying ship.

"Where is your ship?"

"Out in a clearing in the woods."

"I will show you my workshop first, then we will go and see your ship. My name is Utocomin. What may I call you?"

"Ulysum."

"Ulysum? Why our names are something alike. I wonder if we are?" And he grasped my hand in a friendly way.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

The first room we entered was an office, with a library of scientific books, a cabinet of silver-mounted tools, a table with drawing materials, lounging chairs and rugs. From there we went into four other rooms, varying in size, each one fitted up for a particular kind of work he was engaged upon. When I saw all this my heart leaped for joy for I knew I had met a kindred spirit. It never takes men or boys long to get acquainted when the subject is congenial, and he soon had a most attentive listener, who forgot everything but this masterful affinity. When he had shown me all around we went back into the office. He began to question me at once about the Earth.

"Is it really true that you came from a star called Earth, or is it a country far removed from Horavannovarr?"

"I came from a star called Earth," I replied.

"Will you explain to me the method you followed to reach here?"

"I really cannot explain the method. I believe it must have been due to some force outside of my own world," I replied. Trust calls it ethereal force.

"No doubt of it, but if we could obtain the knowledge of that force, don't you see we could visit all of the stars? I must see your ship. But father has asked me to keep your place of residence a secret, to avoid idle curiosity, so when we talk about these things we will come to my workshop, for here I spend most of my time."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Trust and Ahbimalee, who had come in to visit the work shop. When they had been through the rooms and returned Ahbimalee took up a drawing of Earth's surface, made by Utocomin and inquired of Trust if it was anything like it.

"Ask Ulysum, he will know." Trust looked at me with a half smile, suggestive no doubt of my lack of true knowledge.

"Pointing to a large area which Utocomin had tinted blue, and another colored a pale green, Ahbimalee inquired what such a large uninterrupted space of blue represented.

I answered readily: "The blue is water and the green is land."

"So much water and so little land? That proves your theory Utocomin that water solidifies and makes the rock. Is the water salt?"

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“Very much so.”

“That is the rock element. This world was once the same, but the great waters disappeared as the planet expanded, and now we have land and rivers only. Then they began to talk about the geological formation of worlds, about minerals, and gases and other things I new nothing about, and I lost a good deal of valuable information on account of my ignorance.

Next they began talking about the pathway between the stars, and Ahbimalee related a legend that some mythologist had written which a good many had come to believe to be true: “This writer placed Saturn as a sun in the center of eight revolving worlds, the Sun being the father and Saturn the mother of these eight virgin worlds. At this time it was no uncommon thing to go from one star to another, for all on the perfected worlds, were Immortals, spiritually born. In course of time, these eight worlds were ready for occupancy and a number of high intelligences were chosen and translated to them. No sooner had this been accomplished than there came a rumor of a rebellion in Heaven; a high officer was in disgrace and had been banished from the Courts of Harmony and Love, and all his followers went also and were cast out into outer darkness. At the same time it was discovered that he had adherents on every perfect world, and they were made to join his ranks and go with him. They fled to one of these eight stars named Eden, and joined themselves to mortals, which caused the saying, ‘One of the eight sisters married a mortal and was sent away from the others, without a halo, and is called the Dark Planet, the others are called the Pleiades, or seven sisters.’ This writer went on to say that these spirits are forever seeking to return to their lost home and immortal life, but cannot until they are perfected, which can only be done by their being born again. Some, he went on to say, are born many, many times returning to the mortal state as long as a particle of error exists. But when Evil is conquered and they return to the home or star they were driven from, they are the most beautiful characters we have among us. So,” said Ahbimalee, “whenever a person is exceptionally good on this world we say he is a wandering spirit, from the Dark Planet, allowed to return for a brief period, to the lost home before passing into the Higher Life of Heaven. The

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writer adds, that during their sojourn on the Dark Planet, the star from which they came always has an influence over their mortal life, which must cause many diversified errors which make it necessary for them to journey to all the planets in order to complete the broken circle of harmony. Of course, we know our forefathers promised bodies to help reclaim Eden, and that is what we have been doing for ages, and will do until we see its light flash out, a perfect *Halo*, to tell us the victory is won and Eden has returned and become a jewel in the gem-decked sky, a perfected world like all the other planets." His daughter Neuvetrix now came to tell him one of his workmen wished to speak to him, and he excused himself.

Utocomin asked me if I would go with him and show him my ship. Trust told me to go; that he would wait until Ahbimalee's return when they would follow.

On our way to the clearing, I saw a number of very large birds which had persons on their backs. Utocomin said this was a very common way of riding in this world. The birds do not fly very high, and they are trained to walk or fly, whichever way one chooses to go. "Do you not have such large birds on Earth?" he inquired.

"Nothing of this kind," and I mentioned some of our largest birds. This led the conversation back to airships and he informed me he had one which he was to raise by means of a new gas, an invention of his own, which he thought would overcome all the difficulties of gravitation.

When we reached the clearing, he no sooner saw the ship than he exclaimed: "Modeled after a bird! Well, really, that is an idea I never thought of. It is a frail craft though; how did you manage to keep it together?"

"I didn't manage; it took care of itself."

Every part was looked over, and when we went into the cabin he confessed there were some points he had gained by the inspection. "I can improve them very much though. I will overhaul both yours and mine, and, perhaps, we will return together."

We were soon talking about life on Jupiter with as much friendliness as if we had been acquainted all our lives.

## ON JUPITER.

He narrated all his adventures while he had been trying to navigate the air. We were joined by Trust and Ahbimalee, and Trust cautioned me again about keeping our journey a secret as he did not want to arouse idle curiosity. But my mouth is always open and that is where all my trouble came from while I was on the Planet Jupiter.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HIS TEMPER IS RUFFLED.

*If thou no pains have borne for kin or friend  
To Friendship's name you little honor lend.  
Praise him who succor gives with good intent,  
Who has a higher, nobler impulse lent.  
If thou no sacrifice hast made for man,  
With troubled look your Book of Life He'll scan,  
And say, "Go show to man your better part,  
He'll know there beats for him a friendly heart."*

DID Trust know this and was it all planned to keep me out of a worse trouble? I had often heard him say our seeming ills were barricades to keep us from deeper sorrows, and in that light I was forced to consider all my future trials while I was on this world.

Insanity was the most common of all diseases on Jupiter, but of so mild a type that it would, on Earth, have been overlooked, the person being considered eccentric or queer. The Jupiterians were always on the alert to find a preventive for this particular affliction. They were using music and colors when we arrived, and Utocomin told me they had hopes of making it a complete success. All other ills they had banished, through scientific knowledge, and he felt sure there was a remedy for this one. All sin, they contended, was due to disease of the mental faculties, either acute or chronic, and they treated the person so afflicted with the greatest consideration.

The story of my coming from Earth, and the secrecy of the whole affair, aroused the speculative instincts of each member of the family, who solved it to suit individual ideas, and, in due time, gave me the benefit of it. I found I was again in a family of true nobility, which means more than the mere name of "Noble." In this large family, I found six about my own age, and a jolly six they were to be sure; handsome and good, and intellectual. I did not wonder that Trust said: "Seek

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

the best and be not content with any other.' By this he did not mean I should neglect any real duty, or obligation, or be discontented with my present lot, but to elevate myself to the highest possible standard.

Utocomin told me that they had long journeyed in airships over the surface of Jupiter, but it had been done with sails and gas; his ship he had fitted to go with ether and air force and he expected to make it a success. When we returned to the castle he introduced me to three of his brothers and three sisters, who were just about to go shopping, and I was bid to go with them. Neuvetrix was the eldest sister, Quertilla the next, Zadayma his twin sister, Printanoman his eldest brother, Xenteneefus the next, and Urmanico next. We repaired to a car, or electric transfer as they call them, and took seats. Utocomin was the chauffeur; we rode to the depot, a distance of about four miles; here a large crowd had come to wait for the passenger aerial ship then due. I saw it coming and it was a monster affair. It made straight for the depot where we were waiting; this was a large tower, some thirty stories high; the top was a flat roof with a high railing around it, and from here they boarded the ship. Before going up to the roof we stepped into a waiting room; two of the party sat down in chairs very like Earth seats, in steam cars; the seat began to move up and another seat came up through the floor and the next two took seats, and so on, until all were carried up and landed on the roof. Utocomin said they were perpendicular instead of horizontal railway trains. As each chair came to the roof it stopped automatically.

We boarded the ship which was the queerest arrangement one could imagine. Instead of being balloon shaped, it was a long round body filled with gas; the seats were on the outside protected by a strong wire netting. There were two wheels which cut the air flatwise; four pairs of wide wings, two upright, two flatwise, and two narrow ones in front bent like a bow. All up the outside, from the floor where our feet rested, was a strip of strong, hard canvas and the same made a roof over our heads. At first, the rolling of the ship made me feel ticklish about the heart, but as everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits I naturally calmed down after a bit and enjoyed it with the rest. Utocomin sat



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

on one side and Printanoman on the other; they kept up a steady conversation about different things which they thought would interest me. I said to Utocomin, "I wish it was possible for us to stay a long time on this world. I would so like to study your way of navigating the air."

"I hope you may," he replied; "but you must not think of going until after the Race of Honor. I will speak to your father about it."

"Trust is not my father, but a very dear friend. What is this Race of Honor for?"

"I will tell you. When anyone in this world has committed a sin, and it is proved that they did commit it, they must either wear a black gown for a whole year, or furnish a substitute who will wear it. It is considered a great honor to be allowed to suffer for the sins of another and there are always many who are ready and willing to do so. At the end of the year, the substitute comes before the Court of Justice and seeks forgiveness; he is then told who committed the sin, but his name is known only to the members of the court, the substitute, and of course the one he sinned against. After he or she is forgiven (for women often act as substitutes as well as men), a beautiful costume is provided for them together with a gold badge from the King and Queen and they are entered to drive one of the chariots in the Race of Honor."

A bell began ringing and I saw we had reached the city and were alongside of another tower building. We took seats by twos in the perpendicular railway and went down to the ground. From here we entered a large store where I saw no goods displayed but there were plenty of pretty girls, salesladies, I suppose. and I saw members of our party hand folded papers to these women which they took and hastened away with into some other part of the building. When they returned they had numerous parcels, which I judged must be the goods purchased and Printanoman said they were.

"How do you know you have the goods you wish, or asked for?" I questioned.

"Why, I gave the clerk my list, she gave it to the overseer of stock, and he gave the orders to those whose line of goods corresponded with my list."

"Don't they ever put in shoddy?" I inquired.

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

“‘Shoddy?’ What is that?”

“Why poor material used in cheap goods.”

“My dear friend, we only have one kind of each article in this world, and that is always the best. What a strange question. Would they give you shoddy, as you call it, in your world?”

“Certainly they do, and we looking right at them. Why if they could put up goods without our seeing them, and make us keep them, they would think they had struck a soft job, and they would take a half-holiday every forenoon. But don’t the fashions ever change?” I inquired.

“Fashions? I don’t understand. What are fashions?”

By this time the girls had caught some of our conversation and they came nearer and stood listening while I explained the changing modes of attire in my world.

“Really,” said Printanoman, “what a queer idea,” looking at the girls with an amused expression. “Our world, my dear friend, is not given to many changes. The fashions, as you choose to call them, were given us centuries ago, by science and are the best we know of at present, though we are searching for the spiritual attire *which soils not nor waxes old.*” \*

Here Neuvetrix spoke up: “It must take lots of brain work, and a needless waste of energy, to keep such a custom going, does it not?”

But before I could answer, Xenteneefus joined us, bringing a young lady with him, whom I was told was Needah, his fiancée. She was a bright, pretty fun-loving girl and, for a while, it was hard to tell which one talked or laughed the most. But they bethought themselves and introduced me as Ulysum Storries, from a country called Earth.

“Earth? Where is that country?” asked Needah.

They all stopped talking and waited for my answer.

“It is a star called Earth,” I replied.

In an instant the silence of death was upon us all. But I heard Quirtilla whisper in a low tone, to Needah: “A mild case; just a little off, poor boy.” Then they went on with their conversation. I was left in a quandary as to just what was the matter with my remark. I felt something was wrong, but what I could not understand.

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\* Deut. viii: 4.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

On the way back, Neuvetrix took me under her wing and sat beside me. She kept referring to Xenteneefus's wedding and the dear little sister that was to be.

"You must not think of going away Ulysum until after that event, which will take place soon after the Race of Honor. But how do you get married on Earth; how do they conduct weddings?"

That question was a sticker, for I had never been to but one wedding and that was my own. I had no notion of telling how that was managed, or all the scoldings I got; so I told her about Sarvadetta Goodheart's wedding on Mars.

They were all listening and I overheard Quirtilla say again to one of the passengers, "A mild case, just a little off," and I wondered to whom she referred.

When we reached home, Trust and Ahbimalee were standing in front of the entrance-hall door and Trust asked if I had enjoyed my ride. I told him I had, and I thought I had learned some things that would improve my skycycle.

"Well, put her into port for repairs, and let Utocomin help you, for we have many long journeys before us."

The others had passed into the house, so I went with Trust and his Lordship into the study and listened while they talked of Nature's forces, the affirmative and the negative. Trust used me for an object lesson to prove that the negative force had to be in order to bring out the true affirmative. Some things he said at that time I have never forgotten. In speaking of the Earth as an unfinished world, he repeated the passage of scripture which says: *The waste places of Earth shall blossom like the rose, the crooked shall be made straight.*"\*

"Then you think man on Earth is being put through a crucial test to bring out the pure gold," remarked Ahbimalee.

"You shall answer that question yourself," said Trust. "Look at my friend Ulysum. Like most of the inhabitants on his world, he has never stopped to inquire or think of a restored body or a higher beautiful life. Heaven is a myth, God a cloud man somewhere, angels are shadows; death, annihilation, which is the end. Now, can you paint a more deplorable or pitiable picture than this? The beginning something, the ending nothing."

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\* Isa. xxxv. 1

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

Ahbimalee was visibly affected: "Kearny, my heart is burdened for my poor brothers and sisters of Earth. Surely there must be some help by the transmigration of souls. Strange as it may seem to you, there are people on this world who can remember of living more than one life, and among the number is a life on what we call the Dark Planet. One thing that makes us believe life sleeps to wake again is the number of really perfect young people who tarry in our homes until matured, when the Preserver takes them from Love's embrace, and only a fond recollection is left to stay the tear-drops or ease the heartache.

Our families seem large, but often the Preserver reduces the number to five or six, and this after they have grown so dear to us. There seems to be no disease; just a change, a flitting away. A spiritual change that no one seems to understand, a happiness to them, a sorrow to us who watch the flower expand into perfection."

"Friend Ahbimalee," said Trust: "Those are indeed sorrows, but when we understand it is the Father's will, and He leadeth kindly, we are resigned. *He doeth all things well.*"

Ahbimalee replied: "All forms of disease we have mastered with the exception of mind failure and of this we are slowly getting the mastery. Were it not for deaths by accident I think many of this world's people would live forever. Accidents are on the increase, as if to teach us to strengthen our barricade against danger to life in every possible place. Some day we shall be given the key to eternity."

"Did it never occur to you," asked Trust, "that these accidents were sent to release beautiful spirits that they might journey on still faster to the perfected life?"

"Then I am right in believing that the soul travels, that the spirit journeys," said Ahbimalee.

"In the Earth Bible I read: *From the seed of David came the Christ; and from the seed of man came Jesus.*"\*

"Ah, yes; the *Beautiful Prince* we call him. There is where we got the idea of one suffering for another. Christ suffered for the sins of a whole world, just think of it. He was such a beautiful character, we adopted the plan of one suffering for another, and loving the sinful.

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\*John vii: 42.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"I have a man on my estate who is over seven hundred years old; he distinctly remembers living on the Dark Planet, but his life while there was very sad. We call him the Hermit; he lives in a cave on the side of one of the Horteneveau mountains and is one of the most remarkable inventors we have on this world. We must pay him a visit."

When it was understood we were to visit the Hermit, Prin-tanoman, Utocomin, and the three girls begged to be allowed to accompany us, so it was arranged that we should all go.

Utocomin told me the Hermit's name was Ernoseekfarre, and that it was disappointment in love that made him a hermit.

"Dear knows," said Quirtilla, "why he shuns society, for society finds and cares for him, he is so interesting."

When we arrived at the mouth of the cavern, I was surprised to find that we could walk right in the same as if we were entering a house. Around the mouth of the cave the earth had been removed down to the solid marble bed and the fissures and seams had been cemented. Two huge pillars, rounded and polished like glass, cut from a single block of marble, stood on each side of the opening. Inside the roof was covered with stalactites aglow with sparkling brilliancy from the countless electric lights that were kept burning day and night. Some stalagmites formed a kind of raised throne with the chair and draperies. Seated in the chair was a beautiful carved marble figure of a young woman which he called the "Queen of the Cave."

"No doubt in my mind," whispered Neuvetrix, "but it is a statue of his old love."

After wandering through the first room he took us up some steps into another room which he called his dining hall. He asked us to be seated and served us with nuts, raisins, and confectionery on gold plates. Then he passed to each a small cup of wine of his own vintage.

While we were thus engaged he seated himself and began to question Trust about our journey. "I knew you were coming, I saw you on the road, way up in the Ether path. A large bird, and it carried two men, one an angel the other a mortal like this one," and he pointed to me. "I thank you for coming. Now I shall know for a certainty if I see into

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

the past aright; but I must show you the beauties of my mountain home. First he stepped into a passage and bade us follow. At the end of it we went down several steps to a landing and here we found a placid lake covering some three acres. Overhead, on the marble roof, was a cluster of electric lights arranged in the form of a star. All along the sides were rows of lights. At the landing was moored a pretty boat and into this he invited us to take a ride on the bosom of "Lake Silence." After this we went to see his falls which furnished power for his mining operations. This part of the trip was the most interesting and fascinating of all to me. The water came leaping down a fissure in the side of the mountain, a pure white sheet of foam, and dropped into a large basin which he had enlarged and walled up. Then it overflowed and formed a brook that gently rippled out into the daylight and contributed its waters to the river we had crossed in coming to the cave.

In an immense room were all his furnaces, his work benches, and tools of every description. and long after the others had gone on, Utocomin and I wandered about and admired all we saw. When the party returned they told us they had been to see his kitchen and sleeping room while we had been deep in the study of mechanical science.

Throughout the cave he had placed wind harps and the soft music was so sweet I said to Zaydama, who stood listening, "The fairies must inhabit this mountain."

"Our friend calls them the mountain sprites," she answered, "and he says, sometimes their music is wild, sometimes boisterous, sometimes sad, but more often lovely as you hear it now."

"Do you know," said Quirtilla, "he really believes there are queer little spirits that inhabit this cave, and though they are invisible to us, they nevertheless are realities that must not be offended."

The hermit had now come up to us, so we turned and followed him back into the entrance room of the cave, and took seats again, while he told us the story of what he called his other lives:

"When the spell comes upon me, I seem to leave my present body and enter an astral body that reflects every act of my

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

whole being. I read it like a history in a book and, while I read, the words fly past like electric flashes, and a page, a chapter, is understood sooner than I can tell you without a detail being left out. First, I am a being without aim or intention, a being without the real knowledge that I am what I am. Then I awake as a being with the knowledge of strength and power, but without a knowledge of the opposition I must meet. Then I awake again with aim and purpose, and joy, and sadness, and love, which had been around me, but I knew it not till then. At this stage of my being there came and walked beside me my other self, that which I had not missed until it came with love; and sad it is. I took it to my heart to feed my soul with love, then tired of it, and broke the trusting heart, the spirit crushed, a betrayed idol upon the altar of life. Oh, the anguish of that innocent child; all the pride gone, love rebuked and trampled on, by one who walked in the image of a man. Again I slept, but when I awoke I was in the body of a female child. I grew to maidenhood and met the tempter and fell just as my loved one fell. My anguish broke the mortal fetters, and the freed spirit saw, by the aid of the astral body, that my punishment was just. I prayed for one more trial. The next time I awoke I was on a different world, a world where the elemental forces were controlled by science; here I met my other self, and we lived and loved and walked in light and truth; but when I felt secure in mortal happiness the angels called her away. All I had was gone, and despairing I slept and woke on this world, still crying and longing for my other self. Have you ever heard of a story like this on Earth?"

The girls had left us at the beginning of the story to gather wild flowers which grew in great variety around the mouth of the cave. I answered him, "Yes, Earth is full of such actions, and every novel or romance must have such a scene in it to make it salable. Father calls it Hell's literature and says it ain't fit to kindle a fire with, only it is a good way to use it up."

"Ulysum hath a babbling tongue which those who have secrets will do well to keep to themselves," said Trust sternly. Turning to the hermit, he said: "It is written in the Bible, *With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again.\**

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Math. viii: 12.

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

You have tasted the bitter and have drank at the fountain of gall. You have also worshiped at the shrine of true love, wisdom, and light; now comes repentance and this assurance, *I will remember the evil days no more*;\* and again, *He that repenteth and believeth in me, though his sins are as scarlet yet shall they be white as wool*.\* Take heart, brother; you are working out your life's destiny, and the journey is almost over. You will find your other self has been your angel guide through all the chastening processes of time.

"Then you think I see aright?" questioned the hermit eagerly.

"It is written, *Though thou turnest man to destruction, yet thou sayest, Come again thou children of men*,"\* repeated Trust.

"In thy extremity, thou hast sought Wisdom and Knowledge, and found peace, for their paths are paths of peace, and happiness, and plenteousness. But we must bid you adieu for the present. We shall meet again."

Trust pressed his hand, and we passed out and returned to the castle, each busy with his own thoughts. Trust I saw was provoked at my remarks, but why I could not imagine, and did not find out until we were in the secrecy of our own room; then he explained that he did not like my remarks about hell's literature." Said he, "They do not know of such a place. I am thankful they thought it was an indication of imperfect intelligence. I do not wish you to tell a falsehood, but don't go into details." That ended the scolding, and soon he was the same Trust as of old.

After our visit to the hermit's I saw much more of Uto-comin than I did of the others. I was with him in his shop when he could be spared from other duties. That he was a real genius I soon found out, for he was always devising some improvement on this or that; planning and drawing every spare moment, and always ready to give information when questioned.

One day I was strolling around to kill time, waiting for him to get through with his work. I wandered down to the workshop and took a seat on a lawn chair beneath an open window

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\* Jer. xxxi: 34.

\* Isa. i; 18

\* Ps. xc; 3



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

in the office room. I soon heard voices and recognized Ahbimalee and Trust who were talking about the Earth. I did not heed what they were saying until my name was mentioned, then I pricked up my ears, and became an interested audience.

His Lordship spoke of my being backward in the knowledge of the characteristics of my own world. He asked if I had always been troubled in that way, or was it the result of some illness.

"The result of carelessness, and perhaps fear, for his experiences, at times have been frightful. He will recover all right I think," Trust answered.

"I would suggest he be taken to our most noted specialist. He would take those horrible ideas out of his mind that he talked about at the hermit's.

"I think I will speak to him about it," replied Trust. "In my opinion travel and good company will help a good deal. In his case I can see a marked improvement and I am sure he will come out all right."

"Do you suppose in, his present condition, that he would think of matrimony?"

I heard Trust break out into a merry laugh. Then I heard him say, "I beg your pardon, but on that subject he can be relied on. He—" I don't know what Trust intended to say for Ahbimalee interrupted: "I am so glad to hear that. Now I shall not worry about the young people. Youth is susceptible to the subtle influence of love, you must know as well as I, and when once it gets a foothold who can hold it back when started, or know the end?"

"There is not the slightest danger of his doing much mischief in that line, as we stay so short a time on this world," Trust replied.

"I hope you will grant my request to stay until after the 'Race of Honor' which I think will interest him, for one of my sons, Utocomin, is a substitute, and Ulysum seems very fond of him. I, his father, can recommend him as a good companion for anyone."

"Thank you," replied Trust, "I will accept your kind invitation for myself and friend, and I will try and return in time to enjoy it.

Printanoman came to ask me to go with him to see the horses.

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

He led the way to a transfer and when we were seated he turned its course to the lodge where we found the merry six waiting to accompany us. Utocomin invited me to a seat beside him. When we were well on the road he questioned me about our modes of travel. When I explained the different ways, he remarked that Earth was not such a great way behind.

"As near as I can figure out," said he, "man, on that world, progresses the least of all, and I wonder why. Can you tell me?"

"No, I cannot. I gave the matter never a thought until I came to this world."

"Perhaps it is the elemental force that surrounds your world. Do you have severe storms?"

"Yes, we have very severe storms, where I live."

"Well, no doubt that accounts for some of it. People used in ages past on this world, to be impressed by atmospheric disturbances. Another cause is the waste of energy. Unless a man understands himself, knows what part needs strengthening and what amount of relaxation is beneficial, he is liable to lose control of himself, and his thought force runs into all kinds of extravagance for want of a prudent pilot. Perhaps the hermit is right in saying he lived three separate lives on the Dark Planet, and Earth may be that world. Do you think it can be?"

"I do not know. It might be, but don't tell the others, for I don't like to be questioned."

"You may depend on me. I would so like to return with you, in the interest of science. There is so much I could teach your people. Do you see that large tower in the centre of that field?"

"Yes."

"That is an air restorer. We have instruments that tell instantly when pure oxygen is needed and, immediately, the machinery is put in motion to purify the air and use up the impure. We breath pure air, we drink pure water, we eat pure food, in this world, and what more do we need but the knowledge of eternal life? But here we are at the race course."

He drew up in front of a pavilion and we all alighted and took seats while he went to speak for the horses to be brought around.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Neuветrix took a seat beside me and explained how they trained the horses for the "Race of Honor." Then Prin-tanoman asked me if I liked to ride horseback."

"Yes, very well. I am not afraid of any horse, but I can't see what any one wants to bear another person's sins for."

"That's because you never heard of the Beautiful Prince who bore the sins of a whole world," said Zaydama, "and what is it to bear one, when compared to those of a whole world." Turning to Quirtilla, she said, "It must be he dropped from one of our moons, and never heard of the beautiful Prince."

"No, no, he did not; he is a little off; a very mild case," answered Quirtilla in a whisper, and she turned to me and inquired what I would do on my world if some one bore false witness against me.

I had flared up in a minute, when I heard the stage whisper, and my temper got the best of me. So I answered, hotly, "Meet them some dark night and give them a good thrashing."

"A good thrashing! What is that?" asked Xenteneefus.

"A whipping! A good pounding!" said I, growing very red, for I thought they will find out I am not a very mild case after all.

"Then they take the law into their own hands and mete it out to suit themselves, on your world," said Quirtilla. "Why that is cheating Justice of her rights."

"Justice!" I replied, "nothing but a lot of tricky lawyers and judges. If you are in their soup they will get you out of anything even to murder." There, I had done it at last, and I came near having apoplexy, I was so choked. Oh, dear, how get out of that soup!

"Murder?" repeated Neuветrix, "What is that?"

"Why — Why, a kind of falsehood," I answered. I was ashamed that my temper had got the best of me, and worried about what I had said.

"Well, my friend," said Xenteneefus, "if it be true that you came from the planet Earth, it is a queer world to defy justice and law, and go on and do as each one has a mind to. Why, to my mind, the retaliator is as bad as the sinner, and aggravates the evil by his imprudence. God, our Father, says, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay.*\* Thus you see man has no right to meddle with vengeance. It is God's own right."

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\* Rom. xii; . 19.

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

"Do not talk any longer about things we do not understand," interrupted Zaydama. "Ulysum tell me if they train their horses where you live?"

"Yes, some do, but not many, for there is no time, when one is hurried with work," I replied pleasantly, for I wanted to regain my lost ground.

"Do they have training colleges, where you live?" questioned Printanoman. "By that, I mean physical training, teaching the human how to care for and train the animal. Also how to care for the mortal. We train our vegetation, which, through the light of science, responds to our knowledge; we train our animals and they are developed into a higher state; we use science for our material benefit, and we have advanced wonderfully during the last century, and still we are searching. Ever since the young star Eden was cast out into outer darkness, we have watched for its *Halo light* to tell us it is redeemed, for we have for ages been giving bodies to its wandering spirits. Science has lately taught us who the wandering spirits are, and we treat them with the utmost kindness, for they may be one of our kin returned after a long absence to our shore again, to be recognized when the *Father brings all things to our remembrance*.\* Do you have any school for these purposes?"

"Yes, we are working all sorts of ways along these lines. One day you will read Mr. So and So has a new food that will keep you alive for ever. Next day some one calls him a fake, and says it is drink you need, if you want to live for ever? Drink all you can, and everything you see that is drinkable. Next comes a person who says, you don't need either one; just thrash around, stand on your head, pound your body, sit in mud up to your neck half a day, then spend the other half in washing it off; then another says it's freezing you want; sleep all winter in a hammock outdoors, with thin summer attire on, and when I left home a man was round telling people not to wear any clothes but leaves pinned together. Father said it made him sick to read such nonsense. 'They none on 'em knew as much as old Shep the dog. He knew enough to sleep when it was time, and wake when it was time, and eat and drink what wuz set before him, and be satisfied. Crazy as loons the hull batch on 'em' he would say.

\*John xiv: 26!

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"No doubt of it in my mind," said Quirtilla. Here is a piece of paper, with a picture of an Earth-born on it, and a description of his characteristics. Look it over and tell me if it is right," and she gave it to me.

This picture was a jackass with two heads and one body; as I was looking at the drawing, Neuvetrix reached and took the description and read it to me. It was about a wicked, stubborn king who live at one time on Jupiter, and who would not obey God's laws. So he and all of his subjects were sent to the Earth, an unfinished world, and changed into asses, and made to inhabit the wilderness. In each body were placed two spirits, each contrary to the other; thus they were always pulling in opposite directions, one spirit wanting to do this and the other something else. So it seems that world is moved by contraries, no two having the same mind.

"Neuvetrix," said Xenteneefus, "I think you are very thoughtless to subject our friend to this annoyance, and I feel sure our father would be displeased if he heard of it. He really believes he has been on Earth, so let him tell it and enjoy it. What harm can it do? Besides, he may have been there, for aught we know, in the spirit, for we know spirits can go anywhere they choose."

"Well," said I, growing red and angry again, "I am not crazy or foolish, and it is the truth that I came from Earth, and that I visited the planet Mars; if you will ask Trust he will tell you the same.

"To be sure you have," replied Xenteneefus, looking warningly at the girls. "Of course he has," echoed Printanoman and Neuvetrix together, but Quirtilla looked incredulous. After this there was an awkward pause, which Zaydama broke by asking me if Earth people were good riders.

"Some are and some are not, the same I suppose as in other worlds," I replied, feeling hurt that they doubted my word.

"We will decide that," answered Quirtilla, when you give us an example of your horsemanship. But, really brother, don't say you *ever came from Earth*, for don't you see how awful it must be to be like this, don't you think so?" and she held up the picture.

"That is no more a picture of Earth than you are like those animals," said I. "Why, how do you suppose they

## A RUFFLED TEMPER.

ever get away from the spot where they stand with both pulling in opposite directions?"

"That is the worst of it," said Quirtilla. "Mythology says they are forever watching and waiting to catch one another napping, and when this occurs, one seizes the opportunity to take advantage of the other in every way that he can, and this they do without the least remorse of conscience. Conscience must be a rare virtue on that world."

I confess while she was explaining, I could not help thinking there was a heap of truth in it even though it was only a dream picture. Were not the Earth-born constantly striving to get the lion's share for self? Yes, there was truth in the dream writer's picture, but truth should not be spoken at all times, so I remarked, with a sarcastic smile, "Your mythologist must have had the nightmare when he made that."

"Well," said Xenteneefus, "whether right or wrong, the horses are coming, and you can choose any one you like, and then we will race for Earth and Jupiter and see which wins. If you win, then Earth is a peopled planet; if not, then Jupiter is the only one. What say you?" and he slapped me on the shoulder.

"All right, go ahead. I choose the grey."

"Very well," said he, and he went down to inform Printanoman.

After he had gone, Quirtilla turned to me and asked me the name of the house I belonged to. I replied, "To the house of Storries," and I could not help smiling at the question.

"Is your father the head of the house?"

"Yes, I guess so; at least, he tries to be; but Nancy Ann gets there as often as he does. Though he never will own it, and gets mad if one happens to mention it before him." Here the boys called me to come and I went down the steps and mounted the beauty they led up for me to ride. What beautiful specimens of horse flesh they had, and so intelligent. I was just in my glory as I settled myself in my saddle and took up the lines.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE RACE OF HONOR.

*Oh! tell me not that this small sphere  
Is all the world where drops a tear,  
Or yet where joys and bliss are found,  
For every star hath human sound,  
And every one Life's battles fought,  
Till God his glory there had wrought.*

AUTHOR.

“Now for Earth or Jupiter!” cried Xenteneefus, as he leaped into the saddle and the bell struck three. Away we went down the track, neck and neck, until half of the route had been covered and I was about to swing around the home post, when my horse stumbled and threw me head first onto the ground. I was considerably shaken by the fall but managed to pick myself up, thinking that in the future I would ride only Earth horses, when clatter, clatter, I heard a noise, and on looking around I saw it was the grey coming back, snorting and plunging, like mad. As I jumped one side to let him pass, he made for me, nabbed me by the middle of the back, lifted me off my feet, and started after the others like the wind.

If John Gilpin ran a race, I am sure, by experience, I know how he felt. Never once did he stop running until he caught up with the others, when he broke into the trot pace, as easy as if it had been so all the time. “Whoa! Whoa!” I kept holloing, but he paid no attention to my voice, but kept right on until he reached the grand stand, or last goal, when he dropped me down on the step as easy as if I was a kitten, then stood waiting for the others. The girls left their seats and came down the steps convulsed with laughter. When the others came up they all cheered for Earth, and its representative, though Zaydama said she thought the horse should have the praise, for it was his due, after what had happened. I didn't

## THE RACE.

care who had it. I was to busy rearranging my clothes and wiping the dust from my face, hands, and neck. Utocomin helped me, for which I was thankful. I felt rather ashamed of my yelling and the fright I manifested before those three roguish, laughing girls. If I had been home on Earth, I would have pounded horse flesh to get rid of the extra steam I had on. I knew better than to try it there, for Urmanico, who trained horses, said they never struck their horses a harsh blow.

When I was put to rights, and the merriment had subsided somewhat, the boys proposed that I should try it again, but I excused myself saying I would stay with the girls and watch the others ride, which I was really glad to do.

After they had started again, Neuvetrix asked if there were many poets where I lived. I answered there were a few, and this brought about a discussion on poetry. During the conversation, Quirtilla said that in their world they believed that poetry was the language of angels whispered to a few chosen ones for the benefit of the many. "Their themes are love, beauty, kindness, power, and praise, with different degrees of inspiration according to the time they have been in the realm of enchantment. And we believe," said she, "that music is the captured rhapsodies of Heaven."

Here the riders came around again, Grey ahead, and Earth was cheered as being a real planet, peopled the same as Jupiter.

It was the rest period when we reached the castle. Along our route I had been thinking how beautiful the planet Jupiter was. The verdure was a blue-green, and the moons in the star-gemmed sky gave a reflected blue light. Two were crescents and two were full; with their vivid attendant stars they sailed majestically on in their prescribed orbits obeying the guiding, omnipotent Hand that placed them there. From these reflections, I was aroused by Utocomin asking me if I believed all stars were the same. "By this," said he, "I mean with the same colored halo?" "No," I replied; "our world has a vivid green verdure during spring and summer; in autumn many colors; in winter mostly white. Mars has a reddish-green verdure, from its ruby halo I suppose, while this world is bluish green from its blue halo."

"Ah! I see," he said: "*For one star differeth from another star in glory.\** The words of the Beautiful Prince. But Earth

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\*Cor. xv.: 31.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

has no halo yet, I understand; do you think it will have when it is finished?"

Trust says our Bible reads that God has promised to give us a light, so grand we will not need the light of the Sun or Moon."

"That is a grand good promise and shows that there is a time coming to the people of Earth, when God will begin to give them their reward for their faith and trust in His care and power."

He then left me and I took a seat on a balcony that led into one of the parlors, and enjoyed the restful beauty of the scene.

Ahbimalee, Trust and the Hermit came into the parlor, and I overheard part of the conversation. Said the Hermit, "When the Beautiful Prince came here, it was from the Dark Planet where he had been sent to show the way to immortal life; to give man the truth, and help him return to his lost home and inheritance; but they rejected his teachings and sent him from them; they were content to dwell in sin and ignorance still longer. Don't you think Earth is the Dark Planet, the Lost Eden?"

"Earth is the planet you seek, your former home. It is the Prodigal Son, the Lost Eden, the Dark Planet," Trust replied.

"Then you think, like the Prodigal Son, every soul will some day wake up to the knowledge of its own degeneracy and return to its Father's home pleading to be reinstated in God's favor, Who, being all love, will forgive them?"

"Friends," said Trust, "I have come from Earth and am on my way to the Celestial City. My heart is full of mortal cravings; of whispered, despairing prayers; of weeping humanity, groping in darkness, the offspring of corrupt heredity enduring without hope, then dying in darkness. Oh, friend, I must not tell you the errors of that world. It were better you should not know, but this I will say, the blessed angels are permitted to minister to and dwell with the poor Earth-born, and gently lead them into the true light by their loving presence.

"As woman brought corruption into the Earth so through woman shall evil be banished, for the Earth Bible reads:

## THE RACE.

*There is a tree of life which bears fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.\** Woman is the tree of life, maternity the leaves, the child the fruit. Life shall become pure and free from corruption through the children for the good seed shall cleanse the impure. It is written, *I will cleanse the blood I have not cleansed;\* yea, I will thoroughly wash away their blood, and put my spirit within them.*”\*

Ahbimalee said, “I am glad that woman is to be the saving medium in the restoration of Eden. For what is man compared to the gentle, confiding creature who walks by his side as wife and companion? The sharer of his joys and sorrows, his angel guide, satisfied that his strength and love are her protection and reward. And the children. Ah! They are blessings from the Lord, for our Bible says: *Blessed is he who hath his quiver full of them, for he need not fear the enemy at the gate.*†

When I see my dear Kleedah walking with our children, going through her daily round of unselfish duty with that quiet happy spirit of devotion and love that is a part of the inward life, I lift up my voice in prayer to God and praise him that he gave me this worldly treasure. On Earth, man must appreciate this gift even more than we do, for without this gift of woman; man *there* would be in darkness beyond comprehension. No doubt man’s love for them makes the sojourn there a blissful imprisonment.”

“You speak of *love*, friend Ahbimalee. Love is the most powerful factor there, a spark of divinity within each mortal breast. There is no mortal so low that hath not some love, and it is so tempered that amid the most trying ordeals it clings, and grows, and expands, until it overcomes evil. You should see the devotion, and self-sacrifice of some of the fathers and mothers for their degenerate offspring, children for parents, wives for husbands, husbands for wives, sisters for brothers, and brothers for sisters; surely God hath planted the good seed there and in time it shall root out error.”

Whatever more was said I lost for Neuvetrix came to ask

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\* Rev. xxii: 2.  
\* Joel iii: 21.  
§ Eze. xi: 19.  
† Ps. cxxvii: 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

me if I would go with her to see her mother who wished to speak with me alone. When we entered her private parlor she thanked me for coming and gave me a seat by an open window; she seated herself by a cradle, or what I supposed was a cradle, though I never saw anything like it before. It was the prettiest little shell of mother-of-pearl, all beads and frills of lace, with an ingenious device that when wound up kept the little nest swinging as a gentle breeze sways the branches of the Earth trees. "Ulysum, I have sent for you to ask you a few questions which you are at liberty to answer or not just as you choose. Neuvetrix, dear, you may be excused for the present, but return in a little while to conduct our friend to the salon." When Neuvetrix had retired, Kleedah turned to me: "Do the Earth-born know that they return to life again?"

"Why, they believe they are spirits and go to Heaven after death. I mean those who believe anything about an after life, but most of them believe that we die and that is the end of us," I replied.

"I am about to prove *that is not so*," she answered. I can remember of living three different lives on the Earth. I have never spoken of this to others excepting my husband and the Hermit. In one of those lives I denied the rights of motherhood and when I went to sleep in death, oh, how I wandered and searched for a new body in which to return and awaken to life again; but no one gave me one for so long a time my despair was terrible. The rebuking angel said 'You denied the right to other spirits; how then art thou greater than they?' At last Love forgave me and called me into life again, but I remained childless. No lovely spirit came to my heart in that second life to gladden my home and my loving, longing spirit passed out again, without an endearing link to call me back to life again. I still wandered, sorrowful, until Love called me a third time into life and materialism. The dim, misty recollections of my other lives caused me to eschew all the errors I had ignorantly or wilfully been guilty of, and, obeying the voice of Love, I lived a happy good life, and passed from that world to this beautiful perfect Star, where in time, I gained this happy, happy home. I never forget the words that the angel repeated to the released

## THE RACE.

spirits, *Many are called but few are chosen.*\* This means that many die but few are transported at once to the other beautiful worlds, for the spirits must be developed by the chastening effects of sorrow and affliction before entering the perfect life. My other question is this: Has the recital of my lives on Earth any counterpart on your world? Is motherhood a burden to shrink from and do many deny its rights? And are there people in that world who crave the gift of a sweet loving child, one their very own and are unsatisfied? Are any of these recollections true of Earth, Ulysum?"

While she had been talking I was thinking of brother Zeb's wife who said she hated children, and Mr. Buckout and wife, who lived all alone, without an heir to all their vast property, a man and woman who longed for children but were denied that happiness. Yes, there were counterparts of her experiences on Earth and I told her so. She clasped her hands and began pacing back and forth saying: "I could almost wish to cross the gulf again and tell my Earth sisters all I suffered through my wilfulness, and how long I kept love from rescuing me from Error."

As Trust had promised to stay until after the race, I resolved to enjoy the time while there all I could. I was not in love with the swinging process, through space, although I had Trust's assurance that all would end well. I spent most of my time with Utocomin, for he was repairing and remodeling my Sky Bird. What pleasant visits I had. How I loved to hear him talk. The Sun was his especial study and he would grow so animated over the analysis of its different properties he could hardly wait to work out his suggestions, for his mind moved much more rapidly than his hands.

One day he turned to me, abruptly and said: "I dreamed out the properties of a certain gas last rest period and I came out here and worked nearly the whole period; when my invention is completed I am going to visit the Stars."

"But you might lose your life," said I.

"What of that? There is no great growth, or discovery, or unmasking of hidden mysteries, without its sacrifice. I am willing to be the sacrifice, if I can help humanity. I long to emulate the virtues of the Beautiful Prince, even

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\* Math. xxii: 7, 8

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

though I may not live to see the great results I have been the means of bringing about.”

“But I thought you did not believe in death on this world?” I remarked.

“You do not understand. We believe in death in this way: A person loses his mortal body to enter another, after a time, and progress from plane to plane until he is perfected for life in the Holy City. That is the way the story is told of the Beautiful Prince, and we believe life goes from star to star until Heaven is attained. I believe you came from the Earth. Don't you see, if Moses passed out and no one found his body, and the prophet Elijah went up in a chariot of fire, and the Christ, or Beautiful Prince, passed out in a cloud, don't you see, there must be a way to leave that world; there must be a pathway from star to star. Perhaps it starts from the Poles. What think you?”

“That may be so, but I don't think that is the reason why so many are striving to reach the poles,” I replied.

“Can't they reach the poles?”

“They haven't been able to do so, so far,” I replied.

“We can reach our poles and go anywhere there, but no one has ever thought of leaving this world at that point. Your coming has put an idea in my head and I am going to investigate while you are here, and you shall accompany me. The first thing after the race, we will start. What say you?”

“To tell the truth, I don't care to travel in space. It is a perilous journey, and I hate to start.”

“But in the interest of science, Ulysum; think of that and all it means for humanity.”

“I know; but what good would it do?” I asked.

“It would solve the mystery of life, which we all are seeking to learn.”

I blurted out: “I wish I was home right now. I bet I would let airships alone and keep my feet on the ground, though I am not sorry I have come so far and know and have seen all I have; but these journeys through space just rack my nerves.”

Utocomin was persistent: “Do you know, I would like to go to Earth as a teacher; you to tell all you have seen and I to corroborate it. Would you like to lecture, Ulysum?”

## THE RACE.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country,"\* remarked Trust who had entered unobserved. Would you like to return as a teacher, Ulysum?"

"No indeed, for I know what they would say, and I have no wish to try it."

"In God's book it reads," said Trust: *What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.\** These are the sayings of King David. So you see, my dear boys, David new that the Earth man, in his perfected state, would control all of God's works; the sea, the wind, the land — all the forces will obey him, when he returns to his original state. Earth will be as beautiful as Jupiter some day," and he went out and left us alone.

For a moment we were both silent; then Utocomin said; "You see Trust believes that the Earth man was made to have dominion over God's handiwork. I was so glad to hear him say so, but why did he think you could not teach them, if you should return and try?"

"He knows the material I should have to deal with there; besides, if they would not heed Jesus, what could I do?"

"That is very true. I see now our better course is to search for the Eternal City and perfect life ourselves. We will go together. I will endow you with my spirit for research and knowledge, for I feel you have a kindred spirit, and I like you."

Was this a prophecy? We shall see. Certain it was, the liking was mutual.

At last the great day for the Race of Honor arrived, and early in the morning people began to come in from different cities to witness this event. The city of Horavarre was decked in holiday attire; blue flags everywhere; over the housetops, over doors, and windows, across the streets in arches, blue, blue, everywhere. It made me think of home on the Fourth of July. Then, too, there were decorations of flowers and pretty trailing vines, and music until the whole air resounded with harmony. Trust went with Ahbimalee and Kleedah, in a coach. I went with Utocomin in his airship, the others in transfers.

\* Math. xiii: 57.

\* Ps. viii: 4, 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

While the horses were in front of the door waiting for Kleedah I heard Ahbimalee ask Trust if Earth had many animals, and Trust answered yes, but that they were fast disappearing, a good many species being extinct.

"That shows progress. When worlds are clothed first in vegetation, there must be a counter force to keep down the surplus, and animals are sent for that purpose. As humans increase the animals decrease, for they are not needed. It reads in the Good Book, *I will fill their mouths with good things.*\*

When we arrived at the race course, the first person I met was the Hermit. He linked his arm in mine and we passed through the crowd to a seat in front of the Judges' stand. It was a superb track, level and as smooth as a floor, and yet elastic enough to allow it to yield beneath the horses' feet. It was surrounded by a stone wall with seats, in tiers, to the top of it, which was a broad walk. There were towers, at short intervals, which contained electric receivers which brought music from a hundred miles away to entertain the crowd.

When the great bell clanged the Court of Justice entered the gate in a gold chariot drawn by four white horses. They were driven around the course, which was three miles long. Then they alighted and took their places on the judges' stand which was canopied with blue and white silk. First came the Master Judge; then twelve assistants. All were dressed in dark blue gowns, with wide white collars trimmed with silver fringe. Around their necks were wide white pleated ruffles, and upon their wrists were wide white cuffs. Each wore a fancy white silk cap, quite like our smoking caps, and these, with their long wavy hair, made them look the very incarnation of justice.

Again the bell pealed, a gate was opened, and a small black chariot with a span of coal black horses appeared. Standing erect in the chariot was a figure completely enveloped in a cloak of black; hood, gloves, and mask, — all were black. Around the course it went, then stopped in front of the judges' stand. The driver alighted, gave the reins to a page, passed through a door beneath the judges' stand, and disappeared.

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\* Ps. ciii. 3.

## THE RACE.

"That," said the Hermit, "is the guilty one, though whether male or female no one will ever know but the judges and the one who takes up the sinner's cause and bears the burden."

"What a queer way that is to atone for sin," said I.

"Not any more queer than what the Beautiful Prince did for the Dark Planet. He took the burdens of a whole world upon His shoulders, while here is only one for another."

The bell sounded again, and through the gate came a long line of gilded chariots, some five hundred in number, all gay with wreaths of flowers and ribbons and filled with the fairest of Jupiters youth and beauty. Everybody who could, came to witness this event, and also to show off their own fine horses. Then, too, the ladies vied with the men in showing their skill in dexterously handling the lines of eight or twelve horses, as they raced for a prize around the track. the real event of the day was the long established custom of releasing prisoners, to race for their lost Honor. As lying was the only sin on that world, and that of rare occurrence, it being considered a case of mild deficiency, or mental error, they were only too glad that the opportunity was offered them to show their skill and reattain their lost mental balance in the eyes of the public.

If it was a woman or mother, (which was the case at the race I witnessed) there were always plenty of young men who offered themselves as substitutes, for motherhood was sacred on Jupiter, and Utocomin had been accepted as a substitute, for the mother prisoner in the race for Jupiter or Honor, The idea being "Bear ye one another's burdens." One of the chariots was driven by Utocomin; it was drawn by four beauties, my friend Grey being one of them. They circled around the track, then drew up in line in front of the stand. The crier called their names and they slowly took their places abreast on the track. There was music by the band followed by a song, the chorus of which ran something like this: *Greater love hath no man shown than that he lay down his life for another.\** When the singing was over, the bells rang merrily, the trumpet sounded and the horses sprang forward in the Race for Honor. In an instant, I was on my feet. I was so excited I could not sit still

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\* John xv: 13.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

and my thoughts went as fast as the horses. I saw among the many transfers standing on the other side of the hall, one in which were Printanoman, Xenteneefus, Urmanico, Neuvetrix, Quirtilla, and Zaydama. They motioned for me to come to them, which I did, and together we watched the flying steeds. The Jupiterians have splendid eyes, and very long range of vision.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! For the Knight of Honor from the House of Horavannovarre," shouted the multitude as they saw Honor gaining. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" as he rounded the stake on the home stretch. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" The wildest excitement prevailed—then the unexpected happened—a horse stumbled and fell, and, in an instant, the horses of several chariots were in a writhing mass. Ere the multitude could reach them they regained their feet and Honor was seen to regain his position.

Now it was Love and Honor neck and neck, first one then the other at the front, but as they neared the judges' stand, Honor forged ahead and kept his place to the finish. The cheering was deafening.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! It is our brother, he is victorious, cried Neuvetrix, waving her handkerchief. Then they all shouted, and swung their hats until the last one in the race was abreast with the judges' stand.

The prisoner came forward and took the arm of Honor and they both passed up the steps to receive the prize which was Honor's due. The King created him Knight of Honor and conferred upon him the presidency of the School of Scientific Research. He also placed an appropriation at his command to push the work to the extreme limit. Then the Master Judge proclaimed the prisoner free and Honor and Error passed down and out to change their raiment.

When the crowd began to pass out, I looked for my friends, but found myself surrounded by strangers. I looked everywhere, but saw no sign of them, and finally found myself outside the course without any knowledge of which way to turn, so I followed the crowd.

Fortunately, Trust overtook me and I went with him as he wished me too. "Don't you think it is all nonsense to make such a fuss over such a little thing as a lie?" I asked. The prisoner had been guilty of a lie.

## THE RACE.

"No, I do not. A lie is a sin, and no one but God can tell how farreaching the evil may be," Trust answered.

"But think of the thousands of yards of ribbon, the flowers, the banners, and the prizes; why they make more fuss over some one's bearing a burden than we do over a murder," I said sarcastically.

"Well, Ulysum, constant contact with sin, no matter how small or great it may be, makes us become accustomed to it, and in time blunts the sensibilities, and the awfulness of it is lost sight of. No doubt to you it seems trifling to tell an untruth, for on Earth it is constantly recurring, and this frequency has blunted your conscience; still it is breaking a commandment."

To mollify Trust, I said: "If my Earth people were here I would never want to leave this world. Just to think of the people, rich and poor, all living in castles, all dressing alike, all with plenty. Where are the poor?"

"Ulysum, if you had a plenty and to spare, would you let your Earth friends suffer?"

"No, certainly not."

"That is the way it is here. They are all of one kin, and they help one another to have all the Lord designed his children should have. *It is their birthright*, so long as they keep the law and worship God."

We had now come to a pretty castle situated on a small rise of gently sloping mountain land, just outside of the city, and here Trust turned in, telling me to walk along slowly over another hill and wait beside a spring until he overtook me. I went on as he directed and soon came to the most beautiful spring gushing out of a rock into a large walled-in basin, the overflow making a singing brook down the hillside. On each side stood two giant sycamore trees their branches interlacing and shading the pellucid waters of the fountain. There were seats, one beneath each tree. I sat down and let my eyes roam over the beauties of nature spread around me. My thoughts ran something in this wise: "Can it be possible that earth will ever be as lovely and perfect as this world is? It don't seem to me they need anything more to make them happy." Just then I was conscious of some one approaching. As I looked around a young lady came from

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

the opposite direction. As she approached me she bowed and passed the compliments of day which, on Jupiter, are "God's blessing be thine." She took a seat beside me and did not seem in the least embarrassed at speaking to a stranger. On Earth, a girl meeting a stranger all alone on the road would be likely to look over the fence till she got well by, then, like as not get into a run and keep it up all the way home.

The young lady asked me if I was going to Ahbimalee's to attend the banquet and ball to be given in honor of the King and Queen. When I told her that my friend and myself were guests there, she sighed and looked troubled. After a little she explained that Utocomin was to have taken her to the Race of Honor, but she lived with her great-great-grandmother and she had to remain at home to help care for her. "That is too bad," said I; "no doubt you both were greatly disappointed."

"To be sure I was sorry I could not go, but then I must bear it patiently, for it may be these disappointments are sent to me for some wrong I have caused another in some one of my former lives. If we bear our trials and sorrows with humility and patience here, when we pass out of this life, we shall go amid better associations and scenes. Still I would so like to hear Xenteneefus sing; you know he is to give the 'Song of the Year' at the ball, and I do hope it will be a love song, for I like those best, don't you?"

All this was said to me without the least hesitancy, in a frank open way. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl, fair as a lily, eyes like the blue sky, and hair a golden brown. She had pushed back her hat from her head and it hung down her back, supported by the ribbons tied beneath her dimpled chin. I answered that I liked love songs very much.

Then she continued: "What a wonderful gift love is. To be able to have an affection for a stranger deeper and more lasting than for one's own kin. Do you know I love Utocomin with this lasting passion, yet he does not seem to return it, though we have been for long years the most intimate of friends. If he invents anything new, he always comes first to me to tell me his plans, but when I let my soul's desire shine forth from my eyes he does not seem to heed it. He is pleased to use it as a favorable opportunity for explaining his genius,

## THE RACE.

and its results, while I am so hungry for one little token of reciprocated affection. But I have not inquired what country you came from, nor given you my name. I am Phedra Monavarish of the House of Horavannovarre."

All this she told me with such a longing look in her lovely blue eyes I wondered how Utocomin could resist her pleading glances. I told her what my name was and the country I came from, but she was so deeply interested in her own thoughts she did not seem to comprehend. She kept on telling me of her affection for the hero of the Race of Honor.

"Well," said I, "this is a sad story. On Earth, where I came from, they most always get the one they think they want; after a time they tire of her and go to the courts to get rid of her. If that don't do, they run off with some other one. Broken vows everywhere."

She looked at me in open-eyed wonder, and burst forth: "My! What a country! It must be full of unclean spirits. Is it a northern country?"

"No, I think not."

"Earth?" she repeated musingly. I do not remember to have heard of that country. There can be no true love among such mortals. Did you ever break your vows?"

Her frankness had won my respect and I confessed to her that I had been guilty.

"Well then, you know just what to expect in the next life. You will be an unrequited, heart-broken lover, for every tithe must be paid to the uttermost farthing, *For with what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again*. Did you never feel sorry for the one whose life you had blighted?"

"She never found it out, I am so far away she can never even hear of it."

"Oh, I see; you are one of the runaway ones. But where is the one you ran away with?"

Now I was in hot water for sure; but father used to tell mother I had a natural ability for crawling out of corners, and this time the ability helped me, for I answered: "I ran away with my Sky Bird."

"Ah! I see. Then you will return and tell them you are sorry, will you not? It will be better for you, you know?"

"I expect it would; but why don't you tell Utocomin your

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

feelings towards him? I am told it is proper for either sex to declare their attachment for one another on this world."

"Ah, sir, there is where it becomes a sorrow instead of a joy. I often come out here in the rest period to meditate and dream of him, and frame the words I shall speak to him when next we meet; but, in his presence, they all vanish as silly nothings before his profound intelligence. Oh, he is so manly, so noble, the soul of honor; and sometimes, as I watch him and see that faraway look in his eyes, I am almost afraid the angels will call him away to dwell with them lest we partake too much of Heaven's joy in this world. Why, I forget everything when I am in his presence, the past, the present, my surrounding. I just live with him and his inventions, entering into every detail with a spirit I cannot understand, but which, when he is gone, claims my thoughts from day to day, — a peaceful happy dream, with his animated handsome face ever before me. Oh, if we could really know the depth of each other's affection, if we could really fathom love, don't you think the mortal state would be better, much happier than with this uncertainty?"

"It would seem so," I replied.

After a moment's reflection she went on to say: "I had hoped to wear my pretty new dress at the ball; it would have pleased him so much."

"That seems strange to me," I interrupted. "You all dress alike on each and every occasion. On Earth the styles are constantly changing, and, on an occasion like this, all the girls would be on tiptoe to outdo one another."

"Is that possible? I should not like to live there, for strife begets evil, and evil begets lies and sorrow. Our dress is blue, the color of the House I belong to, and, as you say, they are all made alike. I should think the custom you speak of would increase care, and take the mind from the inner life which one cannot afford to lose sight of. For whatever one has of goodness or perfection is due to the dominant influence of the inner life, if one chooses to let it assert its *rightful mastership*. Do they know this?"

"If they do, they don't practise it. *It is a worry and a care*, and a great expense, to change the fashions so often. Then they try to be so secret about their new things, it makes those

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who can't have them envious. Why, I have heard my sister Toby tell the girls, when they would ask what dress she was going to wear, 'My old one sure,' when all the time she knew mother was making her a new one."

"And did she never get into the courts?"

"Oh, no; they never arrest people for doing that where I live. Besides, when she was found out, she would say she only did it for fun."

I thought that if Toby did come to Jupiter she would be in the courts all the time, for she would lie in spite of everything. There was nothing she liked better, when she got mad with brother Zeb and me, than to trump up some sort of a lie and tell father and get us punished. When mother would remonstrate with her for doing it, she would laugh and say she did it for fun, and there it ended. But I feel sure there's a good deal in store for Toby when she dies.

Phedra's reply aroused me from my thoughts: "She must come under the head of those who are just a little off. A kind of heedless depravity, a lack of true discernment between right and wrong. A mild case of distorted mental balance. Of course you pity her infirmities?"

"I can't say I bear her any ill will now I am so far away. Still she used to provoke me so I lost all patience and went in for a give-and-take time, though I always came out worsted every time if father caught us at it, which he often did."

"You look like a very quiet sort of person; perhaps you are afflicted the same way as your sister. How do you and Utocomin get along?"

"Fine! He and I could live together forever and I just wish we could. Suppose I tell him your feelings; shall I?"

"Oh, no! no sir! It were better not. We of this world believe that patient waiting, and concentrated thought, brings the desired reward, if the inward self-monitor tells us it is right."

Trust now joined us, and informed Phedra that the dear grandparent had passed on. We bade her farewell and journeyed toward the home of Ahbimalee. Trust told me since we had been on Jupiter that I had mingled with a good many who had once been tenants of Earth. Said he: "You have touched elbows in the Race of Honor with kinsfolk. Did you see any fault in any one?"

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"No, everybody on this world seems perfect to me."

"And yet," said Trust, "they are searching for more perfection, and more spirituality. Man could control these conditions on Earth if he would but listen and learn of the 'Spirit of Truth,' the 'Comforter,' Who came to teach them all things. The inward monitor is the wireless telegraphy that transmits the messages to the soul. Why, why, will they not heed and be happy?"

When we reached the castle, what a scene of gaiety met our eyes. Every available place was filled with happy guests. How handsome Utocomin looked in his evening dress. Many years have passed since that event, but I can always see him as he looked that night. His long hair lay in silky curls on his shoulders; the jeweled yoke to his blue silk tunic, the silver lace trimmings, the full puff knee pants, the blue silk stockings and white slippers, the silver cloth cap, were all very handsome, but the manly form within was best of all. I often found myself looking at him and thinking how different he was from Earth boys. It was not that he was fairer, that his skin was softer, his form more perfect; it was not these but the moment you met him you felt instinctively drawn to him by the hospitable manner in which he greeted you, his frankness and truthful candor. You felt you had met the ideal mortal and as such you shrined him within your heart.

How was it that my good friend Utocomin, so rich in genius, so gentle and kind to all, had failed to tell Phedra that he loved her? Trust, Utocomin and myself, ate our luncheon in the private dining room, and did not mingle with the guests until the ball was about to open, as Utocomin wished to respect Phedra's grief. When it was time he escorted us to the dancing hall, gave us some seats, and excused himself, saying that he would see me again ere the festivities were over, and he left us to seek Phedra.

Talk of fairyland! Why, it seemed as if there never could be anything more beautiful than the scene that presented itself to my dazzled vision. The long wide hall, with its lovely decorations, the handsomely costumed people, made an effective scene I shall never forget.

To be sure, the dresses were all made alike, but of rich

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material. As each house had a different color, or combinations of colors, the scene was very brilliant. As Quirtilla said, it was an art room as well as a dancing hall, for here were the pictures from the oldest down to the present generation of Horavannovarres.

Xenteneefus sang his song, which proved to be about love, and the other poet his song of the Temple. The king accepted them both and awarded the prizes. Then the ball was opened by the King and Neuvetrix. Opposite them were the Queen and the gentleman who had won the second prize.

"You see," observed Trust, "how considerate the brothers in this world are of their sisters' comfort; they always dance with them first, if there is no one else who has a better claim; they escort them wherever they wish to go, for as they came into their life first, they have first right until they go out.

When the first dance was over Neuvetrix asked me if I would like to join the dancers.

"I could not if I would; it is an art I never learned," I replied.

As Trust got up and walked away, she took his place, and inquired how I liked the Race of Honor.

"I liked it very much; but, say, you ladies are regular trumps at driving or riding. I never saw anything like it outside of a circus. Why you handle the ribbons as easy as if you had been born on horseback."

"What do you mean by trump, and circus and ribbons?" she asked.

"A trump is a plucky girl who is not afraid of a mouse, a spider, or a rocking boat. A circus is a big show of wild animals, and clowns and dancing girls who dance while they hold the ribbons, the horse going at full speed. I tell you what there is lots of gimp in a circus, the git-up-and-git kind."

"Ulysum, what queer words you use, but I suppose you can't help it. Did you ever go to a circus?"

"Yes, once. I ran away and went with my brother and sister. We picked wintergreens and sold them to get the money; when we got home father was so mad he made Zeb and me wear our old caps all winter, and sister her old hood, for putting money into the devil's lap as he called it, and we were sent to bed supperless."



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"You forgot to honor your father and mother, so it was necessary to punish you. But what a trial it must be to have three children with the same trouble. My sisters and I have a grand surprise for your father and mother which I know they will appreciate."

Of course I let that go by with the thought it was some present and continued the conversation by telling her I liked the way the poor were treated on that world; the real brotherhood care shown for all.

"You speak of rich and poor as if there were a wide difference between them. I can see none, for each gives to this world that which he has the most of, be it money or labor. One cannot do without the other, therefore the scale balances. We all enter this world bare-handed, heirs to the world as our forefathers left it; when we go we leave behind all the knowledge we have been able to gain all the wealth we have created for those who come after. So you see there can be no rich and no poor. The Father in Heaven is the owner of it all, but the portion He requires is small, just one-tenth. Man is the steward of the other nine-tenths, of which he must give an account. Thus you see there is no high or low only as regards intelligence, and even in that we shall all be on one plane in the perfect higher life."

"Well, there is a marked difference between gold and silver dust and the common black dust on Earth where I live, but in this world you all seem made of the same material."

After a moment's thought, she remarked, "Ulysum, you have so many queer words I hardly know how to answer you, but this I will say; money and riches are the handiwork of mortal man, he is the handiwork of God. Money is a good thing in its place, and so is anything else that is really needed to make man comfortable and enable him to progress. Money is just a convenience, that is all. A man brings neither riches nor poverty with him into the world or takes it with him when he goes out. Can you tell me how a rich man is better than a poor man? They are brothers with rights. One needs the other. The world could not be replenished without both. The welfare of the mortal world needs Labor and Capital. The perfect higher life needs only good men and women and these are born in every walk of life, and on every plane. *Whom*

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*God wills he exalteth and whom he wills he debaseth.\** A rich man, when he goes out of the world, is soon forgotten, but the man of inspired genius lives through all the centuries of time, a crowning glory to the age that brought him forth." Here she was claimed by her partner, and when I got tired of watching the dancers I wandered out to Utocomin's workshop and looked my airship over.

While I was thus engaged Utocomin returned. He spoke of Phedra's grief and his sorrow for her. When I remarked that it seemed queer she should care so much for a great-great grandmother he told me in that world they believed that a blessing went with the one who cared for the aged, and that when old persons were called home they were allowed any request they might make for the good of the one who was kind to them in mortal life."

"Do you love Phedra?" I ventured to ask, hoping I might lead him to open his heart and tell me his secret.

"Do I? Everybody loves Phedra. She is the dearest little creature in this world. But to return to our plans, I think this new gas I have concocted will revolutionize air navigation. I shall make a trial trip as soon as the rest period is over to see if there is any error in my calculations, and if all is right I shall announce my invention."

We went into his office, where we lay down to pass the rest period. As the days were much longer on Jupiter than on Earth so also was their rest period, and I had a good snooze before it was time to rise. Utocomin called me to help and with the aid of two others we managed to get the airship up the hill all right. When all was ready and he was about to start, he saw Phedra and the grandfather coming, so he waited to speak with them.

"Dear girl, she doesn't wish me to go, for she has had a bad dream, and we believe dreams are the soul's intuition, the conscious leading the subconscious. Still, many dreams are misleading. Hello, nestling!" he said to Phedra (as they reached us), "you should have kept your nest until you were well refreshed. See the moons are still shining and the stars have not closed their eyes."

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\*Ezek. xxi: 26.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

He bent over her and kissed her forehead, saying, "Give me all good thoughts dear."

"Ah sir," said the grandfather, "take my advice; don't be too rash; better be over-careful than to lack caution."

"Let me explain to you," said Utocomin, taking a seat beside Phedra. "We are at present traveling through space at a rate that it is utterly impossible for the mind of man to grasp or understand; yet there is no noise, no friction, no perceptible vibration, and no accident. Now when we gain the knowledge of this force and its given momentum, we can visit the stars. Though we fly through space, at a speed beyond our highest conceivable idea, we shall float as gently as that leaf which just dropped from the branch overhead. I am confident that my new engine and my new gas will work wonders.

"Have you everything you need?" questioned Phedra, coming up to the ship when he was about to step in.

"Everything but my life preserver; I forgot that."

"Then do not go without it," she pleaded. "Do send one of the men back for it."

"Well, dear, as you are bound to be a bit nervous, one of the men may go back and get it while I take a little turn to see how she goes."

He stepped in, loosened the ropes, and she just floated up light as a feather. Up, up, it went, like a Roman candle, until it looked like a mere speck. We saw it glide along in a straight line, then turn and begin to descend. When it neared its starting place we all clapped our hands and cried, "A perfect success." Then away it went again. By this time the man had returned with the preserver and Ahbimalee and Trust accompanied him.

Utocomin's ship arose so fast it was soon out of sight in the cloud plane. We watched and waited until we saw it on its return. When it was nearly over us and about to descend we were startled by a loud report, and, a second later, by smoke followed by a blaze. There was a trail of fire behind it as the ship rushed through the air first up, then down, perfectly unmanageable. It seemed like a monster in its death agonies. It careened, and we saw a form drop from beneath and shoot like a meteor to the ground. With terror-stricken faces and cries of distress we all rushed down the hill to where

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Utocomin lay unconscious, mangled and bleeding from his terrible injuries. In his hand he still grasped a wing of the ship, which no doubt had broken his fall somewhat and had saved him from instant death.

Carefully he was placed in the car that brought the ill-fated airship up to its trial place, and, with his head resting on his father's bosom, he was borne back to his home. As I was about to step into the other car, I noticed Phedra looking so sad that I asked her if she would like to go with us.

"If I may," and she sprang into the car, while her tearful eyes looked their thanks for my thoughtfulness.

It seemed but a moment of time since Utocomin and I had joyfully climbed the hill with hearts full of youthful buoyancy, but what a world of trouble had come in that short time. I kept saying to myself, "Will he ever come to?"

Phedra sat silently weeping in one corner of the car. I was weeping also, for I could not help thinking how great would be my loss if Utocomin should die. I blamed myself for going with him, or letting him go without telling his people. I wondered if they would blame me, for was I not always getting into trouble when I least expected it? How I pitied the poor girl whose dream of love had been so short, and which now was perhaps gone forever.

When we reached the Castle, the scene was heartrending. Everybody was in tears, while Kleedah and Zaydama were prostrated by the sad news. The physician was already there and his attention was divided between the three. The morning meal was a quiet one and but few partook of it, for every one was too intensely excited over the accident to care for food. Neuvetrix and Quirtilla took their mother's and sister's place in the household and did their best to comfort the rest, although their own hearts were breaking. Trust came to me in the library as soon as he learned the physician's decision, which was, "He can live but a short time." Then the flood-gates were loosened and I wept bitterly for my dying friend. After a little Printanoman came in and asked me to tell him how it all happened. "I cannot tell you," I replied. "I was not in the ship with him."

"Did he have any doubts about the new gas working all right?" he inquired

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"No! He did not tell me he had. I did my best to have him wait until he knew more about it."

"It is very, very strange, and to think he went without his life preserver. He never made a mistake before," and he began to weep. "So good and so young."

Quirtilla, who had entered the room while Printanoman was talking, came up, placed her arm lovingly around his neck, and said: "Brother, could it be the influence of our guest's thoughts, do you think? Remember, Grey stumbled with him before and at the race, which has led Zaydama and me to think he has broken the harmony of Utocomin's circle of affirmation. Oh, if Neuvetrix and I had only done what we felt was our bounden duty, there would have been no sorrow now, but, instead, a joyful surprise for all, and she left the room weeping aloud.

"Ulysum," said Printanoman, "forgive her. Our loss makes us selfish. We forget that others can grieve; too. Thy tears tell of love and loss as well as our own. I will go and speak with her and remind her that brother was your friend also."

The day passed slowly. The guests had all departed. I still waited in the library for the news which I knew was sure to come sooner or later. No one came to disturb me, and for this I was glad for I felt like an intruder, a sort of black shadow upon those with whom I came in contact. I kept turning over in my mind all the thoughts I had had concerning his success, but not one of doubt or discouragement could I remember. I knew they believed that thought was the controlling force of life, and that one could train their thoughts to produce any result they wished. Utocomin had told me so many times, and Quirtilla's observation strengthened my convictions. I was the one who had brought sorrow to them all!

A desire to rid them of my presence took possession of me and I made up my mind to seek the Hermit and stay with him until we left the planet. As I arose to leave the room, Trust entered, and bade me come with him as Utocomin had asked for me.

"Will he live?" I inquired, anxiously.

"No. It is the painless consciousness before death. Come quickly, and he led the way to the room where he lay.

When we entered Phedra sat by his bed holding his hand.

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Her face was pale, her mouth drawn, as if the effort to keep calm was killing her. All around the room were members of the family weeping and watching the approach of the dread messenger. Ahbimalee motioned for me to come beside the bed near Phedra. As I stood there, the dying man's lips trembled, he opened his eyes and he looked around with a puzzled expression. As his eyes rested on Phedra, he exclaimed: "See! Darling, the beautiful white boat is coming riding on the sunbeams. Come Phedra, darling, let us go. Cling to me, little one, we shall be safe and—" he was unconscious again.

After another long lapse, when our hearts seemed to cease their beating for fear the sound would frighten away the lingering spirit, he opened his eyes and recognized me. "Ah, helpmate, my gas was all right, my boat perfect, but I touched the wrong spring — while — I — was — looking — over. In my workshop there is a model complete. Give it to science. I—am — going home — with — you"; and with that the spirit fled. Fled? Did I say that?

I had stood watching him, rooted to the spot; as the last breath left the senseless form I saw a vague, cloud-like substance rise from the bed, spread out into a form the outlines of which looked like those of a mortal, and float gently around the room. Trust touched my arm and drew me away. I saw no more. What could it have been? Was it the spirit of my friend, or was it an angel hovering over him? I wanted to ask Trust if he saw it, but there was no time then. Everyone was weeping. Phedra left the room when we did and went heart-broken towards the hill as though she was going home. Neuvetrix, who had followed her, gently put her arm about her and drew her down to a seat beneath some shade trees, and Trust went to try and console them both. "I know it is right, sir, but it is so hard to bear," and Phedra burst into tears.

"He was too good to live," said Neuvetrix.

I left Trust trying to cheer the two girls, and wandered away from the castle into a grove and sat down to think it all over. Where had he gone? Was he perfect enough for Heaven? Was he a wandering spirit and had he been called to partake of the Father's feast? These questions filled me with anxiety and I longed for some one to tell me the truth. While I sat

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thus, musing on the sad trials of life, I heard footsteps and the Hermit came and took a seat beside me. I was glad to welcome him, and we talked over the tragic death of our friend, and I questioned him as to his views about wandering spirits.

"He may have been a wandering spirit, and he may not, but this I can say, truthfully, he was pure enough for the Celestial City. I never knew him to do a wrong thing, and I have known him since he was born. He has always striven for the higher life and ever since he was old enough to understand, he has been trying to solve the problem of existence. He has solved it so far as this life goes, and the shadow you saw no doubt was his spirit. Did you see it tarry near anyone?"

"No, Trust called me and we came away."

"Well, I think I can name the person upon whom his spiritual power will rest. No doubt it will be Phedra. She is a scientist and has entered into all his plans with a clear-sighted ability that is truly wonderful. His work will go on here through her, while he will enter new fields of activity in the Master's Household. We believe, in this world, that when a person dies if he is good and has led a good life, his spirit leaves its influence with some loved one, who now has a double portion of spiritual power. When you return to Earth, select your companions from the truly good; aim to learn of the gifted and intellectual; this is the office of good spirits. They teach; they impart power to help you to accomplish results. *My Spirit shall teach you.*"\*

From the time of Utocomin's death until after the funeral, I walked among them like one in a dream. I can remember nothing of those lonesome days but the white casket, the mourners with their white dresses and short white veils, the priests, the cave where the rock had been hewn for a sepulchre, and the sad home coming; this, and nothing more. Ahbimalee asked Trust to stay a few days after the funeral as they would be so lonesome, and Trust consented. I was glad, for one reason, that another stay was granted, for the young people treated me with considerate kindness.

Utocomin's inventions and apparatus were to be given over

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\* Isa. xxviii: 17.

## THE RACE.

to science. I was often in the shop where the workmen were packing them for removal to the College of Science in the city of Horavarre.

One day I heard one of the instructors say that Utocomin's invention and gas were successes, and that they would revolutionize air navigation. Phedra had explained it all to them. Poor girl, she little knew why she had learned his plans, or why she had been his confidante until she was left to carry on the work.

Nearly a week had passed, when one morning Neuvetrix came to me and asked me if I would like to go with her and Quirtilla to the city to visit their family physician. Now I thought it was for their mother, who I knew was feeling poorly, so I said, "Certainly, it will be a pleasure to go with you." So off we went. During our ride, I heard such remarks as "a great surprise for his people," and "a mild case, just a little off," but I paid no particular attention. I was thinking of my last ride with Utocomin over this same road and the plans we had laid for the future. Arriving at the physicians' the girls left me in an anteroom, while they went into his consulting room, and I heard them say something about a patient they were interested in, "a mild case, just a little off," and presently they returned with him.

In a careless way, he began to question me about my home, the name of the place, how long I had been away, and other simple questions which I answered briefly, being careful not to say too much. I did not fancy the way things began to look, for I noticed the girls were looking at me very earnestly. I wondered what it all meant, and as thought travels with great rapidity, I concluded they were interested to learn how the doctor took my story, because, when he had questioned me all he wanted to, he went over where the girls sat and began to talk with them.

My attention was attracted to the different kinds of apparatus in cabinets and on the walls and I lost the thread of their conversation. Overhead was a queer looking cage and just beneath it a chair that was fastened to the floor; as I stood looking at it, the doctor invited me to take a seat in the chair and see how easy it was. I had no sooner sat down than the affair overhead dropped to the floor and I was imprisoned



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in a solid metal cage. I heard the most beautiful music and beautiful colors danced before my eyes. At first I enjoyed it, thinking it a joke, but when they left the room, and time began to pass, I made up my mind it was a plot of some kind, and I bent all my energies to breaking out. The harder I tried the tighter the cage bound me. I called to them to come and let me out. As they did not come I yelled and yelled until Neuvetrix came back and said: "Do be quiet, Ulysum. The Doctor is going to cure you, and you will go home perfectly well. Won't that be just lovely?"

My suspicions were verified. I screamed: "What's the matter with me, I'd like to know? You are all crazy. Let me out of here."

"Ulysum, when your head gets all right you will thank us for it. Now do be quiet, that's a dear."

I saw through the whole business. They thought I was crazy. "What silly talk is this, Neuvetrix? If that doctor doesn't let me out right away, I'll show him when I do get out a little of Earth's treatment. I'm a specialist at that. Now you call that fool doctor and let me out," and I began to yell again.

Then Quirtilla came in and said: "Ulysum, this is a lovely new method for restoring the brain. When you have had your treatment I will go through the sanitarium with you and show you all the queer things they used in their practice when this world was growing. Now, don't you feel better already?"

My Storries blood was up: "No doubt you feel better now you have got me into this trap, but I tell you right now I won't go through this building with you. I am not fond of trap-doors and underground passages. Just let me out, or go and call Trust."

Just then the doctor came in and wished to know if they had found out what subject I seemed the worst on. If they could tell, he would turn the proper color and its attendant music on me.

Quirtilla answered: "No, I cannot. He is off on all, I think. He is talking of trapdoors, and underground passages, and is going to treat you as though you were the patient."

"That's just what I will do, when I get out. Go tell Trust I want him, will you? If you don't I'll yell until I wake up the town."

## THE RACE.

After a consultation with the doctor, Neuvetrix said she would send for Trust, but just as she left the house she met Printanoman, Ahbimalee, and Trust coming in search of me. Printanoman had told them what the girls proposed to do, and Trust, knowing my disposition, felt there would be trouble and came after me.

When he entered and saw me in that coop, he burst out laughing. "Well, Ulysum, you are in a tight place this time. Nothing like change, my boy. It is all a mistake. Take it good-naturedly. Doctor, let him out."

"Children," said Ahbimalee, "I am told you think Ulysum is a little off because he says he came from Earth. What he says is true. He did come from Earth. He is right and you are wrong."

By this time I was released, and I started to leave the house. The girls both begged to be forgiven, and they were so nice and sweet about it, I forgave them; but, oh, how my hands itched to get hold of that doctor.

Trust whispered: "You are going back to savagery with such thoughts. Forgive and forget, for the sake of the Higher Life." I thought better of it, for I saw what it all meant.

Back again in the Castle, Trust informed me my ship was ready, and we would leave in a few hours. "Seek the members of the family and say your farewells for there will be no other opportunity."

When the time for departure came Zaydama escorted me to where the others were waiting. All the household was out to see us off.

"Good-bye!" said Xenteneefus, "I wish you were going to stay until after the weddings."

"What weddings?" I asked astonished.

Xenteneefus said in a low voice, "Needah and I and Printanoman and Phedra."

"Good-bye!" said Printanoman, "I shall always have a deep interest in your world, now I have seen the two extremes. My darling brother Utocomin I believe to have been a war deriding spirit from your world. You will come this way again. God bless you."

"Good-bye," said Urmanico, "remember the Grey. Let us give three cheers for Earth and its representative," and they were given with a will.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Good-bye," said Zaydama. "I will give you my thoughts for a safe journey."

"Good-bye," said Neuvetrix, "I am sorry we did not understand the truth and get better acquainted. There is so much I would like to know, but remember us kindly as we shall you."

"Good-bye," said Quirtilla, "I feel I have been dreaming and have awakened to find it real. May angels guard you."

"Good-bye," said Ahbimalee, and Kleedah added: "God bless and keep you. May the Spirit of the Master be within you unto all knowledge and power for the progress of His kingdom. Farewell."

Then Trust prayed with them, gave them his blessing, the ropes were loosened, and we were on another long swing through space.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ULYSUM VISITS NEPTUNE.

*This earthly life must end in death,  
We know it is a fleeting breath.  
But there's a life of endless bliss,  
To which we enter after this.  
A state of being, what? unknown —  
Until in spirit life we've grown,  
Then earth-bound souls will comprehend.  
God's love and mercy hath no end.*

ON to Neptune! Neptune was so far away I could scarcely see its reflected light. What were we going there for? I knew every star was inhabited. I also knew that the wandering spirits from Earth were given bodies on these perfected worlds; now why should we go still farther away? I really felt provoked that, without my consent, I should be whirled there; but Trust said I was on a voyage of discovery, and so far as he was concerned if I did not want his company he could get along without mine. So I made up my mind to be contented and keep the only friend I could respect and love. Past Jupiter's moons: Steelü, Mandü, Maidü, and Nudeü, we whirled, with great long swirls and swings, repeated over and over again, without the least discomfort. How could it be that we were being carried so fast and yet live to tell it? When I mentioned it to Trust, he answered: "How do you go on Earth every day without feeling it? It is flying through space at a rapid rate, and also turning on its axis at the same time. Did you ever feel any motion?"

"No. Do you know I learned all this at school, but I could never really believe it. Once I went home and told Father what the school-teacher said, and it made him mad in a minute. 'A likely story that; why boy, we'd be whipped off quicker'n a jerk of a lamb's tail in fly time. It's a lot of use sendin' young 'uns to school ter larn sich trash. Better

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teach yer how ter raise a bushel of 'taters, and never mind what's bein' done up in the a'r, as long as we kin keep our feet on the ground.' So between the two I did not know which to believe."

"That is another sad story of Earth," replied Trust. "There are many parents who hold to their obstinate opinions, and will not progress with the times or allow their children to do so. Why don't they look into these things and learn with their children? There is no disgrace in a man or woman's learning what they don't know. The Good Book says *A little child shall lead them.*\* Children, as soon as they can prattle, seek for knowledge; if the parent has a wise head the bud will expand into a perfect flower, while the child that is guided by a careless parent, is blighted, unless some outside influence for good comes to its rescue."

One day when we were nearing Neptune I asked Trust why we had passed Saturn and Uranus and come so far out of our way.

"I have a mission to this world, the selecting of homes for the spirits that are with us on this journey. They are the spirits of doubters, of those on Earth who doubted all but what they actually saw. This world is coming into its perfected state rapidly. There are births, but no deaths. We shall be present at the anniversary of the advent of spirit life, or, rather, spiritualized material life, which is a season of jubilee and praise."

When we landed it was on the shores of a beautiful lake, a short distance from the city Alamazon. The grass and all the verdure was of a delicate lavender hue, and as smooth and perfect as if every leaf had been touched by an artist's brush. Even the pebbles on the shore were white and smooth and looked as if each one had been fashioned and placed there by mortal agency. The trees were perfect in shape that formed the groves and shaded the winding path that led up to a beautiful castle. I could see that it was a grand marble mansion with towers and different kinds of balconies and verandas. There were so many groups of people in the grounds I thought they were having a lawn party, but Trust said: "There is but one family, all living in harmony. Grandparents, parents and children.

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\* Isa. ii.: 6:4

## ON NEPTUNE.

As we walked along toward the city I noticed how well preserved the people were. They had beautiful hair, sparkling eyes, youthful complexions, a buoyant step, and happy faces. I said to Trust, "People on this world seem to have no care."

"You are right, they have no care. Life for them, from now on, is a happy, never-ending day. They have passed from the animal to the spiritual plane, and they have found those happy conditions for which they have journeyed so long and so far. You see they are not as large as Earth's people. Knowledge can dwell in a very small space. When man, on Earth, has gained dominion over all things, he will not need a giant's body or strength to do his work. He will put forth his hand, and lo! it will be done. He will speak and it shall come to pass. The two people who are coming this way are happy because the combined qualifications of both make a harmonious whole. Each has found a counterpart. They both have wandered, and met, and parted, until refined and purified they are now all in all to each other."

As we passed them they were so happy they scarcely seemed to see us, and this is the way my thoughts ran as we wended our way to Alamazon. "If we finally are perfect, and are satisfied with one another, and nobody else will do, what is the use of falling in love with every pretty girl one meets." Trust smiled and I knew that he had read my thoughts.

Alamazon was a beautiful city, built upon a mountain plateau. It was laid out in a circle and was as neat and clean as mother's house. The street we passed through had fine commodious dwellings, veritable palaces they seemed to me. Trust said, "The shepherds who attend the cattle upon the hillsides live in them. There are no wild beasts in this world, but very few domestic animals, and these latter do not reproduce. During my stay in this world I shall live with Ajack who is a shepherd. I shall be very busy while here and I shall be obliged to leave you to care for yourself. As things are in harmony here, I don't worry about your getting into trouble, though you may cause some worry to those who meet you with your Earth dress on."

We now entered a path that led through a well-kept lawn, and stopped before one of a row of dwellings which were similar

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

in appearance. Trust rang a sweet-toned bell that hung under an arch over the door. Very soon, a man appeared who seemed to know Trust, and he bade us enter and refresh ourselves with his hospitality. I soon found out that there were but three in this home; Ajack, Timetha, his wife, and Numa, their daughter, who was a shepherdess. There were, however, other children who were away in their own homes. Numa was the youngest child and a sweet, modest little girl, whose mind was well stored with useful knowledge and she was as sensible as she was pretty. With wonder beaming from her lovely eyes she listened to Trust's recital of my journey from Earth and the stars we had visited, omitting the Moon.

As it was her duty to care for the flock, when her father was otherwise busy, she invited me to go with her which I was very willing to do as it gave me a better chance to get acquainted. A slight little body was this shepherdess. She had regular features, pretty blue eyes, light auburn hair, and the smallest feet and hands I ever saw. The latter were like white wax in color and more beautiful than sculptured marble in form. She wore a white dress with the least semblance of a waist and looped sleeves which left the neck and arms bare showing their exquisite proportions. I wondered what such a fairy could possibly do with a flock of sheep. The skirt of her dress was of ample proportions and trailed behind like pictures I had seen of Grecian maidens. Even her coiffure resembled theirs being rolled over in the back and fastened with a pretty comb, while encircling the head was a fancy gold band.

When we were ready to go by some ingenious device she drew her dress up until it was a nice walking length. Then she brought a lavender silk, long circular cloak with hood which she put on and tied beneath her chin with wide white ribbons. A pretty thing to wear out to the barnyard! thought I, "She expects me to do the chores which, of course, I am willing to do." Down through the gently sloping meadow we went until we came to a large circular building nice enough to be a dwelling. She stepped inside, took down a flute from a shelf, and going to a seat beneath some shade trees began to play. As I listened I noticed that the sheep began to listen also. They soon formed in line and came up the path toward

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the circular building. Numa opened another door and they marched like soldiers into their quarters. Just before the last one passed in, I saw what I first supposed was a monstrous dog but which, on a nearer view, proved to be a lion. It was leaping and springing directly towards us. In an instant, I closed one door, pulled Numa in through the other, and was about to fasten it, when she asked me what was the matter. "There is a lion out there," I cried.

"To be sure there is; his place is with the sheep; he sleeps with them every night." She opened the door and patted the lion's head; then let him into the sheep fold where I saw him eating with the sheep.

"Won't he kill the sheep?" I questioned.

"Kill the sheep? There is no killing, or death in this world."

"Are there no wolves on this world?"

"No, I never heard of such a person, what is he like?"

"They are animals, not persons."

"I never heard of them; but our lions, what few there are, are very nice and we love them. They belong to the King's park, though they roam where they will. This one comes almost every rest period to sleep with our flock."

I was glad he was well housed and particularly glad when Numa turned to go home. On our way back she spoke of God's love for his creatures, and His provident care for them. "He must care especially for the sheep, for He makes mention of them so many times in our Bible. *My flock, The Shepherd of his flock, My lambs.*" Then she changed the subject: "Our friend Trust said you lived on a star called Earth. Is it far from here?"

"So far I cannot see it with my naked eye."

"Is that possible? Then you must go with me up into the big tower and look through our sky glass and point it out for me."

"I shall be very glad to do so."

A pensive look came into her face. "Some few days ago I had a very strange dream. I thought I was translated from this world in a skyboat, different from any we have on this world, with two men, one an angel and the other a mortal. I went to another world, and from there I went to Heaven and found Herjii." She stopped and looked at me earnestly.



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"Yes, you look like one of them, and our dear Trust was the other. We go to Uranus and Saturn and think nothing of it, in this world, but the Earth, I don't think anyone ever thought of going there. Is it a lovely world where people forever bask in God's love, and walk in Elysian fields of never fading verdure; where flowers bloom perpetual, and life is one long day of pleasure? Is it? Is it?" she asked earnestly.

Well, thought I, here is the unexpected. How should I answer her? What could I say? She stood looking and waiting for my answer, so I said the first thing that come into my mind, and asked her if she had ever heard of the Lost Eden or Dark Planet?

"Is that the Earth you came from?" she asked in astonishment. She moved away, while her face took on a troubled look. In a moment it lighted up with a sweet smile, as she said: "I see! You are being translated from that dark, desolate world to a better one, are you not?"

"I guess that is about the way of it," I replied. For a moment I had a pang of real genuine homesickness. I sighed, which surprised her, for she asked quickly, "Are you not glad you are going?"

"If I were certain I should return all right I might be glad to see other worlds, but the uncertainty makes the journey distasteful to me."

"Do not say that, do not! Rather say God is guiding and keeping me, it is right and best, because He leadeth for a purpose. How dare you have a fear? Did you not know that fear was a sin? I am going to show you what true faith is; I shall go with you when you leave this world, for I was told to in my dream."

"I don't believe in dreams," said I, "and I feel sure Trust will not consent to that," said I, pleasantly.

"Oh, I am sure he will when I tell him how it is. Do you know the only sinners we have on this world are the doubters, those who have no faith? Our Bible says *If ye have faith like a mustard seed you can remove mountains.\** All things were promised to the good, even to seeing God the Father, but some enjoyed best being doubters. Now, when everything is being

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\* Math. xvii.: 20.

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hurried to completion when every promise is being fulfilled as fast as events are ready for them, these doubters are sincerely penitent, and seek and pray for a longer journey that they may be worthy of so great a salvation. I have faith that everything will be just as God planned it, even to the redemption of the Earth. On this world we are taught to think no Evil, *for as a man thinketh so he is.\** If his thoughts are good and right there will come to him all good influences, and he can be all he wills, and what he wills.

"Why do you wish to go with us?" I inquired.

"I journey to find Herjii."

"Who is Herjii, a lover?" I questioned.

"In this world we call them our other selves."

Well, thought I, here is a new wrinkle in my adventures. Poor child, she must be a mild case, "just a little off"; and I thought of my trials on Jupiter with Neuvetrix and Quirtilla, those two good girls who had mistaken me, and I them, until after the visit to the doctor, when our differences were all cleared up and we parted the best of friends.

"Do you know?" said she, interrupting my musings, "we all thought Herjii was not long for this world, for he was born with a blue vein in his forehead. I see your veins are blue, so I know for a certainty he was a wandering spirit from the Dark Planet. He went out from us and we knew it not until he was gone. If all from the Dark Planet gain such lovable spirits by their wanderings from star to star, as beamed forth from his brilliant eyes, proofs of the inward purity of spirit and soul, then indeed the reward more than repays them for their trials of wandering."

"Did you ever think the spirits of those who died before you overcame death on this world went to your Moons and waited there for new bodies?" I questioned.

"Oh, no! We are taught they passed from one body to another in this world, excepting those who joined Satan's ranks and were banished into outer darkness, to become wandering spirits until perfected, when they will be permitted to return to their long-lost home. Herjii was a wandering spirit, and there are many, many more."

As we were at her father's door she did not stop to say more.

\* Prov. xxiii.: 7

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I was sorry, for though I thought she was a little off on translations, still I saw she knew her Bible by heart, and had studied the science of life, and the right way of living more than most people who profess to be teachers. Trust looked up to me as we entered the room and smiled, but made no comment. I knew what it meant, and resolved to be very careful and not talk too much.

When Numa had laid aside her cloak, she opened some doors and drew forth something that looked like a tall harp and yet was not a harp, for it had keys like our pianos. When her father requested her to play she did so very skilfully and sang several songs with a sweet, clear voice.

She rolled the instrument back and then sat down beside Trust and began telling him about her dream and her plans for its fulfilment. Imagine my surprise when I heard him tell her she could go with us.

"Ah! Dear friend," she cried, "I thank you so much. I see you understand that dear Herjii and I have always been one; my influence has always led him to better things, and he has drawn me to send perfect thought force to help him towards perfection, and I shall be forever happy when we meet again. I will now go to the temple and announce my journey," and she arose and passed out.

Then Trust told our host if he did not mind we would take our rest, and Ajack led the way to the second story to a room with only three or four pretty chairs in it and I wondered what we were to sleep on. There were beautiful high panel pictures on the walls. To one of these Ajack went, pushed it one side, and pulled out as lovely a bed as one could wish to rest on, then to another with the same result. Next he slid two panel pictures apart and there was a complete lavatory. He slid another which showed a cabinet well filled with books and other reading matter. Then he wheeled a pretty table into the center of the room, placed the chairs around it, drew the draperies over the windows, turned on the air light and with "God bless you, good rest," left us to seek our repose. When our devotions were ended, I told Trust if he was willing I should like to ask him a question.

"Certainly! What is it?"

"Is this world Heaven?"

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"No, this is not the Heaven you seek, but it is a part of it. The Heaven of heavens is farther from this world than this world is from Earth, and yet it can be reached much sooner from here for this world is in the circle of true harmony.

Long after Trust was asleep, I kept thinking about Numa's strange request, and if Trust was really in earnest about her going. I heard some one sing out: "We have passed such a place and all is well." Then I remembered Trust had told me they had watchmen who read the stars and called the hour. When the rest period was over, I heard them call: *Behold the morn; as thy days so shall thy strength be.*"\*

"Ah, yes," said Trust, springing out of bed, "bless God for those dear words, *As thy days so shall thy strength be.* Oh, if the poor weary plodders of Earth could realize the meaning of those words, and know the God-given strength that comes for the asking, I feel sure they would not thrust God out from their hearts and love any longer. Why, with that power and strength, they would be able to overcome every temptation mortal flesh is heir to."

"Trust, is it right to ask God's help in business matters? By this I mean, if I had made sad mistakes and kept on making them without wanting to, and my life seemed to me to be a failure, would it be right to ask him to help me?" I questioned.

"Certainly; if His help is needed at all it is needed by those whose every effort has been a failure, a lifelong failure. All need His help, but the unfortunate ones much more so, and to these His promises should be very dear. *Ask, and ye shall receive,\* Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.\** These are God's words, words of promise and cheer."

"How I wish father could hear you talk. He is always making fun of such things. In L —, where I live, there is a widow with six children, who sometimes helps mother doing chores for a day or two, and who says if she wants anything she prays for it, and it always comes, or she is told why it is best she did not receive it. People laugh at her, and father said: 'It looked likely; why, the Lord 'ud got nuff to dew tew keep the machinery goin' without list'nin' to a soft widder,'

\* Deut. xxxiii.: 25.

\* John xvi: 24.

\* Matt. vii: 7

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but mother said she believed every word of it because she was a pious woman."

"Another sample of Earth philosophy," was Trust's comment.

"Ulysum, the Good Book says the Lord will be a father to the widow and the fatherless. The woman who relies upon this promise is not 'soft,' and I can say truthfully, God has both a time and a disposition to do all He promises, and He does do it.

"We shall pass a star where the spirits of men abide who did not appreciate women as they should have done, and they must pass through the same trials, as must those women who have tortured their husbands. The burden of maternity softens the heart of woman, and her life grows brighter from the conflict. Some day the divine will overcome the human and woman will stand forth purified by the fire of sacrifice. Then man will rejoice for the honor of his mother and give to her the place that is rightfully hers in the Dark Planet. Oh, the mother hearts that beat, beat, counting by strokes the anxieties of life, the hopes, the fears, that brighten or shadow their brief sojourn on Earth — a troubled day dream that often ends in their sacrifice upon the altar of duty and love. But come, we must hurry, or we shall be late for the morning meal. I think I will take you to the public baths, and we will not disarrange the lavatory. You know unexpected guests should make as little trouble as possible."

When we were both ready he led the way to a lovely square in the center of which stood a large building with this inscription over the door; *Wash and be ye clean*. Trust told me there were twelve of these public baths in the city. When we entered several attendants came forward to assist us, and Trust told them to take me through the whole course of baths that I might see which I liked best. So I took a swim first, next a shower bath, then a medicated bath, which was more like spraying with perfumery, and, finally, an electrical bath with air and halo light thrown in. I felt like a new man when they got through with me and as hungry as a bear. While I was dressing I overheard the attendants talking about me. I heard one say: "What star did they come from?" Another said: "Why, the old man is like us; he must have captured

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the young one on some unfinished world and is taking him home to experiment on him. You know they have a theory on some stars how life may be changed without the tedious processes of birth." The first speaker replied: "Well, I prefer the old way; it is much safer and always sure in its results."

His companion said: The little fellow is different from us, that is certain, but the other is all right."

They looked towards me and walked away, and I took a seat and waited for Trust. What a beautiful place it was! A lovely fountain was playing in the center of the large waiting room; there were blooming plants all along the sides of the water that formed a kind of canal around three sides of the room; there were also blooming plants in the water. Over this water course were artistic bridges that led to other rooms where baths were given, and these rooms also had their share of beauty bloom.

When Trust came we returned to Ajack's and, in a short time we were called to breakfast. As we entered the breakfast room Numa and her mother, Timetha, came forward to greet us and inquire if we were refreshed. Numa was dressed in a thin lavender colored dress with lace ruffles about the neck, at the wrists, and around the bottom of the skirt. Timetha wore the same color with a yellow silk kerchief around her neck fastened, Quaker style, with a pretty brooch of sparkling gems. I mention these details because in reading a story I always want to know how people look, then I can see them with the writer's eyes.

The arrangement of the table was very pleasing and neat. There was a bunch of fragrant flowers at each plate, while pretty china dishes, with appetizing delicacies, rested on embroidered doilies. The fragrant cup of tea, with bread and butter, made me think of home, and I was glad for once that we had come to Neptune. Ajack asked Trust to ask a blessing. When that was over and the conversation became general, Trust announced his departure and his wishes concerning me." I shall be gone only three days; if you will be kind enough to show him around during such time as you can spare I shall be very grateful to you for your kindness."

"I think, father," said Numa, "our friend Blosko would be glad of the opportunity and if you are willing I will speak

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to him about it. You know my time will be taken up getting ready for my journey."

"That is a good arrangement, and I am sure Blossko will be more than pleased to do so." ¶ Were they all a little off, Trust with the rest? What could they be thinking of to let a child go so far away and never see her again. For, of course, they never would; and then, where were we going? I knew Trust had said, when we left Jupiter, that we would visit Saturn, but why did she wish to go there? She was not sure of finding Herjii there; and, besides, if he was there why could he not return to her, if he wanted to, when some one of their own ships visited Neptune? The whole thing seemed so lacking in prudence that I determined she should not go! So, when Blossko came and proposed we take a ride on one of the rivers I decided to ask him what he thought of it.

Down through the meadows to the river, down some marble steps to the water's edge we went, where, moored to a pier was a gondola-shaped boat. When we were seated he turned a crank which set the boat in motion and we moved out into the middle of the river and down stream as gracefully as a swan would glide. The boat was upholstered with bright orange cloth and, as we moved swiftly along, I leaned back among the soft cushions and enjoyed the scenery, my ride, and my companion. The river, like all those on perfect worlds, was walled in with solid masonry. For Neptune had gathered her waters into a perfect system of canals like those on Mars and Jupiter. It was crossed by bridges whose sides were veritable flower gardens. Soon after we started, Blossko said: "I understand you came from another world called Earth. Were you captured?"

"Yes, by a comet."

"By a comet? We are told by our dream writers that a comet is a wandering star, without a fixed orbit, coming and going at the will of its negative force. They are inhabited by infidels, or unbelievers in Our Supreme God, so they cannot call on Him for rest, nor can they perish; thus they forever go to and fro, their negative thought force the motive power that whirls them through space. How did you escape its influence? Did your friend, the immortal, rescue you, or are you one of its inhabitants?"

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"I never lived on a comet. I became acquainted with my friend Trust in another world."

"I see you are different from us. Are all on your world the same?"

"Nearly all."

"I see!" but, nevertheless, he seemed lost in thought.

For the want of something better to say and also to turn the conversation, I asked him if he caught many fish.

"Catch many fish? What do you mean?"

"I mean, do you catch them to eat?"

"Why no! We are not flesh eaters. We arose from that plane of life so many generations ago that the mists of centuries can never be rolled back and expose the nauseating picture and practice to this life. Are you a flesh eater?"

"Yes, we eat meat in our world."

"That explains it all; your flesh then is animal. Tell me what a man eats and I will read his life. Meat eaters are like unto the animals they devour. We eat fruit and flowers, and grain and air. Our physical being is perfect, our spiritual perfect, and our soul power strong. We have been looking and praying for centuries for our lost loves who were sent to the Dark Planet for sins we know nothing about, and though we have the promise that they will return purified, we never, in our wildest dreams, expected one to return in a condition like yours. Pardon me, brother; have you friends in this world that you seek or was your coming accidental?"

"Accidental, I guess, for I know of no friends in this world."

"Our eyes will be opened, and when the last one returns we shall know. I have had thoughts at times which I could not understand, but you may be able to tell me what they mean. I have a love, a sweet girl, who loves me in return, and yet when I tell her of my love there comes a thought that I have been untrue to her; and yet, in this life, I never have been nor could anything or anybody induce me to do so. Then again, I am a government official, and my office is one of trust, and yet I have days when I am afraid I shall betray that trust. Of course I laugh, and know they are both idle fears, for there was never such a thing done on this world. But whence come these thoughts? My love, my other self, complains of thoughts as idle and unreal as mine, and we have



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come to think that we are both wandering spirits from the Dark Planet, Do you ever have such negative thoughts or are there any such real sins anywhere, do you think?" He bent forward and looked at me earnestly.

Here was a chance for me to crawl out of a corner again, so I said: "I am told that on this world you believe good thoughts are a most powerful force. If so, why do you let those bad thoughts come?"

"I cannot help their coming, but I banish them with good thoughts as quickly as possible. Do you ever have evil thoughts?"

"Yes, sometimes," I was determined to say as little as possible.

"What are they?"

"Oh, my, I could not tell you a tenth part." There it was out before I thought.

"Ah, I understand. You are from Earth, and that is where they originate, no doubt. I must tell Elma, and together we must send them back where they came from, for they do not belong to this world."

I thought then was my time to speak of Numa's strange scheme; so I asked him if she had told him what she intended to do.

"Yes, and she is preparing for the journey. Don't you wish her to go?"

"No. It is too risky; she may lose her life."

"Lose her life? Why, dear brother, she could not lose her life. Numa has entered into the perfect life, where death cannot come. It must be that flesh eaters take in fear with their food. Why don't you eat the air, pure air? It is full of life, if once you know how to partake of it. The grains, the fruit, and the flowers are our delicacies, the good things the Good Book speaks of: *I will fill their mouths with good things.*"

As we passed down the river I noticed the homes — large, commodious mansions, with every convenience and beauty to make life happy, and I observed that it must be a relief from anxiety to know one had a home, a permanent abiding place for their very own.

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\* Psalm cix: 28. Psalm ciii; 5.

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"Why, what do you mean? Don't you have homes on Earth?"

"Some do, but more don't," I replied. "Why, to own your home forever, never to fear you will die and leave it or some unforeseen misfortune take it away, and give it to another, would, of itself, be supreme happiness even though it was but an humble one." I thought of my home in L —, with its best room where the sunlight streamed through the two south windows on pleasant days, and baby Ute trotted back and forth talking to mama while she worked, both happy; yet a dark shadow hovered over it, the same as it did over every home on Earth. Some day all must say farewell to friends and home.

"That is very sad. I never before understood what this passage in the Bible meant: *One shall build and another inhabit.\** How discouraged one must become to build and only own for a few short years. Oh, how can we thank God enough, or with what words shall we make plain our thanks, for being brought to so lovely a world as this?"

He looked skyward, then after a short pause inquired: "Have those on the Earth lost all remembrance of their former home?"

"Trust thinks there is a dim recollection of better things, for they are always striving for something better, both the highest and the lowest."

"What do you mean by the lowest?"

"The savages and the unenlightened part of humanity."

"Have you a home?"

"Yes, but I don't own it. It belongs to another."

"Yes; yes, that explains it all. You are a savage, an unenlightened mortal on the lowest plane; but never mind, perhaps Trust will not allow you to go back, and you will come into knowledge and truth in some perfected world."

This was a fine reputation to have. On Mars I was the Devil's spy; on Jupiter, a crazy mortal; on Neptune, a savage from Earth. I tried to jump out of that corner by asking him how they managed to pass the time away without anything to do.

"Can it be possible you think we live in idleness or ever

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\* Isa. lxxv.: 22.,

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

will? My dear brother, now that we know error from right, and have overcome evil with Good, we are never idle lest Evil return. We know Good from Evil and we work for the Good. Never is a thing left undone that should be done, and it is done at the proper time."

We now returned home, but during my trip I had learned that every child was born to a home, an education, and all the comforts of life that one could possibly enjoy in that world. Maternity was the glory of woman and she was cared for and loved as she should be. Man sat beneath his own vine and fig tree with the crown of perpetual youth upon his brow. "I have a little more time," said Blosko; "perhaps you would like to visit one of our hanging gardens."

I acquiesced, and we walked along until we came to a large archway made of yellow marble veined with pale green, carved exquisitely in leaf and scroll work. This, he told me, was the entrance to the park. "It is all made land and spans one of the ravines where winds the river we have just been boating upon. You see it connects the two plateaus and you would not know that it divided the city unless you were told."

What a surprise of floral beauty it was. One would never have thought they were on a bridge as they walked among the shrubs and blooming plants. For two hours we walked among flowers which spelled words: some made mottoes, while others would represent pictures when full grown. There were fountains in full play; there were electric chairs which wheeled one anywhere he wished to go; there was statuary chiseled from the finest marble, there were easy seats within vine-wreathed arbors, and music, music everywhere.

When we had seen a good share of this part of the hanging gardens, he took me down a story to another hanging garden, as bright as day, with their halo light. Here I saw fruits and flowers growing and ripening as perfectly as those in the garden above. Then he took me down another story, and there I saw the same results. As I stood in wonderment he said: "These flowers and fruits eat air and bask in sunshine. Our Halo is composed of the same elements that the Sun's light and heat are. We have air regulators that tell immediately when the air needs changing and they go to work and do it."

"It is certainly wonderful," I exclaimed. "I wish I could

## ON NEPTUNE.

learn about these things before we leave, but I cannot for our stay is to be so short."

"I wish you could, brother; but one thing you can do and that is to eat all the air you can while you are here and bask in our Halo; that will help you a great deal."

I told him about Utocomin and how he had invented a gas from the different elements of the atmosphere, and also his opinion of the sun.

"He was right," said Blosko. "How sad it was that he was obliged to pass on when so near the goal."

As we wandered back through another part of the city we came to a place where I could see the hanging gardens from the side. The first was on arched stone piers, so boats could pass through; the next on cement and steel work, and the third on steel columns. I could not help thinking of the work Earth had yet to do in every department to get ready for the perfect life. As we came out upon the bridge again I noticed a piece of statuary that was a very good representation of George Washington and on another corner one that looked like our Goddess of Liberty. Blosko called one the *Father of Progress*, and the other the *Mother of Light*. When I asked him whom they represented he said: "No one that I ever heard of. They are inspired work; pictures formed from an artist's dreams."

"It may seem very strange to you," I answered, "but if those were on Earth I could name them very quickly," and I told him about them. His answer was this:

"You forget, Ulysum, that the same Master-mind rules this world that rules the Earth, and as some of the wandering spirits from Earth come here, it is probable that the loves they cherished there still cling to them in this life, in a more fully perfected state. In adorning that beautiful city that is to come to Earth out of the skies there will be the perfected lace makers, the embroiderers, the gold and silver workers, the vinedressers, the musicians, the painters, the house builders, and, in fact, every good craft will be needed and will help with its chosen life work." Blosko left me to go to his office, saying he would see me again, and I returned to the shepherd's house.

The three days had passed and we were still at Ajack's.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

The city was in a whirl over the arrival of some high church dignitary from Uranus, and Trust spent most of his time at the temple with him. Ajack was busy with his work; Timetha looked after the household, while Numa was somewhere in the city preparing for her journey. I was left to look out for myself as if I were entirely forgotten. I did not frequent the busy portion of the city as I attracted too much attention and comment, so I wandered down by the river bank and watched the boats glide swiftly by filled with pleasure parties who were laughing and chatting just the same as they did on other planets. I saw the same merry hearts here that beat elsewhere, with the old, old story of love beaming forth from their eyes, but clothed and protected by garments of purity that reflected the wholeness of divinity. Sometimes I would think how like Earth, and again how unlike. This world was nearly finished, but Earth was still in the builders' hands. Here everybody was willing a brother should have the same that they had; on Earth, all were striving for self and individual needs.

One day, on my way back to Ajack's, from a visit to the temple, I noticed a young man was watching me very closely. I knew he wished to speak to me, so I sat down. After a while he came and took a seat beside me, and in a low voice, asked me if I was the stranger from Earth. When I answered in the affirmative, he asked: "Would you just as soon tell me what the sin was that sent you to the Earth?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I answered: "I was not sent to Earth that I know of." Then the words of the Savior came to me: *Ye are the children of your father the Devil.\** Could I gainsay his words? I hesitated, I turned red, I felt mean, but finally I said: "I have no recollection of any past sin except those committed in this life, and my hope is to live and atone for all of them."

"God help you to do so." He grasped my hand while tears gathered in his eyes, then he went on to say: "I have watched you for a long time to see if you bore any likeness to those we miss from our home. I saw none, so you must still journey farther; but we are watching and praying for those who still tarry." He pressed my hand again and turned away.

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\* John viii; 44; John 10.

## ON NEPTUNE.

In Blosko's company I saw the greater part of the city; the palatial homes with their perfect surroundings; the College of Science, the College of Physical Development; the manufactories, the immense grain fields, the orchards, the vineyards, all owned by the people of this world in the riches of which all shared alike. I wished to stay and learn some of their new ideas, but Trust informed me we should leave on the morning of the seventh day.

I determined to see some one who would try to persuade Numa to remain at home. As her mother seemed the most suitable person for the task, I went to her the day before we were to start, and told her my fears. I recounted my fearful experiences in journeying through space and told her about my visits excepting the one to the Moon. When she had heard me through she replied.

"Brother, from what you tell me, it is *you* who ought not to go. You are still full of error, which creates contrary forces that are a great hindrance to true harmony. I think I will mention it to friend Trust and perhaps he will go without you, though in your present state I don't know what we could do with you here." Then she began asking me questions, and I was glad to escape for fear I might say something that would displease Trust.

After a little reflection I determined to see Blosko's friend Elma, who tended the sheep in the next field to Numa, and appeal to her good judgment. When I reached the field I found only a young boy who said he was Elma's brother, that his name was Taxidon, and that Elma was helping Numa get ready to go on a long journey.

"Do you think she ought to go?" I asked.

"Why, yes. I am to send good thoughts for her success and safety. I am to think there is no failure, and thus create, by soul power, a good influence for her." I talked with him for some time trying to learn the source of this power which all were talking about. When I unwittingly told him who I was, and where I came from, he became very shy. When I asked him the reason he replied: "We have been requested to use this same power for you, asking no questions, but believing that error will depart from you and that you may be changed into perfection."

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

This, of course, ended our conversation, I retraced my steps to Ajack's and sat down under a tree.

I was wishing I could see Numa when she appeared at the door. When she saw me she came and sat down by my side. "I am nearly ready, Ulysum, What a pleasant journey it will be."

"Numa, why do you wish to go on this journey? Don't you think you had better give it up?"

"Why do I wish to go?" she repeated, looking at me as if surprised. "If you had a loving father who had given you eternal life, would you not want to see him and his home and thank him? If you had a friend as dear as Herjii, who had already gone, and who kept calling 'Come, Come,' would you not span the gulf of space to see him?"

What argument could I use against hers? I was beaten, so I said rather grudgingly: "I suppose you'll have to go."

She thanked me and ran skipping into the house. In a few minutes I heard her singing as happy as a lark. I wondered whether they were real live beings or was I hypnotized again; or were they just "a little off," a mild case. Trust woke me out of my reverie; "Hello! Ulysum, what are you thinking about? Don't get down in the mouth just on the eve of departure. Brace up and leave Neptune like a real hero."

All my obstinacy came back. "It would be all right, if only you and I were going; but to put three in a boat only made for one seems foolhardy."

"Ha! Ha! my boy, why did you not think of that when you proposed to have Laomeline go with us? Do you think it less safe than before Utocomin repaired it?"

"It is much safer, but what a woman wants to start off on a journey of this kind for I can't see." I could see, but I wouldn't own up to Trust as I did to Numa. He laughed.

"That's what they said about Columbus when he started to find the New World. That's what they say about any new enterprise. Men have crossed the line between Neptune and Uranus and Saturn; now, a woman is brave enough, and has faith enough to answer the summons, 'Come and go with us to seek the promised land and find the real source of all life, all knowledge.' She is going to follow her lover as hundreds have done on Earth. They have gone to far off, strange

## ON NEPTUNE.

lands with as much uncertainty and danger as lies in Numa's pathway. The voice of *Love* touches the chords. Besides she has eternal life, and how can she fail when Love shows the path?"

Again was I beaten, so I decided to give in for good. "Well, let her go. I am willing, so long as you say it is all right."

I asked him if I should go and get the ship ready, but he said "No, not at present." If Numa was going where were the provisions to be stored? I asked what we should take for Numa to eat, and he replied: *Not by bread alone shall man live, but by every word that proceedeth out of my mouth.\** Did you wake up hungry when we were on our journey?"

"No," said I. "We must have lived on air."

What a perfect day we had for our departure from Neptune. I had expected to be very nervous, but Trust's words had reassured me; "She has entered eternal life; she cannot fail." No doubt his being an Immortal had brought me safely through my journeys, and I went with Trust as cheerfully as if it had been for a day's ride only. Way up in the amethyst sky, with its reflected Halo light, were myriads of air ships coming and going. Some looked like Chinese lanterns with their many colored banners drooping from their sides. Many brought passengers who had come to witness Numa's departure on a foreign ship whose captain was a captured animal man who had come from Earth drawn by a Comet. Some intended to accompany us part way on our journey.

Music and songs were heard on every side. There were throngs of children bearing baskets of beautiful flowers; there were banners strung across the streets, on the housetops, and swinging from the branches of trees; in fact, at every step, we came upon some decoration, elaborate or unique, and all in honor of Numa's departure.

As we neared the square in front of the temple from which we were to start, the crowd increased until it was with much difficulty that we pushed our way through to where my ship was standing, all ready for the start. Trust told me to remain beside it and he went into the temple with the crowd.

A man appeared at one of the temple doors and blew a big

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\* Deut. viii.: 3



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

trumpet three times; then he cried out: "Fall back, friends; fall back!" There came first from the temple the prophet Següleadra; he was followed by twelve young men who bore a beautiful white velvet carpet handsomely embroidered in gold with leaves and flowers and edged with a heavy gold fringe. The young men rolled my ship to the centre of it, then took their places, six on each side. Next came four boys bearing banners, who stood at the four corners. One of the banners was white satin and bore these words embroidered in gold: *Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven. Another read: He that seeketh me shall find me.*

Then the singers came, at least five hundred of them. They stood in two long rows on both sides of a long strip of velvet carpet which reached from the Temple door to where my ship stood.

All preparations being made, the procession came from the Temple. First, the High Media, or priest, whose name was Sava, and twelve assistants; then the High Mediess, Councila, also with twelve assistants. At last Numa, with forty young ladies dressed all in white, accompanied also by her parents and near friends.

Numa's dress was the loveliest creation that could be imagined. The underdress was white satin embroidered with gold stars. Over that was a thin silk spider web lace skirt elaborately decorated with diamond beads. It was cut low and around her neck was a necklace of diamonds and amethysts; the same jewels were set in her bracelets. Suspended from the necklace was a gold star set with rubies and diamonds. Over all was a handmade lace veil, held in place by an elegant gold band set with precious stones. Upon a finger was a birth-ring, a present from her parents. I overheard one young girl say to another: "Of course, she must look nice, for she represents the daughters of Neptune and bears a goodly number of messages to the Father, and she must have a dress suitable to meet those who dwell with Him."

When Numa reached the square of carpet, the High Media motioned to Següleadra, and he took her hand and asked her if she was ready to go upon her journey.

"I am," she replied.

Then Següleadra asked her what assurance she had that

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her journey would be successful. And she answered: "*We shall mount like the eagles.\* We shall run and not be weary. He that seeketh me shall find me. Seek ye the Kingdom of God first. I walk by faith and not by sight.*"†

"Ajack and Timetha are you willing this child should take this journey?"

They replied in unison: "We are willing."

Then Següleadra placed a tiara of gold and precious gems on Numa's head, saying: "Numa, the shepherdess, daughter of Neptune, I crown thee, Child of Faith." Councillia then placed a girdle around her waist, saying: "I gird thee with strength; never waver in thy purpose, and bring us news from the Father, for our hearts are weary waiting for the sight of His dear face."

The Mediess led Numa to the ship. Elma placed a pair of gold steps for her to mount; with a chorus of adieus from all she stepped into the ship where Trust was waiting to receive her. The Skybird was then rolled off the carpet and Trust called me to come and take charge of it.

I took in the ropes, let out the wings and we began to rise in a perfectly straight line until we were over a mile above the city; then we sped upon our journey, the music from Neptune being borne to us as long as we remained over its surface.

Not until we were beyond Neptune's Halo did the accompanying airships leave us and even then they returned reluctantly. I turned to Trust one day: "How is it we glide along so smoothly? This is nothing like the frisky journey to the Moon."

"Ulysum, I expected you would ask that question. While we were moving from Jupiter to Neptune, you were too sleepy to know what was going on. Allow me to congratulate you. You are the greatest discoverer that the planet Earth has ever produced. You have learned the pathway from Star to Star!"

"Well, well, that beats me! What would father say if he knew I was glad I came?"

"Say, no doubt, that you would be better off digging potatoes."

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\* Isa. xlvi.: 31.

† Matt. vi.: 33.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

I had always thought of Numa as being alone with us, until one day the ship gave a sudden lurch and the door flew open. To my surprise I saw that the cabin was full of young girls. They had long flowing hair, dresses so bright that they dazzled my eyes, and what seemed to be transparent wings. They were talking with Numa as if they were old friends in a drawing room on Neptune. As I looked at the clouds which surrounded the ship I saw they were full of spirit forms. Trust noticed my surprised look and he answered it by saying: "You can see now how little one needs the help of mortal man if the dear Heavenly Father sends his angels to guard you. You thought your ship could only carry one, but you see it holds a great many, and yet you outweigh them all. That which is born of flesh or dust is flesh, and is heavy; that which is born of spirit is spirit and is light." Then he left me to wonder over the different conditions of life, and puzzle my brain to solve some of its problems.

The Word is made manifest in flesh, when it leaves the body it is spirit.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### NUMA AND HER LOVER.

*They sailed away, a loving pair,  
A handsome youth, a maiden fair.  
She took the oars, and bade him steer  
He was afraid, said, "No, my dear."  
"Then go ashore, and leave me here,  
For go I will" — Love conquered fear.*

WHIRL, jerk, plunge, then a trembling. What could be the matter? I rubbed my eyes and wondered where I was. As I caught sight of Trust my mind grasped the situation, and I cried out: "What has happened?"

"Nothing particular, Ulysum. We have reached the elemental influences of an unfinished world."

"Have we reached Saturn?" I made a desperate effort to stand on my feet.

"No, we have not reached it yet. We are nearing one of the moons of Uranus, a small satellite called Annamanda."

Oh, how hard it was to wake up from that drowsy stupor. After a bit I managed to shake off the sleepy feeling, or rather the ship shook it off, for every few seconds we were tossed about like a boat in the rapids of a swift flowing river. When I finally did shake it off and had rubbed a little feeling into my numbed hands and feet, I got up and looked out to see if Trust was joking. No, there was a planet below us, but whether large or small, I could not judge. I must have shown signs of fear when I looked at Trust. "You seem troubled, Ulysum."

"The ship lurches so. What makes it?"

"What I told you. The elemental forces, the negative forces. If you think this is bad you should have kept awake and been through all that has passed; but neither Numa nor I have seen anything to fear though it has been a great deal worse than this."

"I tried to keep awake, Trust, but my eyes would close

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

in spite of myself. Why did you not use that power which you possess and keep me awake?" I asked, ashamed of my small power of endurance.

"You must remember, Ulysum, you were always noted for being a heavy sleeper; and another thing, I find you behave much better when you are asleep."

Just then Numa came out of the cabin and looked over, remarking: "What a lot of forest trees. Are there no dwellings in this world?"

"Oh yes, but they are the primitive style always found in new worlds," answered Trust. Then he told me to lower the ship. "The spirits that abide on this world, or I should say, the grafted ones, are the spirits of those who had no affection for their offspring when in Earth life, and who did not care for their own progress; those who were too indolent to provide for their innocent, dependent young, or who spent all their substance in riotous living. They come to this world after death and, in new bodies, they work for the heathen, the natural man, and get no recompense beyond the meager food provided after the heathen have taken the lion's share. The Bible says: *A man who fails to provide for his own is worse than an infidel.*\* I will tell you a true story. In a little town on Earth, so small that each family was known to the others, and also the principal acts of their daily life, lived a young couple who started out in life under as favorable auspices as one could wish. The youth had a good trade, the maiden was a tidy little housekeeper, and the future looked bright for them. In time children came to them. Instead of their being a joy they were unwelcome. With the advent of each little one the mother was forced to bear an added burden, for the father, who should have been the provider, gave up his position as a wage earner and spent most of his time in saloons and at the race tracks. Fortunately for the frail wife, life went out for him in his early manhood and he was sent to this planet to do for others all that he would not do for his own. There are women here who neglected every home care, women who thus disgraced the sacred name of wife and mother. Now they must wander for an indefinite time in this world, obliged to do and bear all they made others bear."

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\* Tim. v.: 8.

## NUMA.

"Oh, how sad," said Numa. "Shall we see them?"

"I shall take care that you do not," replied Trust. "At present it were better you did not see such conditions. So I shall leave you in the ship with your angel guards while Ulysum and I take a little stroll to a village where I have a mission."

When we landed it was on a high promontory on the shore of Taggatkay Ocean. It was a bare rock plateau surrounded by dense forests. We left the ship and walked down to the heathen village as Trust called it. When we were nearly to the village, Trust left me in the valley, and told me to await his return. As he walked away I saw he was not alone, for there was a great number of shadow forms with him. In an instant the whole valley to me took on a sepulchral, weird aspect. I distrusted everybody and blamed myself for leaving my ship.

The valley where Trust left me was a wide stretch of fertile meadow land between two mountain ranges with a wide river flowing through the centre. On the bank of this river, not a quarter of a mile away, I could see the heathen village, and some of its inhabitants running to and fro as if preparing for some event. While I sat thinking and conjecturing what I had better do, I saw a long line of horses, with women riders, file out of a ravine and come towards me. They wore short skirts, blouse waists, which, with their hats, shoes, gloves and stockings were of a dark tan color. On they came until they were abreast of the open where I was sitting. One of them espied me and very soon they had surrounded me and dismounted.

I never remembered being afraid of a woman since I outgrew mother's whippings, but when I saw I was surrounded by these masculine women soldiers (they were like the Amazons I had read about), I confess I felt a little ticklish as to the outcome of this visit. After conferring for a short time with one another in low tones, one of the number, who seemed to be the captain, advanced, bowed and asked me if I was a god, a heathen god! This made me smile in spite of my misgivings. Me a god! Well, well, how father would laugh to hear that. No one ever thought me anywhere near one unless it might be poor Henriette when she saw my inventions. I shook my head and answered "No!"

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Then who are you?"

"I am a traveler from another star, or world."

"What world?"

"The Earth."

"Great be the praise, that we have lived to see a being from the Earth. Now we shall know for a certainty if the heathens' words are true." She gave an order for all to tie their horses, and when she had been obeyed they seated themselves on rocks and fallen trees, and their Major, as they called her, began to question me, quieting my fears by saying they meant me no harm. Tell us what the Earth is like and if the people who live there are happy. You see, sir," she did not wait for me to answer, "the heathen tell us that Earth is a world of progression and that people on that world can and do progress out of the lower conditions to the higher or angelic state of being; that the heathen are very happy and have nothing to do but eat and sleep, and when they die they pass into another life on that world still progressing, then to another, and still another until they are perfected. But they say that we, the Maneys, as we are called, are sent here for disobedience and not doing our duty while in Earth life; sent here to wait on them until they pass out of this life to that. Now can this be true, do you think?"

"I am sure I cannot answer your question," I replied. "You will have to wait until my friend returns from the village."

"Has he gone to see the great heathen king?"

"Very likely, though he did not tell me his errand."

"We will wait until his return; but will you not tell us what kind of a world the Earth is?"

"Something like this," I replied, looking at the pretty meadow lands.

The Major motioned to five or six who followed her to one side and they held a private consultation. They returned and asked me if they resembled the women of Earth. "Do the women have to do men's work there and take care of weaklings?"

"No, I never saw any just like you there," I replied.

"Are the men all as well and strong as you are?"

"Yes, the majority are well and strong."

"That must be a blessing. In this world there is no progression. Whatever our grandparents did, we do; we live in

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the same place and obey the same laws. We have been thinking if you would stay and teach us Earth's ways we could progress in this world. Would you stay if you were well cared for?"

"No, I am no teacher; besides, I have no right to overthrow an ancient custom." My mind went back to my experience on Mars.

"Look!" cried the Major. "Here comes Dexey, the weakling I am tied to. The heathen call them Sheëys. They make us marry and care for them."

I confess I could not help smiling as I saw the object that came shacking along. It took a seat on a rock near the Major and asked who I was. He was certainly the most helpless looking specimen of a sissy man I ever saw, and I did not wonder that the heathen wished to get rid of them. There was but little hair on his head; just a thin growth around the lower portion of an odd shaped cranium. His hands and feet were large, the latter protected by sandals. His pantaloons were loose and coarse, and he wore a loose blouse which was open half way down the front. His hands seemed to fall helpless on his legs and hang over. The Major began talking to him in a low tone. There was not the least bit of joy or animation in her face; simply a look of helpless endurance. The Maneyls all had the same look, though the expression on some faces indicated that their endurance was of the squirming kind.

I saw Trust coming. When he reached us he said, bowing right and left. "I wish you much happiness, and thank you for keeping my friend company while I was away." Turning to me he said: "Reliable and Obedience send their love to you. They met me at the village but will not have time to visit you."

"How long have they been on this world?" I asked.

"Oh, some little time. These people here are the ones who shirked life's responsibilities while on Earth. The Major arose and coming up to Trust bade him welcome to the planet Annamanda. Then she said, "I have asked this man to tell me the truth about Earth life.

"The heathen, sir, say we are disobedient spirits who were sent to this world for punishment. I really think it may be



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true, for I often think I can remember when I lived there in a former life, but it is such a dim, dreamy, remembrance I cannot hold it long enough to make it plain. Yet it comes so often and everything connected with it seems so natural, I have come to believe the heathen may be right. Strange as it may seem, the Maneys all have the same experience, and so do the Sheëys."

Before Trust could reply another interrupted with:

"Well, I for one, don't like this life. I am all the time uneasy and restless. I argue that if I had known no other life it stands to reason I would be happy in this; but I am not, and I dream and dream of a life so much better it makes me rebellious all the time, which I know is not right."

"Perhaps," answered Trust, "if you had been patient in your former life and done your whole duty, you would by this time have attained that beautiful home of which you speak. It is better to be content where God the Father sees fit to place us, than to take our lives into our own hands and do evil for the gratification of self."

"That is very true, sir, and I have often wondered why I could not have done right in the other life for this one is such a burden. The heathen make us dress as soldiers. What they are for I don't know, and I don't believe they do. They say it is to please their Great Spirit, so we are obliged to leave our tasks and parade, though we have no heart or belief in any of their rites. The only thing that I can see that seems right for us to do is to be good to those poor Sheëys, who are so helpless, and to be patient with our taskmasters, these heathen, who lay such heavy burdens on us."

Trust answered: "If this inward voice tells you to do these things perhaps you are working out, through this experience, a release from the evils of a former life, and your next one will come to you full of rich reward. I have wandered long and my journeyings have been among different planes of life; in each I have found that contentment is happiness, and he or she who makes the most of the life they are placed in, rendering those around them happy and doing their duty, will be better prepared when they are released from one life to enter a higher one."

"Life is a queer condition anyway," said one they called

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Lonanna. "How many lives do we have to live before we reach perfection?"

"Only one, if the body is incorruptible and the spirit pure," said Trust.

"It seems to me," interrupted one called Willmina, "the best way is to let God do His will, and we obey, like little children. Don't you think so?"

"Decidedly," replied Trust.

"Shall we ever return to Earth?" questioned the Major.

"In the Earth Bible," said Trust, I read *The good shall inherit the Earth.*"\*

"Are there many like us there?" asked Willmina. Before Trust could answer another asked: "How can we return? Shall we go in ships the same as you came?"

"The Bible says, *Ye must be born again*† In your intercourse with nature you have learned that all vegetation produces a seed or germ for reproduction. In planting the seed or germ is placed in the ground; and it comes forth not like the body that was sown, but in a different shape which grows and the old life is made new. This was why man was urged to increase and multiply and thus replenish the Earth. He who hates children little knows how great is their value in the progression of the world. *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"§

This aroused the Sheëy's interest, for he moved nearer, and said: "Oh, sir, I believe that is true. I have dreams of another life and they always have little children in them. They seem to be my very own, but I was cruel to them and did not care for them. I feel so bad when they go away weeping and sad, and I struggle so to bring them back. Then I wake up to have the picture haunt me for days."

"Then," said another, who had not spoken before, "we are to understand that we progress through the birth process, and need look no longer for ships to come after us; but why do we not progress on this world?"

Trust explained: "This is only a transitory state, the real life being on the planet to which you belong. In Earth life

\* Psalm xxv.: 13.

† John iii.: 3.

§ Mark x.: 14.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

there are many men who neglect their families for the sake of their own gratification. How the world progresses matters not to them. Would it be right to let them go into Heaven in this undeveloped state?"

"No! No!" the Maney's cried out.

"You are right," said Trust. "They punish themselves. They can blame no one for their own wilfulness. There are women, too, who are as negligent and sinful, and there is no better way than to make them taste the same conditions that they have inflicted upon others."

Then Dexey, the Sheëy, said: "He means us, Major. I always felt that we were away from home; now, I know it. I am willing to bear my punishment and will repine no more. But, sir, can you tell us what sin it was that drove us from our Heavenly home?"

"You will understand that, and know all, when you are perfected," replied Trust.

So they asked questions and Trust answered them until it was time for us to go, when Trust said "Let us pray." It was such a good prayer, such a helpful one, I heard weeping on every side. After the prayer was ended, we shook hands with each, Trust saying a good word to everybody. As we left them they mounted their horses and rode away.

We followed the course of the river until we came to a grove of beautiful trees, a kind I had never seen before. They were straight except at the base; there the roots came out of the ground, bent over and went back into the ground. There were three or four of these roots to each tree, and I soon found out that they made fine seats. The branches were long and drooping, with broad, waxy green leaves which were interlaced until they made a canopy over head. Trust said he had come to this grove to conduct a number of spirits to Saturn. He left me sitting on one of the roots and went farther into the grove. When he returned he was accompanied by five young men, all having on a white dress or gown the same as that Trust wore, and he introduced them and said they were Immortals. Oh, what clean, pure-looking young men, and they were so jolly. They talked with Trust about our coming journey, and the "dear spirits" who would go with us to Saturn, and their happy life in working for others. As I listened, I

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could not help feeling some of their joy and I was glad to be in such heavenly company. I felt no affliction, no burden no disappointment, could be too great to bear if the end brought such perfect happiness.

As we walked through the grove on our return I heard the sweetest singing. It sounded as though it came from some grand old cathedral far away. "Spirit voices," said Trust, as I stopped to listen. "Oh, Ulysum, this is such a joyful life. Those spirits are singing because they are almost home. Only one more stopping place and their journey is o'er."

It was twilight when we reached the ship. Trust called my attention to the brilliant gems that dotted the sky, and to my surprise began to sing:

*Oh, brilliant gems in yon bright sky,  
Send down some token from on high,  
To tell of worlds all crowned with light,  
Where life is perfect, true and right.  
Tell us that Earth in time shall be  
A lighted star like those we see,  
And all this weary, plodding way  
Become, in time, life's perfect day.*

When Trust was through singing, Numa came out of the cabin and exclaimed: "How lovely; where did you learn that?"

"Music and poetry are attributes of the perfected life," replied Trust.

We got everything ready soon, and loosening my skybird we left Annamanda for Saturn.

As during my former experiences in space, I lost myself, and did not find myself until we were about entering Saturn's Rings, or Halo. I could scarcely believe my eyes, it was so beautiful. Like a great web of Roman silk it encircled the planet. There were great broad bands of red, orange, blue green and purple, shading from full colors into the faintest tints, while the stars, visible by day as well as night, looked like jewels pinning the gorgeous fabric to the firmament.

Numa was as happy as could be and would often say, "I know the ship will wait for me." One day I asked her if she expected to find a ship while on Saturn that would take her to another planet.

"Certainly, I do," she replied.

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"What makes you think so? Are there any there from your world?"

"I am not going back to Neptune. I am going on and on. I am going to Heaven."

"How do you know?"

"I asked and got my answer."

"How did you ask?"

"I telegraphed by the line of thought."

"How do you know you were answered?"

"I listened and heard the words."

"I hope you won't be disappointed," I replied. I thought that either she was crazy or I was hypnotized.

Numa answered me, "I shall not be disappointed, Ulysum."

For two weeks we drifted slowly over the planet watching the cities, the villages, the rivers or water systems, the broad highways, the groves, the well-tilled meadows and hillsides! all as perfect as if laid out by a landscape gardener. Not a fault could I see from my perch in the sky. Trust would point out these beauties to me and he never seemed to tire of explaining the beauties of the perfected life. *And they shall not need the light of the Sun or Moon or stars.\**

"See, see, Ulysum, how perfect everything is beneath the Halo light which God has given them. *I will give them a light.*" One would have thought to see his animated face that it was the first time he had ever seen a perfect world. He answered my thought with: "I feel so full of joy, Ulysum, I could shout. To know that the Earth will, some day, be like unto this, and God, even *Our God*, will reveal himself to man in that wor'd. Is not that enough to make me joyful, and shout praises to the Giver of all good?"

Numa, too, was greatly interested and kept watching for "her ship," and it came to pass that she was the first to see it as we neared a city where Trust told me to land close to its walls. It was a full rigged ship and looked like the sailing vessels of Earth, pictures which I had seen many times. The sails were made of gold cloth; the spars, the masts, and bulwarks looked like burnished gold, and there was a Halo light all about it.

My golden ship! I knew it would wait for me," exclaimed Numa. "See, Trust, what a beauty!"

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\* Rev. xxii: 5.

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“Yes, Numa, your ship is waiting, and it is indeed beautiful, but not more beautiful than your faith.”

He pointed downward and said: “Ulysum, the motto of this world is ‘Know thyself.’ Here the soul power hath full sway and the material obeys. Here wandering spirits are developed into spiritualized material bodies, or Immortals. This, the last goal, and then the rapid home stretch.”

The city where we landed was called Bjallkrom. A goodly number of people, who had been watching my ship, came out to greet us. Trust shook hands with several who seemed to be acquainted with him, though they called him by a name I had never heard before, and he walked along with them, telling me to roll the ship along until we came to a car. I could see, by every one’s looks, that I was a real curiosity to them, and I did not wonder, for I had been on enough perfect worlds to know there was a difference between us, and here it was more apparent than ever before.

Trust told them I was from the Earth, that the lady passenger inside was from Neptune, and the accompanying spirits from afar. When we reached the car, a splendid looking man came forward; he wore a uniform of glistening white silk, with gold letters on his cap, while gold epaulets, gold chevrons, and buttons set his dress off to great advantage. Trust introduced him as Captain Worthy of the ship “Faith,” and greeted him pleasantly. He then assisted Numa to alight and presented her to the captain, who said: “I have been waiting for you.”

“Oh, thank you; how kind. Did you know, for a certainty, that I would be here?”

“Certainly! Our good friend here,” and he touched Trust’s arm, “kept me well posted as to your whereabouts, as well as the Immortal Herjii who spoke for a passage for you on this ship.”

“How lovely of Herjii,” said Numa, “and so thoughtful of friend Trust.”

How pretty she did look, and I heard the people all around us speak of her beauty. Her dress looked as if she had just donned it; not a wrinkle to be seen. As the captain took her to the car, I turned to lock up my ship. Trust laid his hand on my arm saying: “Leave that chore for Earth; no need of

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locks here, Ulysum. They neither steal nor covet in this world, and only have one commandment: *Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy mind, might and strength and thy brother as thyself.*”\* He then told me to enter the car. How luxurious those cars were. Chariots of Fire, the Saturnites call them, and such they looked to be, sending out long streamers of light every few minutes that would flash and envelop them in a halo that did not burn or heat.

They were made of highly polished brass, upholstered with downy cushions and palest blue brocade velvet. There was no perceptible motion, no noise, and no car fare, being, as Trust expressed it, “a service for the public good.”

As we glided along I noticed how clean the city was. The streets were paved with white marble, and were as clean as a parlor floor. Another thing I noticed was that the buildings were all circular the same as on Neptune, and for the reason which I learned later, “That true harmony runs in circles.” The car stopped in front of a magnificent Temple, the most beautiful and wonderful piece of architecture I ever saw. Gold and silver, crystal, marble and precious stones were combined with consummate skill. We alighted, and Trust said we would go inside and thank God for our safe arrival; then he would go with Numa to the home of the High Priestess Deavella, with whom she could tarry until the other passengers were ready to go, which would be in a short time. There were twelve entrances to the Temple and three circles divided into rooms before one entered the vast auditorium. It was in the outer one that Trust and Numa returned thanks. Numa came to me and said: “I shall not see you again, Ulysum, while you are on this planet, but we shall meet some day in the Land of Sunshine. Do not forget to have faith, for with that you can move mountains. We have had a pleasant journey together, and I thank you very much for allowing me come with you in your ship. Though you thought me alone, there were many with me, angel guards, whose companionship was always a delightful pleasure. There are the same lovely presences around you; their mission is to watch over you, ever teaching and leading you along life’s pathway through the medium of the inner voice. Trust has told me so much

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\* Commandment.

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about the dark planet, Earth, my heart is full of love for you all, and I feel sure Herjii and I will some day dwell with the Earthites and help with our love and labor to reclaim its people and build a new world. Trust has become your guide from the plastic into the conscious state and this journey will be a great help in your progression. Now, farewell, till we meet again." She extended her hand which I grasped with a feeling of sadness that we must part with her so soon for I had learned to love her cheerful presence, and would gladly have shared my ship with her to the end of my journey now that I knew her worth and value.

"Farewell, Numa," was all I could say.

With a sweet smile she left me, joined Trust and the captain, and they passed out of the Temple. After they had gone I walked about the room looking at different things, statues, paintings and tapestry; while I was thus engaged I saw a number of Leadras, as they call their priests, pass through the room. I heard one remark, looking towards me, "He is a semi-conscious man, just out of the plastic state. I wonder what they are going to do with him."

"No doubt to demonstrate the connecting link," said another.

Over the door of the room was this inscription in large gold letters: *Seek the Lord first, and let all thy ways be pleasing unto him.* For a time my mind was occupied with sight seeing. But, finally I wandered to a wide window-seat and sat down to await Trust's return.

"Well," I mused, "I have reached Saturn. How I shall miss Numa." I had little recollection of our journey, still I had been awake to know she was a brave little girl, and that I had journeyed with the angels. On one occasion I had overheard Trust and Numa talking about Earth and I remembered that he said all life needed a controlling power. He said if this controlling power had not been given to mortals on Earth they would still be in darkness, wearing their *Coats of Skins*,\* with no thought of becoming any better, satisfied to occupy a plane much lower than the conscious state. Just as I was trying to thoroughly comprehend the conscious state, another Leadra came into the room. Seeing me, he stopped as if shocked, peered at me a moment, then walked up to me and inquired where I came from.

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\* Gen. iii.: 21.



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"From Neptune."

"Did you come to see the little Shepherdess of Neptune leave for the Sun?"

I did not know what Trust would like me to say; but as I did not wish to be interviewed about the Earth I said "Yes."

"I am glad you came, brother, but there has been a sad mistake made somewhere. Your development has been overlooked. I see you are a blue-veined member of the lower creation. By some unaccountable oversight you have been allowed to come to maturity without being moulded, over," and he scrutinized me again. "I must attend to this immediately," and he hurried away leaving me in a state of mind far from pleasant.

Just what I might have done I know not, but Trust came back and said: "Before we go to the city, I wish you to look at some works of art. This is the picture of the garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve. This one is the scene where Satan and his angels were driven out of Heaven. This is where Satan came to Earth and here is where he seeks Eve, makes her great promises and beguiles her into sinning. This one is the first birth; see the joy and wonder. This, the first death, note the grief of the mother as the father folds her in his arms. All this is the history of Earth and foretells its final redemption through the seed of Seth, the son of Adam and Eve, begotten in purity. The seed, that down the line of generation, brought forth a body for the spirit of Jesus. But come, we will feed the human and talk about this later."

As we walked along the street, I noticed how beautiful and majestic everybody looked. Once in a while we would meet one who looked more spiritualized than the others, with a face having a far-away expression. I spoke to Trust about it and he answered, "Ah, yes, I am glad you noticed those. Their robes have been washed clean in the blood of the Lamb."

We soon came to a large building in the centre of a spacious park which was a veritable flower garden. The building was circular and on such an immense scale I wondered what it could be. As we walked up one of the broad walks, and there were many of them, Trust told me about life on the planet Saturn. They all belong to one family and are like

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brothers and sisters. There is no competition, each one choosing his or her vocation. As all work is ennobled, there is no wrangling or trouble over it. All machinery is propelled by celestial magnetism so there are no great black smoke stacks such as are found on the earth. All cooking is done scientifically without the suffocating fumes and heat of Earth kitchens, and they eat only the very essence of food. This has been accomplished only by centuries of research and study. There is not a particle of waste on this great planet, for science has revealed to man a proper use for everything produced." Trust seemed always to know just what to do, for he opened a door and walked in as if he had always lived there. The room we entered was so large it looked, with its host of busy workers, like a church festival. Men, women, and children were all as busy as bees. There were long tables reaching in every direction; on them were great piles of fruit, vegetables, cream and butter. The two last named I learned afterwards were chemical productions, as animal food was never used in this world. "*They shall not hurt or destroy in my holy mount,*"\* said Trust.

Through this great room we passed, Trust bowing to first one and then another, each one returning it with a questioning, surprised look at me. Everyone wore spotless white linen, which looked so clean and nice as they glided about among the great tanks, large cans of silver, gold and glass, huge pipes, and machinery driven by magnetism. Everyone was so happy, it seemed more like play than work. Their hands were beautifully formed; in fact, everybody was perfect in feature and body. I asked Trust if people ever grew old in this world.

"No, they never grow old. The children will grow to years of understanding and then their lives will go on forever. There is no decay and there is no death; and, as there has been no breaking of Divine law, there is no heredity."

He opened a door that led into a good-sized circular room and told me to be seated. He pulled a ring attached to a cord and we ascended to the next floor, and passed out into a room which I saw was a dining hall, the largest I was ever in. "The room we left below," said Trust, "was the city's kitchen; this is the dining hall." It was so large I could not

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Isa. xi.: 8.

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distinguish people's faces, at the farther end of the room, As we sat down Trust said: "Order whatever you would like. Ulysum, and I will call for it. Ask for just what you would wish were you on Earth and it will come." This was good news to me, so I called for beefsteak, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, ham and eggs, rice pudding and coffee. I would have ordered more, I felt so hungry, but I was ashamed to do so. Trust pulled out a key board from beneath the table, turned a knob, then ran his fingers over it as though he was fingering a typewriter or a piano. In a short time a waiter came in with my dinner on a silver salver. It was about as large as a breakfast plate and, really, I could have put it all in one of our home teacups. Thinking it was a joke, I looked up at Trust with an amused smile, but he told me to eat it and if I wanted more he would order until I was satisfied. On a little gold plate were several tablets which looked like chocolate drops; these were my beefsteak. The fried potatoes resembled light-browned peanuts, of which there were three. The hot biscuits I at first took for cream candy with chocolate icing. The ham and eggs was another squeeze in tablet form. A very small crab-apple, when eaten, proved to be the rice pudding. The coffee, a teaspoonful, was served in a transparent tube about an inch long.

Had I been at home and ordered dinner, and such a mess had been brought me, I would have struck an attitude immediately. But as Trust had said it was all right I took my medicine like a good boy and said not a word. Strange to say, when I got through I was fully satisfied, and when Trust asked me if I would have anything more I answered: "I have had a great plenty, thank you."

"Well, Ulysum, you have eaten the real essence of food and you are satisfied. Life is not taken on this world to preserve life for there is a better way. The meat you ate was a vegetable, but in the eating you did not notice any difference."

The people came in singly and in family groups until, so far as I could see, the dining hall was full. I noticed the men were dressed alike and the women had a distinctive costume. As Trust explained it, they had a home dress, a dinner dress, a street dress, and a church dress. These were of ma-

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terials the most suitable for the occasion, always made the one way and with the same colors.

Trust called my attention to a table around which were seated some forty children, with their attendants. "You see, Ulysum, children are cared for in a home-like way on this planet. They are brought up in a developing school where they are scientifically cared for until they are able to care for themselves. No restrictions are placed upon the parents, they can stay all or part of the time with their offspring, fully satisfied that when they are absent their little ones are well cared for. There are no haphazard children, no half-clad, hungry ones, no cripples, no foolish ones, no weaklings and no disease. They are a very happy brood, and their childhood merges into perpetual youth. The children that are born here are nearly all wandering spirits coming into perfected bodies through the knowledge of the true life."

After a moment's pause Trust continued: "Labor has been systematized and ennobled until all kinds of work are a pastime and a pleasure. Once in fifty years there is a year of jubilee, and the Saturnites invite the other stars, or rather their inhabitants, to visit them and there is great rejoicing and feasting. This feasting is not like Earth feasting, but the same as that you have just tasted. It may surprise you to hear that science can take from nature certain elements and concoct as delicious a pie, or pudding or cake, as you ever ate. Man in his perfected state does not need to gormandize like the beasts of the field. But man on Earth was prepared for his plane of life; his stomach cries out when empty and he immediately looks for food to keep the rebel quiet. There was no hard grinding toil before the Fall, but ever since the human family plods along its weary way — toiling, toiling, always to satisfy the cravings of his animal nature, which curse he brought upon himself by his disobedience of the law of birth. Now pause and think of the mission of Jesus. He came to bring life and immortality *to light* \* and yet they would not listen, preferring to wander still longer in error, loving the darkness more than the light."

A lady came to our table, took a seat, bowed to both of us, and ran her fingers over the keyboard; while waiting for her

\* Timothy i.: 20.

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order, she began a conversation with Trust, looking me over with a puzzled expression, finally inquiring if we were not strangers.

"Yes," replied Trust, "one is a stranger. I have visited this planet many times. This friend of mine is from the planet Earth, or Lost Eden."

She looked at me quizzically: "Indeed! You surprise me. How did he manage to overcome the negative influence and get beyond it?"

Trust answered: "He accidentally sailed into a magnetic stratum and was drawn to the Earth's satellite or Moon. When he left it he came in contact with the forces of Mars and he journeyed there; then to Jupiter, then to Neptune, and from there here. We have left spirits on every star and have even brought some here. Next we shall go with the expedition that leaves this planet to people a new world."

"Ah! I see. But don't you think it would have been better if he could have left that unfinished body behind? Perhaps, though, it may be changed while he is with us. Does anyone know of his condition?"

"I have barely mentioned it," replied Trust, "for at this time the little Shepherdess from Neptune needs all of our best thoughts for her success."

"Yes; yes; thank you for speaking of it. She shall have mine. But does this young brother understand thought force?"

"I must say he does not; but very few of the Earth-born have ever given it thought, much less tested its power."

She said musingly: "Perhaps that is just as well, for in the hands of an unfinished world, it might prove an error greater than the one that is now around them, and hinder their progress. It might even come here, for of course you know thought can and does travel from star to star."

Trust bowed but made no reply. The waiter brought in the lady's order. At first I thought it was flowers to decorate with. There were three tiny little gold dishes a size larger than cup plates; one had roses and leaves on it, the second a lily, while the third had four red apples about as large as plums with a pretty green dressing on them. There were two little gold cups with some kind of liquid in them, and I became

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interested to know what she would do with the flowers and fruit and the contents of the cups. Imagine my surprise when she picked up one of the cups, took a sip, then drew the flowers near, and with her little gold fork proceeded to eat the roses and leaves. Next she ate the lily, drank the remainder from one cup, ate her apples, and lastly drank whatever there was in the other cup and seemed perfectly satisfied. The flowers, Trust told me afterwards, were the real essence of food prepared scientifically and artistically to represent floral beauties; the fruit was a dessert prepared the same way, and the contents of each cup a whole quart of goodness in one drop.

We arose and Trust touched a knob; a door opened and a double chair came out of a room and we both took seats in it. Then he touched a spring and the chair began to move rapidly over some sliding metal plates to the other side of the room. When we left the chair he opened a door; we passed out and were once more on the street.

"What do you think of that, Ulysum? We are directly opposite the door we entered, on another street, and it was all done by air force, a gliding, restful motion that is delightful. You have heard of yoking the whirlwind, have you not? No? Well, this is yoking the whirlwind and you see it is a very tractable agent when it is subdued."

"It is wonderful," I replied.

"Now turn and see the outside of this dining hall. It looks like the finest of marble, yet it is all made by man and is much more durable than marble. The leaves and flowers, the statuary, and in fact all the ornamentation is moulded and is much finer than chisel work."

As I turned to look, there came over me a feeling of goneness. I lost consciousness and fell in a dead faint.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SATURN'S RINGS.

*There's a dear little blossom, a spatter of gold,  
That early in Springtime 'mid the green does unfold;  
A small modest flower an angel hand brought  
Made out of stray sunbeams he cunningly caught  
And pinned in the meadows to brighten the Spring,  
When life has returned and all Nature does sing.*

When I came to after my fainting spell, I found myself in bed in a large room. In a half-dazed conscious state I lay for some time trying to think what had happened to me, and where I was. Puzzling my brains sent the old wavy feeling over me again and, had I not heard the sound of approaching footsteps, I must have yielded to it. The voices brought to me the realization that I was still alive and a stranger in a strange world. I heard some one say, "I wonder how he is now?" I knew it was a woman's voice, and through my half-closed eyes I saw her pull back the lace draperies and look at me. Then I heard her companion say: "Poor boy, the journey was too much for a human to stand, but we will bring him through all right. We must see to it, when he leaves this planet, that we keep him subject to our influence until he reaches the Sun. My! But what a queer looking being this cousin of ours is; that hair on his lip, his red animal complexion, and his physical weakness shows that he needs some spiritual help, or my name is not Elissa. I have an idea that this being is the connecting link between the man perfect, and the natural animal, the missing link that we have searched for so long."

"Why, Elissa," said the other, dropping the draperies, "that is the very idea I had. It must be so, or why comes the thought?"

"I wish he would wake up and tell us something about the Earth, don't you?" said Elissa.

"We shall hear about that at the Temple, for his friends

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are both to speak there I understand. What a large class is going to the Sun. I hear there are a hundred from the College of Progression, more than fifty from the College of Higher Science, and as many more from the Spiritual School, besides the new Leadras who go to receive orders."

"Really! I must see that. Are you going Cyrvissa?"

"Oh, yes! But I was in hopes this connecting link, this cousin of ours, would say something while we were here. If he talks as queer as he looks, I shall be more than anxious for him to be developed; and, Elissa, we will take him under our influence," and she drew the draperies back again.

I heard all this, and a more uneasy mortal would have been hard to find. I had hot flushes again, the same I had heard Aunt Mary Ann tell about. I opened my eyes and looked straight at them. "How came I to be here and where is Trust?" I asked, rather shortly.

"In answer to your first question, you are in the Inn Restorra, in the city of Bjalkrom, where you were brought after you fainted. Your friend Trust will return soon." Then she asked pleasantly, "Is there anything you would like?"

"Yes, you may send a doctor, and I want Trust," I replied, for my head began to swim around and I felt weak. Besides I was scared almost to death with two handsome girls sizing me up in that style.

"A doctor? What is that?" and the one named Cyrvissa gave the other a puzzled look.

"He is a person who attends the sick," I replied.

"We never have any one sick in this world, consequently we have no such person," said Cyrvissa.

"Perhaps he means a developer suggested Elissa. "If that is what you mean, brother, you are too weak at present to take a lesson, but, in a day or two, you will be stronger and then you shall have one."

"Oh, lesson nothing," thought I. Why didn't they go about their business? I said nothing, but turned wearily over, and became unconscious again.

When I came to, they were still with me. Cyrvissa held a tiny cup to my lips and bade me drink its contents. Then she stroked my forehead and hands until I fell into a refreshing sleep which lasted several hours. When I awoke, she



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was sitting at my bedside. "You are better, and I am glad. Do not try to talk; just rest in the passive state, and you will soon recover. I will stay with you until Trust returns."

When Trust came, he would not let me talk, but entered into a conversation with Cyrvissa, which finally drifted into a subject that was deeply interesting to me.

"Are all of the Earth-born as ignorant of their spiritual power as this brother seems to be?" she questioned.

"Not all; a comparatively small number are stepping into the light, though they are hardly conscious of all its wonderful powers," replied Trust.

"This is a great surprise to me, friend Trust. I had no idea we passed through anything like this in order to live again."

"You do not. No one on this world does excepting those who were in the revolt or the Fall. This brother bears the mark of the Fall. Like the rest, he is still in darkness as regards spiritual light," said Trust.

"Of course you know," said she, "that we have a class here called the Blue Veined, that we have always thought came from Earth, because, as soon as they are perfected, they remember many lives, and long journeyings. Some are so sorrowful and some so beautiful we think it a great honor that this world is chosen as their perfecting place before they enter the Court of Harmony, or Heaven. Are they not the 'Lost Spirits,' think you?"

"They are, sister. *Behold our brother is returned; he whom we mourned as dead has returned alive and well. It is meet we should rejoice.*"\*

"Ah, those dear words of the gentle Nazarene, the Prince of Heaven. They were always dear to me, but now, much more so, in connection with your explanation."

"Their wanderings are long, but they end in a perfected life, in glory and honor," said Trust.

Cyrvissa was called away and Trust was left alone with me. At first I thought I would speak to him, but I felt so weak and homesick I began to cry and I wished mother was there for she would have made me all right with a bowl of herb tea. Then I began to upbraid myself as the cause of all my troubles. Trust came to the bed and told me to brace up; that I would

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Luke xv.: 24-32.

## SATURN'S RINGS.

be all right in a short time.

"What made me give out in this way? Have I been sick long?"

"The reason was, Ulysum, that I let you drift out from my influence which I should not have done; but I have been very busy since we arrived on this world, and I shall be obliged to leave you this eventide, for a little while, as I go to the Temple with Numa. You have wondered why we went to Neptune first. I will explain. We took a goodly number of spirits with us for that world, and others we have brought here, including Numa. They will all leave in the ship "Faith" when the rest period is over."

"How I wish I could see her go. Why don't she stay and go with us, if we have got to journey there? But I don't want to go there; it is only a great ball of fire and I think it is your duty to tell her so."

Trust smiled in a way that showed he pitied me for my ignorance. I wasn't entirely satisfied.

"Numa is a good, brave girl and I hope she won't be disappointed. Of course you know best. Still it seems queer that human beings live on the Sun, or that any life exists there. What kind of people do live there, Trust?"

"Not human beings, Ulysum. They are immortals, cherubim seraphim, angels, and, in fact, all perfected souls."

I felt like arguing: "Oh, dear, how much there is to learn. Every time I think I make a stride forward in knowledge something turns up so that my ignorance seems more stupendous. One professor on Earth claimed that it was a boiling, seething mass of volcanic substance, and the Baptist minister in L— preached on the possibility of its being the agency to be used to destroy the Earth at the Judgment Day."

"Yes," replied Trust, "they speak after the manner of the Earth-born, for their eyes are blinded, and they see as through a glass darkly. But when one talks with them on this subject they admit the Sun's influence produces the vegetation, and is the beneficent creator of inanimate and animate life and progression. What a loving father God is thus to span space with his bridge of golden sunlight and light the Earth so that man can see to walk and not stumble in the darkness. The Sun is the center around which all the planets

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

of our solar system revolve; a planet of perfect poise and balance that holds all the others in their orbits. Now imagine a great big ball of inert volcanic matter doing all this! Where do the Earth-born get their knowledge from? They have everything to learn about the Sun. While you are here in this world you will hear some things that will make your ears tingle and your heart to leap for joy. You will learn that space is no barrier but is bridged by sunbeams. *And the Stars shall hear the Earth.\** Now if the stars are uninhabited worlds, volcanoes cooling off, who is there on them to hear the Earth? Of course, I expected you would object to going there. You have called every perfect world a ball of fire as we neared it. Your fears upset your nerve force and here you are too weak to care where you go. I have guided you through all your journey that you might see what you lost by the revolt and Fall and what you will regain by a careful following of the teachings of Jesus who came to bring *Life, and Immortality*, light the Earth-born."

"Forgive me, Trust, I am ashamed of my foolish ways and I will try my best to have faith in all you tell me. Father calls me 'impulsive Peter,' and he is right. I am impulsive."

"Often leaving undone the things you ought to do and doing the things you ought not to do," said Trust smiling.

"There are those on Earth who do not believe in translations, yet truthful men testify to the Saviour's going up bodily into the clouds. You will see and hear many strange things while you are with me. From here I shall lead the way to Venus and Earth; from there to the Sun; then we will retrace our steps back to the Earth where I shall leave you, a wiser and better man I hope—Ulysum Storries, the discoverer of the pathway between the stars."

"I wish we were going direct home. Somehow, Trust, I don't care to go to the Sun. I might as well tell you, if Heaven is there, I am afraid to go."

"Just like all the Earth-born, some time in the future will do. I sometimes think they would much rather retain old conditions than change for better, if, in the change, they should be obliged to attain perfection and Heaven."

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\*Hos. ii.: 21.  
2 Tim. i. 10.

## SATURN'S RINGS.

"Trust, who were those ladies with me when I came to, and what did they mean by 'our cousin from Earth'?"

"Cyrvissa and Elissa are teachers in the school of development. They teach the physical to obey the spiritual; in other words, they teach the dominant power of the spirit over all matter. Could you learn this, you would not be where you are, for there is no weakness, neither death nor decay, where the spirit is all powerful."

"What do they mean by 'connecting link'?"

Trust laughed heartily, "So you have heard of that, have you?" Well you will hear more about it while you are here. "Man grafted, or Earth-born man is the connecting link between animal man, and spiritual man."

"I am glad to know all this and I want to become perfect; but when they look at me with such great astonishment here what will they do in Heaven?"

"Wait patiently and lovingly until such time as you return as one among them for, to them, it is but a day."

"Oh, dear, I can't tell what it is, but I go all to pieces when I think of Heaven. But if I must go I must I suppose, but keep me awake all the way."

"It will be much easier to translate you while you are asleep. It is now what they call the 'Eventide' on this world and I want you to see the beautiful sky."

He opened the window near my bed and my eyes feasted on a sight I shall never forget. If Jupiter was lovely with its dominant blues, and Neptune with its lavender tints, how much more so was this scene with these tints and many more. In the center of the zenith was a broad band of pale green which merged on one side into a deeper green; next came a broad band of light to dark blue, then the varying shades of purple and pink. On the other side of the broad band of pale green were narrower ones of yellow, orange, red, and creamy white, dotted with softly glimmering stars, like tinsel work on bands of ribbon, or a huge flag thrown across the sky and held in place by jeweled pins.

"Those," said Trust, "as he stood admiring it, are the belts or rings of Saturn. Always a rainbow in the sky, a color effect that no other star has, for *one star differeth from another star.*"

"It is very beautiful," said I. High above the city rode the

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

ship "Faith," and many others either going to it or returning from it. Trust stood with folded arms watching it, lost in deep thought, but, finally turned and closed the window, took a seat beside the bed, saying: "You have followed the spirits through their wanderings; after this, you will see them reap their reward."

Some bells began ringing and Trust said he must leave me to go to the Temple. He told me he would send a man, an old friend of his, who would keep me company until his return. Trust was a good jolly fellow. Now that I had seen him I felt all right; I knew things would run all smooth again for he had said so. After he left me, I felt very comfortable in the soft, easy bed, and I thought of mother who used to say "A comfortable sick bed is a good place for reflection."

I began to inspect my surroundings. Lace draperies, of the finest material, hung about my bed. They were fastened to a long silver bar which was hung from the ceiling by gold chains. The draperies, when not needed, were caught up over the arms of two beautiful gold cherubs. Each held a small trumpet that gave forth sweet music, soft and low, as the bed rocked with a gentle motion. The room was large and airy with many more beds, or swinging baskets, as I called them. The floor was bare and polished until it reflected the shadows of the furnishings. There were two large cut-glass windows at each end with luxurious window couches. A goodly number of easy chairs, tables, pictures, and mirrors, formed, as I thought, a very comfortable place to be sick in. I was about to turn over and take another nap when I heard some one coming, and soon a man entered the room, drew the draperies apart and, with a searching glance at me, said: "I am pleased to meet you, brother. I have come to sit with you a while to oblige my friend Trust." As he sat down, he exclaimed: "How strange you should be sick. How happens it that you are not developed?"

"I came from Earth, and the journey was too much for me. The developing part I know nothing about."

"From Earth? Do you mean the planet Earth known in this world as the Lost Star Eden?"

"That is the world I came from."

"Indeed, indeed! Did you leave that world in a ship that looked like a huge bird?"

## SATURN'S RINGS.

"Yes, my ship looks like a bird. I call it the skybird."

"Then I have traced all your wanderings by the aid of my inner consciousness, and I have wondered why it was pictured to me so often when there were other things I wished more to learn. Now I see it all; it was the shadow of the real, for, brother, there are no accidents. Now that it is made manifest to me, it is not so much of a surprise, for I have been trying for years to locate the Lost Star Eden, and unravel the sin of the Fall. But I have never known what it was until now. Surely the 'Blue-Veined' are our beloved ones returned, and it is meet that we should make them a feast and rejoice that they live and are with us once again. Brother, while you are here, you must let them change you. I mean unchain the spirit so you can know thyself. You can then step out of the body at any time, and go where you please within your prescribed orbit."

"Then why hasn't some one from the stars that are perfect visited us on Earth?" I inquired.

"They have. Friend Trust tells me he has been there, and is to return with you."

"Trust went bodily; why can't all?"

"They must bear the mark of the Father. The Prince of Heaven said: *Touch me not, I have not ascended to my Father,\** but when he returned, he said: *Touch me, handle me; a spirit hath not bone and flesh as ye see me have.\** And he said still more: *Ye shall do these things and greater.\** I tell you these things for I see you are an unbeliever."

The eventide passed all too soon. Eniss—this was the man's name—left promising to see me again. He was a scholarly man; a man of deep meditation who accepted nothing, except upon the scientific basis that "there are no accidents." I knew by his conversation that he understood the theory of life, and he treated me as a pupil. So much like Trust, I thought, and I could have sat for hours, without being wearied, and have listened to his teachings. I lay and mused: And so they had translations there. Was it true that the spirit could leave the body and return? I was glad I had gone to that world, and I wished to get well so that I could see and

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\* John xx.: 17.

\* Luke xxiv.: 39.

\* John xiv.: 12

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

know what the people were like who lived on Saturn. When Cyrvissa and Trust returned they began discussing the fall of Eden. She picked up a book she had left on the table by my bed and read a few passages to Trust. Seeing that I was listening, she said:

"It is 'A Romance of the Lost Star Eden' by one of our dream writers. Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"Yes; on every star that I have visited I have heard about the same thing written by dream authors," I answered.

"Is it true?"

"It agrees with the account in our Bible."

"Ah, then it is the spirit's memory revealed in dreams. I am glad to know this for I shall prize the book more."

"My mother has a dear sister with the wanderers, and I have a brother, and although the time is long there, it stopped on this world with their going, and we are just as they left us; youthful, happy and forever basking in the sunshine of God's love."

When she said she had a brother on Earth, I wondered how long he had been there, for she did not look a day over twenty. She divined my thought and answered, "We never grow old on this world, for youth lasts forever."

"Tell her what your father says the Fall was," said Trust, smiling.

"Oh, he only says that when he wants to plague mother; of course, he knows better," said I.

"What is it?" said Cyrvissa, rather anxiously.

I would not tell, so Trust said that my father declared it was an apple they ate; that the woman tempted the man and gave him the apple to eat."

"What did your mother say to that?" inquired Cyrvissa.

She used to say; "Yes, Kimsed. I know they say so, but man was mighty glad to get a bite of that apple, and he has been biting ever since for fear he won't get his share."

"Your mother, no doubt, said that to get rid of his teasing. But, tell me do they believe in that world that the sin of the Fall was the eating of an apple?"

"Some do," answered Trust, "but they are the ignorant who would rather believe it was an apple than otherwise."

## SATURN'S RINGS,

"I don't believe Ulysum ever thought of the Fall, or its consequences, until he took this journey."

"And so they live and die without reaching out for the truth. Do they realize the power of thought force and use it?" questioned Cyrvissa.

Trust answered: "They are not progressed far enough to understand the proper use of it, and in their present state it would be more dangerous than electricity."

"In outer darkness, surely," said Cyrvissa.

Trust nodded assent: "They know nothing about a perfect birth and really think that to die once prepares them for Heaven. They forget the Saviour's words: *She is not dead but sleepeth*. As yet, through all the epochs of time, there have been but two perfect births manifest — Eve, the mother of all flesh, and the Blessed Saviour."

"I should think," said Cyrvissa, "that they could be taught to know that if they live perfect the life they know of, it helps them in their next life, and thus they advance into better conditions, each life growing better and better, until they are perfected. And if they were far enough advanced to know the power of thought force, how short the road to perfection would be. We must teach this brother to know himself and the true life."

"Well," replied Trust, "if I should tell you that in their book of life, the Bible, are the words which solve this mystery and that they have never read it aright, or tried to, what would you think? It reads like this: *In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and th: Word was God.\** With this explanation, they do not see, or know, that the life force is God force, or Divine thought force. The Saviour said, *Whatsoever ye ask, believe and ye shall receive it.\** Can anything be plainer?"

"Oh, I am so sorry; but we must make this brother's visit a happy one, and teach him the principles of the perfect life," said Cyrvissa, as she arose and went to attend to her duties.

When the bells pealed out their sweet music announcing that the rest period, or eventide, was at an end, I awoke with the feeling that I was as well and strong as ever, and Trust's hearty, "Hello, comrade," made things seem like old times.

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\* John i.: 1.

\* Matt. xxi.: 22.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

The days flew by until I had been a month of Earth time on Saturn. There had been so much for me to see, so many novelties to be explained, I often found myself wondering whether I was asleep or awake. With the two ladies I had formed a strong friendship. They were the best of teachers, and when I excused myself for not understanding their words, or methods, they would say, so kindly, "Some time you will, brother, and become one among us. One has to learn his environment before he knows where to reach out for more knowledge."

When I saw such costly homes, pillars of gold and silver supporting palaces made of exquisite cut glass, castles of different colored marble, each and every one was a great surprise to me. I had never dreamed of homes as grand, and when I saw everybody enjoying these things to their heart's content I wished Earth had come into her inheritance also, or that my brothers and sisters of Earth knew all the good things God the Father had provided for them if they would return to the fold. No wonder Numa was anxious to see and know the fulness of perfect life. I was just beginning to realize that there was a life of perfect bliss, different from the one I had known on Earth.

One day Cyrvissa was giving me a lesson in the concentration of thought force, and the conversation drifted to the theme of love. "Do you have lovers on this world?" I asked.

"Do we have lovers? My dear brother, we are all lovers in this world; but love is not perfected until it meets its assimilate or other self. As I told you before, there are many, many in this world who are waiting for their beloved one's return from exile on the Lost Star Eden, and though we know they have loved ones there, we are grateful that this much pleasure is given them, for love worketh no ill to its neighbor, and each will know and recognize his own when harmony is restored and we meet again with them perfected."

"Have you a lover there?"

"Yes, brother, my other self is a wanderer, but not for long, for I feel that lately he is nearing home. That is why I am thankful I have been permitted to see an Earth-born, for I can now more fully understand his trials and sorrows. We know that there are three attributes to all life, a trinity to make perfect harmony. When one is gone, the two remaining

## SATURN'S RINGS.

ones lovingly follow it with thought force until its return. The trinity in my case, is my Heavenly Father, the Author of all life, myself, and my lost love. *And God said let there be male and female, and they twain shall be one flesh.\** When my other self returns, my cup of joy will be full."

She remained silent for a time, lost in thought, then she went on to say: "Every perfected being has the trinity, but the mortal temple has a Spirit within it that is a prisoner to Error, through entering into a compact with the *Arch Traitor Satan!* To rescue them, we must be ever with them with our good thought force. In time it breaks the chains and sets them free. Good is ever present with them, no matter how little they heed it. Their guardian angels ever walk beside them in the good thoughts we send them."

"Don't you ever worry about them?"

"Oh, no. Why should we, when we have the promise that *The wheat shall all be gathered into the barn, but the tares shall be destroyed?\**"

"I know," said I, "Trust has told me that many times, but it never seemed so interesting as now."

"There now you see how Love and the *Word* are the two *most important* factors in the true life. You wondered why your friend Numa should wish to follow Herjii, her other self. It is love, it is rest, it is peace,—the whole, harmony."

"But this divine power you tell so much about,—can that come to a person who has not the perfect harmony?"

"Certainly; did not your Saviour say that if you ask for anything and believe, that you will receive it?"

"Trust told me it was necessary to have the two forces."

"It is, brother; but when man understands the negative force, he will make no mistakes in its use. *Is there Evil in the city and I hath not made it?\**"

What Cyrvissa said about Numa's journey I thought was beautiful:

"Your friend Numa, will sail in the ship 'Faith,' a ship that will move through seas of infinite space and finally reach the harbor of 'Eternal Rest' where the lost are found, and

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\* Gen ii: 22.

\* Math. iii: 12.

\* Amos iii: 6.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

the released, weary, burdened spirits rejoice in their beloved Father's home. Oh, the beauty and the glory of it all!"

*Think no Evil*, came to me often while I was studying with Cyrivissa and the sayings of the Bible became real food for my mind.

One day when Elissa and I were out in the park, she proposed that we stop at a small eating house and get some lunch. I agreed for I had wondered many times what I was living on. Always the same tiny cup of something and seven or eight elongated capsules; then the windows were closed, some machinery put in motion, and the air seemed charged with the aroma of the rose. The exhilaration which followed brought no wish for food, but instead, the feeling of being satisfied. So, when she proposed food, I agreed to it with alacrity, hoping it would be the real thing I had been used to at home; but in this I was to be disappointed.

It was a veritable bower of climbing roses that we entered; there were little tables here and there about the room, and at one of these we took seats and she gave the orders. While we were waiting, Trust came in and sat down with us.

Imagine if you can, the dishes out of a doll's house filled with bonbons and you have pictured that lunch. A small gold plate on a lace doily, two gold spoons no longer than my jackknife, two gold cups no larger than toy cups which held a teaspoonful apiece, a tiny silver basket with what looked like two bird's eggs, three rosebuds, something that looked like maple sugar, and a toy tumbler that held something that looked like milk, placed before me. This was my lunch, and Elissa's was about half as much. A pure white lily, leaves and all, and two or three grapes, as I supposed them to be, but which I discovered were not when I saw her eat them, for she broke them up into her cups and poured a colored liquid out of a small bottle over them, stirred them up with a spoon, drank the contents of one, ate the lily and it's leaves with a fork, and finished with the contents of the other cup.

Well, thought I, this is a lunch sure for a hungry man, with an appetite for ten of mother's "flapjacks," two or three sausages, some fried potatoes, a pint of coffee, and to end up with half a dozen of mother's "cookies."

## SATURN'S RINGS.

I must have looked rather disappointed and the more I thought of it the hungrier I got. Trust, who read my thoughts said, "Eat your lunch, Ulysum; if there is not enough I will order more."

As this remark attracted attention to me I went to work without more ado. One cup I found contained what seemed to be a teaspoonful of splendid coffee; the other, the same amount of appetizing soup. The eggs were a chemical preparation that tasted like bread and meat, but were neither. The rosebuds were a jelly and cake confection, a perfect delight to my appetite for sweets.

When I had eaten all, Trust asked me if I would have anything more, but I said: "No thank you; I have had a great plenty."

Trust laughed: "You see in this world a great improvement over Earth's way of eating. Here they eat a little and get a good deal. There they eat a good deal and get a little."

"I wish they knew about this way on Earth for it would be such a comfort to mother. I have heard her say many, many times that she was tired of standing over a hot stove, from morning till night, year in and year out. 'If I could get out into the fields, and breathe the fresh air for a change, it would seem so good.' But father would always throw a wet blanket on her, by saying: 'Wall, Nancy Ann, you take my place, and I'll take yours, and see how that'll suit you. All thar is about it, when a woman's out in the fields and the man in the house they're out of their sphere,' and that's all the comfort she got."

"Poor sister," said Elissa, "I wonder how he could talk so unfeelingly to the mother of his children, when she was so tired."

"Well," said Trust, "there is a wonderful amount of work done in this world to get food into this shape, but all labor is so systematized, that it is very like play to do the work."

"Of course with this kind of food, afternoon teas and grand dinners are out of the question," I said, thinking of Henriette's pride and pleasure in showing off her gilt-band china to friends and visitors, who came to tea.

"I am glad you referred to that for I will show you differently. You shall see the social side of this world. We will attend a high function," replied Trust.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"I would rather not go. I can see it is all right here," I replied.

Trust smiled, but Elissa said, looking at him. "Does he think we have a dearth of pleasure on this world?"

"It would seem so." Turning to me, Trust continued: "Every plane of life has its joys; some last forever, others are given as a foretaste of what is to follow."

"But to think," said Elissa, "that he should think this way of eating gives no pleasure. Why, what joy or pleasure can there be in the corrupt state? Is it not all sorrow?"

"Dear sister," said Trust, "the pleasures of life in the mortal state are as ecstatic to those who know no other life as the pleasures of this world are to you who are perfected. The great drawbacks in the mortal state are its great sorrows, the result of Error. If it were not for his chastisements, man would never progress beyond the mortal state. *For no chastening seemeth good for the present, but grievous; nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them who are exercised thereby.*"\*

When we returned to the Inn I seated myself by one of the windows where I could watch the eager, happy throng as they passed by in their different equipages; no animals are ever allowed in the streets. Then I thought of Numa and wondered if Herjii would be really there.

I heard some one enter the room, and supposed it was Trust who had gone for a carriage so that we could take a ride, but it proved to be a lady with an infant in her arms. She came toward me, then stopped with a bewildered look. Finally, she asked me if I was one of the professors. I told her I was not.

"Very well," she replied, "I will take a seat and wait until one comes."

"Is your baby sick?" I inquired.

"Sick?" And she looked at me apparently astonished. "Oh, no sir; I see you are a stranger. Sickness is never known here."

Cyrvissa entered and, seeing the lady, exclaimed: "Why, good morning Honra; what have you here? Another baby?" She took it in her arms and caressed it.

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\* Heb. xii.: 11.

## SATURN'S RINGS.

'Blessings on thee. Thy home Honra, has been a pleasant place for wandering spirits from the Lost Star Eden. Now who may you be, little one? Will you sojourn here, or must you hie away to other scenes? Come, Honra, we will seek a nurse. And Ulysum, here comes Trust with the carriage. Go and have a nice ride,' and she went away with Honra.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE KING OF SATURN.

*Dear Father, from thy world of bliss  
Vouchsafe some joys to brighten this.  
Perfect our being, Lord, I pray,  
Immortals then we wake from clay.*

WHAT a grand outfit it was! The carriage was upholstered with blue enameled cloth; the harness was gold-mounted; the horses, high-steppers, the most perfect animals I had ever seen. Two roans with cream-colored manes and tails, and large, intelligent eyes, that seemed to say, "Give your orders and we will obey." The driver picked up the lines, told the horses where they were to go, and they required no further command. Over their heads was an arch of silver with a row of sweet-toned jingling bells.

Trust referred to their not using leather in their harnesses: "*For there is no hurting or killing in all my holy mountain.\** Animal life, in this world, has long been extinct with the exception of a few horses and cows, the sheep, and perhaps a hundred lions, the king of the forest. These latter are perfectly trained, do not reproduce, and will live always."

"Then there are no worms or reptiles," I remarked.

"No. Animal life had its place while Nature was evolving its varied progeny, but when man increased, animal life decreased. The animals that are left have lost their wild nature. It is with animals as it is with man: He has been changed, made anew, born again, fitted for the Celestial Mansion, Saturn, eternal in the skies.

On Earth, the different planes of life have caused an error in the making of social castes, which in time, will be done away with; for there, as in this world, all labor will be ennobled. There will be no high or low; all will be servants of science in their chosen vocations. All science is a revelation from God, the Word made manifest in the flesh, an inspired truth."

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\* Isa. xi.: 9.

## ON SATURN.

How lovely this world and everything in it seemed to me. The day was like a balmy one in May. As we were driven along I saw on both sides of the highway pretty purling brooks banked with gayly colored flowers. I was surprised to see that the bank next to the road was bordered with that much abused Earth flower, the dandelion, while on the side next to the field were purple violets. "Who would have thought dandelions would make such a glorious border as that," I remarked.

"They are not called the dandelion here; it has been named the 'Gold flower.' They are looked upon as a symbol of the brightness of the perfected life, while the violet is the emblem of the purity of that life," said Trust.

Both of these flowers were much larger than the Earth kind and more perfect in shape. The banks of these miniature rivers were aglow with purple and gold, and the air was filled with their fragrance.

"I am glad to see that you note these things, Ulysum," said Trust. "This is a sample of some of the beauties that will come to Earth when it is finished. Oh, if man would only begin now to improve it instead of going to war to destroy it. For the Earth must be prepared for him whose right it is; I *will turn and overturn until he comes whose right it is.*\* That means a perfected man in a finished world. God has promised a New Earth, and man must do the work, fast or slow, as he wills. He can have harmony or discord, whichever he chooses, until the time limit; then, *Let him who is filthy be filthy still.* They must still wander in darkness in some other unfinished world until they are willing and ready to return."

As we descended gradually I saw that the hillsides were mammoth vineyards, while the lowlands were orchards and grain fields. It seems as though every kind of shrub, bush, or tree that bore edible fruit was there in abundance. After riding about ten miles, we drew up beside one of the wheat fields, where some forty machines were ready to cut the ripened grain. When the word was given, they moved across the field like a marching army. When we reached the storehouses where the reapers stopped, I was amazed to find that the grain had been converted into

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\* Ezek. xxi: 27. Rev. xxii: 11



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

flour, put up in bags and was ready to be used for food. It had been cut, threshed, ground and put up as they went along. Behind the reapers were other machines that prepared the earth for the next crop. *The ploughman overtakes the reaper,*"\* said Trust.

With such rapid work, I inquired if they did not overstock in excess of the demand.

"No, never," said Trust. "Neither overstock nor understock. They use only the essence of plant food and know just how much is needed."

There were so many buildings, the place seemed a city by itself. Trust said we would go through one of the large buildings, and see them.

Such a display of gold, silver, and marble dishes, and vats, I had never dreamed of before. There were silver pipes, polished like mirrors, and marble tables and floors as white as snow. There were great glass cans, large enough to hold a person, ornamented with gold or silver bands. The rooms were filled with busy workers; some were singing, some telling a story, many laughing, just like Earth's people.

Each girl wore a dark orange linen suit with white collar, cuffs that reached to the elbow, white aprons with the hem turned up on the outside to make a deep pocket. The men wore the same colors. In different rooms that we visited they were putting the grains up in special ways; in others the fruits; and in others the different kinds of nuts compounding them into foods, that tasted like meat.

Trust told me they did not have to hermetically seal anything in that world, as there was no decay.

Said Trust, "Everything belongs to the world at large — the food, the railways, the boats, the rivers, the highways, all means of travel, all material for clothing — everything belongs to the world. All are workers for the good of the world at whatever craft they are best fitted for; or, I should say, born into. Labor is so arranged that it is a pleasant pastime, without the weariness or drudgery of earthly toil. Remember, all this God has offered to Earth, and yet man tarries, spurns the gift, and grumbles because things are as they, themselves, have made them. *Man is the architect of his own fortune.*"

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\* Amos ix: 15.

## ON SATURN.

As we rode back to the city I again watched with delight the banks of golden and purple bloom, great clusters of blossoms as large around as cups, with a fragrance far excelling that of our Earth blooms. Still they looked like our flowers, and I was glad of that.

When I spoke of the perfection of the flowers and their perfume, Trust answered,

“Another triumph for science. They make over; they propagate new floral beauties out of old and undesirable weeds, resulting in the most perfect specimens one can imagine; so it is with the fruits and grains; the old are made perfect and new kinds evolved by scientific processes. Earth will in time, be as perfect as this world, for God has promised it, so take heart, and help by doing right yourself.”

After he had shown me the vineyards and orchards, we returned to the city. On the way, as I watched the ever increasing beauties and perfection around me, I could have got out of the carriage and knelt down and kissed those flowers of sunshine, glad and thankful that there was a world that despised not small things but worked to enhance their beauty until they were worthy of their environment, a joy forever. “Oh, Trust, how lovely!” was all I could say, as I lay back among the cushions and gazed and admired.

“Yes, yes,” said Trust, watching me with a pleased smile, “I am glad to see you enjoy this; you can now understand what is coming to Earth when it is a New Earth. God has outlined it, but man must work out the plan and perfect it.”

The driver, who had been listening to our conversation, called our attention to the foundation upon which the city was built. It was solid rock, tunneled in spiral form, forming one continuous winding street from base to summit. Along its sides were rooms fitted with machinery, for different industries for the comfort and cleanliness of the city which was carried on in them. This winding street and all the rooms were lighted by means of air gas and were as light as day.

Trust nudged me and said: “There is no tobacco spittle or other filth for one to avoid; a lady can walk on the street with the most delicate colored shoes and not soil them, and the hems of their skirts are safe from contact with dust.”

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"That is very true, brother," said the driver, as he reined up in front of some fine marble buildings which he told us were the stables. He patted the horse next to him, calling him Pem: "Wait, my boy, till I come back." The horse neighed, threw up his head, and watched him until he passed out of sight into the building.

The driver, and a number of others, soon came to the door and I heard him say, "He is the connecting Link from the Dark Planet, Earth; come and see him." He sprang into the carriage, while fifty or more pairs of eyes were fixed on the curiosity from Earth. "See the hair on his upper lip," "How red his face is," and like expressions, I heard as we drove away. Of course I turned red as a peony, my hands seemed swelled, and my feet —, well, 'tis no use talking, I was as uncomfortable as could be. Trust smiled at my frantic efforts to make my pantaloons cover my feet. Somehow, I did not know what to do with them, they seemed so large.

We soon reached the outskirts of the city, where we alighted, and walked up through a shady grove to the Developing School where Cyrvissa was waiting to tell us that they had been overwhelmed with callers and questions, about the arrival from the Dark Planet. "I would give you a reception here, but the king has sent a message for you to come to him. Then again, it might create an error, for between the two events, the Neptunian maid's coming and going, and our strange-looking guest from Earth, there is a great excitement here."

"Sister," said Trust, "our time is limited, and it is better not to have a reception. I will go and speak to the people and turn their minds into a channel that will help both Numa and our friend here."

After his departure, Cyrvissa went to the wall and opened two small doors which brought to view what seemed to be two large golden trumpets, resting on a table. She rolled these into the room, turned a crank, and soon I heard Trust talking, each word as plain as though he was in the room. I heard him tell the people it was impossible, with our limited time, to grant their request for an audience.

"My dear brethren," said he, "one question answered would suggest ten more, and it would take him so long to answer your questions he would never be able to return home

## ON SATURN.

and earn his hire, 'a perfect body.' I have brought him to this world that he might see and know that there are worlds where life is perfect and death is not. But very few on the Dark Planet realize the meaning of the Saviour's words, *Many are called but few are chosen.\** Or those other words: *In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.\** All this systematic beauty, this good-fellowship, this wonder of wonders that he sees on every side on this world, are marvels to him, and yet every one is promised to his world in their Book of Life. My mission here is to pilot the ship that will soon leave for a new world. We ask your best thought force for us. Let me thank you for your kind interest and hospitality and bid you farewell till we meet again, when the *Stars shall sing together.*" Amid tremendous cheering he left them and returned to us.

"You did very nicely, brother," said Cyrvissa. "You see, Ulysum, we are very reasonable people on Saturn. We must now prepare for our visit to the King, but first let me ask you, Trust, do you think this world was Satan's home at the time of the revolt? Was he King of Saturn? It has been suggested that this was so, and that he wished to start a new system of his own."

"I know not what star he was king over," replied Trust, "but he was evidently a high officer, or he would not have been selected to head such a revolt."

Cyrvissa was determined to locate Satan: "Of course every one on the Earth has seen him, and it is a wonder to me that they ever get as good as our brother here."

"There you are mistaken, sister; no one on Earth has seen Satan to recognize him. They see and know his works and suffer from the heredity of his fall, and this is enough for the mortal to bear. But God pities them and has given a grand promise to the Earth-born. Thus saith the Lord: *I will cleanse their blood which I have not cleansed,\* yea, I will thoroughly wash away their blood and I will put my spirit within them.\** Thus you see they will have bodies like the inhabitants of

\* Matt. xx: 16.

\* John xiv: 2.

\* Joel iii: 21.

\* Ezekiel xi: 19.

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this world, without blood, their veins filled with pure spiritual fluid that corruption cannot destroy."

Cyrvissa had come to a conclusion: "Then Ulysum really is the connecting link between the animals and the immortals?"

"He is," said Trust.

That fired me up, and I was mad in a minute. How Father and Toby would have laughed to hear me called a connecting link, next door to a monkey. "Serves you right, Ute; better have stayed at home, you baby monkey," I could hear her say.

There was some satisfaction in the thought that they did not know it at home. Still I did not mean to let the statement go by without a protest. Of course I knew there was a marked difference between the perfected man and the Earth-born. This I had learned on every star I had visited. But the Saturnites, in some way, seemed different from all the others. There seemed to be an effulgence about them. Their bodies seemed almost transparent, and they were pure and beautiful. With my poor command of language it is hard for me to give a description that will do them justice. I can only say, I never tired of looking at them, and noting the perfect symmetry and beauty of every one I met.

While these thoughts were running through my mind, they were still discussing the "Link." Without a thought as to consequences, I interrupted. "I am not a connecting link, an animal, or an error."

"Ulysum," said Trust, "I think I can convince you that you are all three and make you acknowledge it. Now, to begin with, is not the material in the animal the same as in the human? Does not the human eat and sleep like the animal?"

I had to acknowledge that.

"Can an Earth-born satisfy the cravings of his body without sleep or food?"

"No," I said reluctantly.

"Well, then, is he not more animal than spiritual? Take it in your own case. Do you not care more for the promptings of your animal nature, than for the spiritual?"

As I did not answer he continued: "If I remember rightly, you have been guilty of a number of errors on this journey, have you not?"

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"Yes," I answered quickly, for I was mortal afraid he would refer to my doings on Mars.

"Well, then, you are an error; and being a grafted vine, you are the connecting link between the wild, and the perfect. Can you not see?"

"Yes, I do." I thought it best to own up so Trust wouldn't go into details.

Elissa had entered during the conversation and she proposed that they make me see the spiritual and feel the soul power outside of the material. I supposed she meant what we call spiritualism on Earth, and I refused point blank to be taught, fearing it was like the hypnotic influence. Trust knew my fears, and burst into a laugh. Then he asked me if he should tell them what my objections were?"

Tell? Well I guessed not; so I said: "I don't know what they mean and I think I would rather not."

Then Elissa said: "Would you not like to step out of the body and go home for a little visit?" You could really see what they were all doing, as plainly as you see us now. Would you not?"

This was a great temptation, for I did want to see my home; so I answered, as every one in my place would have done, "Yes."

"Ulysum," said Trust, if the Saviour said *These things shalt thou do and greater*,\* and He went out of their midst, and they saw Him not, and He went up in a cloud bodily, can you not believe His words when He has said *These things shall be done and greater*?"

While he was talking, I saw shadowy forms like people moving around. I felt a drawing or pulling all over my body; then a light like strong sunshine came before my eyes followed by such an airy feeling. I caught the light for a brief moment only, and lost it before I was hardly aware of what it was.

Such a state of perfect rapture during that one blissful moment! A condition of freedom from the bondage of the material state; such happiness, such a feeling of — this is as far as I can ever describe it, but it was so grand I have many times wished for its return. Cyrvissa looked up to Trust, and said: "I cannot seem to help him; it must be the

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\* John i.: 50

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people outside, who are thinking of him, that produce the negative force."

"Sister, I think you will agree with me when I say that his spiritual disintegration can only be accomplished when he is in a passive state."

"Yes, I understand that; but I saw the light around him for a moment, and his spirit demonstrated itself perfectly, then it was gone. Oh, it is too bad."

I knew there was a power that divided soul and spirit. Trust left his body and went where he had a mind to, appearing and disappearing as he pleased. I had learned this during our journeyings. I was not afraid of him, but rather clung to him. I felt I would like to know about this power, and yet I could not hope to possess it myself.

Cyrvissa divined my thoughts and answered them: "It must be Evil holding you down, but we will outwit it yet."

"Ah, yes," said Trust, "*Though my body die and is eaten up by worms yet in the flesh shall I see God.\** Satan can only have the corrupt body; that is all that was ever promised him. *Dust shall be thy meat.\** The curse was not put upon the soul or spirit. *Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,* was spoken of the body."

"How kind our Heavenly Father is," said Elissa. "Ulysum, did Cyrvissa tell you that you are to visit the king?"

Trust exclaimed: "Yes, Ulysum, we must not tarry here much longer, but, before we leave this city, I would like you to see the way in which they care for the young in this world; let us stand in the upper balcony and watch the little ones, if we may," and he looked at Cyrvissa.

"Certainly," said she; and she led the way.

The scene that met my eyes, as we stepped out upon the wide veranda, looked like a garden of flowers, shrubs, and trees; there were fountains, and music and singing, and arbors and seats, and all sorts of swings and gymnastic apparatus. There were children of all ages from a child an hour old to what we would call twelve or fourteen years on Earth. It was a remarkable fact that infantile weakness disappeared when children were two months old, and they could run and

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\* Job xix: 26.

\* Gen. iii: 14.

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talk at that age better than children of Earth parents, five years of age. I asked Trust why that was so.

“It is owing to the perfect birth and scientific development afterwards. You remember that the Saviour taught the Doctors of Divinity when He was only twelve years old. Children, here, are like the buds that open so quickly into beautiful flowers. The parents are here whenever they wish to come and they can stay as long as they please.”

What a grand home it was! Everywhere could be heard laughing, singing, and music, while all the faces I saw just beamed with happiness. How I wished the little waifs of Earth, that were born into cruel homes, or were thrust out into the world without any home at all, could have a chance like this. There would be less chance of their becoming criminals than there was now. I turned reluctantly away to go on my visit to the king.

It was nearly noon when we reached Allborne. I felt hungry as a bear, and anxious to get to some place where I could satisfy the cravings of my stomach. There was a large crowd to meet us as we touched the ground, and I could hear on every side, “It is the Connecting Link. Come and see him. See his big feet and hands and the hair on his face.” Of course these words were spoken in subdued whispers but they reached my ears and fired up my temper. Trust took my arm, waved his hand majestically, and we passed through the crowd and up to the city without any further annoyance.

Allborne, like Bjallkrom, was built upon a mountain top or, I should say, an elevated plateau. The rock was tunneled out, the same as at Bjallkrom, to furnish spacious rooms for mechanical purposes, the city's supply of water, its merchandise, its food storage, and its sewerage. This was all done beneath the city, which allowed the city itself to be kept very clean and neat.

“This city,” said Trust, “is the Sacred City of Saturn, being the site where the first laws were given to man when Saturn was an infant world. It is here they still receive messages from Heaven, and here is where the one king and queen hold their royal court. In this world there is but one king and one queen who rule under God, just stewards of the King of all kings.”



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The rock bed was a stone as white as marble. The builders had begun at the base and hewn out a wide highway which ran to the top of the plateau. The side walls were carved in the form of pillars and friezes of artistic design. Up this perfect road we wended our way until we came to what was called "King Zessra's gate," a beautiful arch of white marble, silver and gold. The two towers at the sides were surmounted by large spheres of solid gold, while the name "Zessra" gleamed in burnished gold at the top of the arch. Inside the gate the street was paved with white marble, the centre, set apart for chariots, had a cut-glass roof that rested upon pillars of canary-colored marble, ornamented with silver.

We passed in unnoticed, save by the gate-tender who stared at me as if he had seen a ghost, or some monstrosity, and I stared at him, at the people, and the perfection around me. The waiting-room was full of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Perfect ladies and gentlemen I saw they were; no trouble for the gentlemen to wait on such ladies, and they did it with such elegant manners. And the ladies, why they were gracious queens, smiling their thanks like angels.

Young men and their best girls I thought, but Trust divined my thoughts and whispered, "They are young Ulysum, for they never grow old on this planet; but these people have, every one, seen more time than the years of the Lost Star Eden. While the Earth-born are eating and drinking the dust of former generations, these people are eating and drinking the essentials of life everlasting."

I wondered if Trust really meant what he said, they all looked so young and lovely.

"This, too, is promised to the Earth women," said Trust. "*Women shall shine as the stars. They shall astonish us.* So you see the sisters of Earth are remembered by the Father and they will be as beautiful as these, when they have attained perfection. God's masterstroke is youth, — eternal youth. The name Allborne is given to this city, for the reason that there are no births here; no marriage or giving in marriage, everybody here having found their preferment, except the blue veined whom they have named 'the strangers within our gates.' Like turtle doves, they have found their other selves and perfect harmony reigns. Music, singing, painting,

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and, in fact, all the higher arts have reached perfection on this world. Life, love, and labor are blissful dreams of reality."

Several chariots came through the marble street like streaks of lightning, surrounded by flashing streams of light which made them appear as if they were on fire. The next day I had an opportunity to be near one when it passed. I thought the stream of light must also be hot, but to my surprise there was not a particle of heat, no glare, and not the least danger. They call them "chariots of fire," and the name fits them. Riding in them is delightful; no apparent motion, just a gliding, easy swing. I questioned Trust about the glass roof in the centre of the street. He said they never had storms of any kind in that world, just a twilight dew which came during the rest period and lasted for a short time. The glass roof catches the dew, and pipes take it downward to the plants along its sides. He said the temperature never varied, the weather being a perpetual May day. There were once vast seas on Saturn, but man now "walked dry shod" where once the mighty waters rolled.

He said: "Oceans are the rock-making agents of worlds, but when their work is no longer needed they disappear as they eventually will on Earth." Then he went on to say that God works in circles, and he explained the different circles, from the tiny ripple to the vast orbits of the starry system."

I was so overcome by the grandeur of everything around me that I said to Trust: "I am not going in there to see the king. To begin with I do not know how to behave in the presence of a king, and, besides, my clothes are not good enough. No, I am not going! You go, and I will stay here and wait for you."

Trust stood looking me over while I delivered my little speech. When I was through, he said, quietly, "Come," and I went.

Said he: "I am glad to note your care of your personal appearance, and the improvement in your manners. Come in here and wait for me. You need not worry about your clothes any more. After he had gone I looked around and was amazed at the wonderful beauty of the room. The floor, the sides, the ceiling, all were of glass. The windows

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were of pink glass with figures outlined in them; the doors green and amber; the sides, between the windows, opal; the ceiling many colors in blockwork, and the floor a mossy green. The glass plates were fitted into what seemed silver frame-work with gold ornamentation. The floor seemed covered with rich green moss so perfect was the imitation. The hangings were of amber and green satin and silk. Altogether it was a luxurious place in which to wait and I threw myself upon a divan with soft downy pillows and let my thoughts drift back to Cyrvissa and Elissa. I wondered why they had not seemed more surprised to see an Earth-born, for there was such a marked contrast between the people of Saturn and Earth. Could any beings exist who were more beautiful than the inhabitants of this world? Trust told me there was not an imperfection among them. If I had been finished I would have liked to stay there forever, for it was a veritable Heaven.

Trust came to the door and beckoned me to follow him. A man showed me a suit and Trust told me to go into another room and try it on. In a short time He came in with a pair of shoes which he laughingly said was made for a store sign. "I call this a streak of good luck, Ulysum, for the Saturnites have very small feet and they could never wear them."

My suit was all right; a pretty shade of light grey, and as I viewed myself in the glass I felt much pleased with my appearance.

I was hungry and wanted my dinner; as Trust did not refer to the subject I mentioned it, and his answer nearly paralyzed me.

"We will dine with the King to-day."

This was the climax to all my fears. My hunger left me, and I told Trust so. "I don't care to eat with a King. I had enough of that on the Moon," I said, as a remembrance of Cleopatra's supper came to mind. You know I don't know how to act in the presence of a king, and why do you make me do it? You don't eat, and why should I?"

Trust, smiling, remarked: "You are better at backing than pulling. In this world they do not eat the dust of former generations. Their food is composed of the vital elements of life and it does not require much to satisfy the spiritualized material body. How the Earth-born struggle, and fight, and

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hoard, and usurp, and deny, and at last die without any other meat but the dust of worms, of animals, of fowls, and past humanity, never having tasted of the heavenly spiritual food which is the true bread of life."

When we left this store, the King's palace of silver and gold loomed up directly in front of us in all its magnificence and architectural beauty, and I began to feel trembly and uneasy as we approached it. There were seven glass steps with silver railings that led up to the grand entrance; as our feet touched the first step it set in motion a group of musical bells which announced our arrival. Two attendants came quickly forward to greet us, and inquired the nature of our mission. "We wish an audience with King Zessra," replied Trust.

They led us through a large hall full of arches and carved marble pillars, and up a glass stairway; as our feet touched the lower step the air was filled with music.

The floor of the hall was of glass covered with a carpet that was so heavy it was like stepping on thick moss and gave forth no sound.

From this hall we were ushered into another room where, at the farther end on a throne, sat the King surrounded by his nobles. When our names were announced, the groups in different parts of the room formed into two lines and we passed through, Trust saluting pleasantly until we reached the throne. The King stepped down to receive us. Taking Trust by the hand, he welcomed him to the planet Saturn. Turning to me, he said, "And you, brother, I am told are from the Lost Star Eden, the Dark Planet Earth. I thank you for coming to see me. Why are you here, and how did you come? Is the circle of Earth's harmony restored? Are the old-time conditions restored? Are we bid to the great feast that is to begin the great Jubilee of Cycle Harmony when we may once more visit our sister planets and they us? Tell me, are you the bearers of this message?"

Trust bowed low and replied: "I am sorry to disappoint your Majesty, but Earth is still out of its perfect circle of harmony; to tell you how we came here is a long story which I will repeat during our stay."

"I was in hopes your answer would have been otherwise," said the King. Then he motioned for us to be seated while

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the others gathered around and listened to the conversation.

Trust told the King how he found me a castaway in space without compass or chart, and how he had been my guide ever since. When he spoke of our visit on Neptune they all became so much interested, and asked so many questions, they ceased to look at me with open-eyed wonder. Then Numa's visit became the theme of conversation. I should have been glad to have understood all they said, but the new words and new phrases mystified me and I lost much of the meaning. I thus had an opportunity to look about and note my surroundings, and I wondered if a Hottentot chief would not have felt as I did had he found himself suddenly dropped in the midst of the court of England, Russia, or Germany.

As our clothes were those worn by strangers, we passed muster in that respect; but me, poor me, I was the curiosity, the "connecting link." Still I felt the justice of it all, for when they clasped my hand did I not feel the electric touch of their velvet hands, as soft as an infant's, and the brightness of their eyes with such a wonderful light of intelligence in their luminous depth? Oh, yes, I felt and knew the great difference between us. They would look at their hands, when they let go of mine, as if they thought the impress would linger there to annoy them forever.

But to return to my surroundings. The ceiling of this room was an illustration of how much could be done with colored glass, silver, and gold. It was a perfect dream of angelic beauty; the figures were perfect in every detail and gave a history of that world's progress, or rather of a part of it. There were rows of cut crystal pendants that shone like ropes of diamonds that divided the groupings, and finally came to the centre in a star within a circle of smaller stars. Surrounding each of the angelic figures was the most exquisite coloring one could imagine. Below the ceiling, supported by massive pillars of silver, was a wide sculptured frieze of pale pink marble, representing the different epoch of the present reigning house. The sides of the room were of opal colored glass, while the windows were clear cut glass with emblematic designs. The window frames were of silver, the long mirror frames of gold. On the floor was a pale pink velvet rug with yellow crysanthemums and green leaves woven upon it, and

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they were so perfect I thought they were real. The rugs and all the cloth furnishings Trust said were a vegetable production; the silk was more beautiful than that made from silkworms, and the velvet more durable than any animal product. Science had opened her storehouses and the supply was inexhaustible.

While I was lost in the contemplation of this magnificence, there suddenly came in through the doors and open windows a burst of sweet melody from what seemed a thousand bells borne on the fragrant breeze. On Saturn there is always a delightful breeze heavy laden with aromatic perfume. When he heard the music the king arose and announced that the bells were ringing for dinner and that he would be pleased if we would partake of his hospitality.

Trust accepted, and the king led the way through room after room, all so beautifully furnished that my head became dizzy from looking, and I had to close my eyes and imagine myself dreaming.

As we entered the dining hall at one side the Queen and her retinue entered at the opposite. Talk of beauty! Gracious me, if ever a poor Earth mortal was allowed to gaze on heavenly beauty, then was I that favored one! Such loveliness as burst on my sight almost took my breath away. I had seen beauty on all the other stars, but never before where all the attributes to perfection were united in one person. There were ten maids of honor, and forty more titled ladies who belonged to the court. They were all attired in the customary dinner dress of heavy rich silk, canary-colored under-dress and Nile green over-dress. They were such happy people that one caught the infection by just looking at them. This same spirit of happiness seemed to exist everywhere that I went on Saturn.

The king was a handsome consort for his beautiful queen. When he saw her enter, he went directly up to her, said a few words, then brought her to Trust and presented her as his queen. The courtiers presented the other ladies. This was a trying ordeal for me; forty introductions to beauty in perfection, and though they were graciousness itself I could see them look with wonder and curiosity at me whenever they thought I was not observing them. The queen, however, seemed to take in the situation at a glance; she extended

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her hand, while her large, lustrous blue eyes reflected the kindly interest our coming had awakened. She hastened to say to me, "I welcome you to Allborne. May I ask if you both came from the Dark Planet Earth as we call the Lost Eden? I see one is an Immortal, and you brother —"

"An Earth-born, from Earth," replied Trust.

"Ah! I see," and she looked at me again. "I am glad, very glad, that you were permitted to come to this world in the mortal body, for now we shall know what our friends are going through during their revivification. Brother, were you one of us in this world before you entered your present state?"

"The past is a blank to them," replied Trust. "They do not know nor even dream that they have lived more than the one life."

"That is sad," said she. "You must come to my palace; I would so much like to talk with you about your world and our friends who are wandering through that life." She bowed, and the king led her to a seat at the table.

The dinner was much the same as others I had eaten on Saturn, and though I expected to make a blunder with my awkward ways, still when I was seated at the table, and engrossed with my environment, I forgot all about it. There was much I did not understand, so many new words new names; still, as they spoke my home tongue principally, I could follow them very well.

When I did take notice of what I was doing, I found I could pick up the pretty gold cups, set with precious gems, and sip my tablespoon of a *Good Deal*, or, with the dainty little gold fork, eat from my gold plate *Much in Little* with the best of them. As to feeling satisfied, I never left the table at home or elsewhere with such a more-than-enough feeling. So much for scientific food.

The Saturnites never use fermented liquors; all fruit juices are prepared so as to keep without fermentation, and the natural flavors are thereby retained. When we arose from the table, the queen and her maidens had already passed out. The king and his nobles took us directly to Queen Odea's palace. We went through another long hall like the one in the king's palace. There were kaleidoscopic, or moving pictures, the same as we had seen in

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the king's hall, but with different views, and the ornamentation was of gold while in the king's hall it was of silver.

"You see," whispered Trust as we passed along, "The very best is given to woman on this planet; she is taken good care of. Queen Odea is King Zessra's preferment, and he is hers; the highest type of love. A love without the knowledge of passion, an absorbing love that prefers the one beloved to itself, like the devoted love of a mother for her child. The Saturnites appreciate this blessing, and he is filled with joy when he finds his very own. *This woman which I gavest thee? And they twain shall be one flesh.\** Woman, in this world, is the apple of man's eye. It was once said of a woman on Earth: *Thou art blessed above all women.\** There are legions of such blessings in this world. Preferment love is divine love, the perfected love of divinity."

We first entered a long room that proved to be a picture gallery. We spent some little time there. I noticed one thing in particular, which was that the forefathers of the Saturnites were far better looking than the ancestors of Earth's inhabitants.

In a short time the queen joined us with her ladies, and called my attention to the wide frieze on three sides of the room which was done in oil colors. It was called, "Light in Search of the Unfinished World." The fourth side had only the background and a few of the principal details, for the queen said the *blue-veined* was called away before he could finish it.

"These pictures," said the queen, "I am very anxious you should see. I wish you to tell me if they are anything like the scenes on the Lost Star Eden, or Earth. This first scene is our own world; the youth at the temple door is *Light* talking with the Leadras or priests, telling them about a dream he had, in which he was told he would be called to go in search of the Lost Star Eden, or Earth, a dark planet, and when he found it he was to restore it to its lost harmony. We are told that when Eden, or Earth, was cast out into outer darkness that the heavenly workers left that world unfinished, and the disobedient, groping in darkness, were left to finish it themselves. Can you tell me what part is unfinished?"

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\* Matt. xix.: 6.

\* Luke i.: 28.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Well," thought I, "here I am a living representative of that world but I have no more idea than she has of what is finished and what unfinished." So I said, "I really do not know."

"Why, that is singular; is everything there but man," she stopped, and looked at me, "as perfect as it is in this world?"

"Oh, no; there is nothing there as perfect as it is in this world," I replied.

"Then I understand that it is still in a state of evolution; a progressive science state; a state where light is being given to reveal the mysteries of the perfect life."

"Yes, I think what you say must be true, for we hear of something new and wonderful every year."

"I am glad to hear you say that. You see the knowledge has only lately come to us that by the divination of thought we can help that world. Do they understand divination of thought on Earth?" she inquired.

"I never heard of anything by that name, though we have mind readers," I replied.

"Mind reading on Earth," said Trust, is very different from divination of thought on this world. On the Earth there are those who have a glimpse of something that they considered a revelation, a wonder to themselves, and to those around them. To the majority, the idea of the spirits leaving the body is an absurdity not to be given credence, although the Master often did this while he tarried in their midst."

The queen turned to me and said, "I will explain the idea of the other pictures to you. "Those two, with anxious faces, are the mother and father of Light, and the third is a portrait of his preferment.

"Do you have preferments on Earth?"

"What do you mean by a preferment, and what do they do?" I asked.

"The one you love best," said Trust. "Henriette for instance; do you know what she does?"

For a moment this staggered me. I felt the hot blood surge up into my face as the thought of all she did do rushed through my mind; but the queen's next remark put them to flight:

## ON SATURN.

"Oh, I have an idea just born. Who knows but you were sent here to see a finished world, as *Darkness* in search of *Light*. You have given me a subject for the fourth wall. Brother, you must be my *Darkness* on canvas, will you not? But the one you love best; is she looking longingly at the stars wondering which one you are on, and when you will return?"

"I have a wife and baby boy at home," I answered, as the tears came into my eyes, "but they think me dead, no doubt, by this time."

"Dead? Death is the revivification of life. Why worry about that? We parted with death so long ago in this world it has ceased to be even a remembrance. But why not let your preferment know where you are? Send your thoughts to her direct and then read her answer."

"I could not do that, I am sure."

"How do you send messages on Earth?" she inquired.

"By letters, by telegraph, and by telephone," I replied.

"By telegraph? What is that?" she asked.

"By means of electricity," said Trust.

"Yes! Yes! I see. Divination of thought by material means. Poor children of disobedience, the time will come when you will turn another leaf in the book of science and then you will laugh at your old method. You will send and receive your messages through the agency of ethereal force. And still more, you will go in spirit wherever you wish outside of the body. You will then have the new body which all the wandering spirits must have before they can enter the perfect life." But I have forgotten the pictures. This one represents *Light* passing through space, going first to one star, then to another, and these are the scenes on each star showing the people he met on those worlds. See how eagerly they listen to his story as he tells of his quest. This one is the Dark Planet, or an unfinished world. You see he has just arrived, and is talking to an inhabitant who is a tiller of the soil. Now, brother, as you resemble this creation who is listening to *Light's* story, will you tell me if it is a true picture of Earth, and if the vine-dressers of that planet wear such apparel?"

"Yes, it is a very true picture of Earth life. The blue

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

jean blouse and pantaloons, the big coarse straw farmer's hat, are very like our country farmer's dress," I replied.

"The hair on the face, I see you have that; is it common on that world?" she inquired.

"Yes, man on Earth wears a beard," answered Trust.

"Then all men on that world are unfinished and have not entirely lost the animal nature," observed the King. "This picture must have been an inspiration, for I doubt if the artist who painted it could remember any of his former lives. See the rough bare rocks, the gnarled, crooked trees, the uneven, distant mountains, the bare fields with only one unfinished man to sow and reap, with only one broken-down horse to help; the queer little dwelling, his cattle, his flocks, we all thought were pictures drawn from the artist's imagination, but your testimony proves their truthfulness." He folded this arms and stood looking at the painting attentively. The Queen had not forgotten her request. "Brother, you will sit for your picture, will you not? I wish to have the real, now that it has come to me, for my new idea."

What could I say, but "Yes," to an appeal from such a lovely, radiant lady, who called me brother and treated me as one. Certainly, she could have my picture.

"Well, brother, you may come tomorrow if you like, and I thank you very very much." She would have said more but Trust interrupted her with, "Sister, I am sorry to disappoint you but we are to spend the rest period with Cyrvissa; from there we go to join the Saturnites who leave to people a new world. We are pilots for them. So our time is limited, you see."

The Queen was not disconcerted by his remark. She smiled and said: "Then this is the opportune moment; Gaibel will you see that my paints and canvas are brought to me at once?" As Gaibel bowed and left the room the Queen turned to Trust and said: "I never let the opportune moment pass. It is the key to all success. The *now*, which when past will never come again." To me, she said: "You can pose for my *Darkness*, then I can paint the rest at my leisure."

I assented, though I was vexed at being put in the picture as *Darkness*. Trust divined my thought and whispered: "She means you are *in darkness* as regards the perfect life.

## ON SATURN.

You started on a voyage of discovery you know," and he smiled.

Oh, that smile of Trust's; it meant so much when he wished it, and this time it meant "Your knowledge of light is very near darkness."

When Gaibel returned he was accompanied by two others who brought the necessary articles for the work, and the Queen began her task. Her attendants grouped themselves around her and watched her work, or joined in the general conversation which grew more interesting as the picture progressed.

Suddenly the King, who, with his nobles, was watching her work, turned to me and asked, "What is the most important work the Earth people are engaged in?"

I thought of everything I knew or had heard about but finally I settled on my own investigations and answered, "Air navigation."

"Is the one you came in a fair sample of your airships?"

"It is much better," I replied. "A friend of mine on Jupiter improved it very much."

"Can you tell me what object the Earth's people have in trying to navigate the air? Have they any fixed purpose, such as trying to locate their former home?"

"Oh, no. They are trying to reach the North Pole."

"What is there on the ground that hinders them?"

"The ice and snow, and the intense cold."

"Ah, yes. I see; an infant world," and he explained to those around him, at what period we were in the era of world building.

"But why," said he, "has the Earth been so long in this embryo stage? Can you inform me friend Trust?"

The imperfect birth and the confusion of tongues, have made progress slow in the march of evolution. Then he explained how the Earth-born married and intermarried without a thought of the consequences; how children were born out of the law with corrupt bodies and a wicked heredity.

"Why do they not listen to the teachings of their Saviour who is ready and willing to lead them in the immortal life? Why will they not accept Him?" asked the Queen, tearfully.

"Evil would lose his kingdom," said one of the nobles.

"Which it is doing every day," replied Trust. The planet

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Venus can testify to this with its myriads of redeemed people, waiting for the New Earth and the restored Eden."

"Then I can see no better way than to still give them perfect bodies from this and other advanced worlds until all are reclaimed," said king Zessra.

"In the Earth Bible, or book of life," said Trust, "there is a chapter which, to the Earth-born, should mean a great deal. It reads somewhat, in this way: A nobleman had given his servant good seed to sow in his wheat field, and when it was time for it to come up he went to look at it and behold it was full of tares; and the nobleman questioned his servant to know the cause. 'I gave you good seed; from whence came the tares?' Then the servant answered and said: 'An enemy hath been here; let us destroy the whole field.' 'Not so,' replied the nobleman, 'let them grow until the harvest; then I will bind the tares in bundles and burn them; but the wheat I will put in my barns.\* Now sisters and brothers, you know that there is nothing lost in God's kingdom; that the tares burned were not lost, but purified by fire and in the next harvest came up good wheat. Thus the death process cleanseth from all error, and the Earth man can be saved, to the uttermost, through the birth anew."

"I shall be glad when harmony is restored to that world. I think air navigation will result in their finding the *Halo Light*, or that world's crown of glory," said the King. "I wonder if they ever think it is the divine within them that creates their desire for research and knowledge. Did you ever hear any one give God the praise and glory for it all?" he questioned.

"No, I never did," I replied.

"Poor Eden," said one of the ladies, "Why don't they try and make their lives as perfect as they can, and the planet also? Then they would soon be out of darkness. Don't you think so?" and she looked at Trust.

"Sister, they have only a faint conception of a better life; a sort of vague dream that there is something better somewhere, but where, they know not. They think the life they are living now is the only one they have ever known or will know until they go to Heaven. If one is better than

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\* Parable of the Tares. Math. xiii.

## ON SATURN.

his brother, why that is a mark of his superiority, a mark of divine partiality for him and he looks with scorn on the less favored, never dreaming that, sometime, those he scorns will evolve into as perfect beings as he is." The King looked astonished:

"Then it is true that they have eyes but see not, ears but they hear not. You must see a picture done by a Saturnite called *A Dream of Eden; or, The Blind Leading the Blind*. He took us to a corner of the room, lifted a cloth, and there on a large canvas were six figures of men with eyes closed, holding hands, and walking directly to the edge of a deep precipice unconscious of any danger near. "The artist must have seen this in a vision which showed how the Earth-born are blinded by their wilfulness and obstinacy," said the King. "One would have thought the promised birth of a Redeemer, a perfect seed to restore them to the perfect life, and his birth so unlike any other since Eve's would have given them food for study and research long, long before this. Do they know they will have a *Halo Light* when they are perfected?" he inquired.

"There may be some who have thought of it but their number is few and far between," said Trust.

"And I am sorry to say it, but there are people on Earth who scoff at and deny that immaculate birth, declaring that such a birth could not be; and this, when God said it would be. Can you conceive a more deplorable blindness? Denying what God hath proclaimed as true: *This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.*\* Is not this sorrowful? In this world you have such births and you think nothing of it; therefore you cannot imagine what it is to be cast out of the light and into outer darkness. Pray for the Lost Star, friends; pray that the clouds may pass away, that we may be brought into the true life soon."

"Let us be more earnest in our petitions for that world," remarked the King. "We must, with one accord, use more thought force."

"I should have thought," observed a beautiful girl, "that His being free from disease and death would have set their minds in the right direction."

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\* Math. iii.: 17.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"His death, or what seemed death, is what causes the doubt. They argue that if He was God's son He could not die. They do not ask why it was thus," said Trust.

"If it is right for us to know, tell us why this doubt was permitted to exist," said the King.

"I can see no harm in answering your question," replied Trust. "*He* was the good seed, the little leaven that leavened the whole lump; the true vine into which all must be grafted; and He passed through death, and arose, that they might know there was a life besides the one they were then living, and also to verify his words, *Ye must be born again.*"\*

The Queen looked at me, and said: "Perhaps we make an error talking of such matters before this brother. He looks troubled. Let us go into the park."

I was glad to hear this, for I was in mortal fear they would ask me some question that would bring out how the Saviour died, and by whose hands, and I felt I could never answer them truly and look in their perfect faces again. I knew they had no idea of death as we knew it; to them it was a dreamless sleep and was entered into at the sleeper's own request. So I was greatly relieved when, at the Queen's suggestion, we went into the park.

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\* John iii.: 7.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE "GOING OUT" PARTY.

*Old Time and Death walked forth one day,  
And stopped before a field all gray;  
Quoth Time, "This once did green appear,  
How came it thus so dry and sere?"  
Quoth Death, "I came along that day,  
When Lo! from green it turned to gray."  
"Hal! Hal!" said Time, "Reap fast, my friend,  
A little while then comes the end,  
When God shall open Wisdom's door,  
Then you and I will be no more."*

THE park was a long distance from the city, but we reached it quickly, the cars glided along so swiftly. When we arrived I was surprised to find horses, cows, sheep, lions, and other animals living in perfect harmony. The lion and the lamb were walking side by side, but what seemed the most wonderful to me was that the King understood the animals' language and talked with them. Each animal's language had been systematized and they had been taught to use it properly. it was the most wonderful sight I had seen yet. When I spoke to Trust about it he made this answer: "What do you think God meant when He said *The lion and the lamb shall lie down together?* Do you think he said it to make words? No! He knew the time would come when error would be taken out of all things and the few animals that remained would be perfect."

"That is very true, brother," remarked the King. "The animals had their mission, but when that ended they moved to a higher plane. But see, Ruby wants to shake hands with the stranger."

Close beside us was a fine white cow with her right forefoot raised as though to shake hands, and she really seemed to be smiling at us. Next a span of ponies came trotting up to the



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King. They laid their heads on his shoulders with such demonstrations of affection that their action seemed almost human. They were of a reddish-gray color with pure white manes and tails and large, expressive eyes. They seemed to divine their master's wishes by the motion of his eyes or lips. He told them to dance, to jump over each other's backs, to bring him the lamb and the lion, to sing, to cry, and to bid us good-by, which latter they did by prancing off out of sight.

Said the King: "Our historians tell us this world was once a vast garden of animal culture, a conglomeration of force deformity from which was evolved the higher life. Of course, that is so long ago no one living remembers it. Forgotten, forgotten, in the *forever day*."

"Ah, yes," exclaimed Trust. "*I will remember the evil days no more.*"\*

While they were talking, a flock of gaily-colored birds flew down and some of them alighted on the King's shoulders, plucking gently at his hair, and ears, and face. He spoke to them kindly, when, with a burst of thrilling melody, they flew away to the tree tops. He next led us to a large pond where he talked with the fishes they having a language of their own. Then he conducted us to the Queen's palace. While we were looking through the beautiful rooms, one of the court ladies came and informed me that the Queen wished to see me in her private audience room.

"Me?" I faltered, trembling in my shoes.

"Yes, you, Ulysum," said Trust, mildly. "You must go; I will wait for you here."

So I went, trying hard to think pleasant thoughts, for I knew they divined thoughts on that world. But with all my trying my thoughts were balky and ran riot just as they used to at home when father had whipped me. Then the bad thoughts used to come until I was all covered with perspiration, so afraid was I that God knew of my rebellion.

A maid of honor gave me a chair in front of the Queen, which I managed awkwardly to take, though it seemed sacrilegious for an Earth-born to step on the spotless rug or touch the delicate upholstery of the golden chair. The Queen began asking questions as soon as I was seated, but as she knew

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\* Hebrew x.: 17.

## “GOING OUT.”

so little about Earth conditions there was not much she could inquire about. Finally she said: “You may tell me about Mars; how the people look, and all you did while there.”

All I did? Well, I guess not! I just told a little, and ended by saying, “We did not stay long.”

Next she inquired about Jupiter and I told her how beautifully they lived and how far they had got on the road to perfection. I told her about Utocomin, and, as she listened, her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed: “A beautiful life. He shall be my *Light* in the picture. You, as *Darkness*, meet him and together you journey to the perfected life. Don't you think that will be a fine conception?” Then she picked up the book she had been reading and said: “Brother Ulysum, this book was written by one of Saturn's dream writers. Its title is ‘The Hidden Life.’ The author calls Earth ‘Hell.’ What that signifies I do not know, and I doubt if he did. He makes it appear that the dwellers on that planet have to work their way out of mortality through disease, suffering, and death, after which they go to some star where they are made to suffer all they made each other suffer on Earth. When they have passed through every possible condition of error they are given perfect bodies on some perfected world. The author says the Earth-born are always striving to make each other suffer, being continually in mortal conflict with each other. When they are ready to do better they are released and sent to a moon to await a new trial in new bodies. Did you ever hear of anything like this on any of the stars you have visited?”

“No, I did not.”

The Queen evidently thought I didn't know much for she changed the subject: “Of course, they were very sad on Mars and Jupiter to have you leave, were they not?”

This was a clincher. What should I say? I thought of Laomeline and “A mild case, just a little off,” But for once my wits helped me and I answered: “They appeared sad over something.”

“No doubt of it. Do the people of Earth understand that Eve was the first perfect birth and that Jesus was the second?”

“I think not. I never heard of any of these things until I came on this journey.”

I was getting nervous and the Queen saw my condition.

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So she said, graciously: "But I must not keep you too long. I thank you for coming. When you return to your Earth home and look up to the starry heavens and see the planet Saturn shining there remember that there is always some thought wave for good going out from this world to yours. And now we part, for a brief period, but somewhere, sometime, we shall meet again. Until then good-by, and God's blessing go with you and remain with you always." She rang a bell and the maid of honor conducted me to Trust whom I found in earnest conversation with the King.

As we were leaving the King said: "When we three meet again it will be to forge a chain of harmony with Earth, and to sing praises to God, our Father, forever." He pressed our hands and we passed through two lines of nobles, down the steps, into the street where a car was waiting to take us to Cyrvissa's.

Cyvissa met us at the door. Her first question was how I liked the Queen and King; the second, did they think I was really the connecting link between man and animal?

Trust answered quickly: "Certainly! Their arguments were convincing, too, and Ulysum did not grieve over the conclusion either." Cyrvissa smiled, while Trust's eyes were filled with a merry twinkle; but no further mention was made of the "link," for which I was thankful.

She took an embossed card from an envelope and handed it to Trust. When he had read it he passed it to me, saying: "An invitation to a going-out party, Ulysum."

"Yes, from one of my pupils," said Cyrvissa.

"I thank you for your kind invitation," said Trust, "but I promised the Queen and King to be with them this eventide, so I must beg to be excused; but Ulysum, you must accept; it is a wonderful sight to see a perfected being pass out from our midst, into the realms of space, on its way to its eternal home."

So it was settled I was to go, and Cyrvissa excused herself to prepare for the event.

As Trust left me, Gaibel was ushered into the parlor. He was one of the nobles I had met at the King's palace. I noticed he was dressed in party dress; and we sat there, dumb as mutes, until Cyrvissa came in resplendent in satin and jewels.

## “GOING OUT.”

My! Wasn't she a stunner though, as the boys used to say when a girl looked particularly nice. She was dressed in a cream white satin with a lace overdress. There were bands of jeweled trimmings and sprays of natural yellow flowers peeping out amid the folds here and there. Her hair was done up in wavy rolls, and combs and pins, sparkling with gems, enhanced its beauty. The corsage was low, the sleeves mere puffs. The gown fitted to perfection and with her necklace, bracelets and armlets she was a dream of beauty, dazzling to look upon. Poor Henriette! How she would have liked to see this. She loved nice things, but on Earth it was so hard to get them. Here the vegetable world supplied their clothing, their food, in fact, all their needs, without price; just the joy of reaching out and taking the best of everything. *I will fill their mouths with good things,\* I will clothe them in fine linen and silk. I will put gold chains around their necks.†*

As Cyrissa greeted Gaibel, I saw what a pretty couple they made and I wondered what would be thought of my plain clothes. Cyrissa divined my thoughts. “They are all right, Ulysum. Come, we must hasten.”

Just like an Earth party, I thought, as we entered the spacious hall and heard the gay laughter and hum of conversation. There were the same bursts of merriment, the pleasant greetings, the music, the beautiful dresses, but without Earth's rivalry.

Cyrissa and Gaibel, after speaking to several of the guests, led the way to the audience room where Heleftus, the host who gave the party sat upon a raised platform covered with gold cloth. Flower girls brought baskets of flowers and strewed them upon the platform until it had the appearance of a flower bed.

Heleftus arose and stood waiting to receive us. What a beautiful face and form, I said inwardly. What could this grand going-out party mean? On Earth I had heard of “Coming-out parties,” but “Going-out” was something new. Heleftus was attired in a long flowing gown made of pearl white linen that shone like silk; the waist was belted in by a heavy white silk cord with tassels. His hair hung in wavy curls down and about his shoulders like a cape; his eyes shone with a brightness that rivaled the gleaming gems around him.

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\* Psalm lxxxi.: 10-16.

† Ezek. xvi.: 10-11-12-13.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Everybody kissed his right hand, and made some remark I did not understand, as they saluted him. At length our turn came. When Cyrvissa and Gaibel had saluted him, she said, looking first at me, "Heleftus, I have brought an Earth-born to witness your going-out. See, he is in the mortal body which, no doubt, is for some good."

I bowed, and was wondering what I should say when he took my hand, saying, "Brother of the long Lost Star Eden, I am pleased to meet you. I feel, as does sister Cyrvissa, that there is some great significance in your coming; in that you, in the mortal body, were shielded and permitted to visit a perfected world. It has its meaning. Stand here beside me, brother," and he placed his hand on my shoulder.

How beautiful he did look, and his voice was so reassuring. Could it be possible that we of Earth would ever look like him? Would we have such expressive eyes; mouths with such curves and dimples and the expression of the soul lurking around them; such perfect forms, hands and feet; hair like spun silk: such a graceful carriage? All these points of beauty showed plainly in whose image they were fashioned. Would we, could we?

I noticed many among the guests who were dressed the same as Heleftus. Cyrvissa told me they were Heavenly messengers who were to accompany him on his journey.

Two richly-dressed pages brought letters from the Queen and King to Heleftus, saying that their best thought force would go with him in this greatest victory of life.

On Saturn, the same as on Earth, there could be nothing great done without a feast; some doors were opened and a spacious dining room disclosed. Some musical bells were rung and the guests passed in and took their places at the tables. Heleftus took my arm and we passed through the centre of the room; he was much pleased, apparently, that we had met, and that he could speak with me if only for a brief period. "Oh, brother, it is a great joy to be called home to see the Father and those from whom we have been so long separated. I would that I might talk more with you, but there is little time." He gave me a seat beside Gaibel while Cyrvissa and Elissa sat with the messengers.

The guests picked up the tiny little dishes with as much ease

## “GOING OUT.”

and grace as we would a twenty-five cent piece. They were the most particular and genteel people in their table manners that I ever saw. Everything had to lie just so on the tiny plates, occupy just such a place on the table, and appear at the right moment, while the proper thing had to be eaten at the proper time. How inviting the tables looked, with the food prepared to look like flowers, fruit and vegetables.

While I was contemplating the scene there came a burst of instrumental melody followed by singing. When the singing ceased the guests arose from the tables, and we all ascended a movable stairway to the roof. Here we found many priests and priestesses gathered, and Heleftus and the messengers were surrounded by them.

The priests and priestesses began a chant. While they were singing I watched Heleftus and the messengers, wondering what would happen next. I closed my eyes a moment to more fully enjoy the singing. When I opened them — Was I dreaming? I looked! I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Heleftus and the messengers were gone! I looked in the air, on the roof, then into Cyrvissa's face. She met my astonished look with a smile. As we passed down the stairs she said: in a low voice, “He passed the ordeal beautifully.”

What had he done? Where had he gone? Was I the victim of hypnotism again? She led me to a window and pointed to a golden cloud, just a little way up in the air, where I plainly saw Heleftus, the messengers, and many others. A sweet melody came floating down to us, just for a moment — no more and the cloud with those it bore was gone from sight.

“A perfect case of spirit dominion over the body, nothing more, Ulysum,” said Cyrvissa. “Your Good Book tells of one Paul who spoke of being in the body or out of the body — also of Elijah and others passing out in this way. Trust tells me that the Earth mortals have never fathomed the mystery, or constructed a higher type of spiritualized life, although Jesus, the Prince of Peace, demonstrated it before many witnesses.”

She went on to say: “It seems strange to me that your physicians, as you call them, have never solved the problem of perpetual life, have never discovered the plane of thought force. Thought force, Ulysum, is powerful enough to free

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

all the Earth-born from the bondage of error as quickly as you lost sight of Heleftus." *For whatsoever ye ask believe ye receive it.*

On our way home Gaibel and I were seated together. During our ride Gaibel inquired if we had many translations on Earth.

"No," I replied, "I never heard of but two. Why, it would make people lose their wits."

"You astonish me. How did you get here if you did not pass out? And how do they commune with their Heavenly Father, or He with them, if there is nothing real to them except what they see in their unfinished state? Don't you believe in any higher life?"

"Oh, I guess most everybody does."

"Then why don't you search it out? Did it never occur to you that the growth of the infantile mind into all forms of knowledge was as wonderful? Why does the child have to go through the process of learning when the lowest type of animal is born with a full knowledge of its needs? Man was created to have dominion over all things and that means both mind and matter, brother."

"Well, it is very strange," I replied.

"No more strange to you than death and sin are to us. We know nothing of those conditions except what we read about them."

"What a mystery life is," I commented, thoughtfully.

"Brother," said Gaibel, "what do you think life is?"

"With me," said I, "it has meant hated toil on a large farm with many other discomforts thrown in; a loving, but unappreciated wife, a baby boy, a sail in an airship bound for nowhere in particular has been the sum of my earthly life."

When we reached home we found Trust there. Gaibel had not replied when I told him what my life had been, but when we were all together again he asked me if I would like to step out of the body and go home and see my friends. "What say you, friend Trust?" he asked.

"He made the journey once since he started," replied Trust, "but without very good success. Tell them about Tige, Ulysum," and he burst out laughing.

"I wish him to go in such a way," explained Gaibel, "that

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he may know there can be a division of spirit and body without either losing its identity or relationship with the other.”

When it dawned on me what they were trying to do, I told them they need not trouble sending me home in any other way but in my airship, as I did not care to learn.

“But you think it is such a mystery for the spirit to leave the body and go away and return to it again. These people want to demonstrate the fact that it can be done,” persisted Trust.

“This is one of the victories of the perfected life, and there are many more,” said Cyrvissa.\*

Then I saw them look at one another, and nods and signs passed; before I could realize what it all meant I was asleep, and immediately came into the knowledge of spirit power. As my spirit left my body, I turned to look back at it; then I became aware of a light, airy feeling, a sensation of such happy release from some weight that I felt like jumping, and skipping, and singing, so exquisite was this condition of perfect freedom. Soon I felt the presence of others and, looking around, I saw Trust, Gaibel, Cyrvissa and Elissa.

Gaibel looked pleased to see my perfect astonishment, and he inquired how I liked my new condition.

“Like it? Why it is fine! It is the best way yet. I don’t believe I shall ever care for my body again.” But, when I looked at it there came such a longing I rushed toward it with an irresistible desire to be again burdened with it. Cyrvissa prevented my losing myself in the material by waving her hand and saying, sharply: “Hold, Ulysum, you may return to that again provided you do just as I tell you.”

“Go directly home,” said Trust, and keep your thoughts on your journey. Turn neither to the right nor to the left, but when we call, return.”

“Come, brother,” said Gaibel’s cheery voice, “I will escort you to Zessra’s gate and send my thought force with you on your journey.”

At first it seemed so strange; there came to my mind so many varied experiences that I seemed allied to, I was in a whirl of commingling emotions. But it rapidly straightened out and only my last life’s experience was before me and that

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\* Cor. v.: 3. Cor. xii.: 2.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

as plain as daylight. Light as a feather I shot through space, as quickly as the flashes of electricity in an Earth thunder storm. I had only one desire and that was to reach my lost home. Faster and faster I rushed, with great long swirling swoops, until half the distance had been covered. Then I began to meet spirits in countless numbers going in another direction. Many asked me where I was going and when I replied "To Earth," they would pity me for being sent back, and then ask me to be the bearer of some message to those they had left behind. Though I wished to help them, I flashed by them all until a sound of woe startled me; I paused to listen and came near undoing all that had been done for me. Yes, I fell from grace as Deacon Smith used to say about some derelict brother who was a repentant Christian one day and a backsliding sinner the next. The pleading anguish of the voice full of misery that broke the awful stillness of space held me, and I listened. This is what I heard. The soliloquy of a suicide, a young woman:

"Oh, boundless solitude of space; eternal stillness everywhere! Oh, constant drifting, drifting purposeless and vague! Why is it? Where is it? When will it cease? Why was I left alone to make my spirit leave its body mate? Was it to measure space? Ah, I should have thought of that ere I let that go which I did know to embrace that which I did not know. Better I had remained where woes like mine abound, for in that Babel I could some comfort find in change. Why lingers consciousness, why thought on thought that flies with lightning rapidity to picture all the past? Oh, mirror of a blighted life, would that I could draw some draperies of the sky across thy truthful face! Oh, love; sweet, sweet, cruel love, 'twere better to have thee in a world of mockery than be here with rest *alone*, in echoless unchange! Ah, death, how I did long for thee, and welcome the means to make thee come. Now I would welcome life, the lowest life, so I might see one of my kind. Why comes no spirit near? Is my portion in this limitless abode to be only my agonizing thoughts; the realizing of all that I have lost, the opportunities for good I have thrust aside, and reached out to clasp mistakes so fondly to my heart that all my being lived in them? The seeing, knowing this, is agony untold; companions which I would willingly

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change for annihilation. Oh, cruel fate, did I do wrong to live and love until my life was filled with joy ecstatic? Was it wrong that I forgot all else? Forgot that life and love were purposed for a good? That life, when lived aright, reached through space to life eternal in the celestial city, where true love abides and had its birth. Oh, cruel, sweet, sweet, love; my loss and bitter woes have sure atoned for this. But why complain? I sought death when my love was spurned. In bitter anguish I prayed to die, and thought to go where sound or sight could never come. Ah, I did not think of *thought* else I would have said, Death, get thee gone! Hark! I hear the rustle of an angel's wings. Maybe God pities me and has sent some one to comfort me. Who comes? Oh, joy, it is a spirit wandering like myself!”

When I came near her she welcomed me with such sweet words I forgot my journey and listened again to the story of her wrongs and wrong-doing.

How long we might have drifted and talked I know not, but I was aroused by hearing Trust say: “Ulysum, go on! You are dangerously near the Moon's influence.” This startled me and I left the sorrowing maiden and continued on my journey.

It was early morning when I reached home, and I took in the situation at once. They believed me dead and Henriette was working for others to support herself and baby Ute. All this I knew in a moment, knew all that had happened since I left, so clear and comprehensive does the mind become when free from the body. I tried to make them understand that I was with them. I caressed first one, then the other, and though I understood every word they said they were unmindful of my presence. Although I was disappointed in this, there was a satisfaction in seeing and knowing as much as I did, and I would willingly have remained even with this impassable gulf between us rather than go away from them again. But Trust said, “Go on!” and I left my own house and immediately stood within my boyhood's home. My parents and Toby had finished their morning meal, but were still seated at the table. As I entered the room mother was telling her dream to father.

“Kimsed, I dreamed all night long of Ulysum. Part of the time he was flying in the sky and part of the time he was back

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

here with us. It was all so plain, I can think of nothing else this morning. Poor boy, if he should ever come back again I guess he would settle down and be steady. I blame those who helped him on with those notions more than I do him."

"Poor, loving mother," I thought, "there is never a fault in your own."

As she began to cry, Toby said: "Oh mother, what's the use of crying all the time? It was his own doings. If he wanted to he could have staid at home. I wonder who he's found to baby him now?"

"Toby," answered mother, "I don't like to hear you speak so of your poor lost brother. It is real cruel."

"Nancy Ann," said father, "I'm of the same mind sis is. 'Taint no use worrying yur life out over spilt milk. You talked and I talked, and it all did no good, and my belief is, if he ever should turn up, like as not, he'll go inter sunthin else, heels over head, an' keep us all in hot water. Land knows who that yung un ever tuck after, unless it wuz cuzin Mehitable Stebbins who hed every kind of religun from a howling Sun worshipper to a seven-day Millright goin' up in her night gown."

All this I heard and I felt it was just, but when mother got up and left the room to stop the conversation, I went too, and put my arm around her neck and caressed her, but she knew it not. Just then Trust called me and, with a prayer that God would let mother live until my return I reluctantly started on my return journey. I passed through crowds of spirits which separated after a time into smaller parties, each going to a home in some one of the many mansions in the sky. I noticed many little children, attended by angels, who were going directly towards the Sun.

There were angels beside the aged, and they spoke to them of the joys that awaited them in the perfect life, and their eyes grew bright, as they listened to the words of love and hope.

I longed to linger and listen to more for I moved among them as if I had always known them, but I heard a voice say, "Come, wake up, sir." When I opened my eyes I saw Trust, who said sternly: "Why did you loiter? Are you always going to repay kindness in this way?"

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But Gaibel smiled and remarked: “Two splendid qualities, Ulysum, pity and love. I saw you linger with the spirit maiden, which was a comfort to her, but it shortened your visit at home.”

Then Trust spoke again: “You came so near the Moon’s influence we had to call other messengers to hold you back until we could break the spell that girl threw around you.”

Then Cyrvissa inquired: “Did you find your friends all right?”

“Could you not see them,” I questioned, “if you saw me?”

Cyrvissa answered my rude question pleasantly: “It was you, Ulysum, who saw what was going on when you returned home. Yes, we could see into space, and into Earth life through your eyes. You now know that the spirit can leave the body and return again, but there is a higher attainment than that. It is when the spirit leaves the body for a new one on a higher plane.”

“And don’t forget, brother,” added Gaibel, “that all depends on how you live your present life what your condition in the next will be.”

“Seeing you have returned to the old garments, I must remind you we must away at once on our journey to Romony,” said Trust.

“And brother, if you don’t mind, I will go with you in your airship,” said Cyrvissa.

I consented, but as their airships were works of art and luxury, how she dared to trust herself in such a nondescript as mine was a puzzle to me.

She answered my thoughts with, “I will use my soul power and fear not. Before we go to the airship I will take you to see a friend of mine, one of the eldest Saturnites in this city, and one of the first perfected.”

On our way there she told me his age was more years than the Lost Eden or Earth had known, and that he looked as youthful as she did. I agreed with her when I came to see him. He looked young and yet was mature, with the kindest expression and such earnest interest in everything around him that I lost my diffidence, and really enjoyed the visit. He thanked Cyrvissa for bringing me, thanked me for coming, and

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

began to talk about Earth and its people. Said he: "Earth is out of its orbit and will remain there until the spiritual dominates the material, when harmony will prevail, and the Dark Planet return to light and love."

Here Cyrvissa interrupted to ask if he thought I was the "connecting link" between the animal and perfect man.

"Yes, sister, the Earth-born are the missing link between the higher life and the lowest plane, or animal. They are mortal animals in a material progressive state, in the plane of evolution. They are slowly developing into a higher plane and will some day reach the shores of immortality. When this occurs our mission is ended with them for they will be able to care for themselves. Hear what God hath said: *They shall mount on the wings of eagles, they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.*\* Are not these blessed promises?"

"They are," I replied. "but they are so long in coming to pass."

"Just a day, that is all, brother."

When we arose to take our leave, he again thanked me for coming to see him and bade me cultivate a desire to commune with the still small voice.

"If you heed it every time it speaks," said he, "you will soon learn to lean on its strength and life will become a pleasure instead of a worry. Farewell, we shall meet again when space is ringing with the songs of the redeemed."

When we left him Cyrvissa said there was one more place she wished me to see, and that was Mount Harmoni.

As we drew near the mountain I saw upon it a very large building with many towers, some large and some small, connected by a network of wires. Above these was an immense trumpet which was turned toward the sky. As we came near there burst on my ears a song I had never heard before; then another, and still another, the last interrupted by a perfect babel of sound which was shut off for a time. The singing began again, but I was no wiser than Cyrvissa was as to where they came from, until we changed our course in order to proceed to Romony when — was I dreaming? — there came the sound of a choir singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," as plainly as I ever heard it in my life.

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\* Isa. xl.: 32.

## “GOING QUT.”

“Why, Cyrvissa, that is one of Earth’s songs! Do you think it comes from there?”

She grasped my arm, saying: “Hush! I want to listen.” When it was finished, she said, “How beautiful!”

As we floated slowly on there came the melody of mother’s favorite “Some Sweet Day,” and that completely unmanned me and I cried like a child.

When my tears had ceased to flow, I asked her how it was that they could catch the songs of Earth and not the other sounds.

“I know not; but you heard the hermit say that perfect harmony finds harmony and mingles with it. But listen, Ulysum, *Nearer My God to Thee*; where does that come from?”

“That is an Earth song, also,” said I, my tears starting afresh.

“Can they sing like that, poor wanderers?” and Cyrvissa began to cry. “Oh, it is so long since I have cried, but I cannot help it when I hear them sing like that while passing through darkness and death. No wonder their crown will be the brightest and their victory the grandest. In our Bible there is a passage that says: *The stars shall hear the Earth*. Is that in yours?”

“Yes, Trust told me it was there.”

“It must be they are nearing the shores of the forever day, brother, when they can sing like that, for poetry, you know, is the language of Heaven.”

Again I heard the Earth songs when we had nearly lost sight of Mount Harmoni. This time I heard the words *‘Mid pleasures and palaces*. “It must be a Sunday School picnic,” I exclaimed, “and the children are singing in the open air.”

“Well, brother, there must be some there who are fed with the living waters in that world, Ulysum. Now I think of it, in our Bible there is a description of a great feast to be given in Heaven when harmony is restored. *Come into the supper of the great and living King*. It tells also of a multitude bearing palms, whose robes are white having been washed in the blood of the Lamb. *These have come up out of great tribulations*. This must mean the Earth-born; I had never thought of it before, but it must be so. Oh, how I wish I may be invited to witness that triumphal marching home.”

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

When our feelings had somewhat calmed down she told me she had begged the privilege of riding with me that she might instruct me in soul power. Said she: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within the mortal."

Then she continued: "*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made manifest in the flesh.* Now Ulysum if God is the Word and is in the flesh, can't you see, He is ruler over all flesh, dominant over all force? Is there any one higher than God? Is there any one with more power than God? Is there any one with more knowledge than God? Verily no! Then let God rise above all material and assert his kingship, assert His individuality in the mortal flesh to overcome all of its corruption and error. Now the soul power, or divinity is within every mortal body; let it expand, let it grow, don't thrust it out, but try its power. If a thing to be desired is wise and good, say *it shall be so* and hold it in thought force, and it will come. *For as a man thinketh so is he.* And again, *Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believe ye receive it.* Let God rise up in His full majesty and dominate all things for your future welfare, for He has promised to give man dominion over all things on Earth. This soul power or divine consciousness, can conquer storms, calamities, famines, sickness, and death. *Oh death I will be thy plague;* and again, *I will create a new spirit within him.*" Many more proofs she gave me, and while she explained I seemed to see and realize it all.

"Could I use this soul power and never die, do you think?" I questioned.

"To use this soul power you must never for a moment have an evil thought, or do an evil act. If you do, you banish the power from you." Then she gave me a message telling me *to tell no man*, but to use it as she told me, and the knowledge would come in time.

As she looked over the side of the ship she called out: "We are at our journey's end. Let the ship down in the meadow on this side of the city."

As we touched ground Trust and a Leadra came to meet us. Trust told me I was not to go up into the city at that time as they were preparing a shipload of pilgrims who were going to

## “GOING OUT.”

a new world called Adrassaneau, to people it, and they were afraid my coming would distract their thoughts and cause an error, for every one was anxious to behold the “connecting link.”

The “connecting link!” Was I never to hear the last of that, I thought. Trust pointed to a large cloud floating high up in the sky. I soon saw a boat emerge from it. The boat was very large with a great long barrel-shaped balloon above it, with wings attached, and it had a long tail for steering purposes. Every few minutes there would long flashes of light stream from it, and it would swing around as if it was impatient to start. It looked like a huge bird, and I wondered how it could keep up there it was so bulky. Cyrvissa smiled, but Trust said: “The power that keeps and holds the clouds above the Earth, holding tons of water, speeding them where they may be relieved of their burden, can and does do what you see.”

The Leadra told me he would like me to visit the city, but as it could not be, he would see that I had every attention. I thanked him and begged him not to trouble himself as I would be all right where I was.

I put my ship to rights, but when I turned to look for my companions they had all disappeared. For some time I sat thinking of what Cyrvissa had told me about soul power, and all it would do if man would let it. I kept thinking how glad I would be to get back to Earth and tell them the joyful news of all that was coming to them when they were born of the spirit, how our hands, our faces, our forms, would be perfect, our hair like spun silk, our eyes the windows of the soul, and death a dream.

“*I will cleanse you and put my spirit within you,*” said a voice close beside me and, looking around, I saw a young man about my age.

Again he spoke: “I read your thoughts, brother, and for a few minutes I will sit beside you and rest. This is a beautiful world, and to one who has never known a perfect world it must be wonderful.”

“It is wonderful. Is it Heaven?” I asked.

“Oh, no; it is not Heaven, but very like unto it. How would you like to live here?”

“I would like to live here if my Earth friends could be



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with me. I never dreamed that the perfect life was so real; it always seemed when people talked of heaven and of our being angels we were to become shadows; no eating, no drinking, no sleeping, and no working, just a useless existence, as it seemed to me, and I always wanted to stay away from it as long as possible. Now this is so different, so real, so in accord with man's desires, I long for the time to come when Earth shall have won the victory of perfected life."

We talked about the boat in the sky, and about their going to people a new world, and time passed so pleasantly that I was loath to have him go, but, like the others, when he arose to go, *he was and he was not*. And I knew I had seen an angel.

This left me in a nervous state, but the Leadra soon brought me my lunch in a little silver box and a note from Trust with the menu written on it. I could not help laughing when I read it. I will give it as he wrote it. Trout with oyster sauce and crackers; corned beef, potatoes, cabbage salad, and squash; bread and butter, grape juice (unfermented), and baked Indian pudding, coffee, cheese, lemon jelly, ice cream, and cake; quite a spread on Earth, but there, on Saturn, I could have put it all in my coat pocket and have had room to spare.

Such little dishes, it was like taking homœopathic pills, but I knew that they satisfied and so I went to work. Such a surprise awaited me. Everything tasted just like Earth food.

After I had finished my repast, the Leadra picked up the empty dishes, replaced them in the box, and went back up into the city. He had no sooner gone than I threw myself onto my couch and fell into a refreshing sleep, from which I was awakened, by Gaibel shouting, "Hello! Earth-born! Does the mortal need much sleep? I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but my mission is urgent, and I am an agent of a lady. This lady, who is my preferment, is Gailiss who goes with me to the new world Adrassaneau; she has heard that you are from the Lost Star Eden and she would talk with you about your world and its beginning. May she come?"

"Certainly! But she will be disappointed for I know scarcely anything about its beginning," I replied.

"You may expect us at the eventide, for the time then is our own. I must tell you Gailiss is the most beautiful maiden in all Romony. I am sure you will say she is fairer than the

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angels.” Then he explained their mission to the new world and the many things they would have to do to make it like Saturn. I asked him how they kept such a large boat in the air.

What he said was all Greek to me, yet he went on explaining and I listened because I liked to hear him talk. He was a person any one would like the moment they saw him.

When he left me to return for Gailiss, I fell to dreaming and wondering why he wished to go to a new world to people it, he with all his beauty and intelligence. He had a pearly complexion, lovely reddish brown hair that hung in wavy curls to his waist, small hands and feet, a graceful carriage and such gentle manners. His face was so fine-featured it could have passed for a woman's; he had the manliness of the man and the tenderness of a woman. Like Utocomin, from the first moment I met him there was a bond of friendship between us and I was anxious to see the rare flower he called his preferment. And she must hear all that he heard and pass judgment upon it.

Gaibel was not alone as regarded physical, mental and moral perfection, for each and every one I had seen on Saturn was the same, the only difference being in the style of features. Yet, with all this perfection, no one seemed to know or realize it was so, or that it could be otherwise, until I dropped down among them with my ungainly body and awkward ways.

As the days are so much longer in Saturn than on Earth there was considerable time for me to wait for the “Eventide.” Not knowing what else to do to pass away the time I took up a book the Leadra had left on my table and read where he had marked certain lines. I saw it was a description of a plane, or stratum, in space, where material was gathered and solidified, and in time, helped to make other worlds. I remembered, when I was on the Moon, that I wondered what Henriette put that book on geology in my ship for, but now as I read page after page, I was glad she did and I decided to give it to the Leadra when he returned. When he brought my evening meal I did so, and he thanked me over and over again and then began to question me about the man who wrote the book. I could not enlighten him but told him that, no doubt, he was dead, as few lived to be a hundred years old on Earth.

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I asked him how long Trust was going to stay there, and the Leadra said: "He tells me you will both leave this world some time during the rest period as he is to pilot the pilgrims to the new world."

"Is he going in their boat?" I questioned.

"No, in your boat, and you will weld the tie between the perfect and error. You being an error can meet error, but by your knowledge of perfection you can hold it by thought line until it reaches its destination."

"Error, guiding Good, as Trust says, *Evil be thou my good,*" I answered.

The Leadra was, evidently, interested in me. "I wish to say a few words to you before we part. Man is triune — Soul, Spirit and Body, the material part. *Now what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loses his soul.\** The Soul is the best of all, the intelligence of the body; the Spirit is the fire; the Body is the clay; the whole, perfected, the temple of the living God. *I will put my spirit within.*"

The rest period came and with it Gaibel and Gailiss floating on what seemed a cloud up in the air above the tree tops. When they descended and came up to me, Gaibel presented Gailiss, who greeted me with a pleasing smile that ended with a little gasp and sigh, as if to hold back some emotion she was afraid she would betray. When I offered her my hand she barely touched it with the tips of her fingers.

"Will you come into my ship and have a seat?" I asked. They replied in the affirmative, and I led the way and placed a chair for Gailiss. I pointed to my couch, but Gaibel told me to be seated and he went and stood behind Gailiss' chair. For a few moments there was an awkward pause during which time I began to feel uncomfortable. I got red in the face knowing the eyes of beauty were reading me and taking notes of my personal appearance.

With a faraway look and a sigh she looked up to Gaibel and said: "The dwellers of Earth are in no way like unto us. Tell me, why this difference?"

"Because, dear, they lost the immortal body."

"What are you doing to overcome Error, now it has a foothold there?" she asked.

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\* Mark viii.: 36.

## “GOING OUT.”

That was a regular header. Tell her all we were doing to overcome error when we were doing so much to increase it! Well, I guessed not. So I replied, “It would take too long a time.”

“The brother is right,” said Gaibel. “We must ask questions that require short answers.”

She seemed to be thinking what question to ask and finally this one came: “You have crowned woman as the head of the home and bow to her judgment in all things, do you not?”

“I am sorry to say woman is not appreciated in my world as she is here,” I replied.

This brought on a discussion about woman and her mission in all worlds. I got so tangled up I had hard work to find a way of escape. Several times I came near telling the truth about the treatment of women on Earth, but I managed to slide over the slippery places, and made them think we were worth their best thoughts and earnest prayers.

While I was answering her questions, or rather evading them, I kept thinking as I watched her, “Yes, Gaibel is right; you are certainly very beautiful. What would an Earth-born girl think at sight of so much perfection? Surely, she would burn with jealousy.” I knew Toby would. Gailiss had a clear complexion, pretty red curved lips, large blue eyes fringed with long lashes, a graceful form, small hands and feet, light golden hair that fell in a rippling wavy mass almost to her feet, a perfect mouth that opened to show twin rows of pearls, a voice of silvery sweetness and a smile that won your allegiance the moment it beamed on you. No wonder that to Gaibel she was a preferment above all others. Question after question came in rapid succession about the Earth when it was new but I was a poor historian I am afraid, for she turned to me with such a pleading look and said: “Brother, there is so much I wish to know about that pertains to your world, I hope you will pardon me if I speak plainly. I am very anxious that our new home shall escape the errors of the Lost Star Eden. You see I felt it a duty to come and see the connecting link and learn from your own lips how this came to be so — why this difference between the mortal and the immortal. Among some ancient books that have been in our family for centuries I found this one which speaks of a garden with a tree which

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was called *The Tree of Life*,\* which bears twelve manners of fruit, and yieldeth its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. Now we are told sickness is an error, and what a blessing it must be to have such a tree to conquer this error. Will you tell me how they use them?" and she looked up to me eagerly, awaiting my answer.

"No, I cannot. Perhaps Trust could make it plainer than I can."

"No doubt," said Gaibel; "Do not seek to know more than the brother chooses to tell, dear."

Again she sat lost in thought, repeating at intervals: *And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.*"† Turning to Gaibel she said: "I have an idea woman in this world is called the *tree of life*, and you know, dear, we are giving bodies to the wanderers from Earth, and have been, for ages, feeding them the leaves from the tree of life through this birth process."

"Why, Gailiss, how clever; that is really true. I can see it now myself. We must remember this when we reach the new world," answered Gaibel.

"Tell us, brother, is the Earth beautiful?"

"Yes, the Earth is very beautiful; when it is finished I am sure it will be as lovely as this world," I replied. "If I were you and lived in such a beautiful world as this I would not go to an unfinished one to begin life on the lowest plane," I ventured to say.

"If we keep the law and live according to God's commands, I would much rather go to a new world than to your world of death and sin," said Gailiss.

How her words startled me. "Going back to death," Yes, there was no getting around it; I was going back to death! This thought made the chills run down my back, and I felt like a man who had just heard his doom. Death I must meet and pay the penalty of corruption. I must have shown my terror, for Gailiss spoke up: "See Gaibel, he is sad."

"No, I am not sad, but I wish I might stay in this lovely world forever. But I will be brave and take my chances with my relatives, and friends and neighbors."

"A very good resolution," said a voice behind me. I looked

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\* Rev. xxii.: 2.

† Rev. xxii.: 2.

## “GOING OUT.”

back and there stood Trust, Cyrvissa and Elissa, they having come in quietly just in time to hear my last remark.

“We came to wish you a safe voyage,” said Cyrvissa.

“Oh, Father,” cried Gailiss, springing up and grasping Trust’s hand; “You must give us your blessing before you leave this world that we may take it with us to our new home.”

“I think we will have a short service in your ship, Ulysum, if you don’t mind,” said Trust.

I was more than willing. He held a short service, after which the farewells were said and we all prepared to leave Saturn, the beautiful perfected mansion of the sky.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A SHORT STOP ON MERCURY.

*Through the black night a sunbeam strayed  
And drew a million more within the shade;  
Embodying productive force.  
A million more were added to its course —  
A golden sunrise lit the Earth —  
All Nature smiled to see the daylight's birth.*

THERE were handshakes and parting words from all when the time came to say "Farewell." Trust gave Gailiss a roll of manuscript which he told her not to read until she arrived at the new world. Afterwards he told me it was the history of the "fall" in the garden of Eden.

When we were over the centre of the city, sailing slowly, Trust told me to look down. As I have said before, it was always day on Saturn, beautiful at all times, but the scene that then met my eyes was gorgeous indeed. The city was illumined until it dazzled with its brightness. Every steeple, every dome, every window and door, tree, shrub and flower was outlined by the wonderful lights. Trust called my attention to a large procession passing up the principal street toward the Temple which was magnificently illuminated. The procession was headed by a band of music while those in line were singing and waving banners. "They are the Pilgrims," said Trust, "who go with Gailiss and Gaibel to people the new world Adrassaneau. There are five hundred of them representing every kind of craft or trade known to man. They are going to the Temple to receive a blessing. They will depart in the ship which you see resting on that cloud."

As I looked at the cloud, which before I had not noticed, there flashed into view the great ship, in a glory of light, its name "Answer," showing in a brilliant green.

Through some unaccountable agency a shower of lighted balls, of a deep red color, surrounded my ship. They threw

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out long streamers, or rays, of the same color, while on the side of my ship appeared the name, "The Lost Star Eden."

Did Trust do this? I questioned in my mind. I never knew the cause, but when the people saw it, they halted, waved their banners, and shouted, "God and victory for The Lost Star Eden." When this light went out we were enveloped in a cloud that stayed with us until we left the planet Saturn far behind.

I asked Trust why we did not stay and see the Pilgrims off.

He answered me: "We came to Saturn for three purposes: first, to conduct the wandering spirits; second, to bring Numa the Shepherdess; third, to pilot the Pilgrims to their destination. It is the duty of pilots to lead the way."

As I sat and pondered over our strange journey Gailiss' words came to my mind: "*And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.*" I longed to know what they were and I prayed earnestly and devoutly, "O, Father in Heaven, show me what the leaves of the tree are and let me eat and be healed in my day."

"Amen," said a voice. I turned quickly, thinking for a moment it was Cyrvissa, but no one was near. Then I remembered that she had told me she would follow me in thought until I reached my home. Whatever I saw she would read my thoughts, and, in that way, see and know all I saw. She had said: "It will be such a delight for me to read your progress as you journey into light; it will pay for all the time spent."

It was Cyrvissa whom I had heard. Cyrvissa was following me in thought. We had journeyed about a month of Earth time when I awoke from the queer sleep that I always went into on these trips through space. Trust called my attention to the planet which we had left. Yes, there was Saturn, like a great gold ball, as large to the eye from our point of view as eight of our harvest moons with its rings of rainbow color around it, and the background above, below and back of it a star-gemmed sky as black as midnight.

As I watched, I thought what a supreme intelligence it must be that had conceived and controlled such a wonder as that. There came to my mind the picture of Saturn in my old geography. I remembered what I was taught about it,



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and I felt that I could now afford to laugh at the mistaken wisdom of my teacher. One of them, Windsor Stanley, who taught the winter school, and who was better at drawing discords out of his old violin than he was at teaching the young idea how to shoot, used to say that the stars had an influence over our lives for good or bad; that the rings of Saturn were portions of the planet which had slid off; that people lived on them and when they got too near the edge they fell off and were lost. The following summer we had a girl teacher and when we told her what Stanley said, she threw up her head in disgust and declared he must have been one of those who fell off. Such ignorance she never had heard of in all her life. She said people of intelligence knew that these rings were world-making material and long before any of us were grown up, they would break up into little worlds. Then I recalled father's speech when Zeb and I told him what the teachers said: "Well, I kalkerlate they're tew dum fools, both on 'em, and it's about all thar is of book larnin' from fust tew last. One comes along with a highferlutin' lot of gab, and tells a big story, that no one can deny kase they don't know, and next day another comes along, and tells a diff'rent story, 'bout the same thing, and knocks the fust feller's story to smithereens. Thar's one thing sartin; I ruther run my chances and larn of nature, with my eyes on the ground, my head level, and my stomach full, than be a Congressman, and cheat my country to get a livin' and simmer in swelldom. I tell yer, book larnin' ain't on my bill of fare, nor it warn't on old father Adam's nuther." And having delivered this discourse he started down to the hog pen to feed his porkers. All this ran through my mind as I watched the lovely planet, thinking of all the perfection I had seen there, and my heart grew sad that I could not stay there to enjoy it forever. Again I lost myself and did not wake up till we were nearing Adrassaneau.

"I called you," said Trust, "for I must leave you now, and you must go on alone. We are in the new world's shadow now, but it will soon be daylight. Do not be afraid whatever may happen."

I hated to have him go but I knew he would, so I busied myself getting ready for the ordeal which I felt was to come. Several days passed before I had occasion to feel scarey; then

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it was a double-twister, as father called the north-west wind when it brought stinging sleet that cut like needles. The day I landed I thought the elements were determined I should not gain a foothold. It thundered and lightened, and blew, and although the rope broke, I stayed above the storm plane until the storm subsided. During the blow the ship turned bottom side up, but it righted itself so quickly I did not fall out, or get real frightened until it was all over. I finally landed on a large plain by the side of a wide river.

"How much this is like Earth," I thought as I stepped out of my boat and looked around. I threw myself down on the green sward and pondered over Gailiss and Gaibel's perfect home and coming here; to be sure this was a pretty little garden spot, and would never be any worse as long as they obeyed the law, but somewhere in this world existed a conglomeration of elemental life force. I thought of all the horrible monsters that, at one time, stalked over the Earth, and I was filled with painful apprehension. I watched anxiously for Trust. The morning brought him and he was as fresh and cheery as if he had just awakened from a refreshing sleep. After he had related the events of his journey, he told me I must go up above the cloud plane and wait for the Pilgrims to land.

It took us a long time to fix the rope. When it was done I started to let her off when a party of visitors came to see us, and what was my surprise to find Wonder Eve and other cliff dwellers among them. When Eve saw me she beat her head and otherwise manifested her great joy at meeting me. There was a goodly number among them that I had seen on the Moon. I remembered Trust had told me that they would be translated to a new world because they had sinned through ignorance.

"Ulysum," said he, when he stepped into my ship and waved a good-bye to Wonder Eve, "*Behold the wild Olive.\** The true one is coming in the ship 'Answer.' "

Of one thing I was glad and that was they would be in a world with such good people as Gailiss and Gaibel. I let my ship loose and shot up above the cloud plane to watch for the ship "Answer" and its precious freight. I soon espied them. When they saw me they began to settle down and soon disappeared beneath the cloud plane.

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\* Rom. xi.: 17-24.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

For two days and nights everything went well, when suddenly a spring connected with one of my wings broke. I saw what I thought was a good place to land on the shore of a river, for it was necessary to repair it.

I had lowered the ship nearly to the ground when, horror of horrors! I saw a monster lifting itself out of the water. It was larger around than a barrel with a wide mouth as red as blood and so long I could see no end to it. It twisted itself in great rings and its eyes burnt me to look at them. Out of the forest came a creature resembling a horse with the upper part of its body like a man. It was covered with long, shaggy hair. Its feet and arms were kicking and clutching, its eyes gleaming, while out of its mouth came fire and smoke. Then a great bird that darkened the sun, it was so large, settled down and began to pluck the monster curled up on the river bank. The ground shook as they fought. I put as many miles as possible between these scenes and myself and sighed for Gailiss and Gaibel who certainly had never expected to see such things. As for myself, I was glad Earth had evolved out of such a chaotic period and I was glad I belonged to a better world. With the broken spring I could not make my ship stay up very long and I was in mortal fear of being wholly disabled, and thrown among those horrible creatures I had seen when I tried to land. Every time I looked down I saw huge serpents hanging from the limbs of trees and other frightful creatures moving about. The world as far as I could see was covered with a dense forest and vegetation; as there was a thick mist around the world I concluded this was responsible for the rank growth of vegetable life.

Before I reached the South Pole, where Trust was to meet me, I encountered another terrific gale that came near making me lose my wits, so afraid was I of being thrown to the ground. I crouched in one corner of my cabin and called for Trust to come. "Fear not!" I heard a voice say. I knew it was Cyrvissa. Then she told me to cry out "Peace, be still!" So afraid was I, I would have done or said anything. So I cried as loud as I could "Peace, be still!" To my great astonishment and relief the storm began to subside immediately.

As I was recovering from my attack of shivers, Trust walked in the cabin door. He smiled and inquired innocently if I had called him.

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"Yes," I answered. "I called you, and you may spill me out anywhere in space, but not on this new world. I draw the line there."

How he laughed as he answered: "Well, my boy, your victory over the storm was complete. Try it again and again, but boast not of your power. *See that thou tell no man, but go thy way rejoicing.* These atmospheric disturbances are a trifle annoying to mortal nerves where faith is an unknown quality, but you now know that one-half of the ills that mortals suffer could be averted if they knew and would use their soul power. It seems strange that people rather prefer to think evil than good, and rather talk calamity than joy; thus they draw depressing influences around them. People, I notice, get pretty nearly what they are worth in the mortal state." He turned to his sky chart and left me to my reflections.

After a time he looked up and smiled: "There is a large field for thought, Ulysum, when one has learned a little; don't you think so?"

"I certainly do."

"I often think, Ulysum, when the Earth people preach that all the good go straight to heaven, and sit on clouds and sing and play on harps, and do nothing else, what a forlorn Heaven that must seem to many of their hearers. Who among the Earth-born does not remember his first schooldays? Sitting on a hard bench three hours in the forenoon, and three in the afternoon, repeating the monotonous A, B, C, with tired, uneasy feet and aching backs. Who can forget it? And the worst part of the description is that they don't mention any cushions. How we all used to rush from that bondage when the day was done; what a gleeful shout went up as we sought our *heaven*, our own homes, and the angel who presided over it, *Our Mother!* To those who accept this picture of Earth's preaching, I will say they will be disappointed, for Heaven is a very busy place, everything in order, moving onward and upward."

I told Trust what I had seen on the new world. He smiled and said: "No more, no less, than all new worlds have. But with all this error on it, it will come into harmony before the Earth does, for the Pilgrims will not eat of the forbidden fruit, knowing what that fruit is."

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Trust, how do you know where to go and how to keep on the right track in space?" I questioned.

"This sky chart shows me all the stars and their orbits, and where they cross or run parallel to others. Besides I have angel guides so that I am never in doubt."

For some reason I was not so sleepy on this journey as I had been on the others, and I suspected Trust kept me awake for a purpose.

One day we had been sailing along smoothly and I had lounged around most of the time. I went into the basket and looked down. I saw we were over a planet with its mist stratum between us and its Halo. I was about to call Trust's attention when he called out "Let the ship down into the Halo." As we neared the planet's surface he said: "Get your field-glass (one Utocomin gave me) and see if it looks familiar."

"It's Jupiter," I cried, for I recognized the bluish-green vegetation. Next I saw we were crossing the Horavarr Mountains; then the village where the great physician lived came in sight, and my hatred burned up fierce again. I wished I had him there; how I would have enjoyed spilling him out into space. There was the hill where poor Utocomin left friends and love to fight the battle with death, and death won. I wondered where Phedra, poor child, was, and what life had given her of joy for all it had brought to her of bitterness. Next we drifted over the castle of Horavannovarr, and from the stillness I knew it was the rest period.

Of course, I had expected to land; but when Trust said "No," that ended it, although I had promised Neuvetrix that we would. I knew Trust had some good reason, so I let it pass without protest. I threw them all a good-bye kiss and a blessing.

Then I went to my cabin and wondered what next. How we did swing around the circles of space. It seemed really marvelous until one thought of the planets and their speed around the Sun. And yet the motion was not perceptible. How I wished to understand this force; but no, I must wait and creep along the same as all the Earth-born until the light was given us in my own world.

A long time after we left Jupiter my attention was called to a planet we were passing over.

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"Drift slowly and let her down pretty low, then use your field-glass and see if the bonfires are burning yet," said Trust, laughing.

"Mars!" I cried, and I sprang to do his bidding. When I got everything shipshape I took my glass and looked down.

Yes, it was Mars, and there was the very field where I first landed and from which I left. What was that huge pile of masonry in the center, as black as ink, with great white letters on it? As we drifted near I saw it had a perfect representation of my Skybird, in white marble, on top of it. The white letters read, "IN MEMORY OF SATAN'S LAST DEFEAT AND GOD'S VICTORY." As I looked more closely I saw fresh logs on the bonfires.

When I mentioned it to Trust, he said laughingly: "I suppose they will kindle those fires in that field every anniversary of your banishment until Earth is redeemed."

"What a commotion it would cause if they knew I was near," said I. "Sarvadetta and Prince Agamond would have nervous chills."

I wished I could see Laomeline, and know how it was with her. All my love for her returned, and then it was swallowed up in a wave of shame and confusion, and I put away my glass and went into my cabin not caring to look longer.

When Trust came in I said: "I have long wanted to tell you how ashamed I am for spoiling our visit on Mars. But as regards my love for Laomeline I am not sorry one bit. I had no idea I should ever see my home again, and I argued it could do no harm to love another when that other was angel-born."

"Your high appreciation of Laomeline will do you no harm," said he, "in your Earth home it will do you good whenever you think of her, for true love worketh no evil to its neighbor. Laomeline was purity and love, and as such her influence will be a great and lasting benefit to you."

The seeing of Mars and the memory of all that happened there during my stay, threw me into a gloomy state of mind that did not leave me until after we landed on Mercury.

It happened one day just before we reached that planet, that while I was in one of my blue moods that the ship got balky, and refused to answer its rudder. With my usual

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impatience, I gave a jerk when the rope broke and my hand came in contact with the red hot boiler. In an instant the whole back of my hand was burned to a blister. It became so painful, and being my right hand, I had to boss and let Trust do the work. For a time it was so inflamed I felt really alarmed, but Trust made a few passes over it and called my attention to all that soul power could do to heal the wounded mortal flesh without medicine. Said he: "I have known burns not as bad as that doctored with the best of medicines on Earth and yet they had to be amputated; they could have been saved if they had used soul power and believed in it." My hand healed all right and no scar was left.

When we reached Mercury Trust told me to land at once, for we must obtain a fresh supply of food. He always looked out for that, saying that he must keep me in good physical condition, else I would find fault, and with good reason, for being carried, against my will, so far from home.

When we landed the ship settled down evenly and rested in the middle of a broad highway in front of an elegant dwelling in the suburbs of a large city.

The people on Mercury, as on Saturn, dwelt mostly in cities. Trust said that man on Mercury had disarmed electricity until it was as harmless as water, and yet was a mighty power in his hands to do his labor. There were no chimneys, no smoke, no unpleasant odors, and no dust. They had a rest period as on the other planets that we visited. It was always day. Those who worked six hours had done their day's work and another set took their places; and so it went on, rest and labor, from year to year; a happy pastime, for all kinds of labor were ennobled. Every craft was known by its dress. But I will let the lady who gave me this information, tell more of their customs, in her own language later on.

Trust said we would call at the palace, as he called it, and get some food.

As we walked up the broad marble walk to the house we met a gentleman coming down. He bowed politely, and was about to pass on, when Trust stopped him and inquired if we could get food and rest at his house.

"Certainly! Hospitality is part of our religion in this world, brother," and he turned and walked back with us. When

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we reached the veranda, or garden parlor as I heard it called in that world, he introduced us to his wife and told her our wishes; then he went back, down the road, toward the city, first begging us to make ourselves perfectly at home.

The lady came forward and shook hands with us, saying: "You both are very welcome to this home; make yourselves comfortable while I go and call my sister and brother, who serve during this period, and they will attend to your needs."

As she was the first Mercurian lady I had seen, I will describe her, for she was a fair representative of the others I met in that world. She was tall and stately, perfectly formed, easy and cultured in her manners. She had perfect, regular features, large, brown eyes, wavy, reddish brown hair coiled on the back of the head and held in place by a jeweled comb. On one side of the coil were three curls which hung down as if they had escaped the hair dresser's eye and, left alone, were having a good time curling at will around her shapely neck and adding a charm to her coiffure. Her mouth, when in repose, seemed about to break into a smile, and when she did smile it was a smile of goodness. When she came back she brought a young girl with her who asked Trust if he had a choice as to what his lunch should be. He answered her in words I did not understand, and she went back into the house. In a short time she came back with a man who brought a small table upon which was a silver tray.

As on Saturn, the food was in homœopathic doses, and the dishes the same dainty playthings. My clumsy hands had all they could do to hold on to them while I partook of the food. Trust chatted pleasantly with our hostess about our journey through space and, when I had finished my repast, he asked her to tell me about life on Mercury, as this was my first visit to her world.

"Thank you, I would gladly do so, but I have a friend, a guest, who is a historian, and as it will be much better to learn from her, I will seek her." While she was gone I busied myself looking around. The veranda was really an out-door parlor. It was wide and long; the glass floor was covered with beautiful rugs, while solid silver pillars supported the pretty mosaic glass roof. Silver vases held rare blooming plants; silk embroidered draperies hung all around, while



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easy chairs, couches, books and music completed its furnishings.

When our hostess returned she presented "My sister, and guest, Hebeantha. These are strangers from the stars."

"This friend of mine," said Trust, turning to me, "is Ulysum Storries, who is on his way home. We have only a day or two to stay on this world and I shall consider it a great kindness to us both if you will explain some of this world's customs, if we do not intrude too much upon your time."

"Oh, no, brother; I am only too glad to be of service to you. The religion of this world is to be hospitable to all."

"How many commandments have you in this world?" was Trust's first question.

"Two: The first, *Love the Lord, thy God, with all thy strength, and with all thy might, and thy brother as thyself.*\* The second: *Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and be like little children, loving one another.*"

"How do you manage the work problem?" he next inquired.

"I do not quite get your meaning, brother. All work in this world is done on the coöperative plan. A man who is at the head after a period of time, steps down and another takes his place; thus all have an equal chance to learn all branches of labor, which becomes a pleasant recreation."

"Do you use money for wages?"

"Money? That is a word I do not understand. With us wages mean that *the servant is worthy of his hire.*† A home, enough food to eat and clothes to wear, and, at the proper time, a recuperative rest."

"Do you have enough of everything to go around?" asked Trust.

"Enough and to spare, for we know exactly how much is needed."

"Are there many births in this world?"

"This world has earned its rest from births. We are all born and well born; immortals — spiritual and celestial."

"Are there any deaths?" he next inquired.

"Again I do not understand you. We never use the word death unless in connection with the Lost Star Eden."

"Do you know where Earth, or the Lost Star Eden is?"

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\* Luke x: 27.

† Col. iv.: 1.

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"I do. It is a small unlighted star in the constellation Urbin, and, as yet, has no Halo. In looking through our sky lens we find its surface still covered largely with water; this tells us that but a small portion, comparatively, is inhabited, and that it will have no Halo until its waters recede into its centre."

"What precious gem do you consider worth most in this world?"

"The pearl. Pearls and emeralds are the most prized of all gems, though we use all others. We are very fond of pearls for our Heavenly Father speaks so often of them in our Book of Life," and she looked at her pearl bracelet.

"As you do not understand what death is, will you tell us about life and youth. Do all on this world look as youthful as you and your sister?"

"Youth, brother, is the master stroke of God. He has placed the living waters before us and we are told to drink at the fountain and live. *For whoso keepeth the law and abideth in the spirit shall always live.*"\*

"Do you understand soul power?"

"Ah, brother, what were life without that power? The divine fire must burn within us to make life perfection," she answered.

"Are there marriages on this world?" he questioned.

"The double life, sir, is the highest joy of being. *They twain shall be one flesh.* The marriage state is the sanctioned state of Heaven, the fulfilment of perfect life."

"Sister, I see you have the key to the true life."

"I thank you for your compliment," replied Hebeantha, blushing. "The heavenly Father made man for woman, and woman for man, and pronounced them good, and single life is not the true life,—for the half is lacking."

"We are bound for the city Litterarra, can you tell me something of these people?"

"The Litterarraians are a peculiar people. They dwell in a city, at the extreme South Pole, called Litterarra. They come in boatloads from somewhere in infancy. When they grow up they become writers of books. Some have said they come from Sunda, a planet near the Sun; others maintain that they

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\* 1 John ii.: 17.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

have wandered on many stars and finally are born anew with this world. When they grow up they recollect all their previous lives and wanderings, for which reason their city is sometimes called *Recollection*. I have read many of their books and, though I do not understand some of their words I manage to arrive at their meaning, and I enjoy them very much. As their writings relate principally to scenes in other worlds we think that they have lived on these worlds ere they came to this. They are constantly arriving and departing, so their number changes little. Some of our wise men, who have made a study of their books, say they have come into the perfected life by a gradual growth, through many lives, being born again and again until perfected; for that which is dearly bought is carefully saved and valued."

"Who feeds and clothes them if they do nothing but make books?" Trust inquired.

"For many periods of time the Mercurians have been told by the angels to give food and raiment to this peculiar people; they, in turn, give us books which we consider a full recompense.

Trust arose and thanked her for her kindness. Then he said to them: "Behold, an Earth-born from the Lost Star Eden!"

"Really!" Exclaimed both at once.

"An Envoy! An Envoy, Hebeantha, from the Lost Star Eden!" cried Thurma. "Where is he going?"

"To the Sun," replied Trust.

"To the Celestial City," said Hebeantha. "An Envoy on a mission for Divine favor, craving pardon and forgiveness for the wanderers of the Lost Eden."

Thurma's remark staggered me, and set Trust to thinking.

"From the Lost Eden," said she. "I knew he was from somewhere the moment I saw him. And so these are the funny bodies the wandering spirits wear. I hope your mission will be successful, brother, and that you will be allowed to change them."

"Pardon me, ladies," said Trust, "but the Earth-born think there can be no improvement in their general make-up."

Hebeantha rested her hand on Thurma's shoulder and said: "I think the hair on his face is a disfigurement. I would

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have that removed first, and then seek a new body entirely, wouldn't you?" and she looked at Trust.

"I think I would," he replied, smiling. I was well down the walk when he joined me after making the adieu for both of us.

As my ship arose I ventured to look down at the house, and I saw the three women and the man together on the veranda watching our departure.

I must confess I was put out with Trust, but, nevertheless, I tried to hide my discomfiture from him. To be made a laughing stock before strangers was too much for my peace of mind.

We landed on the outskirts of the city Litterarra, close beside a large circular pavilion with broad marble walks all around it. The pavilion was in the centre of a large field, and Trust said: "This is where the sky ships land, that visit Litterarra; here is where the ship 'Triumph' comes to bear the Litterarraians away to the Sun. This city is the second largest in this world, Sacreediis, the sacred city standing first."

As we walked towards the city Trust told me about the book-makers. How they wrote poetry, romances, and history, all unconscious that their books were based upon the different lives they had lived in other worlds. "When they write their last book recollection returns and they are aware of their previous lives. *I will bring all things to their remembrance.\**"

When we reached the city Trust took me into a large building which proved to be a library. He gave me a seat and then went out to meet some friends. As I looked around, I saw a middle-aged man, who was sitting quite near, earnestly reading a book. Soon he finished it and I saw him begin to weep. He turned his face away and looked out of the window that no one might see his tears. I heard him say: "I remember it all, all; my sad Earth life. I who have prayed *Thy kingdom come*. What did I do to have it come? I who never bore a brother's burden. I who never clothed the naked. I who never fed the hungry, or gave water to the lips that thirsted. There are some good deeds to my credit, but the evil ones far outnumber them."

Then a man (Trust told me afterwards he was an angel)

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\* John xiv.: 26.

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came up to him and inquired: "Is your book finished and read?"

"Yes," said the man.

"Then you must be ready for the ship to-morrow. But why do you weep?"

"I cannot help it. This has been a sad journey. I have been recalling my Earth wanderings. Oh, so sad and mistaken.

"Yet your lives in other worlds were good," suggested the angel.

"Yes, they were pleasant dreams. They showed me how blessed a good life really is. Merciful dreams of bliss, of which I feel I was unworthy."

Then the angel took a book from his robe and read: *Though thy sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as wool.\**

"But," said the man, not heeding the reading, "I find I wronged people who, in a former life, were my dearest friends. My Earth life was a failure, a sad failure."

Then the angel read: *"Who so believeth on Me, shall have eternal life, and whom I forgive, the same will My father forgive."*†

An aged lady came wearily forward, saying as she held up a book: "This is the story of my other lives; what a wretched wanderer I have been; mistakes, on every plane. What can I say to my Saviour to defend myself?"

Then the angel read: *"He that truly repenteth, his sins shall be forgiven him."\**

A young girl held out her book, sobbing: "This is the story of my Earth lives; such a miserable tale of wrong doing, of my cruel treatment to others. How can I meet Him?"

"There is pardon for all; even the vilest sinner may return," read the angel.

"To think," said the woman weeping, "that we are disobedient spirits, given new life in which to progress, forgetful of past sins and sorrows, until we awake to immortality. What a mercy! What a blessed Father!"

*"Like, as a father pitieth his children,"\*\** read the angel.

Even as they spoke their faces grew youthful and they were

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\* Isa. i.: 18

† John iii.: 15.

‡ John iii.

\*\* P ciii.: 13.

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beautiful to behold. This scene touched my heart and I arose and walked away to keep myself from weeping. Everywhere I went I saw people writing or reading, and many in tears as they read. As I was passing through one of the rooms I picked up several books and read their titles: "Summer Days on Saturn," "Lost in Space," and "Homeward Bound." Through room after room I went, all libraries, with their thoughtful, studious bookmakers. I asked an attendant if all the buildings in the city were libraries.

"Nearly all; there are the dining halls, the rest homes, a few shops, and the Temple. There are a great many large cities in this world, and many people, but Litterarra is the only city where tears are shed. You must not go away until you visit our museum. Wait," said he, as we were about to pass into another room. He pointed to a young girl who had left her seat and was running her fingers over the strings of a harp. She played a prelude, then, in a sweet voice full of pathos, she sang the words of "Home, Sweet Home;" and as she sang, many stood up and joined her.

"Her recollection has returned," whispered my guide.

"Did you ever hear a more beautiful song, or one more pathetic?"

I did not tell him it was an Earth song.

When the song was finished we passed into the museum; here I saw paintings, and laces, and embroideries, and cloth, and jewelry, and machinery, and, in fact, about everything I had ever seen on Earth, and much that I hadn't.

"Well," said I, forgetting myself, "the makers of those things must have come from Earth for they are just like those we have in our world."

He turned and looked at me closely. "I perceive you are a stranger, the like of which I have never before seen. Are you from Earth?"

"I am," I replied.

As Trust joined us I heard the attendant say: "A being in embryo."

Trust and I next went to a dining hall which he said could accommodate a thousand people at a time. It was so crowded we had hard work to get seats. At our table were two men in earnest conversation about their last books. Said one,

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"I have lived in many perfect worlds, but the many lives I have journeyed through on Earth, with all their sin and bitter disappointments, their sorrows and their joys, are dearer to me than all the pleasures of my lives on the perfected stars. There is such joy in the overcoming at last. The reward is so great."

"Yes," said the other man, "*He that came last received as much pay as he that labored all day.*"\*

Trust said to the first man: "Brother, the place where our greatest trials and struggles have been undergone, where bitter disappointments have brought us to the verge of despair, that is the place we love; and who among us will say it is wrong when One, Who was without sin, wept over that world and gave His life to redeem it from error."

Both men left the table, their food untasted, saying: "Heavenly food is sufficient for all our needs."

The "Stranger's Rest Home" proved to be a rest place indeed for me for I was weary. Trust never seemed tired and I spoke to him about it. He explained it in this way: "It is due to soul power, and it is promised to Earth when that world is perfected. *They shall run and not be weary. They shall mount upward like eagles, they shall walk and not faint.* With this power I can make long journeys in a short time, which, to Earth people, would seem incredible. As it is with journeys, so it is with all labor. There is no weariness about any of it; the soul power is over all."

It seemed to me after we were in our room at "The Rest," that there was nothing more that could be done for a person's comfort. Deliciously perfumed baths, swinging couches, books music, and odorous flowers, all without price. I wondered what could be better for mortal man.

When the bells began their song music, telling all that the rest period was over, I arose quickly and dressed, for Trust had told me that the ship "Triumph" was due to leave on the sixth hour, and that I could see the bookmakers leave for the Sun.

When I presented myself all ready, he asked whether I would lunch first or follow the crowd.

"Follow the crowd," I replied. "I have lost my appetite,"

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\* Matt. xx.: 9.

## ON MERCURY.

and we joined the throng that was wending its way towards the fields of Gladness, in the centre of which was the great circular pavilion, while by its side rested a large airship, the "Triumph" I saw, as we came up to it.

My ship was a little to one side. It looked so small beside the "Triumph" I wondered how I had ever come so far with it. There was a Halo all around the "Triumph", and long streamers of light were constantly flashing from it like the rays of the Sun, making it look, at times, as if it were on fire; yet, when you were close to it, there was no heat and no burning flame. Its color was a pure white; a metal of some kind that looked, at times, like mother-of-pearl, while parts of it resembled silver frost work. The trimmings, the ornaments, the screws, the nailheads, were all of gold, while the ropes and ladders were of gold cords. The pilot's wheel was of gold ornamented with precious stones. The pilot stood beside it, and I read his name on the front of his gold cloth cap "Saylon." The captain's name was "Phearnot." There was a large crowd waiting to go, all with youthful, happy faces, each bearing a book in his or her hand. I saw the man and woman and young girl whom I had met when I first came to Litterarra. They looked so full of hope, I wondered what had changed them so. Everybody seemed anxious to start and after the captain had talked with Trust a short time he told them to come aboard. He handed each one a pair of white slippers as they passed up into the ship, and I noticed there was the same halo around each passenger that there was around the ship.

Trust said we would leave first, as the captain would wait a while longer for others to come from the city, so I let her rise and we drifted slowly over the city Litterarra. I could see the thoughtful Litterarraians going to their bookmaking, or strolling out for a meditative walk, and I wondered how long it would be before I should return and write the book of my wanderings on Earth.

One night I fell asleep and dreamed I saw Laomeline and Numa, and Utocomin in Heaven; they had great wings and I was afraid of them. When I awoke I told Trust my dream and he answered: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

What did he mean? As we passed along through space I saw a star almost within the Sun's Halo. Trust told me it



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

was called Vulcan by the Earth people and Sunda by the other worlds. He said we would stop there, for a brief period, on our return from the Sun, and I wondered if we would ever return from that molten mass of burning material. Trust divined my thoughts and answered: "What would not mortal man do with his negative thought force if it was allowed to have its full sway for evil? I am thankful that there is an overmastering force of good."

One day as we were about to enter the Sun's Halo, Trust said: "Ulysum, you are almost at the door of the home of all truth and knowledge, learn all you can while here. This is a favor that never came to mortal before. A visit of a man in the unfinished state to Heaven." Then I heard a voice say, "Know thyself."

"Did you hear anything, Trust," I inquired.

"I heard Cyrvissa speak to you," he replied. "She wishes you to see and learn all you can while you are on the Sun. It is many thousand miles through the Sun's Halo to its surface, and yet you feel no heat, and you see no destructive fire."

The air was like a balmy May day on Earth, with the added aroma of millions of fragrant flowers. When we entered the Halo Trust told me to turn off the gas and just float with the wings; I prepared to do this, when I saw a sight that puzzled me greatly, and I stood and looked lost in amazement.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SUN.

#### THE SUN IS HEAVEN!

*Oh, glorious orb of heat and light,  
Father of all the lesser worlds;  
Triumphant in thy Starry flight  
Life wakes where'er thy light unfurls.  
What beings hide behind thy mask,  
Of glorious, golden Halo light.  
Is thine the realm where spirits bask,  
Immortal souls in God's own sight?*

*Lift up thy veil, oh, King of Day,  
And let poor mortals framed of clay  
But catch one gleam, one gladsome ray  
Of Heavenly life while here we stay.  
Thy strength is wondrous, for each star  
Is held by thee, both near and far;  
They move in orbits, ceaseless round,  
Obeying laws in mystery bound.*

*Methinks, I see the jasper walls,  
The golden streets and pillared halls  
Where white-robed angels come and go,  
Where living streams forever flow.  
The great White Throne, the dear Lord's face,  
The pearly gates I, too, can trace.  
The songs of praise that fill the place,  
Then wander on thro' trackless space.*

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

*Say mystic orb of life and light  
What's hidden by thy mask of gold?  
If thou art Heaven, ours the right  
That thou the truth to us unfold.  
Is there a pathway from our poles,  
Where spirits wander back to thee?  
Or do they float on misty folds  
Of amber clouds? Oh, answer me.*

*What were these worlds without thy light?  
'Twere simply chaos back again,  
A reign of terror; blackest night  
Where Death, the Conqueror, swells his train.  
Ah! now a sunbeam smiles on me,  
Perhaps an answer sent by thee.  
If Light and Life in thee abound  
There, sure, the Master's home is found.*

*And I saw an angel standing in the sun and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls, that fly in the midst of Heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the Great God.—Revelation, xix.: 17.*

“ULYSUM, what are you looking at? What do you see?”  
“See?” I cried in astonishment. “Trust, am I dreaming? What makes everything seem so near? Can it be possible I see all the other worlds so plain? The planets I have visited, and others; yes, and there is the Earth. What makes this so?”

“It is the atmosphere surrounding this world. The Sun's Halo is the telescope of this world and of the universe. The greatest magnifying element that exists. But why do you look so amazed? If the Sun's rays can penetrate space to reach Neptune why cannot they magnify and bring them near? This is not the only wonder which you will see in this world? It is wonder upon wonder.”

How beautiful each world did look with their different colors. And the Earth — yes, there it was in its delicate green

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with its great oceans and its land. Saturn was of a bright orange yellow: Neptune a rich purple; Jupiter a sky blue; Uranus a pale lavender; Mars a rose pink; Mercury had bluish tinge of green; Sunda was of a pale lemon; Venus, reddish blue. They looked just like painted toy balls floating in the air. I asked Trust why they were of different colors.

“They are so because of the relation they bear to each other in the great solar system. They are so because the Sun’s rays color them according to their different atmospheres or vegetation. *For one star differeth from another star.*”

What a wonder it was! I was sailing through the Sun’s Halo without any inconvenience. My teachers on Earth who were oracles of wisdom, had told me that the Sun was a seething mass of molten fluid which in time would draw all the planets into its capacious mouth, and burn them up, which was a very pleasing event to look forward to. Trust laughed when I referred to my early teaching.

“I have heard the same thing,” said he; “but here we are nearing its surface every moment, and as yet, we have felt no discomfort. If they had read their Bible where it tells about the angel in the Sun they would have known that angels do not live in worlds composed of burning fluid.”

I was, naturally, very anxious to see what was on the Sun; but the thought that it was Heaven almost paralyzed me, and when Trust told me to let the ship down I trembled so I could hardly coil up a rope. Going to Heaven! How the thought startled me. Whom was I to meet, what to see? So, between fears and a yearning for knowledge I turned off the gas, opened the valves, and we began to settle down near the Celestial City.

“Look down,” said Trust, as we came near enough to get a good view of a part of the city, and I did. What a magnificent sight! A picture of wonderful beauty that my poor mortal mind can never fully portray in adequate words.

I saw millions upon millions of dazzling lights all over the city, sparkling and flashing like immense diamonds. I only caught one glimpse of its royal grandeur, for a pure white cloud, like frosted drapery, hid the city from my mortal eyes. “What are those lights, Trust?” I inquired.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"They are the rays from the precious gems of which the walls are fashioned. See, how the colors from the outside walls radiate in every direction."

"How I wish that cloud would blow away and let me get a good look at the city; it is the grandest place I ever saw."

"You must remember, Ulysum, you still wear the mortal body which Evil gave you. You cannot see, or go into the Holy City in that garb. You will have to be contented with what you can see outside its walls."

On the whole this was pleasing news to me, for my fear had been that I might meet my Heavenly Father, and this I felt I could never do and live. I felt so full of sin, so coarse and homely, so much of a "connecting link."

My Sunday-School teacher told me Heaven was a place where good little girls and boys went after they died. That they crossed a river, and a gate opened, and they went in and stayed there forever. I remembered I used to picture how full it must be with all who had died. Toby used to say it would be so crowded they would never notice two little ones like us. When father got mad he would say: "We wuz the tew worst young uns he ever seed; we wuz fixin' ourselves fur the hole of brimstun sure."

Recalling my past teaching, when I landed in fields of living green outside of a real city (not a shadowy one) a city with a wall of such magnificence, I could see it was not the Heaven I had heard and read about; the city mother had sung about, and the ministers preached about. But Trust said it was the true Heaven and that was enough for me. My Heaven which had always been a mythical shadow now faded away before the true Sunlight.

"What would an angel be in the Sun for if it was a molten mass? An angel crying the news of a great feast?" said Trust. "Ulysum, did you ever hear of a molten feast? Earth's theology ought to be revised. *Come and eat of the flesh of horses and mighty men.*"\*

"Oh, Trust, that sounds so awful. What does it mean?"

"It means," said Trust, taking a long, deep breath, "simply, that we are to eat here the life essentials that enter into all flesh whether animal or human. The elements that make

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\* Rev. xix.: 18.

## ON THE SUN.

life on Earth are here. Man was made, and *He breathed into his nostrils and he became a living soul.* But come, if this astonishes you more surprises await you," and he turned towards the city.

Through the fields were broad gold streets leading up to it, and on both sides of the street we took were borders of flowers whose fragrance filled the air. I stopped many times to look at some well-known beauty, or exclaim at sight of some unknown flower which, upon closer inspection, proved to be a common one I had seen on Earth: there, a poor, dwarfed, undeveloped specimen; here, a perfection of rare loveliness.

After we had gone a short distance, Trust suddenly stopped and asked me of all my friends which one would I like to see the most.

Of course, I said, "My boy." To tell the truth, I was homesick to see him, but when he asked that question my heart gave a big thump and seemed to stop I was so afraid to hear the next word.

"I did not mean your Earth friends," said he; "I meant one of the new friends you have met on the stars."

"Why, Trust, you must know I would like to see all of them," and I thought, first of Heleftus and Numa.

"Is there one you would prefer to see more than another?" he inquired.

I answered him: "I know it is foolish to say so, but I cannot understand just what you mean."

"Well," said he, "we'll see if we can give you a great surprise."

We turned into another street that led up to a golden palace in the centre of a lawn surrounded by trees of perfect form and foliage and beds of flowers all in bloom. As we entered the palace, some draperies were parted and Laomeline came forward to meet us. The same sweet girl I had known on Mars, only more beautiful and more perfect. With a glad cry of joy I sprang forward to greet her, when, in an instant, I realized what her being here meant, and I sprang back and burst into tears.

"Why, Ulysum," said Trust, "what are you crying for?"

"Dear Ulysum," said Laomeline, softly, "there are no tears in Heaven," and she put her arm around me.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Oh Laomeline, did — did I kill you?"

"Why, dear, I am not dead; only on another and a higher plane; and I am so happy."

"But was it not my doings that brought you here?"

"Oh, no! I was called, being one of the chosen. When I found out what my mission was to be I was so happy. I am to help the Earth-born. Is not that good news? But come, the others are waiting to greet you," and she led me into the house. There I met Utocomin, Numa, Heleftus, and some others of my new friends. I still loved them all though they had put on the perfected bodies of Heaven. There seemed no difference in their feelings towards me, unless it might be theirs was a higher and purer love than a mortal can feel or know.

"Ulysum," said Utocomin, "we meet in the land of Sunshine and it is a very dear meeting to me. You must forget the past and live in the present, for the little time you are here. When you return to Earth the memory will be sweet when the trials of Earth are heavy. We all have heard the story of your wanderings, and our hearts are filled with unspeakable joy that we are chosen to help the Earth-born."

"Ah, yes, Herjü was here before me, but we are going to Earth together," said Numa.

"And I, Ulysum," said Heleftus, "am going to my inheritance. *For the meek shall inherit the Earth.*"\*

The house we had entered was a palace of gold. Laomeline took me through room after room, and explained that this was the home of the new students. "We are such a happy band," said she.

Much of the gold work was the finest of fretwork; the draperies, were made of gold cloth embroidered in wonderful patterns; the chairs and couches were also of gold, ornamented with precious gems, with the most exquisite of upholstery. Some of the draperies were gold cloth with ropes of precious gems woven in and they glistened and sparkled brilliantly. I said to Laomeline, "You certainly have a lovely home."

"*One of the mansions in my Father's house*, Ulysum, and Earth is to be one of his mansions in the skies," she replied.

"Do you miss your home and friends?" I asked.

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\* Matt. v.: 5.

## ON THE SUN.

"Oh, no; I can go home whenever I will, and as I now know the mystery of life I know we shall not be parted long. I have only come a little ahead. When one knows the truth, there is no sting in leaving, for a time, those we love."

One thing that surprised me was that she was so small; in her other body she was taller than I; in this, much shorter, and so were all the others. Yet they looked the same, but more perfect and beautiful; why was this, I wondered.

Laomeline divined my thoughts and replied. "Great love and wisdom can exist in a very small space, Ulysum."

When we were all together again, I inquired of Utocomin if he was going bodily to Earth and how he expected to get there.

"We shall not wear our present bodies," he replied. "In spirit garb we shall enter the homes of the ones we are to instruct and shall inspire them through soul power. Ulysum, you will see wonderful things happen from now on, for the Father has said *Knowledge will increase*.\* We go up into the city to take lessons and our teachers are as happy in teaching us as we are in learning."

What a happy announcement. Going home with me. I could have cried from joy. Going home with me! Here the thought of my humble surroundings came before me, and Henriette's dismay at having such honored guests at our house, and I wondered what I would do to make it agreeable for them.

Heleftus divined my thoughts and answered quickly: "Be not troubled, brother, our visits to the Earth-born will not be manifest to the mortal. We shall come to you in many ways, mostly in spirit whisperings, but you will know us, for our mission will be to do good to all. And, brother, I shall bear the olive branch of redemption to woman who has groaned so long beneath a yoke so heavy that her tears and prayers have reached the portals of heaven. I am to go with my helpers and teach her the true knowledge of life; how to lift her burden and free herself. I shall assist woman in that world to regain her lost sphere. As sin and heredity came into the Earth through her, so shall deliverance come through her. She shall be again arrayed in garments of purity, with wisdom

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\* Dan. xii.: 4.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

in her right hand and justice in her left hand. And her husband shall have joy because of her, and *Her children shall rise and call her blessed*. The highest glory in life is being the mother of perfection."

"God, the Father of all, has promised woman on Earth that *They shall shine as the stars*,"\* said Laomeline.

"You have gained many friends, brother, on your voyage of discovery," said Utocomin, throwing his arm around me, "and it is going to be a great joy for us to help you in every possible way in your Earth life."

My tears began to well up as I saw it all; the struggles of Earth life and man's helplessness to combat them without help. I cried, in my anguish, "How have you learned all this so soon?"

"Knowledge comes fast in Heaven, dear," replied Laomeline.

I was uneasy, now that I had landed, for fear I would see something I did not want to, and I kept from thinking for I knew my thoughts could be read.

They all laughed when Trust told them what I had said about the Sun, and my astonishment at the power of its Halo to bring things near.

"Friend Trust, do you remember what you used to say about the Earth-born when you were on Mars?" asked Laomeline.

"I don't know to what you refer," he replied, "but I know I said a good many things."

"I remember this," she continued, "you said to make the Earth-born happy his appetite must be supplied with plenty of good food. The thought has occurred to me that Ulysum might be hungry and during your stay on this world we shall claim you both for our guests."

Trust smiled and said: "A dinner on the Sun is not an everyday occurrence, so we will accept your hospitality gladly and thankfully."

Laomeline and Numa went out to prepare our meal. Dinner? What an idea! Dinner on the Sun? Dinner in Heaven? I wished I could manage some way to get along without eating. I had a large supply of food that Cyrissa gave us left, and I wished Trust had let me go to my ship and do my eating

\* Psalm xlv.: 18.

## ON THE SUN.

there. Trust divined my thoughts and he said to Utocomin and Heleftus, "He is afraid he will have to eat *the flesh of horses and mighty men*;"\* then he burst into a hearty laugh in which the others joined.

Then Heleftus explained: "The food on this world is produced from elemental perfection; if its influence did not penetrate the darkness and error of Earth the horses and mighty men would not and could not exist there, and not until that world is finished will the invitation to the feast be given. *I will give them a light that they will not need the light of the Sun.*† It is the light of the Sun that brings forth these conditions on Earth, so come to the feast; eat and drink all you can of life-giving force while you are with us for here it is most abundant."

"Yes," said Trust, "you can eat the spiritual food and drink from the fountain of living water."

Laomeline interrupted our conversation by announcing that dinner was ready. We followed her to the dining room, passing through several other rooms divided by fluted pillars of gold, hung with tapestry and having furnishings beyond a painter's dreams. There was beauty that Earth has never contemplated; richness and luxury that all the crowned heads of Earth together could not buy, for on Earth there are none who have learned the art of what I saw.

When Trust had asked a blessing, Laomeline, who saw me looking intently at the plates and cups set in front of us, explained what they really were.

"Your plate and cup, Ulysum, were cut from a diamond; friend Trust's from an emerald; Numa's from an amethyst, Utocomin's, a turquoise; Heleftus' an opal, and mine a ruby."

"A home all furnished without money and without price," said Heleftus; "are we not favored?"

Trust answered,\* "*I will fill their mouths with good things.*†

The table did, indeed, look lovely. There were gold vases filled with flowers, and wonderful things to eat and drink. In my cup was a heavenly wine, and Numa told me to drink long and deep. Utocomin passed me a plate containing what looked

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\*Rev. xix: 18.

† Rev. xxii: 5.

\* Rev. ii.: 7.

\* Ps. ciii.: 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

like white marbles; on biting into them I found the most delectable fruit I had ever tasted. Each one was on a green leaf that was eaten with them. Next came a basket of large, thick-leaved pale pink flowers. These were eaten with forks and they reminded me of a kind of pudding that mother made. A plate of fruit that looked like apples was served next, but the flavor was different from anything I had ever tasted, and much better.

"Ulysum," said Trust, "how do you like the flesh of horses and mighty men? You see on this world it doesn't come out in those forms; here it is in the shape of beautiful flowers and luscious fruits."

How can I describe the Heavenly food! Nothing I had ever tasted could compare with it, and the wine was honey dew. When we were through dinner Laomeline proposed that we walk through the garden on our way to the Celestial City, for, said she, "We all have to go there for our instructions in our chosen work. My mission after this will be an earthly one," and she smiled. Some way she seemed the happiest one among them. Down through a labyrinth of bloom and fragrance we walked, hand in hand, until we came to the river's bank near a bridge. Here the others left us, going over the bridge and up into the city. Trust said he would meet me at the messenger's gate; that Laomeline would leave me there. He went with Numa up to the city. How he did love the little shepherdess; and, no wonder, for she was most lovable. As Trust often said: "We are all lovers here."

As Laomeline and I seated ourselves I noticed that the water of the river was as clear as crystal; the sides were solid masonry of precious stones; even the pebbles on the bottom were rare gems. "What a lovely river!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, everything is beautiful here. This river runs around and through the Celestial City, and its banks are always a mass of bloom. I often come here and listen to the voice of the living waters. Hark! Can you hear it?"

I asked her in a whisper if she had seen God.

"Why, Ulysum, if you went to England would you expect to see the King and have an audience with him at once? I am only in the first circle, and must work my way up to the seventh, there we meet our Father face to face. We all are striving to

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reach the seventh circle to bask forever in the sunshine of His presence. This world is the graphophone of the universe, and the Voices of the Ages are all recorded here. The Sun's Halo is a perfect transmitter as well as magnifier."

"Can you hear the Earth's people talk?" I questioned.

"We not only hear the spoken words, but the unspoken also," she replied.

"I should think there would be a perfect Babel of sounds."

"No, there is not. The system is perfected. Order is Heaven's first law."

We talked for a long time, I trying to get courage enough to speak of my actions while on Mars, but she headed me off every time. She was the same loving, forgiving Laomeline I had known there. Once, when we were talking, she told me that the star that ruled an Earth-born's birth was the star that he hailed from, and it ruled his wanderings until he gained perfection.

As we walked along toward the city she talked to me of life and revivification. She said when one reached Heaven the lives they had lived seemed a part of the Heavenly life, an outside part, which was incomplete until this last life was gained.

All along the street we had passed through I had noticed the palaces of gold with their gardens of perfect bloom. Laomeline told me such were found all over the Sun, outside of the large cities. When we reached one of the city gates she left me and passed into the city.

For a time I stood before the Messenger's gate, entranced by the sight of the wonders around me. My attention was drawn to a building near where I stood; as it seemed a very busy place I concluded to step inside and investigate. At first I stepped behind some pillars and listened; then, growing bolder I went inside; as no one noticed me, all being engrossed with their own affairs, I took a seat in the first room I entered.

I had been seated but a few minutes when whizz! went the air around me, and I heard a man pleading for the rights of some people that were struggling to become a nation. Then another and another spoke. I heard the words Congress, and Washington, America and Cuba, and then I knew I was listening to a debate in Congress on the Cuban question. I heard every

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

word as plainly as if I had been in the House of Representatives. I thought if Congressmen knew that every word they uttered was transmitted to Heaven they would be more chary of their promiscuous and oftentimes ungentlemanly English. I had a great desire to see what the words came through so I wandered along from place to place, seeing tubes and discs everywhere, but I could not locate the actual place. The voices were close to me, actually, voices of the air.

Once it was a ship in a storm, with people crying and praying, the sailors swearing, and the captain giving orders. Then it was the voice of a female singing a plaintive song, in a foreign tongue. I was still listening when Trust came for me.

"What a wonderful revelation this is, Trust," said I, still lingering to hear more.

"I told you you would find wonder upon wonder in this world. I wish it were possible for you to stay and see it all, but a little insight will be of great value to you in your Earth life when you return."

As we passed along we heard a mother singing her baby to sleep. Following that came an altercation between some rough-voiced men; the words they used made me tremble to hear them. I noticed a group of immortals listening and their faces were so sad. I said to Trust "How dreadful! I wish they would cease those fearful oaths."

"If they are dreadful for you to hear how much more so for the Immortals and their Heavenly Father to hear. Ulysum, be prudent in speech, slow to anger, and above all do not send into God's presence words you would not wish the Voices of Ages to repeat to you at the Day of Judgment."

As we walked along I was sad and ashamed of the Earth-born. Why did they progress so slowly? Trust divined my thought and repeated, "*Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.*"\*

When we again came to the river and stood by the bridge that spanned its waters in front of the Messenger's gate, Trust explained that the city was laid out in shape like a star with six points. "Look," said he, "at the lovely rainbow color of the precious stones that compose the wall. Each gem is a

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\* Luke xxiii: 34.

## ON THE SUN.

cube and when put in place the points fit exactly one into another. The stars were cut to match and were put together without sound of trowel or hammer."

I asked Trust where they got enough precious stones to make the wall.

"They were fashioned for the wall the same as your cup and plate were fashioned for their purpose. Revealed science combined the proper elements and these gems were the result."

The wall was high and broad, and it dazzled one to look at it. The gems radiated such a brilliant light that it could be seen for miles away. There were twelve gates, two on each star point, and twelve bridges, that crossed the river, one in front of each gate. On top of the wall, at stated distances, were one hundred and forty-four large gold balls encrusted with diamonds, which rocked constantly with a gentle swaying motion, but never rolled off; the light from them was like that of a million stars.

Over each gate was a motto made of jewels which could be read a long way off. The one over the Messenger's gate was of pink diamonds, and read: "*They shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.*"\* The gates were mother-of-pearl, shaped like a harp. The frame work was of solid gold ornamented with fret work. The strings were gold and silk, and when the wind passed through them they sent sweet music across the river and far beyond.

There were two angels at each gate whose duty it was to play on the harps when a delegation came or went through the gate, and also to give information as to which was the right gate to enter. The waters of the river, as I have said, flowed over crystals and jewels around rare water plants that nodded and swayed as the waters glided by, singing on their way. The banks were a mass of lily bloom and creeping vines. Indeed the whole scene was like a picture of enchanted land. When I ventured such a remark, Trust replied, "Yes, it is truly enchanting, I admit. When you return to Earth you will find it has many glimpses of Heaven, but man's careless indifference ends the possible chance of his getting more than one glimpse at a time. Error has dimmed their eyes. *They have eyes, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not.*"†

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\* Psalms cxxvi: 6.

† Psalm cxv.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

The bridge floors were of gold and silver basket work; the posts, mother-of-pearl ornamented with gold; the railings, gold with silver vines and leaves and flowers for adornment.

While I stood looking at all this beauty, there were streams of people coming and going up the walk, over the bridge, in and out of the city.

"These are the Messengers who carry from and take messages to the Father; Immortals whose office is to strengthen the weak," said Trust.

As we passed swiftly along to another gate I heard the most joyous singing. I looked and saw a long procession coming up one of the streets; they were clad in pure white, and bore branches of palm. In their left hands each held a book, and their faces beamed with happiness.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Those are the Litterarraians, the Earth-born, whom you saw on Mercury. They have come out of great tribulations, having had their garments washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Was there ever so happy a people?"

He shook hands with this one and that one as they came near. The whole city seemed to sing as the gates opened and a band of Immortals came out to meet them. Close beside them was a body of young women, "They are the mothers," Trust said, "of the Litterarraians. They will ask forgiveness for these their children in Earth life."

Then he told me that the first Immortal was the Saviour, and the one beside him the Recording Angel. As they came near, a woman would leave the throng and kneel at the Saviour's feet and ask forgiveness for some child, either son or daughter, and kiss the hem of His robe, saying: "Forgive them, Master; it was I who was to blame; I thought and did all of these things before my child was born."

Then the Recording Angel said: "Master, this is very true."

The Saviour answered: "*Woman, thy prayer is heard. Those that sow in tears shall come again to reap in joy. Thy sins are forgiven thee. Whom I forgive my Father will forgive also.\* Brother, come into the fold.*" Then they went up into the city singing praises. They were so happy.

How grand and noble the Saviour looked. His face shone

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\* Psalm cxxvi: 5.

## ON THE SUN.

like the Sun and His voice was like sweet music. I knew Him the moment He stepped forward to greet the first one for I had seen His portrait on every star, called "The Prince of Peace." "The Man of Sorrows," "The Son of God," and by other names. This was the first scene, and the second was like it, as was the third; and it went on until nearly all had been forgiven. To all the Saviour gave this loving reply: "*Woman, arise, I died for such as these. Whom I forgive my Father will forgive also.*"

At last came a young woman and her brother. They were twins and their sins were the same. It seemed to me as if those who had been pardoned had been guilty of about all the crimes known to Earth. There fell a silence and the Recording Angel asked if there was anyone to speak for them. The gate opened and a lovely woman attended by a number of angels came out and crossed the bridge. On her head was a crown set with the most resplendent gems and her robes were like sunshine. She came to the Saviour and said: "Son, I will speak for these, whose father and mother are in the Earth life yet. I have felt the pangs of motherhood, and my heart is full of love for those parents whose children have sinned."

"*Thy wish is granted. I died for such as these. Whom I forgive my Father will forgive also.*" Then I saw that she who had spoken was the Virgin Mary. She put her arm about the twins and they went up into the city. As they passed us I heard her say to them softly, "For thy mother's sake who stood at the gates of death to give thee life."

What a beautiful woman she was! A regal, gracious, loving mother. There was a Halo all around her, and her eyes reflected the love that was in her heart. That scene I shall never forget as long as I live. She came many more times always with the same tender pleading and mother love for all. The equally loving and forgiving Saviour had a tender heart full of sympathy and love for all sorts and conditions of men. I did not wonder that the motto over the gate made of topaz and pearls read: "*Worthy is the Lamb who was slain.*"

"Oh, Trust!" I cried, "How perfect is the beauty of holiness. Can I ever reach this abode of perfection? I felt so humble, so bowed down with my unworthiness it seemed as if countless ages must pass before I could be cleansed and perfected, and I wished I had never been born."



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"That is a wrong thought," said Trust. "Remember that he who buried his talent was reprov'd. Be thankful for life and work for that great reward — Immortality. Life is a great gift, and some day you will feel rejoiced that you were called into being."

"Trust, why don't the spirits come here direct from Earth? Could they not be pardoned without such a long wandering?"

Trust mused awhile then replied: "I can answer you in no better way than by asking you a question and letting you answer it in your own way. You have a child, a little boy; you love him dearly and are very proud of him. There are evils which you wish him to shun, evils which you know positively should he indulge in them would injure him bodily and spiritually. You have riches which he is heir to, and you wish him to become a good true man worthy of his inheritance. He disregards your wishes, he disobeys your rules, he plunges into all sorts of vice, hurts your feelings, wounds your love, and brings your grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. You make overtures to him; you beg him to do these things no more; you tell him if he will repent you will forgive him. He heeds you not, but goes on and on, until he is worn out physically, his spirit is weak; his soul debased, while his life becomes a burden of unceasing misery. When he is unable to care for himself he thinks of your offer and repents. He seeks forgiveness, but he is full of corruption and you do not think it best to trust him with his inheritance until he is fully cured. What can be done? you must nurse him back to health; then you must try him to see if he is sincere; then you must let him try himself to see how confident he is of his own strength. That is the way it is on Earth. All are anxious to return and be forgiven; but are they ready? Can they be trusted? Can they stand the test? Such as are wholly cleansed come here. Now is the time for forgiveness, for seeking the Father's blessing, for being perfected in his spiritual strength. God says, *I will put my spirit within them*; and again, *I will turn and overturn until he comes whose right it is*. Remember in all this overturning man comes up better every time. By *he* is meant the perfected man. *Ye must be born again.*"\*

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\* John iii

## ON THE SUN.

"But I cannot see why Laomeline cannot go into the presence of the Father, if the Earth-born can. She has always been good."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," he answered. "Your visit to Mars brought Laomeline in touch with Earth and its inhabitants; her love for you made her wish to see and help the wandering spirits, and she resolved to work for the Dark Planet. She is being instructed in all that pertains to that world. When she is ready she will be presented to receive the Father's blessing and Earth will be the richer in having one more Immortal working for its interests. Then she will come and go as you see me do."

We floated away until we came to another gate. To this gate came more Litterarraians, all in white, bearing palms; I noticed that these carried books so large and heavy it seemed as though they must fall. I asked Trust why their books were so large.

He replied: "Read the motto over the gate."

And I read: "He that came last received a penny also." Then Trust explained that they had been turned back so many times their life's story on Earth was a long one, and when written out it made a large book. They were wanderers returning at the eleventh hour.

At the next gate a stream of little children was coming out on their way to play in the lovely fields which were just over the river, outside of the city. What a merry lot they were. They were laughing and jumping, with real glee, just as happy Earth children do. Their faces and forms were like cherubs, they had golden hair, sparkling blue eyes, skin like china, and dimples everywhere. There were angels in attendance whose office was to amuse them. Trust said these angels had the power to personate the children's relatives or friends in looks, so the children never missed them. The faces they saw were more glorified and their influences more satisfying than those left on Earth. The motto over the gate was: "*Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.*" Leaving this scene of joy and happiness we sped along so fast that the city seemed to turn and we to stand still. We soon reached another gate and I saw with surprise a chariot with twelve horses.

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\* Matt. xix: 14.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

The chariot was of gold of wondrous workmanship. The horses were pure white, with arched necks, large blue intelligent eyes, wide nostrils, and mouths that seemed to smile as they champed their gold bits or restively pawed the ground with their gold shoes, for their hoofs were covered with gold shoes fastened with diamond-headed clasps. Their forelocks, manes, and tails were the color of amber and as fine as spun silk. The harness was made of gold cloth straps ornamented with precious stones. What a picture these perfect animals made.

At the head of each horse stood a man holding the head strap. Trust told me they were called "the runners." They were very tall, fine specimens of manhood that made me think of the Martians. The chariot was solid gold burnished until it shone like a mirror. The inside was lined with silver cloth held in place by emerald-headed screws. The wheels, hubs, and spokes were set with precious stones.

It seemed too nice to use, but then I thought there is nothing too good for God's chosen ones. As I was looking at the outfit, a group of young people came out of the gate, some sixteen in number, both youths and maidens. They crossed the bridge and took their places in the chariot. How marvelously beautiful they were.

As I have described many of the lovely dresses I saw during my journey, I will try and do justice to these. I wish some of the Earth-born could have been with me to see those magnificent dark blue eyes. I never imagined there could be such beautiful eyes; from their depths the soul fire radiated. Such cherry lips, ears pink-lined like delicate sea shells, perfectly moulded forms, dimples in cheeks, chins, and even in the small, shapely hands. All these beauties I saw at a glance, and I stood and looked at them in silence.

The girls had long golden hair which reached down to the tops of their gold cloth slippers. Their curls had been combed out and left to form a wavy mass that looked like a golden cape thrown about them. They wore gold crowns set with jewels. The overdresses were of thin gold gauze cloth, as fine as a spider's web. The underdresses were of rich cream colored silk, and were embellished with diamond beads, in fancy designs, so small one could only see the sparkle. The under-

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dresses were embroidered with flowers and leaves in gold thread. From the shoulders sashes were looped in a mysterious set of folds and were fastened in the back at the waist line, with bow and ends, and a buckle set with gems. Trust said these lovely creations were hygienic and would not grow old nor soil. On their dainty feet were gold cloth slippers with gem-set buckles; around their necks were chains of gold, bracelets on their arms, and rings on their fingers. The young men wore white silk shirts with diamond buttons; blouse tunics of rich sunshine silk embroidered with silver thread, open in front so as to show the pretty shirt; belts set with blazing gems; knee-pants of silk trimmed with lace, gold cloth slippers, gold chains about their necks, broad lace collars, and rings upon their fingers. Their hair was curly, of a rich auburn and fell to their shoulders; their eyes were a velvet dark brown with the expression that poets rave over and sing about. As I watched them, I thought: "*Pure and Godly*; yes, the Father hath honor in these."

One thing troubled me, and that was the profusion of jewelry. I asked Trust how it came to be the fashion in Heaven to wear so much of it. Said I: "Old Elder Crawford made his congregation sell all their jewelry and give the money to the church, and take their flowers and feathers off, for it was wicked, he said."

Trust repeated a passage from the Bible in which God promised to put chains of gold around their necks. "In fact," said he, "of all cunning devices in gold and silver, in painting, in embroideries, of all artistic work, God is the author, and man works only by inspiration from Him." Just then the man who held the reins gave the word of command, and something arose from the wheels and sides that looked like white vapor; from the straps down the horses legs and around their bodies came the same exhalations. The vapor formed a light cloud upon which the chariot began to rise until it was far above the tree tops. Then I saw with surprise the horses break into a trot and travel along as if they were on the ground.

"Well, that beats everything yet," I cried. "What do those horses trot on?" I questioned.

"I have told you before," said Trust, "that on this world they take the elements that compose a thing that they wish and make it. You think nothing of clouds hanging over you on Earth with thousands of tons of water in them, or houses, and

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

trees and large rocks if they are cyclone clouds, which outweigh that chariot and its load many times over. That cloud is as safe as this ground and they are constantly forming more as they proceed on their way. Is it not a lovely sight, a chariot in the sky? *\*And I saw a white horse\* and the armies which were in heaven, etc.† They shall see him coming in the clouds.†*

"All I can say is, what next? Why I have to pinch myself to see if I am really alive, and am Ulysum Storries."

"I do not wonder at that," replied Trust.

"I should think the runners would be all used up," I added.

*"And they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint,"\** repeated Trust. "When will Earth man take time and acquaint himself with God, and believe that with God there is nothing impossible? Just then I saw the gate open and Numa and Laomeline come out; they crossed the bridge, and when they saw us they joined us. Laomeline bade us wait where we were and she would get a boat so we could return by way of the river. How quickly she had learned the ways of this world, I thought. Then I fell to thinking of our relations on Mars and I wondered because she had never alluded to it but once, and then briefly; yet she seemed just as affectionate and a great deal happier than when I left her. This was too much for my comprehension, but I had not the courage to try to fathom the mystery, for I feared she knew of my earthly relations and pitied my weakness.

Some men were coming down the walk talking very earnestly. When they drew near I saw they were my friends, Reliable, Obedience and Truth, whom I had met on the Moon. After a right hearty handshake Reliable asked me if I had been hypnotized lately. Seeing me looking anxiously at Numa, not knowing just what reply to make, he answered for me: "One must see all sides of a question, before he is able to judge rightly, when on a voyage of discovery. Is this not so, Ulysum?"

I bowed assent. Then they began talking about their missions to Earth and finally informed me that they would accompany me home in my ship.

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\* Rev. xix.: 11-14.

† Thessa iv.: 16.

‡ Matt. xxiv.: 30.

§ Isa. 40-: 31.

## ON THE SUN.

"My!" thought I, "what are they thinking about? My ship was built for one or two, and here are seven, besides myself, speaking for a berth," but I wisely said nothing.

Laomeline returned accompanied by Utocomin and Heleftus. She had secured three boats for our return, and we followed her down the steps to the river's edge and took our seats. I rode in the boat with Laomeline, Numa and Utocomin. The boats were upholstered in white velvet. In shape, they represented swans, only they had two heads, one fore and one aft. They were made of frosted silver with a double row of brilliants along the sides. A silk awning edged with gold lace was over our heads, for ornament only, as there was no heat and no rain to require such a protection. There were satin head and foot rests which I was not afraid to use, for Trust had made me leave my shoes in the ship and don the gold cloth slippers, used by all in this world. As there was no dust and nothing to soil them I felt no scruples in using what the others did.

When we were all seated Laomeline moved a gold bar and a pair of wings spread out above the water while several pairs of web feet began to paddle beneath the boat and we glided along without sound or motion. On our way we passed the gate from which the young people came out who went to ride in the chariot, and Laomeline called my attention to its motto, which read: *They shall be called the children of God.* We next came to the gate where the Litterarraians, with their heavy books and palms were still entering with the same joyful greetings, the singing, the music, and the chime bells, they all clasping hands and shouting with joy. It seemed as though that whole world was one gladsome song. There were angels waving banners and on one I read: *He that came at the eleventh hour received a penny also.* I heard Utocomin say to Numa: "*There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner repented than over ninety and nine just men.*"\*

"Where were you yesterday?" asked Numa.

"I made a trip to the Earth," said Utocomin. "I went with the Immortal Philanthetus. We entered a room full of machinery where a man was experimenting on a new invention. He was in a deep study, for his invention was not complete. One difficulty he had not overcome. I saw what was needed

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\* Luke xv.: 7.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

and by thought power conveyed my meaning to him. When we came away he had solved the problem and his joy was unbounded."

"My lesson," said Laomeline, "was to work among the sisterhoods of Earth. I visited many organizations working for the uplifting of that world. Oh, you cannot imagine the half that frail womanhood is doing there. Why the heroism and self-sacrifice of those earthly angels are drawing the forces of Heaven to their aid. Surely, Ulysum, there is no more beautiful motherhood, wifehood, or sisterhood on any other planet than I saw there to-day. But man, I am sorry to say, has not been as true and manly to the friend God gave him in the garden of Eden as he should have been."

She looked sadly at me and I looked across the river. Then she added: "Woman on Earth should be a queen of beauty, of love, of grace, of truth, and of all knowledge. I know we shall succeed in their uplifting, for the Master has said:  *whatsoever ye ask in my name shall be given unto you.*\* Oh, I love my work!"

"Some day the Earth women will *Come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,*" said Utocomin; then he added: "Our teacher gave us a lesson on the Sun's rays to show what they can do. He taught us the component parts, and at our next lesson we are to learn how to make precious stones by their aid."

Thus they talked on and I listened, thinking what a busy place Heaven was and how happy everybody was. After we reached home we separated, each going where his inclinations led him. Trust and I took seats beneath a tree with pure white leaves whose fragrant blossoms were a vivid green, something like a pond lily in shape. What a peculiar contrast — green flowers and white leaves!

Trust surprised me by saying: "This is not our first meeting, Ulysum; our lives flowed together before our meeting on the Moon. You will know this some time. As I am through with my wanderings I wish to help you to come into the fold lest you tarry till your book is large and heavy."

As we sat there we could hear the praise songs and music borne from the Celestial City. It was so restful I thought I would never tire of listening. Heavenly music! How grand

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\* Matt. xxi., 22.

## ON THE SUN.

and inspiring it was. I had heard nothing like it on Earth.

Trust asked me if I would like to go and see the gardens. Gardens in Heaven! Who would think of looking for gardens in Heaven? I had read of fields of green and living waters, but flower, and fruit and vegetable, gardens were beyond my comprehension. I answered quickly that I should like to go.

"I must first see," said he, "if there is anything special for me to do; if not, we will go and visit them."

How beautiful the trees were; they showed every color of the rainbow in bark and foliage. I reached up and bent a branch down to see if I could discover the secret of perpetual life. Beautiful and fragrant they were, but not one thing could I discover although I examined both leaf and flower minutely. Then I thought that perhaps one of my Heavenly friends would come to me in my home life and teach me how to improve upon Nature.

A voice came close to me: "Do you hear me, Ulysum?" I knew it was Cyrvissa, and I answered, "I do."

Then she said: "Our Etheriograph is finished and we can talk with the stars. We are in direct communication with all in the solar system but the Earth. Now, brother, where are the messages you were going to send us? Have you forgotten your friends on Saturn? If you speak we can hear you."

"No, Cyrvissa, I have not forgotten you, but I have seen such wonders here and am seeing them all the time, that I am almost dazed. I have had no time except to look and wonder."

"You are indeed favored and honored in being permitted to see those things which to us are still a mystery. Farewell for the present."

When Trust came back I told him what I had heard in the air.

"Of course, that seems a wonderful thing to you, but when you stop to think that God can hear and even divine your very thoughts, this message from Cyrvissa is no longer a mystery. Thought is a force that can say 'I am on Saturn' and it is so! 'I am on Earth,' and it is done! 'I am in Heaven,' and lo, you stand at the gate! So you see there must be some great power in thought."

Utocomin came rushing towards us. He grasped my hand and exclaimed: They have yolked the sun beams, Ulysum; I have



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

been talking with my people I have seen them all — father, mother; and dear Phedra. Oh, it is wonderful! But there were so many who wished to talk I could only use the Etheriograph for a short time, but I have the promise of it again. I must find Numa and Laomeline and tell them about it.”

As we walked through the gardens with beauty on every side, I could not help expressing my admiration of everything I saw. There were all sorts of designs, many of which I had never seen before. There were fountains, but no statuary.

Said Trust: “They do not honor death on this world; it is only in worlds where death is that they need images. Life only is honored here, *Eternal life.*”

Trust exclaimed suddenly, “Here comes my friend Zyona. I will ask her to show us about,” and he went to meet her.

Trust introduced me as his friend, Ulysum, from Earth. She inquired, looking at me eagerly, “Art thou to become one of us?”

“No, not at present.”

“Ah, I see! Still in the material night.”

She was a different type of Heaven's beauties. She had soft, brown eyes; a perfect mouth that wore a smile even when in repose; dark brown hair, looped in a careless knot; the long, white veil on her head was kept in place by jeweled pins, and this artistic arrangement was very becoming to her; her dress was the faintest tint of rose pink, with so many loops and folds I can never describe it. I can only say it made her look very graceful; the veil was caught up so it looked like closed wings. Zyona was such a pretty name, I kept repeating it to myself.

It is no use for me to try to describe the gardens, for I cannot. I can simply say that they were absolutely perfect. Every flower, every leaf, bush and tree, and the variety was beyond my comprehension. I never saw anything like them.

Trust pointed to a lovely golden bloom as large as one of our sunflowers, whose fragrance was really exhilarating to me. “Ulysum, this is one of Heaven's own flowers, that no other planet has ever seen. Is it not a beauty, set in that cup of dark rich green?”

I had noticed as we sailed slowly into the Sun's halo that the air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers.

## ON THE SUN.

"If there is no decay on this world, what becomes of the flowers that they gather?" I asked Trust.

He turned to Zyona: "How do you account for them?"

"When a flower is broken off the plant or bush immediately puts forth another to take its place; the branch that is taken away sends down roots for its own maintenance. As this world is full of flowers we have no room for more; the cut flowers are gathered up by the floral angels and carried to the unfinished worlds, there to propagate their species."

I looked at the plant from which the flowers had been taken and the new ones were already perfect. Zyona said they would stay that way forever unless they were broken off as the others had been.

Just then a man came up to Trust, greeted him pleasantly, bowed to Zyona, then turned to me. Trust introduced him: "This is my friend Prumin, one of the florists of Heaven. I am glad he is with us for he can tell you more than I can."

These words pleased Prumin, who answered: "Thank you. Our flowers get to be to us who have charge of them all that children are to those who care for them. Our constant association with them makes us love them."

Prumin went somewhere, but soon returned with what Zyona called an Arbor Car. She told us to take seats and we would ride slowly around. Said she: "It will give the mortal a better chance to see than if he walked."

The car had a rustic frame with little gardens on both sides. In them were flowers and vines.

Trust and Zyona sat on the back seat and Prumin and I on the front. They continued their conversation while Prumin and I enjoyed the flowers. It seemed as though I never could stop looking at this feast of beauty.

We came to a fountain where the waters were flowing over cut emeralds. Near it stood three maidens who were singing. The melody and the words were so sweet I told Trust I wished I could get the song and learn it.

Zyona answered: "That is impromptu music, or soul song; in this world the heart breaks forth in song and verse whenever it so wills. Poetry and music are the languages of Heaven. They are the rhapsodies of God's home."

Trust called my attention to a bed of cinnamon pinks.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

"Your mother's favorite flower; can you beat that on Earth?" How he did enjoy speaking about what my mother liked and what Henriette liked. It always had its effect on my conscience and made me remember my faults.

I replied, quickly "No, indeed," for fear he would say more. Zyona stopped the car so I could have a good look at them. Beautiful and perfect they were, and the air was so filled with their fragrance that I could actually taste it. I thought of mother's border of these pinks down both sides of the gravel walk from the front door to the road. They were poor, stunted things that were made the signal for much fault finding if she spoke of having a little better soil for them, or plant food to put around them. She did love them so.

Poor, dear, patient mother. Father would always say: "They ain't good fur nuthin'; better spend yer time hoin' pertaters." She would sigh and then look after them when she ought to have been resting, and there were *three* men in the house! But, "like master, like dog." We did as father did. Now I could see the real selfishness of it all, and in spite of the strangers around me, the tears came into my eyes and rolled down my cheeks as I thought of home, sweet home.

I turned to Prumin and said: "Do you think Earth blooms can be perfected and become like these?"

"The Earth has the foreshadowing of all that is in this world," said he.

I asked him if he liked that world and was he perfectly happy.

"Like it?" he cried, "I more than like it, I love it. I was born into it, and the dark days are remembered only as a bad dream, or a sickness that ended in perfect health. No regrets or desire for the past; just a forgetfulness and a fulness of joy that I am here."

While we had been talking a group of little boys came up and bent over the flowers to inhale their fragrance. They were about baby Ute's age, and they made me feel sad as I thought how they must miss their friends; yet they were so joyous and happy. I spoke to Prumin about it, and he answered me in this way. "These children have no Earth friends in particular. The life these children sought was stolen from them. Their parents, in their blindness, sent away their blessings.

## ON THE SUN.

Had they been received with joy they would have been shining lights in Earth life. But souls can never die and they have come here to grow up shining lights in Heaven's court. They are very lovable and happy as you see. Come here Sydon and show what a good child you are."

Sydon came up, bent one knee, reached his hand out for me to shake, then stood still, awaiting further orders. I thought of little Ute, as I looked into that perfect cherub face, and I reached down and kissed his forehead and thanked him for coming. Then Prumin bade him go and finish his play and he scampered away. My heart was troubled as I thought of what my own little one must meet to tempt and try him in his Earth life.

"Never mind, brother," said Prumin. "The greatest victory is the overcoming of the sins of the mortal life. It is a joy unspeakable to the one who has won the victory. You wonder why we never forget our identity through all our wanderings. The spirit controls our identity and it remains forever. To those who are on the Earth when it becomes perfected, the perfect birth will be a sudden change. Revealed science will tell man how to spiritualize and restore the corrupt body and make life eternal as it is here. Those who have gone on to perfection will return to Earth to dwell forever with those they have known and loved. Then the invitation will go forth to all the worlds, to come to the feast, *for he whom we thought dead is alive and with us once again*. Born again; born in corruption, raised in perfection. Oh, brother, what a day that will be! Go back to Earth, brother, and make your life worthy of this great victory."

Again I became interested in the flowers. There were Canterbury bells, honeysuckles, peonies, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, and many other home flowers, but so perfect were they and so full of lovely blooms I could hardly believe they were from the same seed as our Earth plants. I clasped my hands many times in astonishment as I surveyed the order and symmetry of it all. The artistic arrangement at every turn was perfect and no mortal could describe it adequately.

Our next visit was to a fruit orchard. We left the car and went to see the trees which were loaded down with delicious fruit of all kinds. Prumin inquired if I was fond of fruit.

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When I told him I was he plucked a peach for me. It was a ball of mellow goodness, the most delicious peach I ever ate. There was no pit in it; when I spoke to Prumin about it he replied: "Seeds are for propagating worlds, not for perfected worlds." The skin was so thin and tender, without the rough woolly skin of Earth fruit, there was no inconvenience in eating it from the hand. Prumin picked several more. As he did so I stood watching him and the tree. Already a good-sized peach filled the place from which he had taken mine. When he saw my look of astonishment he said: "Our trees are like the flowers," and remain full of fruit ripe until they are plucked when others come forth as perfect."

He carried the peaches to the car for Zyona and Trust. When he returned we went to a vineyard, and there was the same wonder. The fruit was without seed, sweet and juicy, as large as big plums. One bunch was large enough for a whole family. As soon as one was broken from its stem another began to grow. "This is a wonder to me to eat grapes without seeds," I exclaimed.

"What does eternal life want of seeds, brother? Seeds are for the realm of death and reproduction." He picked some grapes for Trust and Zyona, and we went back to the car.

Trust said we would have to leave them, or we should be too late to meet our friends at the city gate. He thanked Zyona and Prumin for their kindness to us and, with a hand-clasp and God bless you, we turned our steps cityward. While we journeyed slowly along I questioned Trust about the Celestial City, coming down from the clouds to Earth. Did he really believe it would be so, and did he think there would be a thousand years of peace on Earth.

"Yes, Ulysum, God says these things shall come to pass and I believe they will."

"Trust, how long do you think it will be before the thousand years will come to Earth? I want it to come now. These lovely people make me wish for this life there at once."

"I will tell you a few of the good things the future holds for Earth. When Evil has had his six thousand years of corrupt births, he will be bound. The Saviour will come for a thousand years and there will be peace and good times. It will also be

## ON THE SUN.

woman's age, and she will manage affairs with wisdom and justice. There will be large families born, for women will bear children without pain, for the curse will be removed. Every woman will wish to become a mother because the children will be so beautiful."

"Well, I hope brother Zeb's wife will have a change of heart so he can have a little peace. She is the ugliest person you ever saw. Father says she is like a cornered wild-cat, trying to jump two ways at once, and so mad all the time the air is blue in doors and out."

We came to a waterfall, the rocks on both sides of which were of pink and white onyx. The elements and art, conjointly, had carved them so they resembled a maiden reclining with outstretched hands, the water falling both sides of the head and forming the tresses, then came down beside the arms and fell from the hands to a ledge below, then over to the river bed. As we stood on the bridge admiring the scene Trust pointed to some wheels at the foot of the falls which were just beginning to turn. In a few minutes music came from somewhere. Then he said: "The Water Nymph is singing her song."

The next wonder was a grove where harp strings had been placed among the branches of the trees. The zephyrs played sweet music unceasingly, rich harmonies that were never twice alike and never out of perfect tune. It was like the music of a thousand stringed instruments all playing at once, but much smoother and softer than Earth music.

After this we went up a hill on the top of which was a large pavilion built of gold and crystal. It was crowded with people all talking excitedly. I heard an Immortal who stood near me speak about the Etheriograph, and I felt sure this was where Utocomin had taken Laomeline and Numa. Trust told me to come with him and we passed through the crowd to an inner room. He spoke to an attendant who gave me something to look into. He told me I could talk with whomsoever I saw.

I heard a voice say: "Hello! Who is this?" At the same moment I saw Queen Odea and King Zessra.

"Why, Zessra, it is the Earth-born. I see him plainly. Do I see you, Ulysum?"

"You do."

"Can you see me?"

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"I do."

"Why — why — you — did — you — reach — the Sun all night?"

"I did."

"Wonderful! Where is the Immortal Trust?"

"He is here with me."

"Have you been home yet?"

"No."

"Tell your friend Trust the King wishes to speak with him."

Trust took the instrument and talked for a long time with the King and others. When we left the pavilion there was an eager crowd waiting to take its chances to talk with the stars.

Every twelfth watch since I had been on the Sun there had appeared high up in the zenith a wonderful mirage of the Golden City. I had never seen a city like it in any world I had visited and the image of its glory covered from zenith to horizon on all sides. I thought if its shadow is so great, what must the reality be? The everlasting air harmony, the continuous songs of praise, the great throngs of contented people who were never idle; whose daily walk was in touch with God, and beneath the shadow of his wing, so affected my spirits that I kept saying to myself: "I wish I could stay, I wish I could stay." Then I would look at my outlandish garments and my coarse rough hands and say: "You do not belong here." Then I would feel myself back on Earth with all its unsatisfied longings.

After leaving the pavilion we turned into a narrower street. Trust gave me a seat on a settee supplied with a plenty of downy cushions and told me to remain there until his return, as he had a message for the person who lived in the palace at the further end of the street. The street was bordered on both sides by hedges of moss rose bushes, loaded with blooms of every tint I had seen on Earth. How my eyes feasted on this perfection and my sense of smell relished the air-laden perfume around me. I reached up and took one in my hand. I was not surprised to find it was thornless. What need of thorns in Heaven? What would Henriette say if she could see these, I thought. She had teased me every spring to go with her to the greenhouse to buy a moss rose. Like my father, I always managed to have a ready excuse that put her off until she

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forgot it for the time being, or some other wish took its place, to be treated in a like manner.

All of this came flashing through my mind as I reclined on those soft pillows, and thought of all the longings and aspirations of my wife and mother for the beautiful. I thought: "Poor, dear Henriette and poor, dear mother, you will have to wait, I am afraid, until you get to Heaven before your wishes for the beautiful will be satisfied," and I berated myself and all mankind for our treatment of these, our earthly blessings.

"They are blessings indeed, and I wonder often how men can be so thoughtless, and cruel," said a voice near me. Looking up, I saw a man about to take a seat beside me. His face was the most benign I had ever seen. His eyes wore an expression of deepest love; his smile was most reassuring, and I felt that he was a friend to all mankind. On his head was a crown, of brilliant blue gems set in gold; his dark auburn curls fell from beneath it forming a cape about his shoulders. His robe was purple silk and gold cloth, exquisitely fashioned and embroidered with pearls. His hands and feet were so small and dainty I could not help looking at them. "I agree with you, brother, that there are a good many mothers and wives who will have to come here before getting their wishes gratified. Here is rest for the weary. I see you are a mortal, and are cast down because you must return and meet death. Brother, the Father hath need of the mortal to do his work; to prepare that world and make it ready for the Immortals who, some day, will dwell there. You have a work to do in finishing that mansion in the sky that no others can do. *He whom he did foreknow he did foreordain.\*†* If your work is not well done at first you must tarry until it is. *Ye must be born again.* Each life is the building material for the next; if it is good, it will go higher; if evil, it must go back and try again. Did you ever hear of Jesus of Nazareth, the Redeemer of the Dark Planet Earth?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of Him?"

"Think of Him! I love Him! Who could help it, if they

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\* Rom viii.: 29.

† Peter i.: 20.



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had seen all that I did at the city gate, where He freely forgave the Earth-born."

"Then, brother, do His work. Live as He lived, and follow Him." With a heavenly smile he was gone, and I was alone.

I recalled his words: "God hath need of the mortal to perfect Earth, and you have a work to do that no other can do." To me it was a new and startling thought that God wanted me to help perfect the world; I who had been taught that I must grab whatever there was in life for myself, no matter whether anyone else had anything or not. Now, I was to work for God, myself and everybody. What had I done? What was I going to do? These questions puzzled me.

For awhile I sat in silence meditating as to what I could do to perfect the Dark Planet. I raised my eyes and saw Trust, with folded arms, looking intently at me. He answered my thought by saying: "Do whatsoever your hands find to do, with all thy mind, strength and might. Despise not the day of small things; for, as you are faithful in small things, God will give you greater things to do. There is not a being on the face of the Earth to-day, who has grown up to maturity, who does not wish, way down deep in his heart, that he could live his life over again. In the new life, he would avoid the mistakes he has made in his present life and lead a better and truer life than he now does."

When I was alone again I fell asleep and had such a lovely dream. I often recall it with pleasure and wonder if it was not real. I seemed to be sitting on the bank of a river looking down at the precious stones that formed the river bed, when a fine red one attracted my particular attention and I threw myself down and tried to reach it. Ripples coming towards me caused me to look up, and I saw a boat, shaped like the shell of a Nautilus, with a lovely maiden in it. She steered directly towards me and, when nearly opposite, stepped over the side of the boat and walked on the water until she reached the bank. She bowed, saying, "I see you wish that pretty red gem; I will get it for you." She passed down to the river, sank beneath the water and picked up the gem. When she came to the surface I saw, with surprise, that her garments were dry.

She placed the gem in my hand, saying; "That will buy you

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a home; it will bring you good spirit influence; it will keep evil far removed from you. Have you seen much of this world?"

"No, only a little around the outskirts of the city."

"Come with me and see the wonders of the Father's home." She took my hand in hers and we began to rise and soon were far above the tree-tops. "Brother, do you see the different colors in the Sun's halo?"

"No, I do not."

She passed her hands over my eyes, and then withdrew them, bidding me to look again.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I see a great difference now; what makes it so?"

She pointed to a group which scintillated like a rainbow.

"Those are the *color rays*. They give color to everything, the flowers, the trees, the verdure. Those, pointing to others, are the *gem rays*; they form and give sparkle to the precious gems. Beside them are the *power rays*, which draw and hold heavy loads, even worlds, with their magnetism. Next are the *medicinal rays* which give life and health to all things when properly applied. The *music rays* are the foundation of harmony; they produce the music rhapsodies of Heaven. Then the *water rays* which supply the Heavenly dews and the crystal waters of the river that runs around and through the Celestial City. The *mineral rays* fashion the gold and silver, and the *work rays* carry or bring constructive force wherever it is needed. Then, again, these are the *form rays* which give shape to things." As she pointed them out to me, I could see plainly the different groups.

Ortha, for she had told me that was her name, turned suddenly to me, and asked: "Have you seen the Father?"

"No, I should be afraid to look at Him."

"Brother, Satan is the only one who is ashamed to see God."

What I saw next must have been in a dream. I stood before a great palace. The doorways, there were no windows, were arches covered so thickly with gems that they looked like strips of blazing stars. Over the archway that I entered was the motto: *And the Word was God*. I entered and went up some steps, then through room after room, all ablaze with jewels and burnished gold. I heard music everywhere and

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the air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers which were blooming everywhere. On I went until it seemed that I must have traveled miles, but at last I came to a room larger than any of the others I had passed through. This room was of gold, and mother-of-pearl, and the artistic workmanship was so beautiful that I will not attempt to describe it. The tapestry was pure white embroidered with jewels and gold. The countless pillars of gold were ablaze with designs worked out with precious gems as were the friezes around the room.

On I went, up some steps that seemed to lead up to a dome. The steps were of mother-of-pearl and gold, and the edge of every step was a row of flashing jewels. I ascended more steps, then crossed a wide level, then more steps until I reached the top. Then I entered a room which was very large, the magnificence of which is beyond description.

At first I was bewildered by the light thrown from the jewelled pillars and burnished gold furnishings. Gradually my eyes were drawn to a face that riveted my whole attention,—the face of ONE who sat in a mother-of-pearl and golden chair, on a pure white throne. Oh, the brilliancy of that scene, the shining radiance of that face!

Beautiful? Earth never saw anything to compare with that royal beauty. Young? A youth that is hard to explain, for it was youth with the Wisdom of Ages. Good? A goodness that sinful mortals could never fathom. Loving? The very quintessence of Love. Form? Mortal man must develop and adorn the material for ages to become a counterpart of his Maker. I sometimes get on Earth a glimpse of some one feature that reminds me of that vision of God's loveliness. Since my return to Earth there are times when I am so hungry to get another glimpse of Him that I can hardly wait with patience for the time to come when I shall be called Home. The Earth journey seems so long, the road so full of mishaps and the changes so great in order to reach perfection, I almost give up in despair. Then I remember, *it is all within myself* whether the time be long or short. I think of Cyrvissa's words, *Use your soul power*, and I go on with renewed strength of purpose, willing to be born again and again, if, by so doing, I am always moving toward the heavenly life.

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But I have not told all that I saw or did in my dream. By the side of the Father, on His right hand, sat the loving Saviour. At sight of Him then came to me the thought: "Why not be an envoy and plead for Earth's deliverance?" So I knelt down before Him and He put His hand on my head, and said: "Son, what would ye have me do?"

Then I answered: "Blessed Saviour, Oh, ask the Father to let Earth come back into harmony that the light of truth and true knowledge may come to all. I ask this great boon knowing that He will hear You."

A dazzling mist arose between me and the Father, but out of the radiant cloud came a voice: "*Christ is the Light that shineth unto perfect day; hear ye Him.*"

Then the Saviour answered, saying: "*Thy prayer is heard. Light and Truth and Knowledge shall come to the dwellers of Earth.*"

How I wished to see the Father's face again. A face of eternal youth; not an old face with piercing eyes, full of wrath, as I had been taught, but a face full of loving mercy. A face full of compassion, full of father and mother love, sister and brother love, deeper and better than any love of Earth. All this I saw and my heart went out in love and praise to GOD the ALL in ALL.

When I awoke Ortha had left me, and the red jewel was gone also. She had given it to me so I could have a vision of the Father. She had taken it back, but I was content. I heard voices, and found that Obedience, Reliable and Trust were talking about our departure. In a little while we were joined by many of our friends who said they had come to see a company of Litterarraians leave the city for the "Camp Beautiful," and they pointed to the ship *Triumph* which was resting in a field waiting for its passengers. In some way Laomeline and myself became separated from the others. What a radiant being she was, and I wondered how she ever cared for me; I, who was so unlike her in every way. These thoughts had hardly formed themselves in my mind ere she divined them. She turned her luminous eyes full upon me, placed her small, shapely hand upon my arm, and smiling pleasantly, said: "Brother, it was a chord in my being that touched an answering chord in yours. Now that I know all I can see why

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it was so. Your life line and mine had met and mingled in another life before we met on Mars. We loved not as a pre-ferment, not as sister and brother, but with a deeper and truer love than either. Sometime you will know, when all things are brought to your recollection. I loved you for your spirit of daring adventure. I loved you on account of your loneliness. I pitied your, to us, uncultured ways. I loved you then because I felt a spiritual kinship. I love you now because I have assumed the full responsibility of your future life. I will say this to you as a guide; whoever you are drawn to on Earth, whoever you admire or feel kindly toward, *is some one you have known in some other life*. It is the meeting of kindred spirits who are instinctively drawn together without knowing why. You sought the shelter of my love for the same reason that I sought yours. I know you love me now with a higher and purer love than you ever did before. Is this not so, Ulysum?"

"Oh, Laomeline, if I could have you with me, I know I would always be good, and always do right, but no one understands me but you."

"Ulysum, that is the Earth fault; you do not understand your friends until they have passed from among you. I shall come often to your home to do you good, and help you with good influence for your prosperity. I shall help that dear little woman, your wife, and your baby boy, for I love them both."

"Laomeline, I am so glad we have had this talk. I have so wanted to see you alone ever since I found you here. Now, I shall feel better, knowing that you forgive me."

There was a stir among the crowd, and we started to join them.

When the gate swung open I could look far up the golden street. I saw a long procession coming. They were singing, and the air was full of music. Each one carried a book. As they reached the gate I saw the Saviour, and the Virgin Mary were there, the Saviour to give the parting blessing, the Mother a word of good cheer. I heard them say to the Saviour, "Our King and our Redemeer!" and to the Virgin Mary, "All Hail! Thou art blessed above all women." Then they went to the ship *Triumph*, and, when all was ready, I saw it

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raise its anchor and rise up into the golden tinted sky and sail away with its band of happy Litterarraians. As the gates closed I looked around, and Trust and I were alone.

“Come,” said Trust, “we will now go to our ship and journey Earthward.”

“But, Trust, where are our friends?”

“Gone with the Litterarraians to the Camp Beautiful. We will overtake them.”

As our ship left the planet of Eternal Day I leaned over the side and, though I could not sing, there was a song in my heart:

Oh! wonderful land! Oh, beautiful home!  
I shall never forget thee where'er I may roam.  
And the Sun's beams bright wherever they stray,  
I shall know are the Light of Eternal Day.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ANOTHER PERFECT WORLD.

*Oh, let my spirit wing its way  
Through yonder gem-decked space,  
Nor stop to loiter on the way,  
Nor yield, by weariness, the race.  
But leap across the trackless sky  
To pause a moment on each star,  
To ask if kindred spirits try  
To rend life's veil and cross the bar  
In search of that forever land,  
The golden city and its key,  
Which, could we grasp within our hand,  
Would solve, for us, life's mystery.*

LEAVING the land of sunshine and the forever day so suddenly was a sore trial to me, but when Trust was ready, I knew by long experience, it meant go; besides, my friends had gone and why should I remain? But I have made a mistake; not all my friends had gone, for I left three of the best friends I ever had, or ever will have, in that heavenly land: *The Father, The Saviour and The Virgin Mary.*

I often went into the basket and, leaning over its side, watched the golden planet, wishing and longing for the time to come when all of the Earth-born would be made welcome there. So much did I think about all I had seen there, I was always there in my dreams, and always supplicating for Earth's redemption.

The next planet Trust said we would visit was Vulcan or Sunda, as all of the other planets called it. This planet was the nearest visible star to the Sun, as seen by the other worlds. We passed two others that were nearer, but both were new, unfinished worlds, and as yet, unlighted. When we reached Sunda we overtook the ship *Triumph*; the hearty welcome we received from all made me glad that I had come. Trust and

## SUNDA AND VENUS.

the captain talked together for a time and I heard Trust say he would have me land first, then he would help them. So, when we reached a large plain bordered all around by cedar groves, he gave the word and we reached the ground some time in advance of the others. In the center of this large plain were several hills, or they looked to be such; but on a closer inspection, I saw they were books piled up so high that they seemed to reach the star's halo. The ship *Triumph* halted in the air over one of them, and I saw the Litterarraians come to the side of the ship and throw their books upon the great pile. Then the ship came down and rested beside mine.

The Litterarraians formed a procession and, with lighted torches, set fire to the hills of books, and they began to burn and I heard a voice in the air which said: "*And I will remember the evil days no more.*"\*

Laomeline, Utocomin, Numa, Helethus, and Herjü came and stood beside my ship. A great crowd was gathering to see this wonderful bonfire.

While Laomeline and I were talking, a carriage with two gentlemen and two ladies seated in it passed us, and I heard a man near us say "That is the bride and groom; they were married this twelfth watch." I turned to look at them, and saw that they were Immortals. They alighted and went up nearer to the burning books. They had just returned from being married, for they still wore their wedding garments. Both the bride and groom had worn long circular capes which were literally covered with silver spangles and gems. These they laid aside when they descended from their carriage to view the bonfire.

Trust came up and whispered to me: "*And the sons of God saw the daughters of men, and they became enamored of them, and took to themselves wives.*"†

The Litterarraians were so full of joy they sang song after song and everybody stood by in solemn silence. Earth never heard such thrilling, ecstatic music and I listened with delight. I did not wonder that Ortha said she thought the Earth songs were the sweetest. Such beautiful words, such grand melodies, and such lovely, sweet voices. Where did they get them? My throat filled with a lump that seemed to

\* Jer. xxxi: 34.

† Gen. vi: 2.



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choke me. Laomeline whispered: "*Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.*"

When the fire began to die out the Litterarraians turned and marched back to their ship. My friends also turned to go, first giving me a farewell handshake with words of cheer and comfort. Laomeline and Numa each gave me a loving kiss telling me they would see me again before I reached Earth. This remark was overheard by some one in the crowd, who spread the wild rumor that I was an escaped prisoner from Earth who was being returned. As the crowd began to surge my way I entered my ship, closed and locked the cabin door, and waited, anxiously, for Trust to return.

When he came back he brought the announcement that we were to go to the bride's home and partake of the wedding feast. He gave me an introduction to the father of the bride whose name was Sarrdeisus, and who was lord of the castle where the festivities were to be held. The crowd had dispersed by this time, and Trust said we would accompany the Lord to his home. He took hold of the ship and helped me roll it along. When we came in sight of the castle I saw it was beautifully decorated. As it is always day on Sunda lights were used for decorations, not for illumination. At the entrance of the castle were the words "Sunda" and "Mercury" in colored lights. Trust told me it was an interplanetary marriage.

It was hurry and bustle everywhere and all were dressed in their holiday attire. As we passed through the crowd one after another recognized us. I heard them say, "The escaped prisoner," in low tones, and regard me with curious eyes. As we neared the castle we left my ship in a small grove of maples and followed our host into the house, first stopping on the veranda to watch the smouldering pile of books which, occasionally, sent long streamers of red light towards the sky.

Sarrdeisus said: "These Litterarraians are a peculiar people. They come here from the Sun to destroy their records; they then go to Venus, we are told, but we believe they are from the Earth and are going back there. As you are from Earth, can you tell me? Are they from Earth?" He looked earnestly at me.

I glanced at Trust, who nodded his head, and I answered, "Yes, they are from the planet Earth."

## SUNDA AND VENUS.

"They are a very happy people, at any rate, and I love to hear them sing. They are Immortals, but I see that you are not as they are. Are you in the embryo stage of being?"

"Yes," replied Trust, "*And he made man in His own image.\** He is an unperfected image on Earth, but the time is coming when he will be born into the immortal state in that world. *For it doth not yet appear what we shall be like unto.†*"

"Well," said Sarrdeisus, "If I had got away I would stay away. I would not go back, no matter how much I was urged."

"*He returns to earn his immortal body,*" replied Trust.

A sweet voice said "Father." Our host turned quickly, and I heard the sweet voice say: "There are three Immortals here who wish to speak with the one called Trust."

The Lord came back with his daughter and her husband, and introduced us to Deabetrix of Sunda and her husband, Perfectus of Mercury.

They both acknowledged the introductions by coming forward and giving us a friendly handclasp; then they looked in a perplexed way at me, but passed out to conduct Trust to the strangers.

"I did not know that Immortals ever married," said I to Sarrdeisus.

"All perfected beings have their preferments. They choose by law and by science, and the mark the Father has given them and we call it marriage. And there is never a mistake. Do you go to Venus?" he questioned.

"I do not know," I replied. "Can you reach that planet?"

"We could reach it, but it is many many epochs since we have visited any of the Stars outside of our circle. We are told by Immortals that come here from other worlds that the Earth has several times been nearly ready to enter the perfected state when, in an evil hour, its people became drunk with the lusts of the flesh and went back to the lowest depths of degradation."

It made me tired to have every one we met talk so about the Earth. So I said: "A few must be good for the ship *Triumph* had between five and six hundred passengers, both men and women, who were redeemed. What makes you think the people of Earth are so wicked?"

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\* Gen. i.: 26.

† I John iii.: 2.

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Sarrdeisus replied: "What their worst sin is you should know. We are told by the Immortals that the Prince of Heaven once confronted them with their great evil, saying: *Ye are the children of your father, the Devil, and the lusts of the flesh ye will do,\** and He wept over them. Thus we have come to believe that this sin, whatever it may be, they have lost the power to subdue. We have no conception of the real meaning of the Prince's words to them. When we tried to search out the mystery this is the reply we got: *The sin ye know not of hath no influence over you, seek not to know more.*"

Here Trust returned and said we would excuse ourselves and retire to our ship, but Sarrdeisus would not hear to this arrangement: "No, no; you must stay and partake of our wedding feast. I will have it served for you in this room where your privacy will not be disturbed."

He summoned a man and gave him his orders. Then he asked Trust if he would not like me to see the banqueters partaking of the feast.

"I shall be glad to go with him," said Trust. "I wish him to see all he has lost and all that he will gain when he has put off the garb of corruption."

When we reached the banquet hall it was a gay scene that met my eyes. Three thousand guests were invited, but the dining room could accommodate but a thousand, so the bride and groom and their relatives and immediate friends were entertained in the room, and the others on the grounds. To me it seemed like a party among the "way ups" of Earth. The merry-making was about the same, only the manners of all were more perfect and the beauty of the scene a spectacle never dreamed of on Earth. There were the elegant dresses of both sexes, and the brilliant gems flashing with every movement of these happy, radiant people. And the feast — how can I describe it! Like Heaven, it had all "the good things." The infinite intelligence of all *mind matter*. The table furnishings were gold, silver, and precious stones; the food was in the form of fruits, flowers, or artistic shapes, while the flavors, as I learned later, were an ecstasy of delight.

No one seemed to notice me, yet they did not run against me. I wondered at this at first, then I thought that Trust

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had changed me, or covered me, as I knew he had done before. I soon learned that I was not forgotten, for the toast master held up a tiny amethyst cup and, in a sweet voice, said: "Friends, here's to the escaped prisoner from Earth."

A guest from Mercury arose and replied to this toast: "Friends, when the Earth-born came to Mercury we gave him our best wishes and sympathy, for he seems to have lost or forgotten his ethereal power, and is held in bondage in a mortal body. May all the Earth-born be released from such bondage and return to the higher life with all its power, and happiness."

All stood up and the little cups were put to their lips and emptied.

We returned with our host to the room we had first entered and found a table spread bountifully with the same kinds of food, the same dainty dishes and other furnishings, as I had seen in the banqueting hall. The Lord sat at the table with us for a short time only, being called away. While he was gone, Trust explained some of their customs. "Ulysum, how do you like Sunda? Do you not see the marks of perfection all around you? In this world, like Mercury, there is no high and no low. He who serves in any branch of labor, when his time is out in that capacity, takes up another kind of work, and he becomes what you call a Jack-of-all-trades, but he is good in all. Every man's home is a castle, every man is a Lord, and every woman is a Lady."

In this world woman is looked upon as the spiritualized image of man. She is adorned with angelic qualities, superior to man, and, as man counts himself the author of her being, he is very proud of his handiwork and realizes his duty to bring them pure and spotless to God, an offering worthy of his acceptance. Ulysum, man in this world thanks God for his helpmate."

When our host returned he took up the thread of conversation just where he had left it.

As I listened I tried to grasp some of the theories he advanced. One in particular I remember. He said mortal man had yet to obtain two more senses, possession of which would put him in direct communication with all the other worlds. He said we would think no more of going a thousand miles to talk

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

with a friend than we do now of crossing a street. Besides that, we must accumulate the real thought power which brings perfection and subjugates all things by its masterful force. Turning to me he said: "Brother, can you make them understand?"

"How can he make them understand until he knows for himself?" Trust asked.

"Ah! I now see your errand," said Sarrdeisus. "He is learning that there is a higher and a truer life than the one in the prison of dust. This, you think, will lead him to strive and wait patiently for his release. Still, I think, now that he is well out of it, it is foolish to return."

"Brother Sarrdeisus," said Trust sternly, "would you rob him of his inheritance? Remember, he is entitled to an immortal body, and there is no way except by progression, that he can obtain it, and Earth life is progressive."

Sarrdeisus replied, "I am very sorry for my Earth brother, and I will use my thought force to help him conquer the flesh and return to harmony. Some one, on some one of the bright stars, is anxiously waiting and longing for his return."

For my feast I had first some honey dew; then something that Trust called "cream of bread." It was a fruit of some kind with a bread covering which melted like cream, when taken into the mouth. Then came a long line of different foods moulded like flowers and fruit; then little strips of colored sweets like candy, with fruit cake between; then something like cream with a white cake in the centre. Trust said the first was "Bridegroom's dream," and the second "Bride's dream." I called them both wedding cake.

Then there was a small cube of something that tasted like ice cream, but which Trust called "Crystal Nectar." It took me a long time to get through my feast; it was all in small quantities and there were so many courses, but when I was through I was perfectly satisfied. A feeling of enjoyment came over me that I had been permitted to be a guest and partake of the wedding feast.

After the feast we returned to the ship, Trust telling our host that he would see him again. As we passed through the grounds, the merry-makers were still at their tables as happy and as full of fun as any people I ever saw. Once we stopped

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beside a platform where they were dancing a figure called "the ribbon dance," which was like our May-pole dance. As we passed through an orange grove I saw a large number of trained birds. They were flying here, there, and everywhere with tiny gold baskets in their bills, which held notes that they were to deliver. Those who received the notes hunted up the senders and became partners same as at our "wristers" parties in the country.

I stood beside my ship watching the joyous scene, when a dear little ball of orange colored feathers, with blinking eyes like jet beads, placed a basket on a step of my ship's ladder; then it flew on my shoulder and poured out a song so rich and melodious, and so prolonged I was afraid he would die from joy. When I took the note from the basket the little warbler flew away, much to my regret.

"Read your note," said Trust.

I did, and this is what it contained:

*"Hail! Brother, hail! Come tell us true,  
What star in space was home to you,  
What unrest bade thee leave thy home,  
And why thou didst to Sunda roam?"*

*Did some stray beam of Heavenly light,  
Cause thee to leave thy prison's night,  
To follow where the sunbeams led  
Far, far, thro' space to Sunda sped?"*

*Or did some thought, born in thy breast,  
Inspire thy soul to seek the best,  
Till thou in ecstasy should stand,  
And drink the light in Heaven's land?"*

*Come, brother, come, and kindly tell  
If thou dost live where Adam fell.  
Where all life's in unfinished state,—  
Must wander back to Heaven's gate.*

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

*Say, art thou of that coarser brood,  
Fashioned by Satan in reckless mood,  
Experimental test in thee  
To solve a heavenly mystery?*

Seek and you will find PERMISSA,

The Writer."

I passed it to Trust to read; when he had done so he began to laugh; then he read it again and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, saying "Pretty good, Permissa." He laughed so much I got vexed; to tell the truth, I had got tired of being *the one black sheep* in the flock. With perfection around me I felt my condition keenly. Then I began to reason it out. I knew they were no more surprised at my looks than I would have been, under the same circumstances, on Earth, at theirs. Their questions about my Earth home were no more curious than mine would have been, and I knew theirs were prompted by the purest of motives. Still I knew this note was written for the purpose of interviewing me on my Earth conditions, and I did not enjoy the prospect.

Trust awoke me from my cogitation by saying that I was in a world of poetry, a world of science, and the arts, and spiritual beauty. He said the story of Eden's fall was a well-worn tale in every household on that planet, and that, in their minds, each had conceived an idea of what sort of a world the Earth must be and how its inhabitants must look. "So you see this picture is not overdrawn." Here his merry laugh broke forth again, and he told me to go and find the writer.

"Trust, I don't care to go; I don't know what to say, or what not to say, and I am not going."

"Ulysum, I want them to think well of the Earth-born, so come along and I will help you answer the hard questions." And I went.

I thought, what is the use of rowing against the wind? I might as well take things easy as otherwise. Then, I was easily persuaded where there was a pretty girl in the case.

We wandered around for a time and finally came to a group of three ladies.

Trust told me to go and inquire of one, that he pointed out to me whether she wrote that note. This I did in a very

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awkward manner, I know; she was such a lovely creature I became embarrassed the moment I addressed her. She had the most bewitching hazel eyes, and the sweetest smile. She acknowledged writing the note, and led the way to a seat.

Lovely she certainly was. In all my travels amid perfection I never saw two who looked exactly alike, and yet everyone was perfect. How wonderful this diversity of beauty, I thought, as I looked at the radiant being beside me. Her wealth of light brown hair was coiled becomingly around her shapely head; she was arrayed in the richest of silks with lace and pearl trimmings; then, too, the dazzling gems, that gleamed like miniature suns, were a bewildering sight to me, and I was amazed at my audacity in addressing her.

On her part she was not over-confident. Turning to me with a modest, quiet grace, her eyes full of a beseeching eager look, she begged my pardon for the liberty she had taken in sending me the poem; but the story had been circulated that I was an escaped prisoner from the realm of Evil, on the Dark Planet Earth, and she was curious to know if it was true.

I replied: "In one sense it is true, in another it is not. I am from Earth, but I was never in prison in the sense we of Earth use the word, that is, for committing a crime. But if you call a person who is in the midst of Evil a prisoner then I am one. Still our world is very lovely to me, for all that, and it is the only home I ever knew."

"Do not say that, brother; you must know the Earth-born were once good spirits and lived elsewhere."

"Perhaps we did, but if that be true we have lost all knowledge of it, and we now know no other life but the one we are living. Still there is so much sadness about it I wish it might be like this world."

"I wish you could all escape," she exclaimed, vehemently. Then she asked, "How does Earth differ from this world?"

Trust answered for me: "They have no halo, and the elemental forces are yet free, unsubjected, and mortal man is a creature of their caprice and embryo environment."

"How very, very sad. Does Evil ever say that he will release them?"

"God, the Father, has promised that through His Son," replied Trust.



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"Oh, yes, I remember. What a grand promise. Tell me about the mothers; are they all there yet? And the preferments? Do they still linger at the court of Evil, sharing with their loved ones the penalty of sin as they wander through darkness towards the light? Will you kindly explain it all to me?"

"I know nothing of the mothers or the preferments you speak of," I replied.

Trust came to my assistance. "Sister, the mothers and preferments are still working and sharing the joys as well as the sorrows of that life with their loved ones. Many who have sown in tears have come rejoicing, bringing the ransomed home."

"Do you believe that the Litterarraians who come here can possibly be the ransomed of Earth?" she questioned.

"I not only believe, but I know that they are the long lost of Earth returning home," said Trust.

"But this brother," she hesitated —

"Still wears the embryo mortal body," answered Trust.

"Were you once of Sunda, brother?" she asked me.

"I know not."

"The reason I asked you is this: I have a sister who went to Earth to bring back a much loved son. Whenever she is released she returns for a short time to tell us he is progressing; but she never explains the nature of his sin or the Evil of that world. She returns spiritually to comfort us, but enters the mortal state again to still further use her influence to save her child. She has told us of the loves of Earth, the deep, deep love abiding through all sorrow, even through the valley of what she calls death. She says, when they are redeemed He says: *They are Mine for they bear My name.* Is not that beautiful?"

"Sister Permissa, with this knowledge do you wonder any longer at their great rejoicing? Can you not appreciate their great and glorious victory?" said Trust.

"Oh, I am so happy that you have told me this. But, brother, is this Death that she speaks of, a monster from somewhere in space that comes and wars with Evil until he releases them from time to time? Please describe him."

"It were better that I did not. But I will say this, sister.

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God hath need of the mortal to do His will. He needs *the mortal force, the spirit force, and the soul force*, a unity of three, to subjugate Evil and make His mansions perfect; but He does not need man's sins. When these are conquered, man can and will enter into the joys of the Lord, prepared from the foundations of the world."

A messenger from Deabetrix and Perfectus asked for them the privilege of speaking to me in my ship. We arose and bade Permissa farewell and went back to the ship to meet the bride and bridegroom; we found them waiting beside the ship. Trust offered his arm to Deabetrix and helped her into the ship with all the gallantry of a court gentleman, and Perfectus and I followed. They first remarked about the simplicity of my ship and inquired about my journey. Then Deabetrix said: "Brother, as you have escaped from Evil, I have come to ask you to go with us to our new home on a new world, and be one of us. All who came from Mercury with my Perfectus, and all the daughters of this world who have been chosen by Mercurians are going, some seven hundred, and we shall be greatly pleased if you will choose one from among them and go with us. Do not return to the Dark Planet. We feel sorry for you. Remain with us and in time you will become like unto us."

Trust explained to them why this could not be, as he had done to Sarrdeisus.

For a long time they questioned Trust about unfinished worlds and if it was a great undertaking and a sacrifice for them to go.

He answered them: "No! No more than going away to make a new home anywhere if you keep evil from your midst."

As I looked at them, so perfect and beautiful, so happy in their cultured lives, surrounded by every comfort that wealth could supply, I felt sorry for them. I thought of Gailiss and Gaibel, and the awful things I saw on the world they went to, and I made bold to say: "I would never leave so lovely a home as this is for all the new worlds in the universe."

"And yet, Ulysum," said Trust, "you are pleased to have the perfected leave their happy homes and go to Earth to help you return, go to a world full of complications of Error, that must be turned and overturned before Evil is sifted out."

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Then Perfectus said: "Brother, we have each other, and we go from choice without fear or regret; we wish to help and work for our dear Heavenly Father and do His will: His angels will guard us and, as long as we do His will, we can come and go to and from our home when we will. We are very happy in our chosen mission."

They left us, wishing us much happiness and me a speedy release from Evil. Then a party of young men asked to see me and Trust and I went down to meet them. They were scientists in search of true knowledge. They looked me over, and talked, and questioned, and explained, until it seemed to me that they must know everything. Trust told me to be good and I was.

One of them said: "He has a beautiful spirit." Another asked me if I did not think so.

"I do not know, I never saw it," I replied.

"Never saw his spirit," they all chorused. "We can help him to do that." Before I comprehended what they were doing my spirit stood before me, and I saw it plainly. I saw that it was beautiful; but, oh, so helpless, while the soul force remained in the body.

When my soul entered my spirit it became so bright, so sparkling, so radiant, I saw all that they saw. There was my unfinished, coarse, material body, with all its heredity of corruption. If ever a mortal wanted a perfect body it was Ulysum Storries, and if ever a man wanted to be good it was that same Ulysum.

When I was myself again I saw they were writing in their note-books. They thanked us and went away.

I asked Trust if it was my soul that went with my spirit from Saturn when I went home, to Earth

"No," said Trust. "It was Cyrvissa's, Elissa's and mine. Your soul power was too greatly hampered with the errors of spirit and body, but you can strengthen it by doing as you have been taught." Then he told me to take a rest, for we should leave Sunda in a few hours. This I felt I needed, for, to tell the truth, I was very tired. I slept until Trust called me to wake up and get the ship ready. We rolled it back to the field where we landed. Here we saw other large ships. Soon after we arrived Deabetrix and Perfectus came with their

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attendants and entered their ships. How I wished many times I was going with them. While we were waiting, a youth brought me a note. It was from Permissa:

*“Speed thee well, and speed thee true,  
Through the paths of liquid blue;  
May the thoughts we send to Earth  
Ransom bring, to all new birth.*

“I send you a piece of the bride’s dress which, in this world, is said to bring good luck. Farewell, from PERMISSA.” How good everybody was in the perfected life. Why is it that we of Earth quarrel and differ so much? Quarrel, and cheat, and lie, when, in time, we must all become brothers and sisters. Trust divined my thoughts: “*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*”\*

I saw it all. Poor children of Earth, they had never stopped in their selfish striving to consider what life really meant. What a busy place the field was. Boxes and packages were being taken into the ships containing everything needed in the new world. The captains kept walking back and forth singing, “All is well in Asadore.” I asked the captain of one of the ships where Asadore was.

“Brother, Asadore always was, always will be; it was fashioned by builders who always were and always will be, out of material that was and is and always will be. All is well in Asadore, Praise God.”

“Have you any idea that the people who are going with you know what they will encounter in a new world?” I questioned.

“My dear brother, perfection hath naught to fear; the soul power, the higher intelligence, can conquer all evil and bring it into harmony in a short time, if it keeps the law, and departs not from the true path. Come with us. Do not return. We may find a way to deliver you from the defects Evil has placed upon you. All is well in Asadore, Praise God.”

Trust called to me, so I turned reluctantly away, sorry that I was not one of them, and rebellious that I had found out there was a difference. When we were well up in the sky, Trust called my attention to a small white speck coming through the

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\* Luke xiii.: 34.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

halo. It grew larger and larger until I saw it was a ship. Its passengers were more Litterarraians coming to burn their books. Trust and the Captain exchanged greetings, while I watched the eager, happy faces of the passengers. When they had gone on, Trust reminded me of my rebellious thoughts by saying, "There goes a happy band singing their praise songs. They don't seem very sorry that they have found out the difference between the lower and the higher life, do they? I take it they are singing a song of victory over Error."

I felt the reproof and was sorry that I had been foolish enough to have such thoughts.

Away we sped through space, my bonny bird obeying every command. I noticed the air around us was growing red; on looking down I saw it was caused by the burning books on Sunda. I felt thankful that more records were to be forgotten. *I will remember the evil days no more.* I fell asleep as I watched the ruddy shadows cast by the burning books of recollection.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### "CAMP BEAUTIFUL."

#### *THE STARS SHALL HEAR THE EARTH.*

*With apparatus all in tune, high on a mountain peak  
A mortal stood with folded arms, and tried with Mars to speak.  
He watched with telescopic eye its twinkling light appear,  
Then listened with a phonic ear some words from it to hear,  
"Hal Hal the apparatus works, my heart with joy will burst!"  
He reads in words of fire: "The Earth shall talk with Heaven  
first."  
Then mortal turn thy mind this way if knowledge thou wouldst  
seek  
For Mars and all the stars shall hear, when Earth and Sun shall  
speak.*

THE homeward journey was now begun, and like all the others it was dreamy and uneventful. My good friend and guardian angel watched beside me while I slept. Most of my waking time was spent listening to Trust's description of the perfect life and how easy it would be for Earth to become a perfect world if it would only break away from the thralldom of Evil. One conversation we had about planets I shall never forget. We had been talking about Mars and my foolishness while there. I spoke about the Earth's scientists, who were trying to communicate with Mars and I asked Trust if he thought they ever would make the Martians understand.

"Ulysum, the Earth will hear from God first. They will talk with the people of the Sun first." He took down my Bible and read from Hosea ii: 21: "*And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the Heavens, and they shall hear the Earth.\** You see, God will hear the Earth first, for it is a part of the Heavens, and when they have talked with God then they will talk with the stars. The people of

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\* Hosea ii.: 21.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

the Sun hear the Earth now, as you know, but Earth has never thought to harness the Sunbeams and talk with God. The Sun has smiled for centuries on Earth; been its light and heat, its strength, its artist, its physician, its food maker, its time-piece, its gem and mineral producer, its water maker, the mother to all mortal flesh, the light of God's home, and yet mortal man knows it not. Come unto the supper of the Great King. Come Earth, come stars, you are all bidden to the feast. Oh, what a day that will be for Earth when they open the door of science and speak with God, the loving Father of us all. When that day comes their halo will proclaim to the stars their perfect birth, and they will go from star to star as easily as the planets journey in their orbits."

This, of course, made a great impression on my mind. Then, again, I had delightful talks with Cyrvissa and Elissa on far-away Saturn. I used to hear their voices distinctly. They would tell me things that were happening and I had to believe in "thought waves," as Cyrvissa called them.

Trust and I had many talks about the perfected life and, while I was with him, I could see it all and understand it. Now that I am back in the old Earth life it seems but a grand beautiful dream, though his prophesies are being fulfilled day by day, and I look for the end as a sailor does for his home port. Though he cannot see it, he knows every hour that his ship rides the gleaming, sparkling waves, obeying the hand at the wheel, that it is nearing the goal for which he is bound.

Just before we reached Venus we overtook the ship *Triumph*. When we came near enough Utocomin hailed us with "Heave to, captain, we wish to ride with you." He sprang lightly over the side of my boat and then helped the others — Laomeline, Numa, and Heleftus. Herjii remained on the *Triumph* for some reason which was not explained to me. Utocomin gave me a slap on the shoulder in the old-time way of his and said: "You remember I told you, if it was possible, I would return home with you. My wish has been granted and I am to go with you." His face shone with the light of a genuine pleasure.

"I am afraid you will be disheartened and disappointed, Utocomin, for Earth conditions are so different, and my home is so humble and small compared with your home on beautiful Jupiter. Your enthusiasm will be chilled at the start."

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"Ulysum, we have allied ourselves with the students and adherents of the Prince of Heaven, the perfected Son of God, Whose blood will redeem the lost Eden. While we have been under instructions we have been with Him and He has approved our choice. The reasons you give are the very ones why we should go to help the weary plodders of Earth into better conditions. If I can help just one poor mortal to see the light of true life I shall feel more than paid for going. I am told there are many ready for the light and for them our efforts are to be directed. I shall spend some time with those who are trying to solve the airship problem, and there is so much to do that I expect to be very busy." He folded his arms and looked off into space in a thoughtful mood.

Laomeline called me to come and sit beside her and tell her all I had seen on Sunda. I described the hills of burning books, the records of Earth life, and how the Litterarraians sang, told her about Deabetrix and Perfectus and Asadore, while Numa and the others joined us and listened attentively. When I told them about my being called an escaped prisoner, they all enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. Heleftus said, seriously, "I cannot see why you are not one. I am a ransomed one bought with a price, but you are still a prisoner in the corrupt flesh."

Laomeline came to my aid by saying: "Ulysum, you have no idea what joy there is in learning the secrets that have been hid from us so long. It is grand to know that there is nothing impossible with God, that His wisdom is boundless. I feel drawn to Earth more and more, and I want you to feel that we are friends come to do you good. We know what it is to be humble and poor. My mission will be the uplifting of woman. Oh, what delight it will give me to see them advancing under my influence through God's help." She clasped her hands together in a transport of joy.

Then Numa spoke: "My life at home, on Neptune, was the life of a shepherdess. My flocks were led by me and I soon loved them and they me. I shall try to lead the sisters of Earth, by their sweet, gentle influence, to draw lost manhood back to the perfection it had before the fall. I am told that the lowest son of Earth respects a pure woman and sets her price above rubies. For six thousand years man has controlled the Earth



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and woman has had little voice in its government. She has seen her sons and daughters go down in Error and could only weep and pray. I am told that a thousand years shall be hers, and man will thank God for the woman that was given him."

Heleftus then told of his mission. "I shall teach the Earth-born through thought waves how to control the material by spiritual power; how to overcome disease by soul power." Thus they talked and I listened.

When we reached Venus I was not awakened until we were well nigh over its surface. It was Utocomin's cheery voice that roused me: "Come, wake up, and look down on the Camp Beautiful."

"What camp is it?" I asked, looking over and rubbing my half-opened eyes.

"The camp of the redeemed Earth-born. We have arrived at the meeting-place of the hosts that are gathering around the standard of Jesus of Nazareth. It is situated on the plains of Right by the River Joy on the planet Venus."

We were many days sailing over the camp for it occupied fully a third of the planet. Trust did not tell me to land until we reached a mountain range called "Mount Congregation." When we did land Trust told me to stay with my ship while he and the others went down to the city of tents.

I thought his actions a trifle queer, but I stayed and fixed up my ship, and ate my homœopathic supper, and, as usual, I was satisfied. I found a mossy spot beneath a venerable tree and threw myself down full length and wondered what would be the next sensation on the programme. I wondered what kind of people the Venusians were, and whether they were as perfect as those I had seen on other worlds.

As a golden sunbeam dropped down through the branches it kissed my face and hands and there came to my mind a remembrance of "The Land of Sunshine," the glorious Sun, and that beautiful, glorified vision of the Father.

Trust had told me that the part of Heaven I saw was that which pertained only to Earth progression; that there were wonders that some of the perfect worlds knew not of, nor would they, until Eden was restored.

Oh, blessed sunshine, how I long to fold you in my arms

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and drink and drink of your loving warmth. Your radiance first touched the loving Father's face ere you wandered through space to kiss mine. Never again will a gleam of sunlight cross my path but I shall be reminded of "The Land of Sunshine," and "The Supper of the Great King."

I noticed that the forest which covered "Mount Congregation" was well kept, and seemed to show recent work. The paths were clean, the trees perfect, the natural wildwood flowers and ferns in abundant profusion, all forming a wonderful scene of beauty. My attention was soon drawn to a flock of brightly-colored birds which were singing and flitting from branch to branch. I thought, "Dear little birds, your song-life is so joyous here in this mountain home, where life goes on forever, I envy you your happiness; for I, Ulysum Storries, must return to a dying world to meet and be conquered by death." I wished, somehow, that I could cheat it. Then I said aloud: "I will never leave Venus, I will run away from them all."

My ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Three men emerged from behind some trees and came directly toward me. They evidently did not see me as they were talking earnestly. They were nearly opposite me before they saw my ship; when they did they stopped and looked at it in amazement. Then they espied me. They bowed and came nearer, with curiosity expressed in every feature. One of them inquired if I was on my way to the Camp Beautiful.

"Those who came with me have gone there," I replied.

"Where do you hail from?"

"We came from Sunda."

"From Sunda? Why that is a perfected world."

"I know it is. I am not a Sundaite. I'm only a traveler."

"May I ask what you do call yourself?" he questioned.

"I am an Earthite. A mortal from the star Eden," I answered.

I wondered what they would say to that. I had not long to wait.

"From Earth, the Lost Eden? Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"I do mean it."

"Who showed you the way?" was the next query.

"I found it by accident," I answered. "I should say that

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from Mars I have had the company of an Immortal." I never mentioned going to the Moon.

"And the Immortal saw fit to bring you to the Camp Beautiful. No doubt he was moved by pity. The people at Camp Beautiful are all Immortals and are a wonderful type of spiritual beauty. You are not like them. What will he do with you while you are here?"

"Oh, I can take care of myself. I don't need help," I assured them.

Then one of them said: "Your skin is coarse and red, and that hair on your upper lip, is not that a deformity?"

When he asked that question I could not help laughing; it really did seem like a deformity to me, it had been so long since I had seen one on any one else. I explained that it was the fashion on Earth to wear them.

"Fashion? What is that?"

"Fashions are customs; we of Earth all wear beards when we get to be men."

"Do they think it looks better that way, or have you adopted it in honor of some animal or bug? Why we ask is this: many centuries ago we had on this world a species of part animal, part insect, which wore something like that, but it is now extinct, I wondered if you had any of them on Earth."

"No, we have nothing on Earth that we honor in that way only ourselves; some men are very proud of their beards," I replied.

One who had not yet spoken, said: "You realize that your Earth is full of Error, do you not?"

"Yes, I know it is a sinful world now, but we have the promise that it will be better some day."

The one who had spoken first, said: "That will take place, no doubt, when they shed their coarse red skins and the fungus growths on their upper lips, for I am sure they do not belong to the perfected life."

We talked for some time longer on different things, when I happened to mention my wife and child. I thought they would lose their wits at this bit of information.

"Wife and child?" "You married?" they cried, one after the other.

Then one asked: "How did it happen?"

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Now I had heard that question once before and that was when Zeb told father I was married to Henriette. "Gol darn it, boy, how did it happen?" He was boiling mad, and he gave me a free lecture about all the trouble I had made him since I came into the world.

I had always felt sore on that subject, so I answered shortly: "Because I wanted it to."

"Well, brother, it would not have been allowed on this world, and you certainly could not have understood the true obligations of the marriage relations or you would not have wanted it to happen in your present state."

One of the others asked if it was the custom for people on Earth to marry whom and when they wished.

"Why, certainly; why not?" I replied.

"That is why Earth is still in bondage. The corrupt birth keeps mortal man out of the true light. Do the children thank their parents for a life of such misery?"

"I never heard any of them object," I answered.

"Then that is as I explained a moment ago; the things that we are accustomed to are considered lawful. To marry on this world one must bear the mark of the Father on the forehead."

Once I had been to a lecture on phrenology, and the lecturer said the bumps of the head were an index to a person's character; so I inquired if they meant the bumps on one's head.

"I don't know what you mean by bumps on the head," he answered. Then he added: "To become a husband in this world one must be a perfect creation; have a perfect body, soul, and spirit."

"How do you know but what I am perfect for my world?" I asked.

"No one would doubt it who sees you," he answered "but you are far from right for this world."

"Are you going to Camp Beautiful?" one asked. "If you are we will show you the way. We are foresters and our period of labor is over; now we rest."

I excused myself, telling them I was waiting for my friends.

They were in no hurry for they sat down again and asked me to tell them about Earth.

I told them what I thought best. My journey had taught

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me that a close mouth showed a wise head and saved a whole lot of discussion. I left them in the dark as to how far we had progressed. I told them about Earth's scenery with its unlimited wealth of beauty. I spoke of our lakes, rivers, and the mighty expanse of seas; of our mountain ranges, of our plains and valleys, and I drew a fancy sketch and embellished it by introducing scenes I had witnessed during my wanderings in the perfect worlds.

"How old are you?" questioned one.

When I told them, they could not understand.

"Why, you look as old as we do and older," they cried, "and we are nine hundred years old."

After they had gone I thought about a life that had no ending of days. I became rebellious; I forgot my friends, Utocomin, Laomeline, and all the others, and just made a break for liberty. I started down the mountain on my way to Camp Beautiful, with my mind made up to remain on Venus till the Earth was redeemed. How I came to do this I never could quite understand, unless it was caused by the talk about death that I had heard on every planet I had visited. They all seemed to know that life on Earth ended in a break-up of some kind; a sorrow that was long drawn out, and their sympathies were excited for the poor Earth-born. No doubt, being pitied so much sapped my courage, and I determined not to return. What I expected to do with Trust, or where I expected to go that he would not find me, did not trouble me at that time. Regardless of consequences I headed down the mountain in a "bee line" as father used to say, following the sounds that came from the camp.

I stopped now and then to admire the beauties around me; I lost my bearings, and, finally, lost my way entirely. The sounds seemed to come from one direction, and then from another. I became bewildered, and, after roaming around for a long time, realized that I was lost on Mount Congregation. There is no more uncomfortable feeling than that of being lost. All the beauties of nature, all the warmth of the sunshine, the music of the breezes, the harmony of one's surroundings are lost. The bewilderment that comes from being lost supplants all other feelings, deadens all other sensations. I tried to find my ship, but could not. I tried to trace the Halo

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light, but it seemed to move in circles. As I walked on the sounds from the camp grew fainter and fainter, and I grew more and more weary. Finally, I came to a small pond or miniature lake. It was a sparkling sheet of water, and, at any other time, I would have feasted my eyes on its beauties. To my highly-wrought nerves it was simply an obstacle in my way, to hinder me in finding the way to the camp. I decided to swim across instead of walking around it. I disrobed, tied my clothes in a bundle which I strapped on my back, plunged into the crystal waters and struck out for the opposite shore. I reached it without any inconvenience, and to my surprise I found I was nearing the outer edge of the forest. What had seemed a hindrance had proved a blessing, for, as I came out into the open, below me, in full view, was the great camp of gleaming white tents which seemed to have no beginning and no ending.

“Saved! Saved! Everybody saved!” kept ringing in my ears, as I hurried down the mountain side and came to the city of tents. I stood thinking just what I had better do when I heard footsteps approaching. I stepped behind some shrubbery where I found I could see nicely and not be seen. It was a group of Immortals whose faces shone with a light like that I had seen on faces in Heaven.

I heard the man say: “Lydia, dear wife, I am so glad you have come. We are all here now, united forever.” He put his arm about her, drew her head upon his shoulder and kissed her forehead, saying: “The fulness of love and joy, dear, without a shadow of sorrow to mar our future life.”

Then the children kissed them both; there were three girls and a boy, and they all knelt down and thanked God for the happy reunion.

What a revelation this was to see real flesh and bone, not shadows, talking about living forever. On Earth I had been told that after death we were shadows, but Trust said that man was the shadow.

There, as everywhere I had been, life was real with tangible bodies, not shadowy, being without substance. I remember when Toby and I went to Sunday-school, one of the teachers, Miss Albina Staid, told the class that we would be spirits after

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death; shadows that no one could see with mortal eyes and that we would fly around, and always stay so.

I remember that we went home and told mother. Father who overheard us, said: "I don't believe a word on't. As I read my Bible it says the Lord made man in his own imij. Now it don't say nothin' but imij. When he gets done with us we'll be puffict and like Him. Them's my 'pinions," and he went out to the barn.

Poor Miss Staid, what a surprise awaits you when you die and find yourself a reality instead of a shadow.

No sooner had the reunited family gone than a young man and maiden appeared. I couldn't help listening. The young man said: "Alice, my own lost love, I have found you again, dear; we meet here by the river Joy to part no more. How happy we shall be in the fulness of love forever. Thou art mine again as you were in the old Earth life when I left you alone."

"Yes, dear George, our sorrows are forgotten in our present happiness. We shall now live in the forever day."

Next a mother came with two children, one about five and the other about seven years old. Fondly caressing them, she asked if the time had seemed long for them to wait for her coming.

"Why, no, mamma, the angel who cared for us looked just like you, and we never knew the difference until you came and our eyes were opened."

"I am so glad it was so," said the mother. "The others will soon be with us, and we shall be united forever."

Two men came from opposite directions and they stopped to exchange greetings.

"Well, well, John, this is a surprise. Glad to meet you in the land of youth, and sunshine. Here all our differences are ended; love is our daily food and my heart is full for you and everybody."

"Ah, yes, David; after all, on Earth we were only grumbling children, full of mistakes. Our poor corrupt bodies were the real cause of all our disputes. The purging process has cleansed our spirits and made us whole, thank God, and we are enemies no longer."

Some children came next, and one of them was talking about

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a little boy who, in his Earth life was lame and a hunch-back. She exclaimed: "You ought to see him now. He is just as nice as any of us; his humpback all gone, and he can walk the same as we do."

A maiden and a young child passed by. The little girl asked her companion if she had seen poor old Joe Smythe who used to frighten her so in the Earth life when he was drunk.

"Yes," replied the maiden, "and what a change. I was so pleased to see that his life is purified. How merciful our Father in Heaven is when He stoops to raise the fallen and garner them into His Kingdom."

Then I heard a voice. "Ulysum, I am Zyona. Do you remember how the flowers in the Heavenly gardens were restored as soon as they were gathered? Men and women are the flowers in the Garden of Life. Watch and pray that you fall not back. God is bringing the members of each family together again. Flowers of Earth restored to the garden of Everlasting Life."

How ashamed I felt that Zyona knew of my weakness. "Pray that you fall not back," kept running through my mind. I was sorry I had not stayed where Trust left me.

I was awakened from my dream by hearing shouts, and saw four men running towards me. One cried: "Here he is." "A perfect and rare specimen of the Giantasisis," said one. He grasped me by the arm: "Come along! We will take you to the Museum." I struck out right and left, and two went to the ground. Then I broke off a stout branch from a tree and was ready for the others. They looked troubled. One of them took out a book and read: "It walks upright, carries a stout stick for defence, is covered with a coat of hair, and is fierce if molested. Yes, this is a Giantasisis of the Bugman species."

I placed myself on the defensive as they seemed prepared to rush at me. I told them to stand off or they would get something worse than they had yet. Said I: "The best thing you can do is to mind your own business and let others do the same." I straightened up and looked them over. It was as good as a show to see those fellows open their eyes and stare at me and then at one another. Finally one of them spoke up in a grieved



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tone. "Excuse us, brother; we meant no harm, not in the least. But, you see, this is the greatest event of our lives; to hear an embryo mortal from the Lost Star Eden talking intelligently. Why, it is wonderful, for we had no idea that they had come to the language period yet. Will you be kind enough to tell us if all on Earth are cognizant of their evolution period; I mean before they were cast out from Heaven?"

Another said: "How does he know about the life before he was cast out? Does the plant remember the damp dark clod in which its seed was planted and the travail of bursting forth into life?"

"Brother," said the first speaker, "tell us if you are happy in your imperfect body. We are anxious to know and understand what you do on Earth and what it is like."

As I looked at them I knew it was not idle curiosity that had prompted them to question me, but a real desire to learn the truth. I felt it was their right, at least, that I should be civil to them, considering that they had apologized. I told them it was as much a surprise to me to have them call me a Museum freak as it was for them to hear me talk. I told them we, on Earth, knew nothing about our past lives. I told them there were people on Earth who believed that the life they were living was the only life they ever had lived or ever would live till they went to Heaven.

One of them asked me to tell them about the colleges on Earth and I was doing my best to describe the outside of the one in L—, I had never been on the inside, when a messenger came and said he had been sent to accompany me to my friends.

My four "students" protested against my leaving them. They wished to hear more about the Earth. I explained what my absence would mean if my friends were ready to leave the planet. To my astonishment one leaped up into the air, turned a somersault, then sailed through the air like a bird; then another, and another, until the four were up in the air performing the most wonderful manœuvres I ever saw.

The messenger said: "Spiritualized bodies control all conditions of elemental force. *And man shall have dominion over all things.*"\*

We left them, I promising to return if possible, and they

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\* Gen. i.: 26.

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watched us until we crossed a bridge and were on our way to the camp.

When we reached Camp Beautiful the messenger said: “Your friends are attending Commencement at Perfection College. It is for young ladies and they are delivering orations and reading essays. Would you not like to hear them?”

I thought I had better do so quietly, and not disturb Trust and the others. If they had not been very much interested in what they were doing they would not have left me to my own resources so long. Then I thought, Trust knew my rebellious thoughts and had left me to learn my own lesson and profit by it. So I told the messenger I would like to hear the young ladies.

We entered an immense circular hall, with tier upon tier of seats like the Roman Coliseum that I had seen pictures of. I saw Trust, and the others were sitting with the President of the College. I was way back, but could see perfectly and hear every word that was spoken distinctly.

It seemed to me that everywhere we went they had gone almost crazy about the Lost Star Eden, our poor Earth. The President of the College had given that as a subject and the essays were called “Exercises in literary imagination.” I had heard so much in that line I didn’t pay strict attention, being more interested in looking at the beautiful students, but one reference to the Prince of Darkness struck me as particularly good.

“He was called *Satan* for his rashness; *Evil*, because he brought trouble and error to his misguided followers, and *Devil*, because he hated everything good and was constantly fighting it.”

I was greatly amused at the description given of “The Last Man on Earth” by one of the essayists. After telling how the men died, all but one, she read on: “Now when they had all departed into the dreamless sleep, but one, this ONE became the idol of that world, the absorbing passion of all who were on it He was a being to love and venerate, and he was claimed by every one on that planet as their very own. He was fêted by all and his slightest wish granted. He was clothed in the finest and rarest of silks and decked out with the most precious gems. He became a dazzling object of adoration. He rode

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in a solid gold car drawn by forty beautiful maidens. The car was the gift of that world and the jewels that ornamented it were given by his admirers. His long curly hair was plaited in two braids and tied with scarlet bows. They hung over his shoulders and showed the care and attention bestowed upon them by loving hands. His long satin mantle was scarlet and lined with the softest of vegetable wools gathered upon the hillsides. His anklets, armlets, and rings were set with precious gems. The finest of spider-web lace was part of his attire. He wore dainty lace stockings and gold cloth shoes set with diamonds covered his feet. In whatever city or village he was guest the maidens went out, while yet the dew sparkled on the flowers, and gathered the drops for his ablutions, while these beauties of Nature's garden were made to give up their sweetness for his meat. Thus he bathed in the gentle dew, and the honey of flowers was his food. The poets sang songs about him; the musicians played sweet harmonies for him. Always a welcome guest wherever he went, his departure was the occasion for sorrow until his coming again was joyfully heralded. But despite all this loving care he, too, passed into the dreamless sleep and the whole world was a place of mourning. They placed his body in the golden car, surrounded him with regal splendor, and carried him from place to place, forever and forever, for, so much had they loved him, they could find no permanent resting place to satisfy them all."

The messenger took this seriously for he asked me: "Did you come away from Earth before the last man died?"

"There was plenty of them alive when I left," I answered.

What the young lady read next was the funniest of all.

"At length a maiden said she had dreamed how to make a man from dust, and she had also discovered how to make the vital spark. She bade them make a dust man, and when he was completed she would supply the vital spark. So they did as she directed, but when they went to lift him up one arm was broken, one leg dropped off, and the smile on his face fell into his mouth. The vital spark went out and they dropped the creature in disgust and wept long over their failure."

The best essay was written by a young lady named Vilda.

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It was about two perfected lovers who visited Earth, and was entitled “CELICE AND THERON.”

“There had been much speculation and conjecture among the inhabitants of Heaven as to how the Earthites were being punished for their disobedience. The sorrow of the Heavenly Father at their long continued wilfulness was apparent to all, and the whole universe mourned with him. At last a messenger, returning from Earth, related his experiences on that world. He said, that all error punished the offender for like begets like, and error returns to the sender. So they were always in trouble on account of their own misdeeds. This, to those who had kin on that world, was a sore trial. They grieved almost without hope, but they held councils and considered how to reach and to bring the wanderers back again. No one was bold enough to seek the Father and ask his advice, and so the time passed in gloomy and sorrowful forebodings, not only on the Sun, but on every other perfected world.

“At last a dear little Immortal maiden, whose name was Celice, who had a loving heart, bethought her to ask the Father the favor of being sent to the Lost Star Eden to try and win them back to harmony with song and music.

“Celice was one of the most beautiful of the angels and was greatly beloved by all. Her voice had the tender thrill and melody of some rare feathered songster, the richness of musical waters, the pathos, and depth of the elements, the culture and refinement of a perfected spirit, and was a never-to-be-forgotten delight to all who were fortunate enough to hear her sing. Her beautiful, radiant face was wreathed about by a wealth of golden curls; her form was lithe and graceful; her manners charming but retiring. She approached the Father with her request, and after due consideration, her wish was granted. Never did maiden set out on a journey with more anticipation of joy than did Celice. Many of the dwellers of Heaven accompanied her to the outer edge of harmony where they bade her farewell with many blessings. She went blithely along, singing until all space seemed peopled with echoes answering to her melodies.

“Coming from a home of love and order, how great was her surprise to find that Earth was a world of disorder, a world of

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injustice and hatred. She was frightened and grieved at the sins she saw around her.

“But her task must be accomplished; she overshadowed the singers of Earth and they sang entrancing melodies. The children of darkness paused to listen as the chords of a long lost melody awoke the echoes of the past, and filled their hearts with cravings after something better. Next she influenced the musicians until they became great composers, and Earth was filled with echoes from Heaven.

“For a long time she wandered up and down among the Earth-born, and though they listened with rapture, when the music and singing stopped they returned to their old ways, and the darkness of Evil seemed to close around her. But her pity had turned to love, and she worked the harder. After many disappointments she saw some awaken to the consciousness of wrong doing and they became penitent and obedient. This she hailed with joy, for she could now return and tell the Father her mission had not been a total failure. Then, too, she longed for her friends in her blissful Heavenly home; one in particular, her preferment, Theron by name, who was praying for her return. She would ask him to accompany her back to Earth, and that both be permitted to wear the Earth body. By so doing they could the more readily understand conditions.

“When she reached Heaven and expressed this wish to Theron, he objected to going, but when he listened to her story of the wrongs and injustice in that misguided world, and also having kin there, he consented to accompany her, as an immortal, so as to measure the self-sacrifice that would be required to adopt the mortal state and thus bring a full measure of fruit for the Father.

“They departed, showered with blessings from all their friends. They landed on Earth in a large city, in the midst of a noisy crowd that had collected to witness a fight between two intoxicated men. They gasped for a moment when Theron exclaimed: ‘Shocking!’ Celice’s eyes filled with tears and she was about to influence some one to sing, when both men were arrested and carried off to prison and the crowd broke up.

“Then they visited a vast amphitheatre, crowded with people, who had come to witness two other combatants fight for fame

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and gold. When it was over, and one was bruised with blood flowing from his wounds, the multitude cheered and smilingly clapped their hands.

" 'Celice, this is truly shocking,' said Theron.

" 'Ah, such a pity,' replied Celice, looking sadly at their marred faces.

" 'But, Celice,' said Theron, 'Why do they not put these in prison as they did the others?'

" 'Dear Theron, this is *Professional*, and it is allowed in this world.'

" Next they saw a poor man caught stealing fuel to keep his family warm, and he was cast into prison and his family left to suffer.

" Then they went to a large building where men made vast sums of money by cheating, and false representation, and the people bowed down to them, and their names were in everybody's mouth as great men while their poor victims were scorned and forgotten. 'Oh, how shocking!' cried Theron. 'Celice, how is this?'

" 'It is *Professional*, Theron, but such a pity.'

" The next place they entered was a large hall where a hero was being fêted and worshiped, and they made him a present of gold. But not a word of thanks went up to God for the inspiration that had helped this hero and led him to success; and never a thought for the shivering crowd that looked on, wishing and longing for some of the good things to come to them.

" 'Shocking! Shocking!' cried Theron, 'My heart will break from the injustice of Earth.'

" 'It is *Professional*, dear, and is allowed in this world; let us go on,' said Celice.

" Then they saw a man stand up before another man and in anger, take his life. One passed into the dreamless sleep, while the other was cast into prison. And Celice and Theron wept bitterly for the sins of Earth.

" They went to a home where a woman lay in a drugged sleep; and men with sharp-edged knives cut into her quivering flesh.

" She, too, passed into the dreamless sleep, but the world applauded the men's skill, for the operation was a success.

" 'And why are these men not punished,' asked Theron.

" 'Because it is *Professional*,' cried Celice, throwing herself

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weeping into Theron's arms, where his tears mingled with hers.

"They hurried to a vast plain where a multitude of men stood up before another multitude and they made war upon each other. Men fell on every side, and the red current of life watered the ground, where war's victims passed into the dreamless sleep by thousands. Celice, in broken accents, told Theron war was *Professional* and one of Earth's customs.

"'Celice, would you be willing, dear, to wear the Earth body after this? The sacrifice would be too great. No one but a Son of God could withstand the sins and sorrows of the mortal state.' Trembling with emotion he said: 'Let us return to Heaven, where harmony reigns and discords are not. You have sowed the good seed of music and song; now you must rest until the harvest. Some day we will return, for the good seed once sown cannot be destroyed. Come, dear; they miss thy voice in Heaven.'

"He led her up through the blue ether; as they paused to look down upon the wild unfinished world, Theron cried: 'How long, beautiful Eden, will you be content to remain in outer darkness? A slave to Satan, who is keeping you from the true knowledge of your God! Oh, Earth, break the chains of your bondage, *know thyself*, and the divinity of your own soul power.'"

When the exercises were over and the rewards given I saw Trust coming towards me. It was a long time before he reached me for he shook hands and talked with so many, and I wondered how it was that Trust knew people in every world.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### BACK TO EARTH.

*We work and strive, nor ask we why  
Our inborn powers rise and try  
To force us on through unknown fields  
To win rich trophies life reveals.  
But when, through work, we gain the prize,  
We, like a god, at once arise,  
And smile at all mistakes gone past —  
For victors we become at last.*

WHEN Trust saw me he sang out: "Ho, comrade, ho! How did you come here? We will go to the camp together and from there to the mountain where our ship is and start for Earth." When we reached the river Trust went down the steps and hailed a passing boat. As we sailed towards the camp I told him about the Giantasis Bugman of the college boys. My experience made him smile faintly, but the essay about the "last man" was too much for his mirthful spirit and he burst into a hearty laugh, saying he thought the poor man had a hard time of it. He told me to look back through all my journeyings and tell him if I had ever seen an imperfect being in any of the perfect worlds.

As we rode through Camp Beautiful I saw how systematically it was laid out. The tents were marvels of elegance, being fashioned of silver cloth and ornamented with gold fringe. How they glistened in the Halo light.

We were soon in the midst of bustle and activity, but the best of good nature seemed to reign everywhere. We found the tent where the rest of our party was staying, and the first question from all was, "Why, Ulysum, how did you get here?"

"How did he get here?" said Trust, "Why, he ran away, was arrested and nearly locked up in a college museum. When I found him, he had been listening to the college girls, lost to everything but the brightness of their liquid brown eyes, the



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beauty of their graceful forms, and the charm of their gracious manners. And they? Why he was a marvel and a wonder. They had never before seen and heard a genuine Giantasis! Am I right, Ulysum?" Trust burst into a merry laugh in which the others joined.

I felt a little piqued at Trust for making fun of me before the girls, but Laomeline said: "Use your soul power, Ulysum, and say it is right and it will be."

"Now that you have seen the better life, do you think the old will win you back again?" questioned Numa.

"When the time comes that I do not see you all with me, it is uncertain whether my soul power will be strong enough to follow the right course at all times," I answered.

"I will help you," said Heleftus.

"We will all help you," cried the others.

"We shall be near you, Ulysum," said Numa. "If you will go, listen in silence; when you are at a loss what to do in Earth life, we will whisper the truth to you and strengthen you with our soul power."

"We are to attend a tent meeting," said Utocomin, "would you like to go with us?"

Trust interposed: "I think he had better rest now."

After they had gone he said: "Go to that swinging couch and have a good rest, for we start for Earth in the eleventh watch."

This was welcome news for me. I had ceased to fear the journeys through space. If one was in the right pathway, the orbit force carried him along, without inconvenience or perceptible motion, as fast as the planets; as to hunger or thirst the exhilarating stratum around him was both food and drink, no matter how long the journey lasted.

The thought of leaving perfection for imperfection, life for death, intruded itself and my joy was tempered by sorrow, although I longed to see my own and tell them of my wanderings.

I was awakened by the singing of the multitudes around me. How strange it seemed to be in Camp Beautiful with people who, at some time or other, had lived on Earth; had struggled the same as those who live there now are struggling; had been tempted and fallen; had risen to fall again, but at last, had

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won the victory over every error, and had been born into the perfected Immortal body.

After breakfast Trust took me to a song service in one of the tents. Trust said it would hold five thousand people. At the sound of a bell all knelt down for silent prayer after which all arose and sang. In the band was every kind of musical instrument I had ever seen. When they struck the first notes I almost jumped from my seat. When they sang I nearly fainted from the rush of joyful emotions that took possession of me, the effect was so grand.

A maiden from among the choir chanted in a rich melodious voice: *"In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah.\* Salvation will God appoint for walls, and bulwarks. Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Amen, Amen."*

Then all arose and sang: *"Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with his people and be their God.† And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away. Glory, glory, be to God on high, who is, and was and ever shall be."*\*

I drew a long breath, for I was spellbound with ecstasy by the music and the singing.

"Trust," I asked, "are they always singing and praying here?"

"Always, with thankful hearts they break forth in praise or prayer, whether at work or at any other time, for they are full to overflowing with joy."

"Do they work here?"

"Work? They are always busy, but never fatigued. Labor in the perfect life is a pleasure, all the perfected workers of every craft are here, busy with the preparation of the New Jerusalem.

After we came out of the tent I noticed a beautiful blue cloud; not a dark blue, but a light, transparent blue like some precious

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\* Isa. xxvi. : 1.

† Rev. xxi. : 3.

§ Rev. xxi. : 4.

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gems I had seen in Heaven. It rose slowly from the eastern horizon, and, as it came nearer, I saw what appeared to be buildings on it, and they shone like burnished gold. "Look Trust," I cried: "What a wonderful mirage, so like the Golden City on the Sun."

"That is not a mirage, Ulysum, but a real city in process of building. A city made without sound of chisel or hammer, fashioned by workman from the Beautiful camp and by others who are sent from Heaven. It is called *The New Jerusalem*, and will in time adorn the new Earth. It will be fashioned like the one on the Sun. When it is finished and rests upon Earth, everyone in that world will journey to it to worship in its tabernacle."

For a long time there was silence between us, as we stood and watched that wonderful picture in the sky.

"Wonderful!" I finally exclaimed, enchanted by the beautiful scene. Trust was about to speak when a group of young men passed us, talking in an animated way about some event, and occasionally laughing happily. Trust told me that they were once the cripples, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the mentally deficient of Earth. You see, now that the prison walls of the body have been broken by death how perfect and beautiful the freed spirit has become."

"Can it be possible that such splendid looking youths were ever imbeciles?" I asked.

"Yes, they were the ones whose seed was blighted in some way."

As we journeyed through the camp toward Mount Congregation, Trust told me there was a large number going with us to Earth to influence the inhabitants to come more fully into the spiritual knowledge of life.

"Is not that inspiring news, Ulysum? God's seed is in us, and he has promised to save it. *Oh, death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory?\** For thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the Earth shall cast out her dead.† It gives me great joy, Ulysum, to know that you on Earth are all coming home;

\* 1 Cor. xv: 55.

† Isa. xxvi: 1

## BACK TO EARTH.

that a tenth is in you all, and that it will work until it will leaven the whole and all are perfected and made whole."

When we reached the top of the mountain I was surprised to see a large crowd around my ship. Among them were Reliable and the others of our party. Then, too, I saw the college boys and girls. The college girls wished to go inside my ship. Laomeline said she would go with them, and I was going, too, but Trust told me to go with Reliable and see a large telescope in a tower just outside the forest.

I turned to Reliable: "Do you know I would like to stay on this world just to learn the art of bringing flowers to the highest stage of beauty. I love flowers above everything else that grows. Still, I should like to understand about fruit and know how to cultivate it as I saw it done in Heaven."

"Ulysum, that is all coming to Earth; it is on its way there now. *For knowledge shall greatly increase\** in the last days."

As we came out into the open I saw a skeleton-like structure with telescopes, large and small, in position. As we approached it a man came out of a tent to welcome us. When he saw Reliable he smiled and held out his hand saying: "I am glad to see you Enrique; it is a long time since you were here; do you come to stay with us?"

"Not this time, Jasper; but I shall return soon. I have brought you a mortal who would like to see your great lens and look at his home, the Earth. He has journeyed all around the solar system and is now on his way home — Ulysum Storries, of Earth."

"Glad to meet you, brother; have you learned the true secret of life in your journeyings?"

"I am afraid not," I replied.

"But the journey has done you good in many ways, has it not?" Still holding my hand and smiling pleasantly.

"Oh, yes; if I get home all right, I shall be glad I came."

Jasper asked me to come with him and we went up some steel stairs until we reached the top of a tall tower. He adjusted a mammoth telescope and told me to look through it. Well, say! Talk of seeing things; why, there was the city of L—. As he moved a lever the line of view moved along from street to street, out to the suburbs, then along a country road

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\* Dan. xii. : 4

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

until we came to the schoolhouse and father's home. As I looked up to Jasper, in surprise, he smilingly remarked: "This is the way I journey; just creep along with my lens and note all that the Earth is doing. Now, if I could only make them talk I should be happy." He showed me other Earth cities, mountains, and rivers, oceans with their ships, islands and lakes, all as plain as if they were moving pictures instead of views of a real world millions of miles away. It was all so marvelous to me, I looked and listened with breathless attention.

"Did you live on Earth once?" I asked.

"Yes, and while there I was an earnest student of astronomy. This is a delightful world. Whatever you longed for in your Earth life, that is right, is granted to you here in the fulness of perfection. Every moment is full of joyous activity that never wearies or oppresses. Ah, here come some lady visitors," and we hastened to descend and greet them. They proved to be our party with the college boys and girls, and Trust with them, rolling my ship along.

"I thought we would start from here," he said. And the girls wanted to look through the lens at Earth."

One of the students named Vilda said she wished she could go to Earth as a teacher.

Trust, who had been listening, said: "Sister, you spoke of becoming a teacher. If the Earth-born would not heed the holy angels, would not listen to the prophets, or learn of the Son of God, what chance do you think you would have? No, they must taste the bitter; live and die, until they are perfected."

The others joined us, and our ship being ready we bade the Venusians "Good-bye" and went up, on our way toward my home on Earth; thus we left the planet of *Love* and perfection for the Earth where man dwells in dust, with all the vicissitudes and wearisome trials of life; where, to win and wear a crown, he must bear his cross, leagues and leagues, until the burden is lifted from his shoulders by God's own edict, when the Father is satisfied and pronounces their work well done. Trust told me to watch the planet Venus and see all I could; that he would care for the ship until we had passed the city on the clouds.

As in all the other perfect worlds, perfection was everywhere,

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but the scene that attracted my attention most was the beautiful camp of gleaming white tents, and I fancied I could hear the songs of praise long after we had lost sight of it. Then, too, I watched the River Joy, as long as I could see its silver colored waters. This thought came to me. With all the people then on Earth, and all those who had lived there but were coming back, where could they be put. Reliable divined my thoughts, and said: "In the twenty-first chapter of Revelations you will find these words: *And there shall be a new Earth, and there shall be no sea.*"\* When the seas are gone, Ulysum, there will be plenty of room. Plenty of room, brother, for man is born to his inheritance; a home, enough to eat, and clothes to wear; money will not be needed for there will be nothing to buy. Whatsoever a man needs that shall he have and enjoy, beneath his own vine and fig tree."

How quickly the value of riches had faded from my mind and that of the perfected life increased. I turned to Reliable, and said: "The perfect life seems the only thing worth living for; all else is vanity and vexation of spirit."

He replied: "You see what the Saviour meant when He said *Lay not up for yourselves riches.*† You see there is something of vastly more importance. Do not envy the rich; their money is given to them for a purpose. Though you see them do wrong with it, remember it is only lent, and an account of their stewardship will be required from them in some one of their lives if not in the one you see. God knows and sees them all. Do not hate or deride the rich but enjoy all that their wealth creates with the thought that God made it possible for them to do these things when He gave them understanding by which they were able to do it."

Laomeline and I were talking one day about preferment love and Earth love; she told me that Earth love was the embryo of the love that was perfected in Heaven, but that mother love was the nearest to the divine of any on Earth. That meeting and parting, and parting and meeting, were designed for the progressive growth of the material into immortality. "*For they that sow in tears shall come rejoicing to gather the harvest in joy.*"\*

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\* Rev. xxi.

† Matt. vi: 19.

§ Psalm cxxvi: 5.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

Just before we reached the Earth all my friends came to bid me farewell, telling me I would not see them again until we met in the perfect life. Herjii came first; he told me he should keep in touch with my daily life, and would visit me in person as often as his work would permit. Be kind and hospitable to all." said he, "*For some have entertained angels unawares.*"

Heleftus came next: "Brother, we are about to part; I to go my way, you to go yours, but in the silence of the night when the mortal is passive I shall come and talk with you."

"Well, Ulysum, keep your eyes open, and make a perfect air-ship. Only cut the air flat wise the same as the clouds and the rest is easy," said Utocomin. "Who knows but we two will some day return to Jupiter together in one of your ships. I shall not forget you or leave you long at a time; when any old saying, or snatch of song, or piece of advice, or action of mine, comes to you, then know my spirit is near; if you listen, you will hear my voice and we will commune together."

Numa thanked me for all my kindness to her, telling me that it would be like bread cast upon the waters which, after many days, would return sevenfold. "My interest in your welfare will never cease, and I shall delight to do you good."

Laomeline told me to remember the old days on Mars as days of preparation for us both, and the days on the Sun, in the forever land, as a glimpse of the happy time when life was perfected. "I shall come many, many times to your home to help the dear little mother and your child, and though Numa and I can be only spirit visitants you will know and feel our presence, and if you will let us communicate with your inner consciousness you and yours will be abundantly repaid."

"Farewell," said they all, and, with hearty handclasps, they passed out of my ship, and Trust and I were alone.

It was early morning when Trust told me to let the ship descend to Earth and with a glad cry of joy I set about to do his bidding.

When we left the cloud plane and I could begin to see the surface, I was surprised to find it covered entirely with snow and ice, with no sign of a dwelling. When I questioned where we were Trust answered: "We are near the North Pole. I had you come here because I must bid you good-bye here for a time. Steer southwest and all will be well."

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He suddenly disappeared, and I realized that I was alone. I had a creepy feeling come over me at the thought of landing in such a cold, forlorn place, though it was part of the dear old Earth, and I determined to start for home at once. But should I ever see Trust again?

When I was well up in the sky again, I struck a light breeze from the north that took me rapidly southward.

One night I fell asleep and dreamed that Trust came and told me he wished me to see in a vision all the beauty that had been promised to come to Earth to make it a perfect world. And this is what I saw: First, we went to the North Pole and there I saw a great whirlpool, or so it seemed to me. Trust told me it was an opening in the Earth whence the waters from the center came out and spread out over the Earth making seas and oceans. It spread out until it reached the South Pole where was another maelstrom or hole which it entered, constantly rushing through the centre of the Earth from South to North, there being another opening beneath the Gulf of Mexico from which hot water came to form the Gulf Stream which flowed Northward, its mission to melt the over supply of frozen water.

Then he showed me where the four great rivers would be when the oceans and seas were all gone. *River Pison, next Gihoe, third, river Hiddekel, the fourth, Euphrates.\** They divided the Earth into four quarters, and these rivers supplied water to the whole world by canals such as I had seen on Mars and the other perfect worlds. Then he showed me the Sacred City where the people would gather from all parts of the Earth to worship God. As I looked I saw it was like the one on the Sun. The streets were of gold, the palaces of gold, and precious stones adorned them all. I saw in the centre of the city a gorgeous temple the beauty of which I could not explain if I should try. But, if the city that is being builded upon the clouds is anything like my vision, then truly ear hath not heard, nor eye hath not seen a tithe of all the beauty that is to come.

Next he showed me the lovely cities and villages scattered all over the world. In their perfection, they looked like gems set in the midst of Nature's own beauties. Not a spot on the

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\* Gen. ii: 11-14.



## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN OTHER WORLDS.

whole world, but what smiled in its completion; for the curse was removed, and the Halo that enveloped the Earth proclaimed to all the other perfect worlds that Earth had come into its inheritance. Then Trust left me, and I awoke and marveled at my vision.

I must describe my reception at home. I reached there, though the end was a general smashup, just when I was full of joyful expectations at the thought of meeting my own and the surprise it would give them.

After leaving the Arctic regions, I traveled due south until I reached the large American lakes; then I lowered my ship and, at intervals, I inquired the way from city to city, until I reached my own state of Indiana. Then, I soon got my bearings and, after a time, I reached the farm and very meadow where ten years before I had started, as I thought, to solve the problem of air navigation.

How familiar everything looked. The bells of L— were ringing again the same notes of joy that they did on the Christmas Eve that I parted from my Earth friends.

When I was over the centre of the meadow I began to lower the ship; as I did so, I noticed one of the tanks of gas, that Utocomin had prepared for me, had become loosened from its fastenings, and was just ready to fall to the floor. This, I knew, must not be allowed to happen, and I sprang forward to put it back, when \* \* \* I knew nothing more until I pulled myself out of a big snow bank near the fence in the meadow, while my ship, my Sky Bird, that had enabled me to know the perfect life, was burning up, a short distance away. The fall in the snow bank had saved my life, but I was bruised and cut and my clothes torn as it was. How it happened, I cannot explain, unless the tank exploded, though I did not hear any noise.

I arose from the ground, hobbled to the house, and entered the dining room just as the family had seated themselves around the table to partake of a Christmas dinner. It had been the custom for years, in our family, to have our Christmas festivities at the homestead.

They were all there: Henriette, little Ute, or rather big Ute, for he had grown to be a big boy; brother Zeb and family, and Toby and her husband. She, I learned afterwards, had

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married a Methodist minister, the Rev. Harland Munsey.

As I opened the door and stepped in, they all looked my way. Toby screamed, "Why, it's Ulysum!" Then they all jumped up, and such a general handshaking, and hugging and kissing, and talking and crying, all at once, I never saw. Zeb asked me if my Sky Bird had beat me lame, and father said: "Wall wall, I dew declare, if thar's anything on earth that 'ud brought you hum it's roast turkey."

Then Toby pinched my arm and said, "Here Bub's a kiss for baby," and laughing and crying, she kissed me again on both cheeks and led me up to Henriette who was too happy to do anything but cry for joy.

"Wall, wall," cried father, "the vittles is all gittin' cold, and the minister is waiting for suthin' ter eat. Bring another plate, Nancy Ann, here's room nuff by Henriette," and he seated himself at the table and the others followed. Then Toby introduced me to her husband, the Rev. Harland Munsey, and father asked me where in creation I'd left that tarnal machine that took me away, and I saw his eyes were full of tears. It was a right jolly home coming, and I felt I loved them all.

"Ulysum," said mother, "you must be hungry; if you are not too badly hurt let us eat, then we will set you to rights and go into the parlor and hear the story of your wanderings. The minister asked a blessing, and we all ate dinner with a relish, with occasional jokes from father and Zeb about flying nine or ten years to get back to a good dinner.

When Henriette and mother had attended to my bruises, and I was comfortable, they all collected in the parlor, to hear me tell where I had been. I made my story as brief as possible, and they all listened in rapt silence. When I was done, I heard father say, "Wall, he's clean gone, that's sartin."

But when I told them about the Sun, and read the chapter in the Bible, Toby's husband said: "Wait, father, don't be too doubting. I really never once thought of that, but I don't know why in all reason it could not be so. I have read and read that chapter about the angel in the Sun many times, but I must say I never understood it as I do now. The eating of the flesh of horses and their riders, why yes, I see it now.

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The elements that compose them, that enter into their material bodies are made and molded into pure, clean, tempting food for the Great King's supper. Yes, yes," as Ulysum says. "the Lost Star Eden is the Hell we have searched for so long with its crude, wild, unsubjected elements. Oh, Lord, give us wisdom that we may know how to rule these forces unto perfection. Why, father, when I pick up my evening paper and read the awful headings, I am sick and heart-broken, for I feel hell is very near; certainly, there can be no worse one than exists right here in our midst. I feel this is true, and we must work harder and pray more for Earth's restoration."

Of course, after this, father was more anxious to hear me tell what I saw, but even then he would shake his head and say "Wall, it beats all I ever heerd or read on."

Seven years have passed since my return to Earth. It is the Merry Christmas time again and Henriette and myself, with our four children, are going to father's to eat turkey, and fill out the family circle which has been growing steadily larger. Zeb has six children, three girls and three boys, and Toby has three boys. Ulysum, Jr., is just ready to enter college. The eldest of the three who have come to our home since I returned is golden-haired, blue-eyed Laomeline; next is black-eyed Utocomin, with his roguish ways, and lastly sweet little three-months-old Numa who claims and gets the combined attention of the household. With these, my earthly blessings, I am very happy.

As we glide along over the snow, with the merry sleigh bells jingling, despite the chattering of the children, Henriette and I turn our eyes towards the sky and talk about the dwellers in the perfect worlds. We have learned to commune with the unseen; we catch the thought waves, and we send our own messages through space to those I met on my journey. As the days go on we learn more and more to lean on soul power, and acquaint ourselves with the inward consciousness, feeling that the tenth, or divinity within us, must grow and save us all.

We both are striving, with the light given us, to enter into the true circle of harmony, loving all, having charity for all, and lending a helping hand to all who need it. Looking

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forward to the time when God, our Father, with loving mercy, shall mark us with the seal of perfection on our foreheads, and pronounce us good, making us joint heirs with Christ, our elder Brother, Immortals, living forever in His truth and light.

With blessings for you and yours, reader, I bid you farewell, till we meet in the forever day, in the Summer land.

ULYSUM STORIES.

THE END.

## MAN.

Thy soul, O man, hath wandered far,  
Thy spirit claimed by many a star,  
Till perfect thou art called through space,  
To know thyself and thy lost race.

Come spirit come; the Master speaks,  
The knowledge that thy spirit seeks  
Shall burst in triumph light afar,  
To read thy name on some bright star.

Thy soul, O man, through God's best light  
Shall leave behind this troubled night,  
To wander where perfection brings  
A knowledge of diviner things.

To know thyself is God revealed,  
And knowing Him thyself art healed,  
Immensity is but a span  
When thou in light thro' God art man.

Then blest divinity hold sway  
To teach us all true Wisdom's way  
Let soul command our lesser part  
Through love and light from God's own heart.

Then soar away part of that plan  
That fashioned thee and called thee man,  
Still incomplete till spirit gain,  
The promised mark and the *New Name*.

AUTHOR.