

Child, A. B.

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Spiritism

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# PROGRESSIVE LIFE OF SPIRITS

AFTER DEATH,

AS GIVEN IN SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS TO, AND  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

A. B. CHILD, M. D.

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Rise o'er our land, bright sun of glory, rise; chase the shadow of night with thy sparkling rays; link hope with sorrow; whisper to sadness, there is a morning crown that will fade no more. — FLORA.

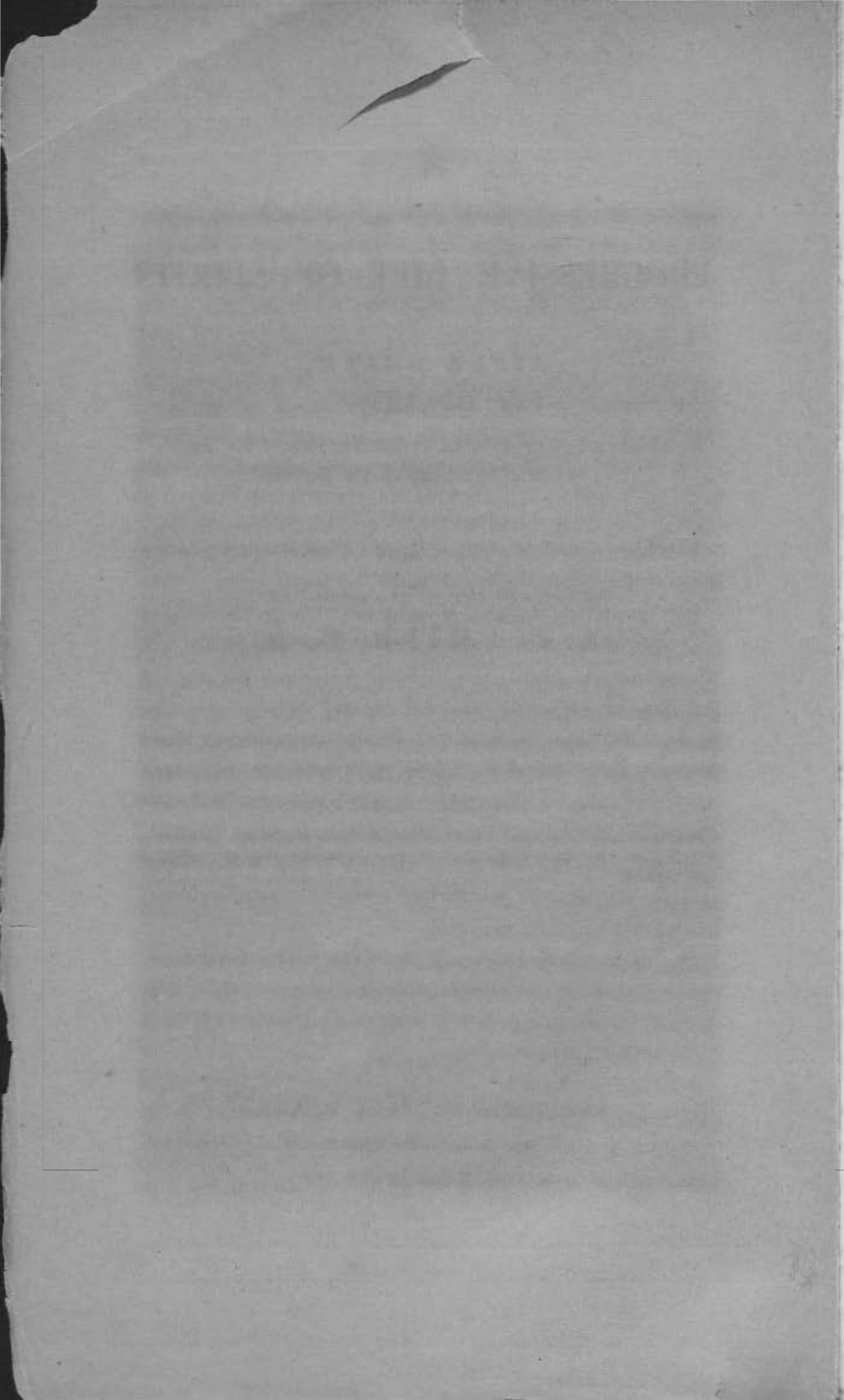
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## INTRODUCTION.

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How best can souls in darkness be turned from their evil pursuits to behold and love the light of wisdom ?

The germ of love is planted in every soul ; 't is planted there to germinate, to grow, and to unfold in fragrance and beauty. Love is the sweetest gift of God. It is the brightest stream to float the soul to Heaven on ; for on the calm and peaceful waters of pure love there are no dangerous rocks, no contra waves, no adverse winds, no stormy skies ; but all is a shining world of beauty, with a firmament of celestial, sparkling gems ; in each is the love of God made manifest.

We'll ask the darkened soul to read the love of God in every blessing ; and, when he sees the love of God made manifest to him, his soul will echo back some love.

'T is on the chords of love we'll play to tune the soul to harmony ; for 't is only on the chords of love we make sweet, heavenly melody. And with the song of love we'll go to the shades of sin and error, and invite sad souls to come to God.

We'll use no weapon but the "glittering steel" of love ; and it shall reach and pierce the hardest hearts, the darkest souls in misery.

We'll wide unfold and far out-spread the banner of Jesus Christ, and under it we WILL be his faithful soldiers now.

We'll go as Christ has taught us ; we'll purify our hearts ; we'll go in faith ; we'll go because we love to go, and do our Father's will ; we'll go, and lovingly we'll go, and take the hand of misery ; we'll go to barren spots ; we'll go to the downcast and the lowly ; we'll wipe away tears from sorrowing spirits' eyes ; we'll carry the bread of life to nourish the souls of spirits as well as mortals.

And " LOVE," PURE LOVE, shall be the star that guides us ; LOVE shall be the stream that bears us on ; and LOVE shall be the mighty power that conquers, that wins the victory of life eternal.



# THE PROGRESSIVE LIFE OF SPIRITS.

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## SECTION I.

*March 7th, 1855.*

FLORA, the spirit who gave most of the "Lily Wreath," made the following communication through Mrs. J. S. ADAMS :

"The sympathy of angels, is it not sweet? The love of guardian spirits, is it not tender? The protection of heavenly wings, is it not mighty? The faith of celestial souls, is it not strong? The music of heavenly harps, is it not sweet concord?"

### THE PROTECTION OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

There is not a soul, however sad and lowly, but has some angel wings clasped around its form; wings of tenderness, whereon all its emanations of hope and love are impressed. Who is he that walks alone, that has no guardian wings about him, and never listens to their soft, sweet flutterings? Every soul has a guardian one, as truly as every body has its own rays of light, and its own breath of atmosphere. There is not an unguarded one in the universe. Creation holds not a child of utter solitude. There are no tears shed on the wide, wide world, that drop on barrenness. There are no pearly drops that flow from the fountain within, that fall unseen. There is no distant point to Divinity and his angels.

There is no island far away, what some may call an isolation, but is thronged and filled with winged forms of love. The lonely and the dying may pass to their sleep, far, far away from thee and their friends. We're not in solitude; on the rays, that the mortal eyes see not, are sitting bright angels. They are with the dying; although no mortal eye is nigh in the great arrangement of Divinity, there are angels watching. Guardian spirits are ever hovering, spreading around their wings of protection. Fear not, then, children of earth, though you seem to part with dear ones; for they only rise to sing above you; they only change from the denser rays of this existence to a softer, rarer atmosphere, where their tones of affection can sing out to thee like deep-toned welkin sounds. There is not a spot, however sad and lonely, but has an angel there. O guardians! spread your bright protecting wings, and on them write the loving thoughts of mortals. Oh! keep your wings fluttering, bright birds of the air, till the deep, deep darkened clouds that hide the loved ones from view disperse, and they look up, and each claim its own celestial bird. Keep your pinions rustling in restive love, till each and every soul of earth has found its own protecting angel, and has acknowledged the wings that close around it. There are none that walk forth unguarded. There is not a flower but has its brighter blossom to shine on it and bless it. There is not a little bud but has some neighboring, shady branches to protect it. There is no little running brook but has its broader stream to fill it. There is no little twinkling star but has some brighter orb to shine on it and lend to it some brighter glory. There are no little bubbling thoughts but have some ocean-power to make them flow. There are no planets but have some glorious luminary to shine on them. And thus, and thus, is life, is life. Not one heart of sadness pulsates, but a stronger soul beats for it. There is not one falling tear without a smile resting on creation. There is no particle of matter without its protecting particle. There is not an atom of creation without contributing atoms. There walks not in God's



universe one child alone. Then think not, ye that are waiting and hoping for some celestial guardian to watch over you, that the earnest wish and desire will not be filled.

I see all the children of creation standing in ranks, irrespective of grades or worlds. I see them in space; and every soul has its spaceway filled by a spirit above, and that by an attendant; and on and on they reach, into space illimitable where there are no confines. They seem like pyramids of life, towers of animation. There are some beneath thee; there are many above thee. The soul that stands beside thee has them all the same; and thus they seem like millions on millions of chains, going up to immortality, to the Deity. And each soul seems a link fastened in by God's progressive hand, and riveted by time. He stretches forth his hand to take one link, but it draws the chain to himself. And I gaze far, far into celestial courts, till my vision fails, till brilliancy repels, and I draw back.

Then down I look, far beneath the human chain, into matter undeveloped, till vision fails me here, and I draw back amazed.

We, too, are linked together in one chain of this existence. Thy existence is riveted into mine, and mine links on another's, and a lower link fastens itself to thee. We move on with the throng, and the links of none are unprotected. There is no desert heart; there is [no forsaken child. Ever on old decaying branches clings the bright green vine.

Bright mosses cling

To falling boughs;

Bright angels come

In sorrow's hours.

Soft raindrops fall

From out dark clouds;

Loved spirits call

Dark sorrow from their shrouds.

Bright bubbles float

On angry waves;

Sweet memory floats  
 Round wintry graves.  
 Bright stars peep forth  
 From midnight dark ;  
 Bright deeds come forth

\* \* \* \*

An unprogressed spirit here interrupted the communication, took possession of Mrs. Adams, and spoke as follows :

" You think you have communications from an angel. You think you are in the pursuit of truth. What a fool ! What a narrow mind ! How small, how insignificant, is such an airy phantom life as yours ! I love my own pursuits ; I like realities. Your flowers and angels are all visions."

I asked him if he was happy in his pursuits ; if he loved God ; if he loved prayer ; and he answered, " I am happy ; I need no prayers ; I want no God."

After a long conversation with this spirit, indulging him by not decidedly opposing his views, he reluctantly consented to hear me read to him the following dialogue between the spirits of Lightfoot \* and his mother. Lightfoot wrote

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\* On the record of crimes, in this and the old country, the name of Lightfoot is well known as a daring highway robber. He was executed near forty years ago at Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge.

This was the first meeting of this spirit after death with the spirit of his mother. The wide difference in their progression had kept their spirits far from each other ; and, with this difference still existing, their meeting could only be effected through material organization.

Previous to this interview between Lightfoot and his mother, he had communicated to me many times through different mediums. He came first to me with curses on his lips ; his conversation was vain and foolish ; he did not believe in God, or spirits, or immortality ; there was no light of heaven in his soul ; no genial rays had yet shone on his heart to quicken the sleeping germ of love ; no mother's breath of fond affection had e'er before in spirit-life fanned his aching brow ; but now, as one of his progressing companions once said to me of himself, " all was dark, damned eternal dark, until to life and love I pledged my soul, and then I first beheld how infernal wicked I had been."

I read him prayers ; I read him spirit-thoughts ; I read him Christ's sermon on the mount ; I reasoned with him long and earnestly before he listened to me,

through Mr. George A. Redman's hand; his mother spoke through Mrs. Adams.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN LIGHTFOOT AND HIS MOTHER.

*Lightfoot*: "Where, where is my mother? I want to talk with her.

*Mother*: Your mother is here; she has a star that will pierce you.

*Lightfoot*: Mother, mother, speak to me.

*Mother*: Take away the cloud; I will grow calm; you shall come to me.

*Lightfoot*: O, how I love to meet thee here; let me hold thee by the hand; there is a sweet perfume, my mother, that rises from thy spirit breath. O, give me one word from thy progressive life. Mother do, dear mother.

*Mother*: Sweet and calm as the evening breezes are the joys I would bring. Live nearer me, child of my heart; lay thy aching head upon my breast; closer, closer come. I am waiting for thee. Look above thee, and see myriad spirits waiting to convey thee home; long lost, long absent one. A mother's heart still clings with fondest emotion, and ever shall my wings of affection fly around my flower, broken from its parent stem. Blossom, hasten to thy bower of happiness. Blighted by sin, come, fly, I call, I beseech — come, come, hopeful, erring one; hasten to these arms. O, my God! who can make the parent heart forget!

*Lightfoot*: I advance towards thee, mother; reach down thy hand, and let me kiss the rising virtue that emanates from

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except to scoff and scorn and curse at all I said. He was my brother in the great family of humanity. Should I not speak to him kindly? should I not bear with him? and should I not take his hand in love, and pray earnestly that God's holy spirit might lead him from the dangerous, thorny path of sin to where sweet flowers grow and bloom in fragrance; where all is pleasant; where all is love and beauty; where his soul, as was designed of God, should some day come, and find the pathway of eternal progression?



thy form. Methinks I see thee handing to my thirsty soul the nectar of life eternal.

O, come, *come*, COME to me, and let my head rest upon thy bosom, and my hand from thee gather the fruit of progression. Thou hast yet the feelings of a mother; and though low has fallen a leaf from thy stock, yet will there ever remain a silent pulsation of gratitude to thee. I am rising, I am rising.

*Mother* : (Addressing the circle.) Turn away the gaze of the curious; let pity come and shed her tears, for the lost one is once more folded to the heart of a fond mother.

Hope, hope has drawn away the dark curtain, and my child is unveiled to my view. We have met as thousands more shall meet. O, give me angel-flow of words to breathe out gratitude. Think you that I was happy when sorrow wafted her cold breeze around my child in darkness, unfolded in error, and blossomed in sin? Did an angel mother not weep for him? O, let him come and anchor on the ocean of hope. By your united efforts you have brought him to me. O, turn him not away. My lost lamb is called home. He hears these glorious accents. O, the gushing, bursting, swelling joy that keeps within my soul! O, give his spirit wings of faith to bear it on to brighter forms.

Seest thou the path o'erspread with flowers by angel-hands? and from angel-tread a fragrance shall ascend to fill your souls. We are grasping heaven's joys; we are nearing our heavenly home; we are blended in sympathy, shrouded in one mantle of hope.

I love you all; a mother's joy is full. O let it ring; O, let angels echo the glad tidings; O, let it ring on, *on* to eternity.

*Lightfoot* : It was dark; a gloomy sorrow hung over my spirit when I went to a spirit-land. No ray of sunshine lit the darkened portals of my heart. My mother was lost to me. Alone did I wander over the dark prairies of the spirit-world till I came again to earth; and here I have met friends; and here I would express my gratitude. Here, while wandering still in darkness, I saw a star; 'twas dim at first; in it

I saw a *mother's love*. I saw the sweet smile of recognition, and now the arms of *my MOTHER* twine close around me.

*Mother*: Earth shall yet hear all my gratitude. It shall hear a mother's joy; page after page shall be inscribed. His life, O, what a blank! These eager arms have caught him; these heart-throbs pillow his head again; and a mother's arms of love now cradle him to repose. Long did he rove, an undiscovered star. Distance, not love, divided us. In shadowy dreams, in phantoms wild, I used to stand beside him. Now no longer hope comes in the dream, but reality has fired my soul and clothed it, and has brought me back my wayward child. Our threads of life are thickly twining now; he grows within my soul; eyes of affection now bathe his soul with the dews of a mother's tenderness, twining around him. Was he once dark? O, tell me not that! The fountain-source of love has the shadow and the light. The parent stem will claim the blighted leaf, will own the decaying buds. He is mine, restored to me. If thanks will recompense, my soul would speak in volumes.

*Lightfoot*: Mother, we will place the dewdrop within the flower that blooms; within the heart of him who first lent to my soul the gushings of progression. Let us hie away, and give him thanks. See, all are pleased with this pure thought. 'Twill tempt his brother to do likewise; to pluck from the dark pit of misery a blighted soul. Let us press our spirit thanks upon his brow; for by his kind hand I now repose upon progression's bosom; by his kind words I gained the smile from thee; by his friendly look I learned that you were near. He taught me, mother dear, that the same motives he had towards me came from my mother.

Then let us go, no longer stay,  
We'll put one flower there;  
Let's go, let's go, no longer stay,  
We'll raise for him a prayer—

That he may learn to aid others as he has aided me; that



he may learn to water still the fading flowers upon the shores of life, and cease not to give them drink while there is the least greenness to the stock. Already I see him proffering to another blighted one a friendly hand. The flower openeth its tender leaves, and its petals receive his kindness as the rose receiveth the dews from heaven. O, could I learn the use of words, that I might express with glowing language the gratitude within my soul!"

The reading of this dialogue carried to this spirit's heart a conviction of its reality. The deep and lasting affection, manifested by a pure and holy mother to her long lost and erring child, touched the dormant chords of love, and roused his soul to new life. The dark mist of error seemed to break away and he saw, perhaps, for the first time, that darkness was the mantle his soul had worn; folly, sin, and vain ambition had filled up the measure of his existence. He had sailed down the stream of life, and entered the ocean of eternity, and now could review the past, and behold the great work of life, that God had given his hands to do, ALL YET UNDONE. He sighed heavily, manifesting great anguish and remorse, and spoke:

"'Twas winter in my soul. Long autumn days of sorrow carried me to dreary storms and icy chills; and sweeping winds blew back to me the cold death echo. 'Twas ocean sorrow, mine; 'twas bounding waves. No little dancing bubbles floated on the deep, dark current-stream of life. No meteor even shone afar to crown my life. 'Twas a tempest life; 'twas a dashing, dark existence; 'twas a damning life; 'twas a hellish life; 'twas a frightful, fettered life; 'twas a direful, dismal life; 'twas a hideous, howling life; 'twas a miserable, maniac life, *my life, my life.*

You say there is a summer time in life we have found; you *say* there is a heavenly clime. I hear the welcome sound; but I am dark, I am dead, I am sinful, I am

sorrowful, I am sad. I rest with the fetters, the films, the oppression of sin. I am desponding, despairing, dismayed within. *Deep, dark, deadening, direful, damned despair !*"

Flora now spoke :

"Let him come ; 'tis only a billow of life, 'tis only a darker wave that passes on the brighter. He has the power of eloquence. His soul will be dashed onward, and he will now float in the tide of progression. 'Twas only the dashing of an angry wave, a wave that helps to bear your bark of life along its stream. His soul was touched, and turned from indifference to interest."

The following evening, this spirit again came to me through Mrs. Helen Leeds, announcing himself as the spirit whose name was unknown to me, who had the evening before communicated to me through Mrs. Adams, and continued :

"Why are you better than I ? Why this light around you that is transparent, when God has given me none, but has given to me more than midnight darkness ? Why is God a partial God ? Answer me."

I answered : God is not a partial God. "My God is thy God." His glorious sun of truth shines on us both the same. Sin and folly make the soul grow dark ; a pure life with deeds of goodness will dissipate the midnight darkness of error, and the soul may gradually progress from the deepest dye of sin to the light of transparent purity. Come with me, and I will guide you in the path that I have walked in, that leads from darkness and doubt to light and love. See you not my footprints of progression ? He continued :

"O, will you let me follow you, that I may not again go down to those dens of dark pollution ? O, let me catch one ray of the sunlight that hath fallen on thy spirit. All the curses of my depraved nature have followed my spirit into eternity. O, bitterly indeed have I wailed in agony and despair for follies and crimes committed on earth, without one ray of light till I come within thy sphere. O, let me come

where grace and love and virtue dwell. And now my spirit starts in agony at the darkness of the past. Will not those forms who should have cursed me rise up and say, begone?"

I answered no; they will not curse, but love you; they'll pray for you; they'll drop a tear of pity, and the "dews of forgiveness shall fall on your thirsty soul;" and the hand of love they will extend to you, and help you on to happiness.

"I have broken a mother's heart. I have trampled upon a father's affections. I have taken a brother's life to accomplish a fiendish purpose. In my *sinful lust*, I have trampled the tender flowers of life under my feet, and left them *crushed, to bleed and die*. O, let me trace your footprints. O, let me, let me come again."

This spirit, soon after this meeting with Mrs. Leeds, again announced his presence, and wrote through Mr. Redman's hand:

"My name is De Soto. I first discovered the Mississippi River. I traversed the western wilds, and trod many fair hearts beneath my sinful feet. The waters of the Mississippi washed away many stains that by me were left upon its peaceful banks. The wild flower hung its head to see my wicked heart unroll its carnal appetite. The waters murmured as I thrust from the bosom of many a harmless one the germ of purity that is wont to grow there. The winds heaved a sigh, as, with a wicked heart, I made the widow, and multiplied the orphan children. My ears were dull to hear; my eyes were blind to see; my heart refused entrance to one pure motive. All within was one volcano of impure feelings towards the unwary and innocent."



## SECTION II.

*March 15th, 1855.*

De Soto again communicated through Mrs. Adams as follows :

“ A canopy of angels bright o’er spreads me ; their tinted wings wave in the golden light, and call my spirit home, as clouds absorb the moisture of the earth. Celestial magnets drop around me ; fire-flashing flames dart around me, and immortal currents force me on ; eternity’s tide flows in, and waves me heavenward ; majestic thunders peal along the way ; swift thoughts, like lightning, flash forth in the clouds, and full emotion falls like showers. Uncertainty enfolds me ; like maddened waves, I leap and splash round rocks of danger. I ride in the whirlwind ; I fall in the embrace of giant tornadoes. My restless brain is like unsettled elements, like antagonistic forces heaving in commotion. In vain I sigh for rest ; my particles of existence attract nought but furious matter. Commotion bears me in a swelling, heaving sea, and floats me to the gulf of despair.

O, take me from these dashing billows ; plant my spirit where some wavy willow may bend o’er it, and where the melody of the dancing boughs will soothe me to rest. Take me from these iron fetters ; take me from the world of remorse. How proudly I labored ! how I sacrificed humanity ! how like a delving, direful demon I darted round existence. Oh, quivering, writhing memory, to the lowest pits of infamy be ye hurled, and let me stand back here with a recollection of only the good. Ambition had reared her cliffs ; adventurous emulation bore me on ; and I fought, and boldly fought, and crowned my soul with widows’ tears, and

gathered me laurels from orphans' sighs. And I have done now not with earth. I'll hurl my glittering steels again ; I'll throw my darting arrows. I am not done with life. Chant me no requiem ; sing me no death-song ; echo for me no pealing dirge. I am not done, I am *not done with life*.

Bound on, ye flowing currents ; splash down, great moving cataract of thought ; I float along the surface. I am not dead nor sleeping. You shall hear me (and pity if you will). I will make a rolling stream of eloquence flow along the intellectual world mightier than '*the great father of waters*' that I discovered \* rippling, coursing down its way. I go for laurels, and I'll win them yet, brighter, yet far brighter, than monarchs have gathered.

Sometimes at midnight my spirit will come, softly murmuring, tremblingly asking for prayer ; and will ye give it me ? Like midnight breezes I'll be borne to thee. Like deep, rolling, distant thunder, my voice shall be heard within your soul.

O, that I should be a beggar ! But the sands of life that bear the proudest name can be washed away by the ocean of sorrow. My meagre soul, an empty void, begs for the crumbs that fall from your table."

Mrs. Adams continued in a trance, and Flora spoke as follows :

" Love spreads her mantle wide. Its soft, bright folds drop on the darkest form. I love to see the spirits coming from the storm of dark remorse. I love to see a soul turning heavenward, even though it come in the thunder. I love to see the lightnings flash, for they tell of contending emotion. I love to see the ocean of dark sin heaving and bounding, and sending its dark waves heavenward. We love to see the tide of humanity dashing, moving, restless, bounding towards the firmament of love, till bright, airy clouds of love stoop down

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\* At this time, Mrs. Adams did not know the name of this spirit, as it had been written through Mr. Redman's hand.



and kiss the aching brows. We look for commotion, 'tis the breaking waves of progression. We love to see the planets all rolling heavenward. We love to look on the battle side of life. Oft-times we take the glittering steel, and war with the dark and hideous enemy, sin and error. We belong to the family of humanity; we live for the boundless country of life. We pledge existence, truth and love that we will stand 'mid the host of the righteous, the good and the brave, and battle for life and for love.

Perhaps you think I strangely speak, but a patriotism seizes my soul, and we seem like soldiers all marching to the great battle field of life, armed with weapons of faith, love and truth. We'll stand by the wounded that fell in the army of life. We'll work for no crown, we'll work for no fame. We'll cast aside the minor thought of self and glory, and we'll send our spirits out to meet the enemy, and will gird them with the armor of love, and ours shall be the laurel crown, the warrior's fame, to know that we have fought boldly and truthfully."

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### SECTION III.

*March 18th, 1855.*

De Soto wrote through Mr. Redman's hand:

"I have sought for water to quench my thirst ever since I placed my weary feet upon the sandy desert of the spirit land. Clouds of dust filled my spirit-nostrils, and the burning sands scorched the soles of my feet until I found in thee an oasis where I could cool my parched tongue and rest my weary body.

The dialogue\* you read me placed the rainbow of hope in the skies to betoken the coming pleasure."

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\* Dialogue between Lightfoot and his mother is here referred to.

## SECTION IV.

*March 25th, 1855.*

De Soto spoke through Miss. Ann Groce, and said :

“O, read me prayers, read me thoughts of life eternal. O, read me more.”

The spirit started, manifesting great fear and agony, and clung to my arms with great strength and again spoke, referring to those who had been his companions in darkness :

“They come to pull me back ! They call, they come, they’re strong, they are mighty, they are legions ! I cannot look back without a shudder. The cord that draws me up seems slender. The attraction that would draw me back seems mighty. No, *no*, NO ; I *cannot*, I *will not* go back. O, hope, where art thou ? Where are thy sunbeams now ?

Can’st thou not bring one ray  
To cheer me onward, on my way ?  
Can’st thou not guide me  
Where brighter shines the sun ?  
Where love will be with me,  
And gently lead me on ?”

## SECTION V.

*March 30th, 1855.*

By De Soto, written through Mr. Redman’s hand :

ADDRESS TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

“Roll on, roll on, thou mighty river ! Let the dashing

spray from thy banks moisten the hearts of mortality. I saw thee once in all thy glory, when nought but craggy cliffs and bending pines hung o'er thy shores; when the hungry wolves prowled round our fragile tents; and when burning thirst for blood preyed upon my sinful form.

Roll on, thou mighty prince of rivers. Methinks I see upon thy banks Progression; how sweet, O, how sweet, it is to me. When first I knew Progression's features, she told me she had conversed with a darkened brother, whose evil ways were but a shadow of mine. Should thy clear waters have reflected upon their surface another image like mine, O, give you him a lesson; ope thy book of nature, and let each rippling wave speak forth in accents of purity its mission, to teach the benighted heart to live. Let there come a smile from thy countenance, O Mississippi wave, and when the moon lendeth to thee her shining features, cast thou a reflection therefrom into the soul of the wanderer. Wash, O waters, from thy banks the stain that I have left thereon. Frown not forever, for I have been broken. Let me clasp within my spirit-hand thy forgiveness, and blot out from thy memory the hellish evils that were perpetrated upon thy banks a few short centuries ago.

#### PRAYER.

O, thou who dost control the elements, and whose presence is in the deepest caverns, whose eyes scanneth the hidden mysteries of the heart, expel from my gloomy soul the remembrance of bygone days: let their experience die away in the distance, as the echo of the rolling waters.



## SECTION VI.

*April 8th, 1855.*

De Soto wrote through Mr. Redman's hand as follows :

" You twinkle like a star that's seen on earth, as you are seen by angel eyes in heaven.

Each kind deed that you render to those who were once like myself, adds a new blossom to the already gathering wreath, which spreads its fragrance now on the breezes of the spirit-land. While I retrace my past experience, I can see that while I was writhing in hellish agony you brought the first cooling drop to my parched tongue. When flames of despair writhed around my soul, you first put a blossom of hope within my reach. If the light of progression can reach other souls, if the morning of progressive life can dawn on other darkened spirits, O, stay it not, but make it flow along in mighty waves, in bounding billows, and fill the world with joy and beauty. Your ransom shall be when you pass to the spirit-world. Those you have aided in the ways of eternal life will stand with open arms and bursting hearts of gratitude to receive you. While thou art mortal, receive the thanks of mortality. Nature will thank thee for what thou hast done for me. Each flower that you pass, its fragrance will bless you ; the first ray of light that drives darkness from thy chamber at morning will bring thee a blessing ; the moon shall smile on thee through thy window when thou art resting on thy pillow, and then she'll whisper words of thankfulness for me. Even the whistling winds shall bring thee echoes of our gratitude. The morning sun, the plaintive notes of nature's songsters, the rippling waves, and the dew that falleth on each humble flower, shall all

sing to thee as thou dost pass them by ; for as thou dost help one of God's creatures, God through his works will bless you.

I seek now to aid the pilgrim through the darkened vallies of mortality. When I can picture to the erring one my past career, and reflect to him my future, it gives me joy. Like the waters that fall from some lofty point, I throw my sprays upon the noonday sun, and cast a rainbow upon the unprogressed, that they may feast upon its beauteous colors ; that they may see that there is an arm outstretched from on high, ever ready to assist in cropping the thorny limbs from the tree of mortal life ; that they may see the garden of truth, and walk therein. Many a flower yet blooms unplucked, waiting for some ready hand to convey its fragrance to the soul. O, that I could gather from the fields of spirit-life some blossoms of purity ; O, that I could press their leaves within the book of mortal remembrance, and compel the possessor to cast one lingering glance upon the purity thereof.

My wish for the progress of others is growing stronger and stronger. As each throb of my spirit-heart is telling to me my destiny, the love for those below seems to be my every wish. I long to throw some cable to those who are struggling in the waters of infamy, that they may grasp thereat, and safely bring their forms to the shores of brotherly love. I seek some ray of penetrating light to enlighten the dark recesses of their spirits. As each ripple of progression's waves echoes on my ear, as each flower in yonder valley speaks to me of its Creator and his designs, it but renews and strengthens my ardor to give my fellow mortals a taste of the waters from the well-spring of eternal life, love and wisdom. There is a crown of rejoicing for each, whose diamonds sparkle in the sun of truth, and whose surface reflects the smile of Deity. He that hath obtained this crown obtains the smiles of his God. As I grasp each thought of



future happiness, it but brings me nearer to where I can gain that crown, and press to my spirit-bosom the smiles of nature's only teacher, Father, God. Each thought that I express to you but adds to my hope of becoming the possessor of that gem of gems. Each aspiration, whether given to you or kept within my own sphere of thought, but shortens the distance between eternal happiness and me.

Listen, listen, erring mortals,  
And hear the sound from heavenly portals;  
They ope to catch thee as a friend,  
To show the where thy soul shall end."

## SECTION VII.

*April 12, 1855.*

De Soto spoke through Mrs. Adams :

"I want cataract, I want mountain thoughts. I do not come in little rills, in blossoms of the valley; my spirit wants the rugged cliff; to kiss the stars. But for galling, cursing memory, I might be a meteor, gathering diamonds unto my spirit-gems, polished by the motion of eternity.

Friends of earth, consecrate and wed your lives to truth, love and happiness. Do not give a fragmentary love to God, nor bring a spirit home crushed to atoms. Plant the life-blossom, germinate the immortal spirit, warm it with rays of heaven's smiles. I have no words; my soul is confined to another. I have a boundary of material intellect that shuts out my prospect. I give you my soul dwarfed. But roll, and roll along eternity, and garner in all the treasure in the eternal storehouse. O, time, let the dancing rivulet of bliss roll on the deep ocean of sorrow, and dance along over the turf that covers immortal remains. Look aloft and gaze on the starry kingdom, run a race with time, and win the crown immortal."

## SECTION VIII.

*April 13th, 1855.*

Mary Adams, whose progressive life is partially given in the "Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth," addressed me, through Miss Ann Groce, referring to an unprogressed spirit by the name of "*Jim*," with whom I had just had a long interview:

"Let the wisdom you receive from above pass on to thy brother in darkness. Go to him with the overflowing goblet of truth, and bid him drink and thirst no more. Be he a dark and benighted traveller in the forest of ignorance, surrounded by the tall trees of superstition, light him with thy never-flickering light, warmed by the genial sun of truth; lead him to a brighter light; show him the flowers which, when trampled upon, but give forth a richer odor; and bid him learn therein the lesson of thy progression. O, judge him kindly. Could he have unfolded 'midst the wintry emanations of an iceberg, in the form of an uncongenial society; sheltered, it may be, for a time, 'neath the dark and dreary walls of a prison; left an orphan perhaps; no mother's hand to sooth his brow; when he had committed some childish error, received nought but harsh words and unkind looks; no father, with wise, yet loving words, to teach him wisdom; no sister, with a sister's sympathy to console him; alone and friendless, for he knows not to the contrary? Think of him, and then think of thy own happiness. Think of the inharmonies and the darkness that surround him; then imagine thy own soul in the same condition. O, tell these truths to strangers, to friends, to kindred; tell them that the soul is immortal, it cannot die. O, could the world realize the

beauties of the immortal existence, then would they feel it a privilege, a duty, to help their erring brother on to truth."

Another spirit now took possession of Miss Groce, who appeared to be in a state of great mental suffering. I asked who this spirit was, and it was answered :

"Why do you ask a woman such a damned foolish question? Find out if you can. Come, you had better go down with me, down, down to my dark abodes. You think that you are better than I am, with your flowers and your visions. Where did you get that wreath of good-for-nothing flowers that is on your head?" I said that two little orphan spirits once asked me the same question. When hearing the name of two "orphan spirits" mentioned, she suddenly started, was much agitated, and for a moment seemed almost convulsed. I then asked if she would not like to have me read to her what the little orphan spirits said to me. After a moment of silence, she drew a heavy agonizing sigh, and whispered, "*My children.*" I then read the following communication, given through Mrs. Adams:

#### TWO LITTLE ORPHAN SPIRITS.

"We are two little buds that Flora sent from her bright garden, and we drink in her dews; and she says we shall open; and when we are full-blown flowers you will see us. We were orphans. Our father and our mother forgot us. Flora keeps us now; she calls us "Rose-buds." When we died in our cold, dark room, we died together. We were stiff. Many said we froze to death. It was no matter. Flora came and led us away. She told us we were little spirits, and then we didn't care for our bodies. Father and mother are dead, but Flora says they have not learned to love us yet. Flora said that we might stay and talk to you; that you would love us. Are you as good as she is? We are not cold now; we are not hungry; somebody loves us; and when we little buds are all blown out, you shall see how



sweet and good we can be, for we love our Father so much—our Father God, who made us. But he didn't make us die in a cold room, did he? If he did, we could forgive him. Would you be afraid to die if a good, good Flora would come in and take you? If the room was all dark, she would bring light, with stars on her head. She is now coming to take us on her wings, for we are little orphan buds. We have got bright wreaths, and so have you; who gave you yours? Flora gave us ours."

Flora spoke:

"I have tarried that other flowers might send their fragrance, and with them two little buds of life that I am training with affection. O, what a holy charge! Will some rough breeze come and blow on them ere they open to life? But, I trust in the Father's hand which keeps the whirlwind and the evening zephyr alike in his charge; the Father who stays the bounding waves of the ocean, and makes the little brook also sing out sweet music; in him I place my trust; with the glorious impress I tinge my anchor; I pattern my garments of faith from his bright and glorious folds that enshroud him, and I go forth boldly taking these charges; and thy hand will co-operate with me, and we will look abroad in the great universe of human life, and count nothing too hazardous for the hand of love to grasp."

To the reading of the above this spirit listened, apparently, with mingled feelings of interest and remorse, and answered:

"Will Flora let me see them? O, will she ever let me have them again? I went from door to door to ask for bread; the rich and the proud would tell me to 'go away,' and call me a '*beggar*.' The world was so unkind to me, it made me wicked. To hush my children's cries for bread, I often whipped them. They froze to death, for I neglected and forgot them. O God! Did I murder them?"

I said to her that we might for a time be surrounded by the cold selfishness of a world shrouded in the clouds of

error, still, God's ever present guardian care was with us, and some day all would learn to love him; then he would forgive all our sins, and we should be happy.

Miss Groce still continued entranced. Flora now spoke:

"A mighty commotion is now going on in the soul of that dark one. Emanations from bright spirits through earth's children have reached her. The breeze that blows, that has swept across the broad ocean, has conveyed to her the glorious tidings of her children, and the chords of a mother's love are touched anew.

Those in life who should have led her, trampled on her affections; and those who might have given her bread turned her away with the name of 'beggar.' And though her spirit has been crushed and down-trodden, yet now do some rays of hope beam through her sad soul. She hopes to again fold her little ones in the bosom of love. Her desires shall be granted. And she shall breathe the fragrance of these spirit buds when they shall be unfolded in beauty. Then shall she learn, that for every desire, pure and good, in God's boundless universe of love, there is ample provision made."

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## SECTION IX.

The spirit of Mary Adams spoke through Miss E. E. Gibson as follows:

"Wilt thou pour forth the radiance of thy spirit to enlighten the dark scenes of life, and to make fruitful the waste places of the soul? Wilt thou make green and verdant the isles of the sea, and spot with living truth the great ocean of ignorance? Wilt thou with glittering gems intersperse the forest of commotion, and convey to the bosom of darkness life and light?"



O, how I love to meet you and pour forth my gratitude for the assistance you have rendered me in my spirit development. Now I bear within me love to all, and I offer you the incense of a grateful heart, for you have led me upwards, and you have brought peace and hope to my lacerated bosom. O, relieve the oppressed, and pity the sorrowing. Do you know that when you elevate the benighted ones in the spirit-world you elevate those on earth who pine in affliction, sin and poverty? One tear from sympathy's eye let fall into the urn of benevolence, for their undevelopment becomes a flood when poured by their increased sympathy below into the bosom of suffering humanity. Take the beautiful of nature and of life, and refresh thy spirit with loveliness; then convey this harmony into the very core of human suffering. Give them smiles for tears, joys for groans, responses of cheerfulness for sighs, love for fear, and encouragement for despair. Thou shalt receive thy reward hereafter, and glorious shall be the recompense.

O, who would be vile, when purity was present to their sight, smiling sweetly beneath a canopy of love? Then bear with impurity, knowing that ignorance is its parent, and that the offspring of knowledge is holiness.

The beauties of the dawning day,  
No one has power to portray.  
How brightly beams the sunlight ray  
On all.

I lift the curtain from the soul,  
I ask the spirit to control,  
And in its arms my spirit fold,  
And bless.

Let each then give a helping hand,  
That all, these truths may understand,  
And join in one harmonious band,  
To love.

How great the prize to win,  
Freedom from every sin,  
And peaceful rest within; —  
'Tis joy.

Then help us all to rise  
 Into the opening of the skies,  
 That we may see with our own eyes  
 Our God."

The same spirit now spoke through Mrs. Adams:

"Shall the heart of gratitude forget the finger that pointed it to heaven? No, no. Shall the bounding, bubbling brook forget the mossy bank that smiles on its coursing? No, never, never. When my hours of faith were dark, you lent an anchor to my shattered, shipwrecked soul. You stood on the shores of love and sent me a tiny bark to bear me there. My spirit drooped like a fading flower; it was dying on the winter breeze; you brought a summer zephyr that warmed my blasted life, and tinted my seared and barren hopes with a deep, deep shaded evergreen of summer light. I am happy now. I am purer now. The impetus of angels' wings urges me forward and onward. I seem to rise to highest joys on the holy breath of angels. I am gathering the sands of time and counting the moments I have been led to bliss.

Should dangers ever thicken around you, my spirit will not be tardy in its flight to come to your aid. Although a brighter, purer star guards you, still my beams shall lend their rays, and I will revolve around your soul as a secondary planet of love. Take now the offering of my heart, and embalm your soul, if embalmed it can be, with the love that fills me."

This spirit now joined her angel-mother, whom she had reached in her progressive course, and her spirit-father, who, since her progression began, she had led from darkness; and continued:

"Three buds of gratitude come now bursting to you, father, mother, and a once lost child; once in the thorny path of sin. As our buds open to-night with you, take the sweetness into your soul and keep it. But for these new-found paths of spirit-intercourse, my spirit might be now wandering in

sorrow. I might be drinking bitter waters now. But I am drinking the nectar of holy bliss, bounded hitherward by this hand of benevolence. What a trio of bliss our souls must present as we bring to you our triple gratitude.

Why does the spirit pause, and rove about the great vestibule of the soul, searching for words when the fount of gratitude is playing? But if my spirit seems minor in its expressions; if it does not come to the standard of grateful feeling; O, bear the remnant of my bounding thankfulness on your drooping wings of love, that come to shelter me and mine this moment. And as you rise to your Father, God, in adoration, may your wings go quivering in the breezy emotion, doubly laden with the diamonds of gratitude which shall drop as your spirit mounts, and pave the path of some lonely traveller. And may the brilliancy of the jewel caught, when so near to our God, brighten some spirit homeward, as the drops of tender mercy from his guardian love floated my spirit on the ocean where I now sail.

O, could I but paint your future glory, could I but tint the life picture with half the shining gems etherial that I see floating aloft for your soul! Take my heart's music, which is gratitude; take the melody of my soul, which is thankfulness, the united expression of the trio band."

I asked Flora to give me a prayer to read to unprogressed spirits, and she immediately gave the following, and called it

#### A PRAYER FOR THE FALLEN.

"Poor sorrowing child of darkness, our God will hear thy prayer, for he made his glorious sun-beams to shine on the evil and on the good. He'll throw his soft protecting wings around thy weary form. Come, lay thy aching head on his bosom, and thou shalt feel his heart-pulse beat for thee. Come to the land of rest, no longer rove in dark, sad places; come trustingly, for faith will sustain thee. God created thy



soul filled with hope ; and are there now no lingering beams ? Come, poor sorrowing one, I will take thee to our Father. I will lend thee my garments of love, so thou canst go to his great presence. Our Father's arms encircle creation, and thou canst rest therein ; thou canst one day walk with angels. His streams of life flow on impartial. His hand is mighty, and his arm is strong, and he will reach it forth till all humanity has grasped it. He bids us reach it now to thee, and we most willingly assent ; and by the strength he gives, we lead thee on thy way ; and we will not turn from thee, till thou hast given us a little promise, that speedily thou wilt go with us to his abode. His pearly drops of mercy are falling, falling gently on thy head. His golden arrows of justice are falling round thee, which tell thee, our Father is just with all his mercy. It is his glorious justice that calls for thee, sad wanderer, and the arms of mercy will convey thee to him. O, stay not away ; hasten ; life calls thee, love sighs for thee, pity woos thee, sympathy stands in dewy tears around thee, and affection *claims* thee as a child of God. Come wanderer, hasten home ; forgiveness drops her mantle around thee, and wilt thou linger now ? Oh, fly with us to the bosom of our Father. Come, poor wanderer, let us return ; too long, too long hast thou strayed away. The flowers of life that grew for thee are all faded ; but time will scatter seed, so thou canst gather bright, bright blossoms, and by the diligence of to-day atone the negligence of the past.

Our Father calls thee, angels wait for thee, kind friends in the material form stand round ; come, O, quickly come to God."



## SECTION X.

The following closing communication was given through Mrs. Adams, by Flora :

"Bright fancy wooed my soul one day, and my spirit flew with wings ideal, and roved among the bright, the beautiful, the loving things that God has made. I gathered me roses only, and left the thorns ; I only drank from laughing brooks ; I ranged amid the universe of love ; I went to gather harps and garlands, for fancy would not let me look on shadows ; and I thought within me, if there is so much beauty in the universe to be found, why will the eye scan o'er the hideous things ? If roses bloom with thorns beside them, why not take the rose and leave the thorns ? This was the language of the beautiful.

While fancy sat within her arbor bright, reason bounded o'er the wilderness, the desert, the wild-wood, and gazing around saw nature grow in what seemed all confusion, flowers delicately blooming in unsightly soil. Still onward reason flew, while fancy tarried with flowers. Must reason traverse o'er these wilds alone ? Will fancy not come forth and chant some melting cadence, and crown the brow of reason o'er with roses ?

My soul with reason flew, and with philosophy I traversed round the desert and the wilderness, and found strange beauties, that fancy's eye had not discovered. I saw within the thorn what made the rose so sweet. I saw why shadows come embracing moon-beams. I saw why bright and mossy vines cling over old decaying wood. Where fancy failed to go, philosophy led me forth, and in my spirit chimed, '*all, all is beautiful.*'

Then sympathy and love came forth, and I saw tears, and sorrow, and sighing: then fancy whispered within my soul, 'this is not bright and beautiful.' Then wisdom came, and fancy fled. A brilliant star-crown worn upon her brow threw light upon the scene, and I saw why sorrow and sadness was around me. It was a key note in God's great harmony of creation to lead my spirit forth in love, affection and sympathy. For what were these faculties lodging within me? Were they not to go forth when sorrow was sighing? And with wisdom I saw that this was also beautiful.

I saw a dark and hideous form borne to the spirit-world. He came in loneliness and in sorrow.

I looked again; there came a bright and beauteous form to join a seraph host above. There were pearl-drops glittering round her brow made of the tears of affection. I gazed upon them long, and all that was beautiful, and bright, and lovely within my soul drew, no thought to the heaven-born host, where the new-born spirit had joined; while sympathy, tenderness and compassion drew down my spirit-thoughts to the sad, the dejected form that was borne to the spirit-world. Fancy said, let us join the shining host; but wisdom prompting spoke within my soul, and bid me seek the weary, the down-cast, the sad one. And I saw from the light of the golden stars that all in this was beautiful and bright; that the shining host above drew out my finer throes. My spirit melted with deep love, and joined the sad one's woes, and there was beauty, heavenly beauty, in the thought that I could save that saddened form, and some day see him join that beauteous choir, that throng of light to which that spirit from the same earth has gone. The one departed from out the garden of flowers, the other came forth 'mid briers and thorns. And the rose and the thorn were all made beautiful. I had learned a lesson of life; and I said within my soul, O God, there is nought but harmony, a bright and circular gradation of beauty that winds to thy central glory."

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, overcast grey. The air was thick with a heavy mist, and the ground was wet and reflective. I took a deep breath, feeling the cold air fill my lungs. The silence was broken by the distant sound of a car horn and the faint hum of traffic. I walked towards the entrance of the building, my footsteps echoing on the wet pavement. The building was a large, multi-story structure with many windows, some of which were lit up. I entered the building and found myself in a large, open hall. The floor was polished and shiny, reflecting the light from the overhead fixtures. I walked towards the front desk, where a woman was sitting. She looked up at me and smiled. I asked her for the room number, and she gave me a card. I took the card and walked towards the elevator. The elevator was at the end of the hall, and I pressed the button. The doors opened, and I stepped inside. The elevator moved up, and I looked out of the window. The view was of a city street, with cars and buildings. I felt a sense of anticipation and excitement. I reached the top of the building and found my room. The room was large and comfortable, with a bed, a desk, and a bathroom. I took a shower and got ready for bed. I lay in bed, looking out of the window. The city lights were visible in the distance, and the sound of the city was heard. I fell asleep, feeling relaxed and at ease.



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