

THE
LILY-WREATH

OF

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS:

Received chiefly through the Mediumship of

MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

UNIVERSITY

A. B. CHILD, M.D.

Go and whisper to the children of earth, and tell them that what they term the fleeting vision, is but the soul's reality.—FLORA.

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P R E F A C E.

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The little buds that have in love been given, are now gathered and twined in "Love's" "Lily Wreath."

No thought of self approval prompts the hand that scatters them to uncrowned brows. He gives, from "Love's" bright bower, buds that have daily opened fragrant to his soul. Let them fall gently on the brow of many forms that come to angel gardens, gathering Hope's bright wreaths.

Even from spirit echoes, even from angel pens, there come imperfect breathings, that call for Charity's soft mantle to rest thereon.

They have been whispered in love, they have been breathed from happy homes, where earth's children shall abide. To each and all, Love whispers, "Come," and the buds thou hast gathered from the "Lily Wreath," bear with thee on the breath of pure affection ; and brighter, softer garlands shall crown thee, undying, to deck thy brow forever.

FLORA.

THE LILY WREATH.

SECTION I.

Tuesday, February 14, 1854.

This evening was my first acquaintance with Mrs. J. S. Adams. In the presence of her husband and some friends, she soon became entranced, and wrote, addressing me, as follows:

You will not be a guide post, or a flag, when you are developed, but a medium of excellence.

She then spoke and said:

I see a beautiful large willow tree, with wide spreading branches, reaching down to the earth. This tree represents your guardian spirit. You stand beneath its branches, under its shade and protection.

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SECTION II.

Monday, February 20, 1854.

Mrs. Adams in a trance, spoke, and said :

There is a pure spirit hovering near you ; her name is " Love." She bids you walk' in cooling streams, where pure waters of truth shall flow into your soul. With dews of sweet affection she breathes upon your nature, till you shall ripen in beauty and purity.

This guardian then wrote through Mrs. A., and said :

Wanderer on the sea of life, let angel guards direct thee. I saw thy course o'er rocks rugged and steep ; then, with celestial finger, pointed the way to safety. Follow me : I will guide you. My name is " Love ;" I dwell in the courts of affection ; I visit earth often ; I know your earthly temple and the spirit that dwells therein. That worn spirit needs repose. Come, bathe in celestial waters, open and free. Your

passage of life shall be sweet ; flowers of beauty shall bloom in your pathway. Gather them in, and twine them in wreaths of memory ; they shall crown you with passports of goodness ; and you shall enter realms of glory. Doubt not that I come.

SECTION III.

February 27, 1854.

Mrs. Adams being entranced, said she saw a scroll, on which was written the following prayer, for my daily use, given by my guardian spirit. As she read it, line by line, it was unrolled to her view and spoken :

PRAYER.

Great Fountain of Wisdom ! Let thy tributary streams fill me with drops of celestial wisdom. This throbbing heart pulsates with new life when fed by angel-hands breaking unto it the bread of life to nourish the soul for eternity. Not in high pillared domes doth my soul bear

incense to its Maker, but in Nature's higher temple, where the spire of pure affection reaches unto its spirit home. There this heart loves to worship. At the shrine of love let humility bear her incense of gratitude ; Angels catch the echo, and the dews of forgiveness fall on the thirsty spirit. Life of all Beings ! Soul of all Wisdoms ! flow in, FLOW IN to this weary spirit. Thou alone didst guide me through the darkened night of error ; and now, the luminary of truth dawns over me. I pray for lasting light till the twilight of death approaches, and this spirit rises triumphant over sin and grossness ; then, at this exhaustless fountain I will drink purer waters, and springs of lasting happiness shall be mine throughout eternity.—AMEN.

SECTION IV.

PART FIRST.

March 6, 1854.

Mrs. Adams was entranced, and an unhappy spirit spoke through her, and said :

Despair ! Where the soul sees no light !
Everlasting misery ! No light ; no hope ; no
God to love ! From all the beauties that
emanate from God's throne, is there no beam of
hope for my soul ? Shall I never catch a beam
from his countenance ?

I asked if these expressions of unhappiness were real. It was answered :

These are the teachings of future punishment. Call them unreal if you will, the agony is real. God made me for eternal misery. Did I sin past all redemption ? Oh, agony ! Is there no sun-ray of redemption ?

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I asked, Is this an unhappy spirit? It was answered :

No happy spirit utters these words to you ;
I cannot be happy ; I am condemned to eternal
misery.

This spirit now left, and the spirit of Rev. J. T. Sabine immediately took possession of the medium, and spoke :

All true pictures give light and shade. How can a spirit progress — taught the above doctrine? This is the place where man would send the wicked, God would not. This unhappy spirit is real ; has told you his true condition ; he was taught the doctrine while on earth ; he believed it then, he believes it now ; and a long time may elapse before he will progress to see the error of his belief. But eventually, he will, he must be happy. Beware how ye teach your fellow-men such doctrine.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Adams still continuing in this trance, it was written through her hand :

Be not frightened, for the medium is not in danger.

The medium fell back upon a couch, manifesting all the symptoms of a person dying ; her extremities became cold as ice, her muscles rigid, her respiration ceased, her pulse actually stopped ; and there was every apparent symptom of real death. After about two or three minutes she began to revive ; a sweet expression of joy enlivened her features, and a happy spirit spoke thus :

New life ! new birth ! Where have I lingered ? Did I dwell in some bright sphere ? This is life. Now I rise. Mother, mother, leave me no longer. Shall I live in this happy place ? Shall I dwell in this bright land ? All forms are bright and beautiful. Voices chanting. Why did I stay there so long ? Oh, the clearness, the glory ! I see my past life, a dream ; sunshine—hope—sorrow. I see my lifeless body is now cold ; it lays upon a couch. Mourners are around it. Oh, dear mourners, call back your tears. I lived there ; I now live here. I brought all my faculties, my likes, my dislikes, tastes, desires, and thoughts ; all I left was my frail body.

SECTION V.

March 13, 1854.

Mrs. Adams under spirit influence, spoke as follows :

There is no other spirit that understands your mental and physical condition so well as this guardian. You have other friends, dear friends, that could impress your general intelligence ; there is no one but this spirit that can give you the individual wisdom which you need. This spirit will always be your guardian ; and the more steps you take, the nearer will you approach her, as she stands on the pinnacle of holiness. She constantly beckons to you, and that is the influence you feel that draws you up. It may be thought uncommon, for a spirit so pure to influence one of unfoldings so opposite, but she has her reasons.

She found your nature a flower of great fragrance and beauty; but you was in wild and uncultivated ground, growing among common coarse plants; the soil was not suited to your nature.

Your guardian spirit has just transplanted you to her own garden, where you belong. She discovered you about four years ago. She had to work gently at first, the roots of the finer plant were so intermingled with those of the coarser. She wanted all the roots. She expected and knew that she would succeed, but she had to trample down a great many weeds to get to you; and she is now perfectly satisfied with the result. When she had transplanted the flower, she wept over it, to think it had been in so uncongenial a soil. She had to shade it at first; the whole ray of light must not come suddenly, it would cause it to wilt. There is not a fibre of its roots broken; I see the flower blooming.

Your guardian has a spiritual chariot she calls "*Progress Heavenward*;" she is sending

it down to you. This is an advanced state, better than you have received. One must be advanced to ride in this chariot. You are about having it now, and you can fly in it through space and time. It is a chariot that rides only in paths of truth; and will carry you through Heaven's own avenues, up to joys untold, unnumbered, unexpressed. This chariot means your advanced condition.

She says there is no earthly tie that claims our spirit union; but it is pure affinity of two harmonizing minds, blending like two great truths in nature. This affinity is beyond all ties, all earthly relations, all spirit claims. It is the small stream flowing to the river; their waters mingling, they float on,—on to the ocean of eternity.

She knows just what your nature needs; she knows the culture of your spirit, the temptations of the body, the influence of the earth's atmosphere. She will pave your pathway with eternal truths, and light it with heavenly beacons.

My guardian here wrote through Mrs. Adams' hand, as follows :

ECHOES FROM THE SPIRIT HOME.

Home, *joyous home* ! Wanderer ! come here.

- Aching head, come rest on the pillow of heavenly repose. Breathe a sigh that Heaven's breath may fan thy brow ; that the breezes of angelic attendants may waft thee homeward. Wanderer, come home, where the fountain of eternal wisdom shall flow into thy soul ; come, drink at the fountain of life ; its waters shall purify thy spirit for eternity.

When in a fount celestial,
 Thy weary soul shall bathe ;
 When borne from waves terrestrial,
 From error's darkened cave ;
 When floating onward, upward,
 The weary soul shall rest ;
 And soar 'midst spirits heavenward,
 To join pure spirits blessed.

Come homeward, weary soul !

SECTION VI.

March 18, 1854.

Mrs. Adams spoke by impression as follows :

Your guardian spirit is summing up and counting the effect of her work on your mind. She looks astonished: pleasantly disappointed. You have more than answered her expectations. You have stood more than she expected ; you have unfolded and expanded faster than she thought you would. Abundance of truth and of the bread of life are in store for you. You are just on the index, you have not arrived at the title page of life. Your perceptive organs want quickening, your memory wants brightening. It can be done, this guardian will do it. You trim your rosebushes, cut down the decayed ones, so she will pull down your sins. You must not look for full blown roses before the bud. You grasp truth before you can penetrate into all its parts. Your memory is bad, it is a

wheel for the other organs to revolve upon. Give the memory direct culture,—gentle,—don't load it down; bring it into daily occupation. Be a little slower, a little more moderate in your proceedings in the arrangement of thought, which will enable you to reason more clearly, and remember more distinctly. You are now guided by spiritual impressions; you will soon be able to go independently. Be not over zealous, you will enjoy more in the future. Had it not been for your enthusiastic temper, earnestness, and warmth of feeling, spiritual impression would not have had that hold on you. All prescriptions are of no use, you are under such direct control of your guardian spirit.

The following refers to the spiritual temple or habitation which by our lives here, we build to inhabit in heaven.

Mrs. Adams continued:

I see a large forest which is to be cut down. It represents the errors of your life. The material is good to build your spiritual temple when it has passed through a long, long pro-

cess. This guardian dictates the work of building, you do it. The foundation is at the side of your guardian's temple. The ground is not so fully cultivated as hers is, but it will be. She smiles, and says she will give you flowers, to transplant to your garden. O, she hovers over you so much.

As you enter her temple, you first enter an enclosure around it, and you enter the same gate to approach your own temple ground. She will not leave this temple to go higher before you come. She has just entered where she is now.

You desire to see your guardian; you feel her hand in mine, it is more than seeing. She fills your whole soul; she is your standard of developement; she is your highest conception of goodness. She is getting your mind more and more susceptible; it is increasing as rapidly as is best for you. She does not recommend mental exercise. You may read only such books as are congenial to your nature. She can never accomplish her design when there is any

thing conflicting about you. She is so pure, she cannot bear conflicting influences ; — cannot act with them. Says she may love the rose, but cannot approach to water and nurture it, when surrounded by a hedge of thorns. Keep thyself free from contention ; take all things as calmly and quietly as possible.

You owe your guardian spirit a great debt of gratitude. She knows you are conscious of it ; she knows your grateful feelings.

I asked how I could pay this debt of gratitude, and it was answered :

You make double returns for her favors, by every pure act, every holy desire, every high attainment.

SECTION VII.

PART FIRST.

March 20, 1854.

Mrs. Adams said your guardian will now give you a page of rules. She writes them for you, but they are so suited to your nature, it seems that you breathe them forth, with a wish to follow them. They were thus given :

Resolved, To keep the spirit pure and bright, that I may drink at angelic fountains of knowledge.

Resolved, To plant flowers of beauty in my pathway, to cheer the barren path of the traveller.

Resolved, To keep Hope bright, with a garland of immortal flowers on her forehead.

Resolved, To scatter blessings in life's pathway like the fragrant rose at morning, that shall waft its sweetness until the evening of eternal repose.

Resolved, To leave no known duty unattended, that my spirit be not stayed in its flight to its heavenly home.

Resolved, To pave my pathway with eternal truths gathered in Nature's volume: truths that shall abide long after these mortal steps have trod the heavenly pathway.

Resolved, To bring my heaven near me.

Resolved, To find my God pervading all nature.

Resolved, To water with dews of affection the less favored plants in the garden of Nature; to give them, as I have freely received, heavenly culture.

PART SECOND.

Here an undeveloped but penitent spirit, (whose name on earth was Mary Adams), took possession of the medium, and the dialogue ensued which is recorded in the second chapter of the "Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth." After which my guardian continued and said :

Another gem shall deck your coronet. One soul from misery reclaimed. Celestial attend-

ants beckon you onward, upward, on mossy steps of progress.

Come, spirit, come home, where your heart is ;
come here in sympathy, but stay there in body,
where your work is.

Come, pilgrim, sailing on life's sea, till in the harbor of eternal repose your spirit shall find rest in the haven of love.

Well done, faithful one. Your labor to-night was watched. Keep that spirit bright. Ere long another angel-stream shall flow into your soul. From that now fettered spirit shall come to you streams of eloquence, of heavenly love. I will reward you.

SECTION VIII.

March 27, 1854.

After a second interview with the unprogressed spirit of Mary Adams, my guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

That gem now sparkles anew with brighter brilliancy. Thou art still faithful in thy work. Water that plant with words of heavenly truth and wisdom.

Another unfolding of the bud : another ripple in the waters of progression : another stone added to the eternal foundation of wisdom : another soul reclaimed from sin and eternal misery : another spirit-birth in the broad universe of progression : another choir of angels chanting over the happy effort.

No wave of the ocean rolls on alone. Millions move on from the first commotion, dashing the shore of time. So that spirit, raised from

the lowest depths, beats against *thy* soul's progression ; your spirit flowing on to that higher attendant ; that spirit then passing on through space infinite, unlimited, to the shore of Eternity.

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SECTION IX.

April 3, 1854.

After a third interview with Mary Adams, my guardian continued :

Look back on the past. From the mountain scenes catch a glimpse of the valley where you once wandered. Call back the hour when first I beckoned you to these heavenly heights.

Review the past. See how thy feet have trod upward, culling in thy pathway buds of beauty, twined by angel hands to deck thy brow in thy earth passage. These buds shall bloom in heaven.

Look back again : see how thy soul has been nourished. *Thou wouldst not return.* See, too, in thy progress upward, thy footsteps have been followed by other travellers to the mountain of wisdom. Were it not for thy foot-prints, they would not have been guided. Rejoice that I called thee hither ; and rejoice again that by thee other pilgrims have found a pathway for repose.

Look back again : in the valley I called thee from, thy soul could never see the heavenly scenery it now beholds. Each step upwards unfolds new beauties in the scenery below, which your soul in its level could never discern.

Think on the past ; hope in the future ; and in your now present happiness rejoice. I crown you with a wreath of unfading laurels ; wear it, keep it bright. I hover over you. I linger ever near you. I leave, but my spirit, my presence, my influence lingers here.

SECTION X.

April 8, 1854.

My guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams as follows :

I am your own guardian spirit. You have done well. I am about to give you a higher development. O, let not your feet grow weary in this beautiful path. Do not linger. No, you cannot; for I lead you. If you owe me a debt of gratitude, let it fall back on the less favored ones. It will make me doubly happy, as I watch your progress. I have lingered over you through the day; I shall tarry with you; I shall not leave you, no, not for a season, until another twilight comes. Then I must go to join the bright angel band; I go to join the spirit choir; but I will come again, bearing on my wings the melody of their sweet music. I could not leave you to-night without these words. I have the power to fill the medium

with all my desires. I have a kindred love in her ; I can wish, I can love, I can hope, I can enjoy, through this medium ; yes, I can weep, too ; but tears I have not known since I led you up. I linger, my medium goes.

SECTION XI.

April 9, 1854.

Mrs. A. in a trance, my guardian spoke as follows :

CONSECRATION.

There is a point of progress to which the soul arrives, which we call a heavenly birth ; uniting it to the one great temple of God's boundless church, wisdom and truth. On earth you use your purest emblem, when the soul unites to the Christian Church, earthly. Here, we have a fountain filled with Heaven's purest element, truth from the ocean of eternity ; the sprinkling of which will cleanse the soul from

impurities, will keep it from grossness, will lead it to pure streams on which the bark can sail through eternal ages, upward, onward, to the soul's inmost longing, our God! Here, we bring the spirit up to the fountain of truth. He has passed temptation, he has sought the truth. We now crown him with a wreath twined by angel hands, to be kept fresh. We will water it with heavenly dews; it must be nurtured by the wearer, in the soil of wisdom. Let it never fall from the forehead. It singles you out from many; it distinguishes you from the crowd, from the many that long to wear this bright, this heavenly crown, as they watch its undying, heavenly verdure.

You have passed upwards, you have entered the portal from which you have no longing to return. We bind not the spirit, we only lead it in gentleness and love. Willing recipient of this heavenly culture, come, bathe in this fountain. Look, and see that band of angels, see that choir chanting an anthem at this spirit birth. 'T is past, 't is done. The future all joyous and

bright, has opened before you. Walk on, keep the wreath unfolded, let duty point the way, let it go hand in hand with love. You will be a star for others. Let it be one whose brilliancy shall beckon them on to their home.

SECTION XII.

April 10, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced and said :

Your guardian spirit is here. She says, Still in the path of duty. I will move on, that you may step in the path I once trod in, and that the pathway you have left may be filled with those saddened, dejected, sorrowing spirits of darkness. I am watching your progress. Now I go to join an angel gathering that will rejoice at this new wave of progression.

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After another interview with the progressing spirit of Mary Adams, my guardian continued and said :

The labor of earth invigorates the body. The work of the spirit in progression nourishes the soul. The one brings an abundant harvest, and the other never-fading laurels to deck the brow as passports to celestial regions. Your work is well. It makes heaven echo with joyousness. Each labor adds another flower-bed to the garden of repose.

Come upward and onward, but come not alone.

SECTION XIII.

PART FIRST.

April 17, 1854.

After the meeting of the spirit of Mary Adams and her angel mother, my guardian thus addressed me :

Joyous was the echo in that spirit-land, at the happy reunion of that long, long separation. Each temple echoed with gladness. Each harp

was tuned to a brighter strain. A new melody broke upon their ears, for another soul came upward clothed in truth.

And here (taking my hand) was the spirit-guide. Let your harp be tuned anew. Let your song peal in louder strains, for the work you have done is great.

Her flight and progress was rapid ; far greater than was looked for. Like your own bright course, short, brilliant. She will breathe upon you with breath of eloquence. She will bring up your powers anew. There now is double guardianship over your path. You cannot grow weary ; you cannot go back, *only* to bring on the weary, the low and the less-favored.

Her crown of stars will dazzle with heavenly radiance. They will urge you on to gather for yourself the *same* starry crown which shall be yours.

Still another adornment to your spirit, to your own bower. It grows each day more like my own. I tarry not long to-night, but I leave with you my influence, my approbation, my love.

PART SECOND

April 17, 1854.

I received the following through Mrs. Adams, in a trance, with a request that I should convey it to Mrs. Child. It came from Mrs. C.'s guardian spirit, addressed to her :

Each thing animate speaks its soul's affinity.
Each flower that sends forth its sweet fragrance,
loves to drink back a corresponding sweetness.
Each bud that opens in the garden of beauty,
loves to look upon other buds, that come forth
at the same period. Each delicately tinted
cloud that floats through the sky, will blend
with kindred beauty. Each eye, that sees in the
great universe the wide spread hand of Deity,
his noble works, loves to meet another eye,
gazing on the same. Each warm heart, that
beats with hope and love, loves to feel another
pulsate to its own. We blend, we sympathise,
we are joined in one affinity.

I sought for the love knit companion ; I
watched 'mid fairy bowers ; I saw great temples
reared : I saw flowing fountains, running
brooks, and meadows of repose ; silent groves,
and towering hill-tops ; mighty mountains,

and sweet valleys ; and all was beautiful. Forms were wandering round, many and varied : but each one had their path. They united, and disunited. I stretched forth my hand ; some passed me by, others smiled, many looked on me with feelings akin to sympathy ; but none took the out-stretched hand.

I passed along in a quiet valley, a beautiful retreat for the weary : I saw a beautiful temple, finely constructed, with every idea of the builder pictured upon and around it. I entered the temple, waiting for its tenant, who is yet in the sphere below.

My rest was sweet. I had a vision ; the fair owner of this beautiful temple came and sat by me. I looked again : it was so like my own in form, construction, arrangement, and the beauty of the scenery was so like my own chosen spot. Here, said I, two hearts blend, two souls unite, and floating o'er me in a cloud of silver hue, came bright seraphs chanting ; " here two souls shall mingle ; one harp shall be theirs ; they shall tune it to one melody."

SECTION XIV.

April 18, 1854.

My guardian spirit spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

I am waiting for thee on the banks of that flowing river called time, where the passengers of life are sailing onward, each to their desired haven. I watch for thee ; when thy frail bark is shattered, I will convey thy soul to its own bower, beside my heavenly mansion.

SECTION XV.

April 23, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced ; my guardian spoke thus :

I find not one here whose soul is in more harmony with my own, than the one through whom I now speak to you. I participate in

earth's joys through this medium ; I sigh in corresponding sadness, when sorrows come near her ; I rejoice in the echo of earth's gladness, when heavenly bliss radiates o'er thy pathway, for I am your guardian, your counsel. I will watch the garden wherein you labor ; celestial dews shall water it, and smiles of heaven's own seraphs shall send over it a genial warmth. Labor on in pleasure, let each effort be a willing one ; let unfading flowers bloom therein ; let no buds blight ; keep it in one eternal bloom ; if some droop, let others be blooming anew. Place in the centre a fountain of purity, the heart's purest affection ; water from that spring, the flowers will grow, they will twine over the bower of life ; and when called from this garden, this labor of love, if the work has been faithful, and well done, you can twine for yourself garlands that will be passports to your spirit home.

SECTION . XVI.

April 24, 1854.

After the dialogue with Mary Adams and her father, which closes the "Rivulet," my guardian thus spoke :

Upward and onward, but not alone ! In your ascent other forms came upward. From your footprints the traveller marked his course. 'This act of love has ended joyously ; not ended, it goes floating on, floating in the far, far future, on to eternal ages.

Wanderer coming home ; you would not return. Look upon the past, while I unveil the future. Go back to the midnight of error, while I lift the curtain that shades the bower of eternal repose.

Go back to the footsteps of folly, while I give the picture of angel-groups that attend thee ; of seraph forms that attract thee. I do this all in love : 'tis love that called me here, 'tis love that bears you home.

Look back to the dark grave that waited thee: to the tomb of despair: and now look upward to your eternal home, to that great fount where you shall drink, where the soul shall bathe, be purified.

Look, look in the future, to the world of intellect, to thought and expansion, and the deep, boundless ocean of wisdom. To those I bring thee. O, breathe not a wish to return. I have watched this effort of labor, this labor of progression. I guarded the steps you came up, and the dark forms that you led onward.

The effort is closed. I'll bring you teachings yet. I have a happy future all laden with brightness and glory to bring you.

SECTION XVII.

April 26, 1854.

Written through Miss Rachel Ellis' hand. The following is from the progressing spirit of Mary Adams, of whom an account is given in the "Rivulet."

My name on earth, was Mary Adams. I was born in Hanover, Mass. I was married at sixteen, not by law. I have been thirty years in a spirit land.

I here asked her to tell me about her mother. She said :

You touch tender strings of memory, and old familiar sounds gush forth and make me sad. O, let me be with you to impress you with the wisdom I receive drop by drop. Though no kindred tie unites us, we are congenial spirits for eternity. Blessed word ! I bear you not the blushing rose of eloquence, but the tiny ringleaves that cluster around it. I

cannot convey to you any idea of the beauty and grandeur of our celestial home, only by comparing earth to a diamond in the rough state, and heaven to one in the highest state of polish. Emerge from the shell and we will soar together.

Your temple ground has too many flowers for my taste ; but they are the taste of your bright guardian " Love ;" they are like her own. In former years I was your guardian, in darkness.

The pure guardian that guides you now cannot communicate through this medium. I do not wish to. Go to Mrs. Adams in Chelsea our own fount, there we will commune.

SECTION XVIII.

April 29, 1854.

My guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

Spirit union, come talk with me ; wanderer on the mortal shores of time, come talk with me. Let the emanations of our souls blend like the sweet harmony of my harp. Distance can never divide them. O, could I meet you in some quiet retreat, some pleasant grove ; there we would hold communion. Think not I tarry with truth, for in the soft bright atmosphere I dwell in, so unlike the turmoil of earth's commotions, I find it hard to commune with you. In some garden of beauty, meet me ; but meet me most in the own happy bower of this medium. Feel that I have been with you ; that for you, I will labor ; and pray for heavenly truth to descend upon you.

O, here on this page, let one angel echo be wafted to thy earth companion. A bright band

of seraphs attend her; angel nourishment will fill her soul; she will soon grow, O, how radiant.

I am your own guardian spirit *forever*; your guardian even at *your own will*. There is no law to bind, but perfect love and affinity. When that spark ceases to glow, then friendship wanes.

Tell that dear earth companion, of the loved ones that surround her; tell her of the many buds that are waiting to blossom for her. I must go to my own home.

SECTION XIX.

PART FIRST.

May 1, 1854.

Mrs. Adams being entranced, my guardian again spoke thus:

Come, wanderer, still drink at the well-spring of knowledge and refresh your soul. You have passed through many flights of progression; I

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beckoned thee onward ; still place thy standard high. Let thy banner wave and float in the gentle atmosphere of angel breath. Thou art even now at my side. Together we will wander ; together we will grasp eternal joys ; we will bind them in amaranthine garlands to deck the pathway of eternity. Still let us walk upward, not that rapid flight, the supposed progression of many, by leaving the little flowers in the pathway of life uncultured. Rather gather them all ; they will sweeten the pathway here, they shall be exchanged for brighter buds when the soul is freed from its earthly tabernacle. I have called you up to me on mossy steps of light, and well has the soul been refreshed ; now I am coming to thee ; soon my form all radiant shall burst upon your vision. With the sweet breath of affection I will fan that feverish brow, when warm with earth's vexation. The gentle grasp of the hand, shall tell how near I dwell to thee ; the great, the immortal truths I shower upon thee, shall show how dearly I love thee. You have wished to behold me ;

you are waiting to catch a glimpse of loved ones here. The forces are adequate to the conception I will bring upon thee ; it will be gradual, each effort being stronger, until the happy moment when the full vision comes over you. I do not leave you, but cease to speak.

Mrs. Adams still being influenced, spoke as follows :

I see a pink cloud envelop you ; it is filled with stars that will soon assume forms. Next to you I see a group of little young cherubs, playing with bright, sparkling drops. I see another circle of young females, with wreaths of white lilies on their heads. I see another circle, more advanced, with wreaths of evergreens. I see another circle of males, with large scrolls and parchments. These were all present at the consecration. (See page 23.) I see another circle of males, still more advanced, with bright, starry crowns upon their foreheads. I see now the emblem of these circles. The first is the new birth of beauty ; the bright drops they are playing with, are new truths. The next circle re-

presents another advancement in the philosophy, with fruits of wisdom that it presents to you. The next circle represents the lasting beauty of this food—the undying emblem of evergreen. The next circle gives the philosophy of the science in all the force of manhood and vigor of thought. The next circle is the summit of this progress—when the spirit is freed, then the starry crown shall be placed upon thy forehead.

All these forms are about you ; they all encircle you. You can never break through. These hands once united, never disjoint.

I inquired who gave this vision. It was answered :

Your guardian gives the picture, the medium speaks it.

PART SECOND.

From the spirit of Rev. John T. Sabine, spoken through Mrs. Adams :

Brother, coming home to join us ? Coming in the flowery path of angels ? Coming with the heavenly banner of truth ? Coming to the fountain of eternal wisdom ? Coming home to drink

of that fount? Coming home to expansion, thought, truth, wisdom, where the soul shall grow strong, mighty? Coming to the garden of pure affection? Coming home to the choir of melody? Coming home to the land of pure affinity? Brother, I joy for thee. Give these words to my sister,* read them to her, tell her a brother's voice spoke them.

We are all passing upwards, not away, not away,
Life beams with a halo of heavenly ray.

PART THIRD.

From the guardian spirit of Mrs. Child, spoken through Mrs. Adams:

There was joy in heaven, and angel harps were tuned anew, when the tidings of another soul, spirit-born, was wafted on the celestial breeze. The echo rang through heaven's high arches; melody filled our happy land. In the festal garden of beauty, angel fingers were twining another wreath for another soul that was

* Mrs. Child is sister to the spirit now speaking.

coming home to love and beauty. Wouldst thou enhance the joy of angels? Wouldst thou add finer sweetness to the flower? Wouldst give deeper blushes to the rose? Wouldst thou give new melody to harps? Come home in the light of heavenly wisdom, and all these thou shalt give.

PART FOURTH.

The following purported to come from the spirit of I. T. Hopper, through Mrs. Adams:

Well, friend, I find thee making rapid progress in this new light. Do thy feet grow weary treading the heavenly sod? Thy course has been rapid, but thee can never advance too fast in goodness. Thee must know that an effort like this on earth is not unnoticed in our spheres. Many have watched thee, friend. Thou hast been well favored by guardians. Thou sayest that thou art not worthy; but thee is not the best judge, friend. I have talked with thy fair guardian. Thee has a brilliant star to guide thee.

I here remarked that my spirit was too dark for a guardian so pure.

Thy soul must no longer keep dark, friend. It will reflect the heavenly radiance shed on it. This heavenly radiance would not shine for thee, could not thou send back some beauty.

Tell me, hast thou firmly resolved never to tread the paths of error?

I answered that I had firmly resolved.

Well done, thee hast sent a welcome message to the spirit home.

I said that I hoped it was impossible for me to return to darkness again.

Thee cannot. Thy friend wished to hear the new resolve from thyself.

I asked, if he could read my thoughts? he answered:

Thy bright one, thy guardian only can read thy thoughts.

I am an old man, curious but friendly; sober and upright in the flesh, dealing fairly with all men, yet not without sin. Thy friend now speaking was called "Hopper." Dear, progress-

ing friend, thee has much to joy for. Well I know a full fountain swells within thee. Thou hast showers of mercy, thou hast untold joys, thou hast countless blessings.

I inquired who I should thank, beside God, for all the blessings my soul had received from unseen hands. He answered :

I tell thee, let thy life flow out in one continual stream of thankfulness ; above and below thee. Dost understand ? The beauty of the rose is enhanced when it droops to hide its blushes ; so let the kind acts of life bring to thy station wisdom and beauty. In doing this, thy joy, like the beauty and fragrance of the flower, is increased two-fold.

PART FIFTH.

The spirit of the medium's mother here spoke as follows :

Another form, perhaps not unworthy thy notice. I have watched your progress. I am the medium's mother. Many thronged to speak to thee to-night, and I come to fill up the little space with another drop of sympathy

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and interest in your welfare. If by my child, others acting through her, you have received comfort, how I joy that I gave her birth. How I joy to see her mingle with sympathetic minds. Deem it not selfishness in me, that as I behold others scattering in her path of life flowers of kindness, that I pay back the debt on them in heavenly blossoms. Here we, a seraph band, have joy at your progress, and the progression of all. I have long sought to give you my little, little drop of sympathy, and interest in your welfare.

SECTION XX.

May 2, 1854.

My guardian spirit spoke through Miss Anna L. Richardson, as follows :

Brighter light is dawning on you. 'Tis bright now, but it will soon be brighter. My spirit has left its bright abode to visit you. The time will soon come when you will see me

yourself. Don't be too anxious. Never resist any influences, but give yourself up to them, mind and soul.

Many communications have I given you ; but I cannot control this medium. I shower heavenly blessings on your head.

The medium says :

O, what a happy union that will be.

At the close of the above sitting with Miss Richardson, an undeveloped spirit, calling his name Charles Granville, came to me asking for light. I gladly and readily offered my humble efforts, and proposed to meet him at Mrs. Adams' in Chelsea, on the next Wednesday eve. According to my promise with this dark spirit, I visited Mrs. Adams on the eve. appointed to hold an interview with him, when my guardian addressed me through Mrs. Adams, as follows :

You acknowledge me thine own guardian, as competent to protect thee and guide thee aright. Listen awhile ; not that I would stay thy hand in deeds of goodness ; the forces around thee are such, and around the medium, that I must needs keep back this incident of mercy, which in your opinion claims your attention. You will accede, you cannot see the influences around

you ; I know full well, too well to misdirect your footsteps ; the forces around you now are passiveness and gentleness. Every faculty of a high order in the medium must be in action, in order to give the little volume* about to come through her. This little wave of commotion will retard our journey, like the ship in full sail, though the wanderer may cry on the bank of the river on which we sail, still we must go onward with those we have in charge, and lead them peacefully. But we will send back to the wanderer a little bark, that will bear him safely to his haven of rest. I allude to your own development, that is now going on ; the passive influence I wish upon you.

Yet we will not forget the hungry soul. You have come "upward and onward but not alone." Those wanderers that you led in the path of wisdom, can reach him the hand of friendship, and bring him where lasting nourish-

* Reference was here made to a spiritual poem now in progress.

ment waits for him. To the old man in the bower, (see "Rivulet," page 61,) I will send a band of angels to-night, who shall breathe our wishes. We will move on and he shall come up. Pass on, travellers of life to the summit of the mountain, that the hidden ones in the valley of darkness may come forth.

I know that my words here find a response from your soul, and from each. Those intellectual and able friends united to give the little volume, are waiting kindly and passively, till full quiet is restored to the medium. Your own development, also depends on the harmony here. Thine own guardian speaks.

SECTION XXI.

PART FIRST.

May 8, 1854.

My guardian again spoke through Mrs. Adams, in a trance, and said:

My thoughts to-night lie deep. It must be silent eloquence; I can utter but few words. My own heart swells with joy, as I think that from the steps of error, I brought one up, and that beside my own bower another is reared like my own: and that while blessing others in the effort of goodness, I have found for me a soul companion: one whose harp can be tuned to the melody of my own.

No joy or sorrow of life is complete in solitude. I had a heavenly bower; I had a garden of beauty; I had flowers, fresh, budding, of sweet fragrance; but, as on these I gazed, no kindred eye drank in the same beauty. I

watched, I looked through the spheres beneath and above, and I found my affinity drawn earthward. It is not the spot that makes the union. I found that flower planted in uncongenial soil, surrounded by a hedge of an unpleasant growth; but I poured on it angel dews; I nourished it; it grew and budded. That bud, O, how sacred! How I watched the unfoldings. Soon came bright expansion; I saw the beauteous leaves gradually unfold. How I nurtured it; I feared that some rude blast would sweep it from my gaze: I let none other than angel truth sweep over it, lest those delicate leaves should be blown 'mid the rude thorns that surround it. Some, gazing, wondered why 'mid such unsightly leaves, so delicate flower was blooming! They dreamed not an angel hand was pruning it for a heavenly garden. That flower is blooming now; soon I shall pluck it to deck my own bower. Its fragrance shall fill my soul. It shall waft its sweetness to the altar of pure affection, never, never, never to fade.

PART SECOND.

The spirit of Mary Adams now spoke through Mrs. Adams, as follows :

Friend, guardian that bore me ; that called me up ; I come again to breathe my gratitude. Had it not been for you, I should not be now in that happy land. I can never forget the bark that bore me over the waters of commotion, to the shore where dear friends were gathered waiting for me.

I have come to tell you of my progress ; for I know you joy to hear of my happy progression. I come to tell you of my rest on the bosom of that angel mother, and how I am getting bright truths, that I may grow brilliant and good for her. And I come to tell you of the poor old man in the bower of repose ; for I know the chord of sympathy was touched in your heart, for the spirits of the less favored ; and he is coming upward too. Soon, soon we shall be a happy family united. And to whose goodness and kindness do we credit the deed ? it is to thine. The old man is growing bright, and in

his turn of goodness, has gone back for another form. Turned back only for a season. Mighty and wide spread is the influence of one soul. Try and measure, if you can, the goodness and the deeds of kindness that have flowed from thy own progression. O, that the influence of my earth life were as joyous as yours; that I could gather from the flowers of memory one garland of beauty. But the future opens and dawns for me, and in the present I will leave one sunny spot where memory can revert in after years; may it be as sunny as thine own.

That now undeveloped form, (see page 46) after some progress, will speak to you. He goes in perfect repose and confidence with the poor old man. I go now to my work of love and beauty. Your guardian gave me this little space, to speak my gratitude again. I love to linger; I love to think of you; but a brighter star guards you; I cannot come to you with such gems of beauty as your guardian; I can only come to breathe the hearty, soul-felt gratitude of three hearts.

SECTION XXII.

May 14, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke, and said :

I have come again to meet you. I come, too, laden with echoes from our happy sphere. I come not to destroy one ripple of affection that belongs to the earth ties ; I come to raise thy spirit up to knowledge and goodness. Take with you, in your angel chariot, each dear one that dwells around you, that lingers in your same bower. I come to watch your unfoldings ; and I love, too, to watch the progression of that dear form that walks near thee in thy earth pilgrimage. Recognise me only as such ; as one only to enhance thy future joy, and to bring budding happiness in your present garden of life. I watch through you the flow of affection that falls on your companion, your chosen earth

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affinity. Let the radiance that illumines your soul, fall in benevolent streams through affection's light to her kind soul. In doing this, pleasant and happy wreaths of memory shall deck you, when the spirit is passing home.

SECTION XXIII.

May 15, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke thus :

And this is only a ripple on the surface of wisdom ; the mighty depth is not yet penetrated ; the truths you have received are beautiful and nourishing ; those which are to come are radiant and glorious. And I, your guardian, will protect you ; I will bring you truth ; I will never let you stray. I prune the flower I love. I take from it the dead branches that draw the beauty

from the fair bud. My hand shall pull down these little frailties, and my hand also will water the plant. I will not let thy feet wander ; they must walk in the path of beauty I have laid out for you ; that beautiful path that leads to a fertile valley where ever-blooming joys are springing, where you shall pluck buds and nurture them, till they bloom in eternal beauty. I draw ever near to you daily ; and soon, soon I shall converse with you as I do with this medium. I converse with her through the harmony of the soul. She reads in me the approving smile, or the countenance of grief, the deep joy or the rising tear.

This medium has been set apart and consecrated in the spheres. Through her can come only communications of wisdom and instruction, and that which will radiate the soul ; let her be known as such.

Tune all things earthly to a corresponding sweetness of your ideal heaven. There is much in these words for you. Come on the breath of pure affection, and when your soul plays in

sweet harmony here, I echo upon my harp in concert.

The cares of life, borne calmly, bring angels in thy pathway.

Truths sought here, are stars to light our passage home.

My mission to you, is to culture your soul to the highest order of beauty. I may pluck for you some little blossoms unseen by you, for your culture.

When the eye through which the soul now gazes shall grow dim, and the feeble steps begin to falter, and the form now erect and glowing in the health and strength of manhood begins to droop, fear not, for a new birth is at hand. If the deeds of life have been pure and holy, and the efforts of goodness have been well filled, then shall a bright convoy of angels bear the spirit home to God.

Fill well the future years of life before thee. Let them be a beauteous vale of flowing flowers, for memory to wander in.

Each effort in duty gives me smiles.

On the barren trees in thy pathway, engraft
the fruit of heaven.

I have spoken to you to-night but little in
words ; there is more in feeling. Our commu-
nion in silence is more eloquent than words.

SECTION XXIV.

May 21, 1854.

Mrs. Young, in a trance, addressed me as follows:

You are surrounded by a circle on their
knees, waiting for you to assist them. They
have been directed by higher spirits. A dark
cloud seems now passing away from this first
circle of penitent, but unprogressed spirits.

Thy mission is a peculiar one, one not well
understood. You have a peculiar gift delegated
to you ; 't is to lift up those that are beneath
you. Think not that the mission is a low one.
It is one delegated to but few, for but few are

willing to enter into it. 'Tis a mission of the greatest use. It is one that will bring great blessings upon him that is willing to be exercised by it.

Lift thy soul up to higher degrees of greatness and excellence, by seeking to lift up others.

SECTION XXV.

May 23, 1854

My guardian addressed me through Mrs. Adams, as follows :

Harp that echoes to my own melody, how I joy to meet thee in the pure affection of angel breath. Raise thy soul to purity. I am waiting in a garden of lilies ; my first appearance to your vision will be in that flower. While on earth, I left many deeds of kindness undone. I now give to you my work ; fill for me the void in humanity. For me I know you will labor.

I see some bright stars shining,

Shining for thee ;

I see a wreath now twining,

Twining for thee.

• While floating in a cloud of light,

A holy band of angels bright,

Come chanting, with seraphic lays,

A melody of heavenly praise.

I see a bright throng gathered,

Gathered for thee ;

I see pure joys measured,

Measured for thee.

The circle of unprogressed spirits seen around thee on their knees, by another medium, means those in thy own sphere. Raise them, raise them.

Life, life! how it beams with beauty! On the golden-winged hour of time, insert diamonds of beauty. Place there the true heart and hand of duty. Live for humanity, live not alone. Waft to the barren hills, the darkened valleys, the shady groves, waft the undying truth, the light of spirit progression. Penetrate the thick hedges of error. O, let thy soul be a beacon

light ; let many, many walk by thee. Life will be beauteous ; death, O, how glorious !

Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, hush the sigh of misery. Would'st thou then add to the convoy of angels that shall welcome thee to those heavenly shores, when the spirit passes there, fill well the little sphere allotted thee, with deeds of love and duty.

Thou need'st not turn aside for some mighty act ; enough daily blossoms spring in thy pathway, for thee to culture. Thou wilt have strength equal to the deeds. Freely give, and thou shalt receive the soul's equivalent. I now leave thee, but in spirit I am still, still hovering over thee.

SECTION XXVI.

May 29, 1854.

My guardian again addressed me through Mrs. Adams, and said:

Thy bark of progression is moving from the shore that bounds the ocean of eternal wisdom.

Onward, voyager to that heavenly port, where the ransomed from error sail, 'mid the blue waves of calmness, 'neath a canopy of celestial azure, there to ride on triumphant to regions of love. Spirit messenger, spirit love, hasten on the breath of pure affection; hasten with tidings of joy to the loved you left behind. Bear joyous tidings, tidings from a seraph band; waft them o'er the land of misery, waft them on angel breezes to earth's distant poles. Spirit of light tarry not, go on thy mission, and return with the olive branch of peace. Go to the earth's barren spots. Go to the lowly cot,

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and whisper comfort, go to the mighty palace
and whisper immortality. Go and make soft
the hardened heart, go and join the hands of
humanity in common brotherhood. Go spirit
messenger ; love bids thee go, duty calls thee,
affection and humanity twine the chord. Go
on thy duty spirit messenger. This I give to
you ; I am your guardian, your counsel, your
own affinity.

And where shall wisdom shed her light ?
And how shall darkness turn from night ?
Go speak to them in tones of love,
They'll turn to thee, nor longer rove.

Where does duty point the way ?
How can my hand all misery stay ?
Go with the thrilling voice of love,
They'll come to thee, a nestling dove.

I would love to take thee with me, 'mid
scenes of beauty, the scenes I dwell in,
where we might wander and gaze, and
gazing, love ; and drink, and drinking, quench
the thirsty soul. Yet, yet these joys

are thine. Do I not bring thee beauty? Do I not bring pure garments? Do I not bring drops of eternal wisdom? Do I not nourish thy soul? I led thee from error. I am still leading thee to wisdom. I led thee from the wilderness to convey thee to the beauteous meadow, to the open space of thought and beauty, where the eye might gaze on the refreshing landscape. The gratitude I claim, is, go and do as I have done to thee. Let not sorrow shade thy pathway; gaze on the bright host that surrounds thee; never grow sad, never grow weary; come onward all radiant with glowing hope, with heavenly truth, with thrilling confidence, to the mansion that awaits thee. Come joyously; come with a heart swelling with love; come all teeming and glorious with eternal truth; come laden with the echo of gratitude that swells the atmosphere of duty.

Receive only the beauteous emanations of minds.

Take not even from spirit sources the errors of opinion.

Let reason hold the sway ; place it not aside for phantom.

Take beauty and adopt it, though in plain garb.

Strengthen thy own intelligence by frequent comparison.

Quote from authors of wisdom and intellect, and arrange a beauteous volume of thy own gathering.

Stud the soul with gems of truth.

Ripen for the change that awaits thee.

Follow no foot-prints but those made by guides of truth.

Keep the flame of pure affection bright, that it may reflect the finest faculties of the soul.

Nature is the unfailing revelation, the purest from the hand of God.

Reason is the guide to nature.

Truth is the passport.

The season of quiet thought prepares the soul for action.

Solitude is like a mirror; one reflects the form, the other, the follies of life.

The following sentences are answers to questions:

My name on earth was Flora ———. I died when eighteen years of age; have been in the spirit world about ten years.

I was a member of the episcopal church. My education on earth, was all I could gain in the little space allotted me; it might be termed finished; yet to my now expansive view, but begun, scarcely begun. The truths I communicate to you, I have learned since I left the earth. My father died many years since; I have not yet reached him. He was a minister, of kindness, abounding in deeds of goodness; a true follower of the religion of Jesus Christ. I owe him much for my present happiness.

My mother has not yet reached the sphere I am in. •

'Tis not an effort to communicate with you; 'tis only a pleasure. When I can gain full control of the faculties of the medium, 'tis a

labor of love to impart from my overflowing cup of happiness, to one I deem less favored. Did I find no affinity the labor might be weary, still with duty predominant I might go on. 'Tis more joyous when we meet response.

SECTION XXVII.

June 5, 1854.

The old man in the bower now writes through Mrs. Adams' hand, as follows:

I tell you, it makes joy, when a soul is brought from sin to heaven. And I tell you harps tune sweet, when a dark one like me is drawn to them. Bright stars I saw shining. O, if no other passport was given you to glory, but telling an old sinner how to go, ye might go straight to angels' home. My little love I bring ye. May thy life be an everlasting blossom

that never fades, is the humble wish of the poor old man. You brought me to flowers.

The spirit of Mary Adams now spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said:

Another hand would twine in the wreath of memory some buds of recollection, buds of tenderness, that bloom in paradise. Who wove for me the beautiful garland of hope, and placed it on my brow? Who gave me words that cheered my soul for a lasting eternity of thought? Your hand did the deed; your voice called me home. "Home!" O, that word thrills my inmost being. What varied throbs of life it calls forth from the fountain of affection!

Months, even months ago, I could not echo the heart's purest longings. I could not call from home; now my spirit dwells in one eternal home. Sweet, heavenly home. O, benefactor, is gratitude felt most when unexpressed. You gave me truth, life, love and joy. Words are feeble. Nature's most eloquent appeal is in the fragrant flower, the running brook, the shady

branches, in the rolling pebble; these all speak to their great Creator, hymns of praise. This beating heart could speak to thee volumes, but words are inadequate. Let me (taking my hand) feel the hand's warm pulsation, and let me know a heart throbs in sympathy for me. Let me know that a kind voice called me from darkness. These thrill my being. You watched, protected, and nurtured the infant bud. How can it respond in sympathy but by unfoldings? And now a brighter and a holier form, a holier being claims the hour. And let me leave my thrill of gratitude; I come again, if I can echo beauty and joy.

My guardian now spoke, and said:

Think not because the ocean waves of life rise in commotion around the firm bark of beauty, that it has lost its strength and firmness of support, its foundation. On the still, smooth surface it moves calmly; none doubt its capacity, its strength, or beauty. It is only the buffeting

commotions of life that give it the semblance of unevenness. I speak this in reference to the medium. I saw her harp a few hours ago, not in perfect harmony. I felt the discord ; for we had each tuned our harps to the same melody. Bring her the love and charity you bring me ; grant to her the same passport to her affection, of tenderness and love.

My mission and my influence here, is to fill the space of love. Think not 'tis to play through eternal ages on harps already tuned to melody. No, no. I come to sweeten discord ; I come to bring buds as well as the full-blown flowers. I come to water dead leaves, to breathe on dried branches my dews of affection. I walk in the barren wilderness, in uncultivated gardens, in untutored minds ; and this, this is the mission of love. Answer me, friends of earth, do I fill the station here ? Are there no voids, no nooks of barrenness, where the eye of love has not yet penetrated ?

- I feel that in this garden, (placing her hand upon my head,) I have labored well ; that I

have brought to the gaze of the owner, each deformity ; each rude hedge that grew around some beauteous flower, checking the growth. And I feel, too, that he has made larger his boundary of beauty, and that where once were growing uncomely shrubs, there now springs a fountain of beauty. This I know has been my labor. O, may he bless, as I have favored him.

Wanderer in the desert of human errors, thou once hadst no spot to call home ; thou couldst not sigh for heaven ; you were once like the poor old man that comes to thee, far, even far from a bower of rest. But, O ! 'tis love, 'tis love that plays in human chords ; 't is love that strikes the harp of melody, though not in beauteous form. Love comes peeping through those hatches that surround thee ; love cuts from them the thorns of ignorance ; love spoke to the heart ; that heart came home and found a heaven. 'T is not, 't is not on the couch of repose that love is nurtured for heaven ; 't is not even walking 'mid flowers of choice, that we gather garlands for higher spheres. 'T is often,

often in the thorny path, 'tis even on the precipice of danger, the mountain of hardest ascent, that we catch the brightest landscapes of futurity.

SECTION XXVIII.

June 8, 1854.

The following was spoken by Mr. B. A. Stevens, of Lawrence, an impressional speaking medium:

How blissful are thy thoughts, thy contemplations; how real thy joys, since thou hast inclined thy heart unto wisdom, and thou didst lend a willing ear to that voice that has thrown such a charm around thy existence; creating within thee such living light. This has so quickened thy spiritual perception, that thou needst now no moral teacher, but rather seekst that instruction that is presented upon the fair page of nature. Thy spirit is ever drinking in

from the pages which are sparkling with the rich and pearly jewels that are making up the circlet to adorn thy spiritual coronet. The jewels which are to grace that coronet, which is to adorn thy brow, thou wilt learn to value, as thou understandest their priceless worth. Not like the jewels of earth, which grace the diadem of monarchs, but gleaned from the fields of truth, which are watered by the streams that emanate from the fountain of God. When the spirit shall be freed from its connection with that material form, which thou dost wear, then shalt thou be able to look upon those sparkling gems. Thou shalt be able to decipher those characters inscribed thereon, *grace, truth, love, harmony, peace, and eternal progression*; all blending into one. And this is the crown of rejoicing of which thou hast had ere now an intimation. Thou art already become conscious that this chaplet is being woven; already have the jewels been set in harmonious array, and it is even now being elevated by an angel hand, until dissolution shall permit thy spirit to

ascend to its proper position, then shall be added the last jewel, eternal life.

Let not thy spirit become impatient to break away from the fetters which bind it to thy form, as thy interior is enlightened to behold this crown of rejoicing; for know thou, O brother, the day of redemption draweth nigh.

The influence of this spirit now speaking, is very chaste, pure and heavenly. This spirit has bathed herself in the pure imagery of heaven's thoughts. Her heavenly light shall illuminate your soul, that you stray not from the paths of truth and purity.

SECTION XXIX.

June 12, 1854.

My guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said:

And yet words are but forms; 'tis when two loving hearts embrace, that the eloquence of the soul is uttered. Go in the garden of nature,

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that volume of thought and expression, and read unuttered volumes, in silent but expressive language while we wander in that happy space of expression, where the thoughts are mirrored, thoughts of two hearts, two souls that blend. As the earth form is reflected in life's glassy mirror, so in the mirror of expression, the form that echoes heart to heart, with ours, reflects but our own image. Does thy heart teem with love, to know that thy form reflects but my own image? Does pleasure thrill the vibration of affection, when my gentle hand guides thee?

O, responsibility of love! Duty warmed with the heart's affection! O, let me guide this mind aright. O, let me lead him to glorious ideals of heavenly beauty, and onward to the real of enjoyment. In a soft mellow light, in a pure atmosphere of angel breath, on the perfumes of the sweetest flowers, may his soul feed and be nourished and nurtured.

Would that the throbbing heart of angels could quicken into beauty by the breath of love,

the feeble pulsations we behold. O, would that man would live up to his endowments ; would acknowledge the debt he owes to nature.

For every sigh that heaves from the great bosom of earth, there is a star shining, shining bright from heaven's own eyes.

Thine, thine forever ; thine when this weary form mingles with its kindred soil ; and thine still, when the freed spirit soars heavenward ; thine, where no earth-toils disturb the soul's serenity ; still thine, wandering through heavenly bowers ; and thine, still thine, forever. But O, let not this coming union of hearts dissolve one particle of love and duty of thy earth pilgrimage. 'Tis thine now, thine in future, still thine forever.

SECTION XXX.

June 16, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke and said :

When first the peal of human misery rose on the air for angel aid, was it only duty that called me hither, or love, pure and deep ? Our affinities are one, yet to the voice of sorrow, I'll ever turn my hand. This ear shall ever catch the echo of sadness that falls upon it. But for thee I come, heart and hand, to mingle our souls for one eternity ; there to flow into each other.

I go to deck my bower that when we meet, it may be pleasant to the eye of him I adorn it for.

To you, this medium has been a golden gate, leading to golden truths. I use a strong figure ; and one, her sensibilities would not care to see written, but I only express my feelings.

Let the soul ever rest firmly on its own merits, and truthfulness. Let angel voices in whispers be unto thee like stars in the midnight, that beam not forth in daylight, but in darker hours ; and thus we shine for loved ones here. Not in the sunlight of the soul, where reason beams forth to guide each individual faculty ; but in the twilight of life, and where man needs a beacon light, we, angel guides, come to direct him. When light within thee fades away, look upward, traveller, to bright stars shining for thee ; to angel eyes beaming on thee.

Gaze well and long upon the star that guides thee ; rest well assured 'tis not a flash, a meteor, that falls while darting. Fix the constant, the daily, the hourly gaze upon that gem, that studs the firmament for thee. Be sure it lights thy pathway well ; then through tried scenes of darkness, thou canst say, " My star ! my beacon light ! "

I love the work you have begun ; the free library of spiritual books. I will soon give a

volume of interest to add to your numbers ;
Scenes of Life in our Sphere.

Charles Granville, that once dark form (see pages 46 and 52) is now radiant with hope. He now comes with a heart overflowing with gratitude, for thy interest in his behalf.

My guardian now makes way for this spirit, and he writes through Mrs. Adams' hand, as follows :

I cannot speak for gratitude.

After a few moments of silence, he speaks as follows :

Gratitude has no words : 't is spoken here, (pointing to his heart ;) 't is written here, (pointing to his head.) 'T is mightier than words.

Had I a thousand honors ; a thousand worlds and a million angel-forms, even brighter than this guardian, I would lay them all at that angel's feet, could that act but take from this heart, its fullness of expression. But I am not alone ; there is continually an array of

redeemed ones, kneeling in silent, but eloquent gratitude at her shrine of duty. O, could your eyes behold it, the sight is so beauteous ! And there she sits in brightness and love : gentle, beautiful and lovely. And what makes that beauty, what brings that heavenly polish to the soul ? 'Tis grazing in conflict with our rough natures ; yes, that heavenly brilliancy that radiates from her form, was brightened by our redemption.

Gratitude is all I say : Farewell.

SECTION XXXI.

June 19, 1854.

Mrs. Adams, in an entranced state, remarked :

I see a splendid golden vessel ; the owners in it have equal shares. Angel wings are the sails. The anchor is silver, studded with gems ; a gem from each owner. The ocean it will sail on is

deep and pleasant. There are no billows on this ocean that can buffet or disturb the graceful motion of the vessel as it glides along. There are no hidden rocks to be dashed on.

My guardian then spoke as follows:

And O, this is the ocean of life; and this is the true, the only bark that can convey thy soul homeward in security and calmness.

This golden ship is yours, 'tis mine also, and this form's (pointing to the medium); with each an angel wing for a sail.

Passengers of life, voyagers for eternity, leaving, perhaps, olden scenes, youthful bowers and pathways, coming home on an untried but heavenly ocean; angel doves have whispered to thee, that the breezes there are calm, and the waves buffet the soul never, *never*, NEVER.

O, lean on angel guidance. The golden ship stands ready. Embark, voyagers, one, each, and all; and now push from the shore where we have lingered and roved: but cast no longing looks behind, for brighter lands await thee.

There is a harbor where we shall anchor when the little dreary space of life is o'er. Let the banner float high, let it wave in heaven's breeze, as we sail down so calmly, while countless myriads of vessels draw to the harbor from whence we pushed, to take in those longing forms and bring them to the home we sail to. They, longing, gaze and look on us as we pass from their view. Let us throw back on the breeze that wafts us from them, some gentle whispers, some music of the soul, that they may know we sail in calmness; that we may urge them to embark like us on life's sea.

Our golden ship now nobly glides along. How soft and gentle are the ripples of the flowing tide, as we break its beauteous repose. Even like the ripples of melody that swell the spirit immortal, sailing through life's waves to heaven and to home. See these bright clouds so softly gathering up. Will they not break in pealing storms? No, *never, never*. We sail on the ocean of truth, on the waters of love. Voyagers, shall we return? Hark! See our

angel pilot plume her wings, clasp her hands,
and point onward, still onward.

Mrs. Adams, still entranced, continued:

Your guardian is sending a chariot to you. It is not small, it takes a great many in. A little silver chord connects the chariot to her. This chord is only seen by yourself, not by others. I see the dress becomes very pure as they enter this chariot. Your robe now is white, all white but one little spot on the breast; I know not what it is, 't is very small. Your guardian has sent you a little golden anchor to pin over it until it is gone.

SECTION XXXII.

June 26, 1854.

This evening Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke, and said :

And need I echo softer strains of sweeter melody than have already pealed on the ear, to draw thy soul homeward? Can we add new tints to the perfect rose? Can we swell the anthem of a rapture choir, chanting a heavenly melody? Can we add joy to the bursting heart of happiness? Can we twine around the tender bud more tendrils to protect it? No, no. But we will bid beauty linger; we would still come pealing anthems of melody to keep the soul tuned; we would have the rose ever blooming; we would keep the bud of promise in the sweet tendril of affection; and the heart already satiate with joy, we would still keep leaping, bounding homeward.

Now that thy soul already reflects some brilliancy of mine own, should I turn from thee to beam on other hearts the bright effulgence? No, I can linger, I can bloom for thee, I can shed fragrance o'er many.

Are those deep longings in thee, longings for wisdom? Does thy soul seek its demands in a brighter and more congenial clime? 'Tis my guardianship drawing it, drawing it homeward. I come radiant with all the wisdom I can gather. I gather it in every court, I seek it for thee.

You know not, you cannot conceive the laws that bind us in unison, ordained of God, flowing from and to him. Could you, loved one, gaze on the spirit relations that bind our souls in friendly affinity one with another, thy soul would roll over many a wave of wisdom, and wondering go on, still wondering, ages it might be, on this one drop that fills the universe with light.

PRAYER.

Eternal, boundless, undying embodiment of knowledge! Great Source of all light, that

shines so feebly in these dark spirits, guide us, illumine us, call us homeward through the avenues of light, wisdom, love and beauty, thou hast laid out for us, spirits of darkness, that wander. Humility, breathe around us thy fragrant breeze! O, waft our spirits onward, still onward, that we may catch a glimpse of that lasting light that shines through eternity for humanity.

There is a luminary that shines for thee still ; one ray of light from that eternity of blazonry, would fill thy feeble soul for ages.

Loved one, and friends, purify, brighten, strengthen the spirit. Launch forth on the waters of wisdom. Come, sail in the bark of love, wafted by the breeze of affection.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Adams, still in a trance, continued and said:

How trembled the finest fibres of my nature in joyous accord, when first I beheld thee gathering fruit immortal. What rapture filled my

soul when I beheld thy gazing eyes turned tearfully to heaven. 'The joyous news was heralded through heaven's arches, news of your salvation. I looked and gazed upon thee long ; soon I saw in the bright future a celestial star, shining for thee. O, rapture, bliss, heaven shining for thee ! A brighter star had never risen from the constellation of wisdom. I have been gazing, filled with joy and ecstasy, that such a beacon of purity shone for thee. Lost in the brilliancy of wisdom, think not, dear friend, I looked not on thee ere time had rolled his chariot of mercy bearing your soul to glory.

PHILANDER CHASE.

SECTION XXXIII.

July 3, 1854.

Mrs. Adams, entranced, spoke and said :

- I see your guardian spirit kneeling at a harp, on a bank of beautiful moss. Now I see her kneeling at a fountain. The harp is yours, the

fountain is yours ; the fountain is spiritual truth and light ; the harp is harmony, the soul's melody. Your guardian has brought them both to you.

I think you are very near the point when your guardian will speak to you, without a medium. Do you know that your spirit must be tuned to a certain point of beauty, before you can gaze on her ? I see it is best you have not seen her before ; it would be like the full blazonry of noonday to the restored sight of the blind man. It would weaken you, instead of making you strong.

New beauties, daily beauties are preparing you for such rich effulgence.

The water in your fountain is sparkling, 'tis very clear. Your guardian goes daily to it, to see that no dark ripples are fluttering on its surface. She carries a golden goblet, and drinks, and will ever drink while it remains pure. And from that harp she brings sweetest melody when your spirit is in harmony with heavenly truth. Whenever thy soul strays, it

will bring discord to that delicate ear, though pure hands are playing over the chords.

She now kneels at another bank, before a large book. She is your recording angel ; she fills those pages with all the acts of yours through life. In light or shade, still the pen moves on ; page after page is filled. When the volume is closed, she will stamp with her delicate hands, in letters of gold the word *Finis*. Your earthly nature will droop, your spirit rise, and gaze upon that book ere the last word is given. The volume will close ; then you, with your guardian will pass to the fountain and drink from one golden goblet ; then, pass on to that silver harp where she will play sweet melody ; melody that will thrill your soul into angelic trance of heavenly sweetness, till your senses become enchanted. This, this shall be your birth in the spirit world.

My guardian now spoke and said:

For me, yes, for me thou canst labor. Keep the fountain pure and sparkling. Let no

dark waves roll there. It is thy guardian that drinks from its waters. Yes, for me keep it clear and sparkling. The harp that I play is melody for thine own spirit; keep it, O, keep it tuned in harmony for me.

And the book wherein life's deeds are kept; when my hand traces some darker lines, I drop tears upon them to wash them away: I care not to look at them. Angel tears are ever falling on the sorrows of humanity, and they will ever drop, till constant wear obliterates the spots of darkness. O, let the volume be registered with holy deeds, with pure desires; then the golden "finis" shall read, in angel eyes, volumes of beauty. These are thy works for me.

I here asked my guardian if she would ever leave me. She answered:

Will stars cease to shine? Will God's laws, so unchangeable, be annihilated? When these cease, then I leave thee. That chord that binds human affections and affinities, is as unchanging as our Father's laws that bind worlds in

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unison, in one unbroken link, through the mighty universe.

This law of affinity, is God's embodiment in man, as in all formations. Particle attracts particle; so in this formation, the highest receptacle of wisdom, love attracts corresponding love; thought echoes to thought; beauty throbs with beauty; and affinity claims her own. Thus I claim thy hand. Complete each duty with circling diadems of love and pleasure. Let the current of light and love pass on from thee to many.

What was once your greatest joy, now fills your soul with agony.

I said to my guardian spirit, that through eternity I should owe her a debt of gratitude that I could never pay. She answered:

No, I will share it with you. All gratitude is due to God; let it flow back to him through the countless streams of love and wisdom, that have nourished your soul.

The great, the immortal blessings of beauty that make angels radiant here, are made up of

life's sorrows and crosses. Let the waves of commotion carry the soul to the ocean of thought. What we deem trifles here, too small for the heart's attention, if rightly performed will stud the soul with seraph gems, that radiate through heaven's bowers. Earth's friction gives polish, it makes the spirit brilliant. The skillful boatman calls not wholly for the calm ; the tide that floats in contra, nerves the muscles to energy ; thus the current of life's waters floating against us, reflects on our efforts the greater magnitude of labor that brought us homeward. Meet well in life's pilgrimage all opposing tides ; they may float around thee, but thy bark will sail firmly on to its haven. I linger in the inmost recesses of love ; there I abide.

SECTION XXXIV.

July 9, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke and said :

Sit quietly for me, at eventide. I am building for thee and me a temple of truth ; thou hast already enriched thy spirit, and accumulated material enough for its foundation. In it we will sit together, and learn Deity from nature's varied works. We are passing home, each in one sphere ; different locations mark our separation ; but each with one heart, one intent. Each surrounded with the same duties, and love for humanity. Each weaving for the brow, laurels of unfading truth. Yes, in the same sphere we mingle. I come kneeling to thee with a vase of lilies, asking thee to keep the soul pure, even as this emblem.

Meet me at eventide, and then, though I speak not audibly, I will whisper to thy soul.

Receive me embodied in some lofty aspiration,
 for which the spirit longs. Receive me in the
 soft breeze that plays around thy brow.
 Acknowledge me ever in the calmness that
 comes stealing o'er thy soul. When gentle whis-
 perings admonish, know ever, thy guardian
 stands near ; that voice is mine.

SECTION XXXV.

July 9, 1854.

The following communication was given after letters had been received from spiritualists, doubting the possibility of the apparent rapid progression of the spirit referred to in the "Rivulet."

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and the spirit of Mary Adams spoke, and said :

Kind friend, dear friend, the language of my soul was ever strong ; and it may, in its out-gushings, convey to thee the impression that this soul traverses higher scenes of love and

wisdom than it does inhabit. Like the blind restored to sight, my spirit flows out in that strain of ecstasy that the soul born 'mid the emanations of light and truth would not utter, to express those lofty imaginings, or to describe the landscapes that surround him. The higher language of the soul he would reserve for the glory forthcoming.

I rose from the darkest night of misery, and the morning of celestial glory burst upon me. Had my own untiring efforts carried me there, the eye, accustomed to the surrounding beauty, would have drank in the gradual flow of light. But darkness and light, good and evil, called forth the soul's exclamations. To communicate with forms enveloped here by circumstances of darkness, of unfolded intellect, there is wisdom, deepest wisdom; there is discretion, and there is cautious kindness. There must be a superior intellect to have it prove of benefit and worth to the spirit here that receives it. My words that have flowed forth freely, might have been saved for some future light, when my soul had

garnered in her treasure-house of truth, golden sheaves of mortal grain planted through earth's pilgrimage, and gathered in an eternity of thought. I spoke with impulse; I spoke from a heart throbbing and bursting from the fetters of sin, and received to the bosom of my angel mother.

Call me still a darkened spirit,
 Yea, call me unprogressed;
 Yet leave, O, leave my happiness,
 And still I shall be blest.

There was an angel, bright and radiant as yon silvery star, hovering in the celestial firmament I now gaze upon. There was a lily of angelic purity, that sent out upon the air such heavenly fragrance, that forms came gathering round to drink the perfume. Lovely, and pure, and beautiful was that angel.

One dark, one dark, one saddened night of earth, where dwelt a mortal in sin's dark course, this angel bright came down from shining courts, came to a weary form, and in celestial

arms of purity, gathered him in one embrace to her bosom. That form is here —

Medium's hand was raised and pointed to me ; then pointing to a spirit above, continued :

That angel is here.

How burst his soul from fettered sin,
When first that light came rushing in !

Could nature array herself in words of feeble import ? Could that soul breathe forth his ecstasy in tameness ? The world might say 't was flights of fancy, 't was vain imaginings, 't was angel conceptions, that made his soul swell till throbbings fell on listening ears around.

That beauteous star that came, could draw only the heart's deepest eloquence.

Around an altar of heavenly affection, to that radiant star he has plighted the soul-bond, that, hand in hand with that lily of purity, he will also walk in goodness. Let him never stray.

SECTION XXXVI.

PART FIRST.

July 19, 1854.

Friend Hopper spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said:

They tell me, friend, thee will be a medium. I tell thee a medium thou shalt be. But not one that sits upon some lofty pinnacle, surrounded by a gaping crowd of curious gazers, idly lounging; nor where the thoughtless throng love to make merry 'round the social board, where tips the table, and oftener the cup. Earth's auditors will not come gathering round in mighty numbers, for thy work is angel work, and angel witnesses will gaze on thee.

Friend, though no earth friend may know the deeds of kindness thy hand shall give, this, I tell thee is the highest medium power. 'Tis wiping tears from sorrow's eyes, and hushing the sighs of misery. 'Tis blessing all around

thee, freely giving, freely scattering in overflowing streams of beneficent kindness. Thy soul shall flow out in kindness and holy emanations, and back to thee shall flow a stream of living joy. These, I tell thee firmly, are phases of thy mediumship. Herald it forth to the earth. Thee has been consecrated to angel service ; let thy hands do angel work ; and the heart accompanying the deed, thee has joys unnumbered.

Thee has a guardian attending thee, brilliant enough to deck heaven's bowers — pure as the dewdrop on the lily. Friend, let none but highest aspirations attend thee ; linger not in thy pathway. Thy bark of life must sail rapidly. Come to our port laden with the choicest viands of holiness. Thou hast passed all thy shipwrecks of sin and sadness ; thou wilt sail gaily and proudly home. Bear with thee, friend, one lasting monument, which time will never crumble, a life of goodness, a life of kindness. The highest work of art cannot equal it ; 'tis chiseled and formed from the heart.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Adams, still entranced, the following was received from the spirit of Rev. J. T. Sabine.

I've watched the darkened cloud through which the sun burst its beauteous rays, and I have seen one of darker hue part, that this heavenly luminary might shine forth. There it floats along, changing its tint. I have gazed earnestly, and I have seen it throw back the colors of this brilliant sun; its rays tinged the borders of the cloud. I feel that it will never grow dark again. While within and around the light of those glorious rays, it will still reflect its beauty. And thus I have watched thee. The sun that burst upon thee was spirit light; thy form was the cloud on which it shone. I loved, as I gazed on the cloud in the full reflection of beauty, to know that the sun was shining; so may I gaze on thee to know that spirit light is dawning. May thy form ever reflect, ever shine forth 'neath the beams of a spiritual luminary.

PART THIRD.

My guardian spirit now spoke and said:

. Who shall tune the soul to melody? Who shall call its noblest aspirations homeward? 'Tis angel messengers, messengers of light, clothed in pure garments, bathed in dewdrops of truth. These are thy guides, earth-wanderer.

Dark, dark indeed would be thy planet, were not its horizon studded with angel stars. Earth, O, how sad and lonely, did no spirit voice ever whisper comfort; were no angel tears shed, barren indeed would be thy pathway; did no beckoning hand call thee upward, did no pleading, earnest, throbbing heart swell for thee, — sad, sad, O earth, and wanderers there, would be thy destiny. Cold, barren earth! no firmament of heavenly blue; no stars to shine at midnight dark; no sun of heavenly light, to spread a genial warmth, and bring forth life, maturity. O, darkened earth! Rather to chaos let us crumble.

But angels tune your harps again. We sing the beauteous contrast. Earth has bright clouds;

night has its beauteous stars ; morning brings its golden sun, and twilight the softened moon-beam. Angels *do* watch, angels protect, loved ones still hover near *thee*. There is no vacant chair ; there is no severed household. Each claims its number.

There is no mourner wandering here,
 But has in heaven an angel tear ;
 A tear of sympathy and love,
 An echo in some spirit dove.

The sympathetic chain ; one connecting link ;
 one household band ; one great eternal family,
 are human forms and angels.

The mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the intellectual world, all prosper and thrive under *one* Father's hand.

O, soul of pomp and magnitude, gaze not in scorn, look not indignantly upon the atoms beneath thee ! Thou art composed of matter inanimate, inconceivably far back to the smallest minutia of form. Thou art called into existence by that all-seeing Form, from tiniest

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atoms, through nature's wondrous, mighty law of progression ; attracting and still attracting particles of matter, till it may be in some rock, stone or pebble thou art first embodied.

Let him that feels wisdom, and a wondrous power and strength of intellect gaze, gaze long, gaze earnestly on the tiny blade of grass that springs beneath him ; he shall bow to it, and confess, I knew not. There is one mightier than I. Let knowledge be the chariot that wafts thee homeward ; 't is spirit food ; 't is angel repast. We may hold communion with Deity, through the medium of some small forest flower. We may worship at that shrine. Far more acceptable to the Fountain of All Wisdom is the unaffected gaze of the true admirer of nature's works, than the loud uttered praise, and the long arranged petition, uttered in high-pillared domes.

SECTION XXXVII.

July 26, 1854.

Mrs. Adams being entranced, my guardian spoke and said :

Guest of my mansion, come gaze with me.
Come let me point thee to glowing scenes of
thought that encircle thy spirit home. Gaze
long and gaze earnestly, inmate of my bower.
Surrounded with the mellow atmosphere of love,
let us blend in unison ; let us gaze on sparkling
truths, that deck the brow of life ; let us weep
when sorrow sighs, and let us throw smiles to
the joyous. O, let us drink, drink daily of life's
true fountains ; not in some far off region where
nature's gaze has never reached ; save that for
coming ages, and pluck life's flowers around us.
Drink from streams that flow by us ; bring
heaven and joy to hours, to minutes. Deal less
with daily greatness ; let seconds form the atoms
in the great ocean. 'Tis drops we need ; 'tis

atoms small, the welcome smile, the willing hand. These, these are all life's requisites, to lead the soul to future bliss.

Mrs. Adams in a deeper trance, here described the following

VISION.

I now see a beautiful temple. It is elegantly formed, very extensive, and many stories high, with pillars around each story. The lower floor, the ground entrance is very large, and over it is inscribed "TRUTH." The forms that enter, all pass in at the same door; then they go into different parts of the temple, through other doors, which show forth the character of the soul,—Love, Hope, Faith, Joy, Beauty, Wisdom, Affection, Intellect. The temple is situated on a beautiful high eminence; a garden surrounds it, and in the garden there seems to be the combined imaginings of all; there is every variety of tint, shade and color in the flowers. I see no form in this temple that seems to rule, or that is higher than any other; but all have equal

rights ; all are beautifully clad in garments of their own choice. The upper apartments seem to be of like proportion. Below there is one grand hall, where they meet in the combinations of the various faculties of the soul written over their respective apartments. As long as they assimilate in this manner, they linger there, but as soon as they strike forth in their peculiar attraction, they immediately retire. In the centre of this hall, is one large, very large fountain, from which the water is conducted to the apartments. The waters in the fountain when they are not gathered in the hall, are of pure sparkling crystal ; but in the apartments to which they are conveyed, they assume different colors, though they are all from one fountain. But when all are conveyed into the grand hall, the fountain takes the hue of all their spirit-fountains. It seems to have all the rainbow tints of beauty, when they are collected around it. They only gaze at it here ; they drink of it in their own apartments, there partaking of it only when it bears the symbolic color of the soul's general features of beauty.

I see one form standing out from the others in the portico of the temple and over her door is written "LOVE." The water from her fountain has a silver color.

All these forms will, each in their turn, speak to you, after this guardian, Love, has thoroughly imbued your soul with her divine emanations. After your thirsty soul has been quenched from her fountain, then she will bring to you another form called "HOPE," whose abode is next to hers; and then your spirit will have a new expansion; will float in a new tide, sailing in the bark of love, with hope. As the sails are floating in the balmy breeze, you will bask in another noontide of glory; and at eventide your soul will grow radiant and refreshed. And you will pass on to other faculties, and other angels shall play therein, and tune them, while Love, sweet Love, shall hold her sway, and be your guide through all the various faculties in the temple.

Love is the centre dome over the door. You pass from this around the circle and end again in

Love. The dome where Love abides runs through the different stories of this building. When you have passed around this circle, and back again, the spirit in the body will no longer mingle, the fetters will be broken, and you will pass on, and up, through the dome of Love into the next circle in the temple, through the same corresponding apartments, but in a higher and more celestial form, where the vision from the temple is more beautiful. At each ascent in this temple, the eye gets a fuller and more elongated view, a greater mental vision which you could not possess in your former position. It will penetrate

Where hidden stars are shining,
Where beauteous flowers are twining,
In angel clime ;
Where little fountains flowing,
Where beauty bright and glowing,
Runs on through time.

Visions will meet your extended gaze, when you pass the circle above. You will see far

beyond what was once your horizon, and this vision will increase as you ascend.

Unnumbered joys shall meet you. You will grasp with the intellectual hand a universe of wisdom. You will soar to the temple's dome, where garments of heavenly purity shall clothe you.

O, what purity! No earth stain, no dye of sin is on that garment of celestial transparency. O, let aspiration lend her wings to thee, earth wanderer. On the silver-tinted wings of fancy, let her plume her flight. Earth bound spirit, away. Seraphs bright will send a mantle to close around thy weary form that may pass upwards.

Band of celestials! Paradise of purity! Angels attend in heaven's own purity. You cannot enter those portals yet; your garments are not like theirs; there are spots of darkness on them; they have many shades.

Music, O, how beautiful; soft as the appreciative ear of those angels.

This gathered throng, this holy band, have

passed through many a darkened stream of error. O, mountain of high ascent; oft-times their weary feet were torn and mangled in the rugged path. Then in the valley of luxuriant growth, they sat them down and bathed in cooling streams, and drank from running brooks, and plucked the fruit of shady trees, and 'neath the drooping branches laid them down to rest.

Not theirs the pleasant valley wherein to linger out their days. This spot was claimed by travellers weary. They must pass on to leave the budding fruit to ripen to maturity, for coming forms that throng that mountain brow. They have taken here a joy and there a joy, to fullness.

Away, away, pass on. It may be to mountains steep, to deserts barren, to waters deep.

All these were adding purer and brighter dyes to the garments preparing for them. The weary traversed mountains of this earth brought them to higher glories. They are now in shining realms, where pealing notes of harmony fall on the ear.

SECTION XXXVIII.

August 5, 1854.

My guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

Spirit of progress in wisdom and love, what wouldst thou gather from my garden of thought this night? Shall it be dewy buds, blossoming with tiny drops glittering thereon; or a bright angel garland to deck thy brow through myriad years of time? Shall it be some rare specimen, some drooping lily bud, growing in the beautiful shade? Some unseen flower that eye hath not gazed upon? Spirit of love, wilt thou choose them, or shall I gather all for thee; buds, blossoms, evergreens, all twined in an unbroken garland? Let us pluck the tiny and beautiful lily, with its sweet fragrance; 't is the plant of affection. We call it "Lily," for it is pure affection's plant; it grows on the altar of purest atmosphere. The world of

materialism has not learned to gaze upon the petals of this flower; they see not, with grosser eyes, the delicate dew-drops that angels have placed upon it. It blossoms only in celestial atmosphere. By that atmosphere, I mean the purest, most refined, delicate, thrilling, softening love. Mortals can attain to it by bringing the spirit, purified in harmony, through life's grosser materials.

This delicate lily I bring thee grows now in the shade, it blossoms 'neath the darkness of material vision; still it sends forth its sweetness. Mortals that linger around it, catch on the breeze the occasional fragrance wafted to them; but few, I fear, have plucked the flower, the flower of pure affection. Earth has yet to seek it. Mortals catch its fragrance; they know it blooms, they are wandering for its delicate blossoms. When the darkened tree of error that now shades it, when the heavy foliage fades in the autumn of unbelief, and the winter of doubt has passed away; the spring-time of reason shall burst upon it, and the beauteous

summer of belief shall bring to them the fair lily, plucked from its parent stem, and nestling in the bosom of innocence.

We will gather now the garland from the garden of thought; 'tis one to deck thee through life's pilgrimage; 'tis unfading, 'twill last thee till thou exchange it for a brighter, yes a brighter crown, the crown of immortality. 'Tis made of buds of hope, the full blossoms of expansive thought, the evergreen of truth, the lily-buds of innocence. Truth, truth, let it be woven thickly in the garland. Young buds of hope, let them come peeping forth 'mid the deep green, the unfading, undying, branches of eternal truth.

- Those that would wear a garland like thine, twined in an angel bower, shall pluck often from thee; it will not lessen thy garland, for angels shall replenish, yes, thine own hands can fill the vacancies, whenever thy kind heart dost lend to the unfavored. The foliage of truth is ever growing luxuriant around thee. Thou canst replace the little spray in the charity thou

givest unto others. Should thine eye grow dim, thy garland faded, we will lead thee to where large forests, mighty forests, grow towering to heaven.

Messenger of light and peace on earth, diffuse thy garland among earth's voyagers, yes, take even the last sprig and flower, for others brighter and purer, shall deck thee at each alms-giving. Thou would'st not wear it alone; thy neighbor, thy brother, thy sister, thy servant, long for one.

Truth, truth impartial; flowing alike for all: free as the air of heaven. The rich man breathes it, and grows strong. The poor man also that walks not by his side, but even after some gaudy equipage of honor, breathes the wafting of this free blessing of God. O, beautiful, glowing, free, impartial truth! fill us, fill all; the mighty, the lowly, the weak and the strong. Deck us with thy unfading garlands plucked from the luxuriant growth of wisdom's foliage. Let mortals gather around the truth and the light, and tell them these words:

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ADDRESS TO UNBELIEVERS.

From the midnight of darkened error, to the dawn of eternal sunshine my soul has been called ; called by a pure angel whisper, in tones of love. To the inmost recesses of my heart the voice said, "Come, not from truth, or light thou hast gathered in thy past sojourn ; take it with thee." The voice whispered again, saying, "Come with me ; leave error, for we are passing to the land of beauty." From this darkened night of folly, I have arisen, and gathered around me all the robes of righteousness I had worn, casting aside only the darkened garments of folly. And when the glorious dawn, ushered in by millions of seraph forms, rose upon me ; when the sun of light, that has rolled from eternity, and still rolls on through eternity, comes with its heavenly effulgence, beaming on me its genial rays, how burst my soul from fettered bonds of error ! and how quickened and thrilled my life in the new birth.

O, sun of wisdom, shine on me still.

Still listen, friends of earth, I will tell thee all the food my soul has received. Is morning light more beauteous than midnight dark? In that light I now wander. I am free and disenthralled; I can soar, reach, bound, expand in the sphere of intellect. Where once I was treading 'mid the throng of miniature beauty, now on highest pinnacles I am soaring, drinking in daily, hourly, heaven's own food. Angels bring to me from celestial fountains, purest heavenly drops.

O, mortals, ye that linger, ye that tarry, come drink with me; come gaze with me; come in my bower, I have rest, I have joy, I have beauty, I have happiness and peace. O, call me not back, I have harmony that fills me, and seraph music that thrills me.

O, mortals; O, friends of earth; drinking from insipid waters, drawn it may be from originally pure fountain-streams, but through man's many devices, conducted to thee in impurity, leave, come, fly to the great fountain where ye shall drink, and where angel hands, dip for thee from the fresh, fresh flowing water.

And wouldst thou call me yet to linger ?

Mortals cry, " truths so beautiful soon fade."
That which nourishes, O, call it not poison.
'T is life, 't is health to me.

The cry of mortals, that swells the atmosphere of the mighty is, " folly, deceit," while the gentle, dewy breath of angels is, " Love, harmony, truth, peace to all mankind."

SECTION XXXIX.

PART FIRST.

Aug. 9, 1854. .

My guardian entranced Mrs. Adams, and then said :

We will whisper to-night, of the

BEAUTIES OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL ;

its aspirations, its tendencies. Its ultimate, its final triumph we must leave to the spirit that in its boundless researches has passed through

many portals of truth and entered the courts of wisdom.

Let us now gather up the truths of its immortality.

O, longing, throbbing, restless, untiring aspiration within us; to what a magnitude of thought can we swell the mind, when listening to the echoes wafted from heaven's courts. Immortality composed of matter that knows no termination. Mind that goes on, untiring; grasping, through eternal ages, Deity and his works that surround him. Words convey to thee but faintest meaning, when with them I tell thee how my soul bursts with thrilling joy, as I gaze on the multitude, of even earth's planet, that are all coming home to swell the pealing anthem of heaven! O, what a chorus of soul-melody shall be chanted then, when millions come thronging through the many avenues of intellect, home to God. O, noble aspirations that belong to the soul of man; kindle your flames anew, soar 'mid the boundless universe, and catch the emanations that surround thee; leave no little

truth ungathered. We must learn of him, the boundless Deity; from the smallest matter unseen by the naked eye, penetrate beyond, and even then the imagination fails to carry thee to the extent. Then through forms of progression, soaring, praising, worshiping, adoring the unfading bud; know him in the grains of sand o'er which thy feet do traverse: acknowledge him in forest wild; feel him in the gentle breeze, and embrace him in loving hearts of affection. Omnipotent, omnipresent, all pervading power of Deity! All things thou hast created, all forms of matter, are but emanations of thee, in varied degrees of development. The dew drop and the tear alike are thine, and from thee. In all forms that dwell around us, the humble and the mighty, the repulsive and the congenial, still, still there God dwells. There is a spark of Deity, which burns with brighter glow as it lives nearer and nearer to God. The spark is there even in forms we mingle not with, in the rayless development there dwells the same sacred particles, the true emanation of the God-principle. O, let thy

spirit be to that darkened emanation a sunlight of truth, a blazonry of wisdom. Shine on that spirit dark. *Shine for God*; for he reads in thee his maker. And through animate matter seek him; seek him in the starry heavens; trace out from thence the connecting link in the chain that unites the celestial with the terrestrial.

O, man and mortal, where'er thou art, learn God in works: then will the hungry soul crave nobler aspiration; then shall it be filled according to its own expansion; then to each day shall be given "daily bread," spirit food, and we shall not be led to sin or "temptation."

"From all evil," his hand of goodness and wisdom shall "deliver us"; for in seeking him, we know no path but beauty. Then in fullness of heart, soul, and spirit we can utter, "Thine is the kingdom," thine the lasting "power"; and the universe shall echo, "glory, forever."

Spirit of progress, I now call thee. Thy soul is wedded at the sacred altar of truth. One law holds thee from which thou canst *never* stray. 'Tis the law of universal truth and goodness

that connects the plighted vow at truth's bright altar. Thou hast chosen goodness as the bride. Well will she adorn thy mansion, and feed thy soul with exhaustless food. Fair partner in the pilgrimage of eternity, she shall warble to thee at morning, bright, joyous strains of melody. At noonday, when the din of life is heard, and earth's commotions are around thee, and thy soul goes out to meet some higher response of beauty, then she comes with softened hand and lays it on thy brow, and with thrilling tones of beauty, whispers in thy ear words of comfort, words that nerve the soul to renewed action, that give it vigor and hope to meet all the opposing tides of life with that calm exterior which goodness only knows. At softened twilight, too, she sings in gentle strains, and to the labored efforts for all human good, she unites a heavenly melody. This is goodness, the partner thou hast chosen. Hand in hand may you wander; traverse mountains high, valleys of beauty, deep, troubled waters it may be; still, with goodness near thee, thy spirit knows no wandering, no fainting in the path of duty.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.” Who shall number the abodes of beauty waiting for occupants; for weary forms to repose in? These mansions are God’s truths, God’s myriad, countless works of wisdom, of which we must learn to know him that dwells within us. “Were it not so, I would not have told you.”

The Saviour’s words, how precious, how sweet to the soul: “I go to prepare a place for you.” Is not our place prepared? Is not our welcome sure?

Christ, Christ, the Saviour of mankind! Through thee I come, my entrance to heaven’s court, my shining gate of welcome. Lowly Saviour, let humility wreath thee with immortal crowns, made of thy good example in doing thy work. In thy pathway let us go on, and crown thee with the coronet we have twined in memory of well performed duties which thy example taught us.

O, lamp of God! the brightest that shone on earth, throw on us thy humble, thy beautiful garments of truth and loveliness, and let us

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walk in truest humility, ever carrying the cross. For truth, can we not bear the cross, when Christ has died thereon ?

“ ‘ And I will come again, that where I am, there ye may be also.’ On my bosom ye shall rest, weary forms now wandering ; for I have come, come to receive you ; come with angels bright.” Listen, listen to Jesus’ voice, for he whispers now o’er earth and in the holy promise, that where he is there ye may be also. He would lead you willingly, joyously.

PART SECOND.

The spirit of Mary Adams spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

Shall the flower thou hast cultured and trained, not bloom for thee ? Shall the seed thy hand drops in the soil of earth never spring up to gladden thee, or repay for the toil ? Not so, not so. Labor and reward are twin-born ; united, inseparable, are seed time and harvest. And, O, that my spirit were bright enough to bring to thee a harvest of beauty, for the seed thou in

kindness hast sown for me. It has sprung up; 't is maturing; and when it blooms, I will gather thee a bright garland.

I come from my spirit sphere of enjoyment to tell thee how my soul grows. And I grow in thee according to thy progression; I go up, you in advance; you called me first, you must ever move on, that I may come also. I come not filled with eloquence; I give but feeble utterance to this swelling heart. The bud gives not fragrance when 'tis bursting.

My mother bids me come to you, to echo her heart's gratitude for the family re-united. 'Twas you that taught me progress. On, onward I am going. But to obliterate the misery of the past, I must progress with a double speed to arrive at the point of bliss, yes a thousand years, to that point where thy spirit guardian is. She had no dark sins to atone for; she had no tears to shed but tears of pity, while mine were burning drops of agony; she had no sighs to heave, but sighs for human wrongs, while mine were groans of misery. Wonder

not, my friend, that I come not radiant; but I come happy in the consciousness that progression is mine, and even at a later period I may arrive at those points of beauty which ever remain for the hungry, starving soul. Thanks unbounded to our Creator, that no beauty before us is diminished by the flights and emanations of beauty that higher forms take from them, to pass them still higher. They remain for the traveller, fresh and undying from God's hand. The guide board that points the traveller of earth to his station, is there the same for travellers yet to come.

SECTION XL.

Aug. 16, 1854.

My guardian again spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

I will speak to thee some little items ere I commence my instruction. There have been times and seasons when you have felt me absent. That feeling I threw around you. It has its own lesson, its ultimate design. To prove the depth of love you bear to the harmonial philosophy, I drew from you my presence, that I might learn from you how firm your own soul stood in the immortal truths of progression, unbiased by any claim which I might make on your affections. Truth, for the love of truth, I found was your aim ; and now I leave you not again to those thoughts, if in your heart these sentiments meet a warm response. 'Tis true, I am called an affinity with you. I am the affinity that will meet you here ; there are earth affinities also, that claim like attention.

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To develop all the unfoldings of man's nature, there are many forms with whom you must mingle. There are many souls from whom you must cull all the beautiful to perfect the beauteous growth.

Through those various associations, the various faculties of the soul are drawn out. The eye of the artist must seek and learn the varied tints that form the beauteous picture. To blend and shade in harmony is his aim. Could we gain a requisite knowledge in gazing ever on one peculiar tint? No, they must be brought to blend together; not in sudden view to the eye, but in the gradual view, till we recognise, from the delicate tint to the darkest shade, one grand embodiment of color, and thus learn our souls' true affinity. Seek the delicate and the deeper tints that are found in the various characters in thy pilgrimage here. Always cull from each the beautiful, and when thou hast gazed on them and trained the eye to the gradual unfolding, then all the beauties thou hast culled, embody in one form, and in that

there dwells thy affinity. Think on this, read it, reflect; 'tis food for thought.

Come, let us gaze on truth; let us gather passports from the higher spheres of thought. Let the soul know nought but progression and inward culture. In the great universe of eternal wisdom, from the great, the boundless ocean of expansive thought, what drops shall we gather to-night, to swell the little flowing brook that rolls onward to that boundless source? I will speak to thee. Or, wilt thou question me? Shall we not take, dear one, dear friends, the grand theme,

THE HUMAN TIE AND ITS RELATION TO GOD.

Stream from one eternal fountain of love. The countless forms that inhabit earth, all should know the laws and common ties of brotherhood. Can one form stand alone and say, from an eminence of light and love, I am, and thou, my brother, art beneath me?

One pulse throbs in you, in me, in all humanity. The God-spark dwells therein.

How dependent, how connected are human forms one upon another. Even afar to some distant point of the globe, there are forms through which you and all are deriving sustenance. O, could you but see the undivided chain that binds thee.

Some beauteous flower on which we gaze, has drawn its sustenance from a lower grade of vegetable life. In return, it has thrown back a refining process, which brings that to maturity.

The seed in its process of germination, is it to drop its dependencies, and flowers spring up and bloom, without countless sources around which contribute to its perfection, while in all it finds its natural perfection?

The deep rooted tree knows its source of nourishment, of moisture, of invigoration; and, while above thee it is shedding forth its delicate and beautiful foliage, beneath thee, beneath the earth o'er which thy feet are treading, are countless sources adding to that unfolding.

Thus in the human tie, when towering genius stands aloft, and bursts and blooms in beauty;

beneath that form, beneath thee, are dependent sources: these are the toiling hands that help expand the bud; they are connected, with thee though to the external eye, they seem far removed.

The man of wealth and equipage, who reposes in luxurious ease, who slumbers in continual luxury, can look far back to the great contrast of toiling forms, of self-denial, hours of privation, and weariness of body, and hunger of soul it may be, as the sources from which his ease has been derived.

Dependent, ever dependent mortals; kindred ties of one great family; hasten, hasten to learn thy duty to the universe, and the great, great claim and duty to thy Maker.

'Tis in this truth to bring back from the throng, from a mighty host, all the grace and beauty, and sparks of divinity, that dwell within the varied forms. Send it towering up, onward, flowing forever to the great Original. Bring it as the artist gives the group, not individually, but collectively. The great relation we bear to Deity is recognized in the forms that have

emanated from him. There lies our Father's work, and shall it be done, be done for him? Bring him, offer him no sacrifice that thou hast not first laid at thy brother's altar. O, view Deity not enthroned on high above thee, dwelling in majesty for thee, alone. Gaze not on a throne for thy God. O, concentrate him not in so small a scale. Find him in the heart that pulsates with love, in a brother's kind words, in a sister's gentleness, in a mother's love, in a father's blessing. These pay to him the homage due. View him as filling all space and immensity, the boundless universe; pervading all matter, animate and inanimate. In all things worship thy God, for to him all must flow, all things tend as homeward all things aspire. The little blade of grass beneath thee, grows upward to its source. So let spirit flow out, and in flowing out around thee, it goes upward to its God. "I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman." Let us be the vine of tender but healthy growth, bursting with tendrils that cling to its parent Source.

Let the beauties of the undying promises and words of Christ cheer the Christian's toil. Let us, like him, say, "I go to my Father, for my Father is greater than I." Christians let us go to our Father; let us go through the various avenues of love, hope, affection, truth, sympathy, kindness and charity.

Question: Are we to look upon Christ as God?

"I go to my Father, and my Father is greater than I." Where, in all his words did he claim to be greater than God?

Question: Did he claim to be equal with God?

"I and my father are one;" so all, in truth and beauty can say.

Question: Can any human intelligence, equally organized and developed, be as Christ was, and is?

When with the same sacrifice, the same self-denial, the same holiness of heart and purpose, the same longing for purity of soul, one appears; another Christ will be born. When for human

sins, that final embodiment sheds his blood for sacrifice, then will come another Christ. Shall we find another? O, let us seek to commemorate all the gathered goodness, from individual sources, and embody them in the coming age of light, in all the beauties of Christ's character. That embodiment shall be for the present age, the Saviour of mankind. His example set before us; his life so uniform and bright, will lead us with the light of the present age, to where Christ now sits. Without the cross we cannot come to him.

Question: Does Christ communicate with earth now?

Not in outward language, but recognize him thus; wherever you behold his spirit of love and meekness, there is Christ's manifestation.

Question: Is the present increase of a knowledge of truth on earth, considered by spirits as the second coming of Christ?

Do you not read his spirit breathing in this light and doctrine? Do you not read his works? O, the glorious hour, the happy

day, when all the earth, all the forms that dwell upon it, have caught the golden, the magnetic chord, suspended by angels from the sphere around it. When every heart shall exclaim, I have an angel hand to guide me, I have a spirit bright to lead me; when that softened atmosphere is wafted on thy globe, O, then will earth see Christ, for then he has surely come in their midst, with holy angels.

I must leave; kind friends, little circle, sweet peace rest upon thee; angels sing for thee a welcome Amen.

SECTION XLI.

Aug. 23, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke and said:

Open wide the soul for angel entrance.
Embrace with tenderness their softening, purifying teachings. Let the holy truths that cheer

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thee be nestled fondly in thy bosom. The growth of your medium capacities is as rapid as you can receive. The progressive maturity is ever best. Sudden flights are ever followed by equally sudden descents. I hope, and many hope, you will soon be developed. Passiveness and quietude of soul hasten it.

There is a gem in each casket of like lustre, beauty, tint and shade ; they are found only in pairs. Circumstances may dim them in the one form, at times, while on the other hand surrounding beauties may cause the other to glow with celestial brilliancy ; but at the final gathering of those jewels, they will be found mated, placed side by side. If one has gained more polish than the other, it must reflect on the less brilliant gem ; no other gem could impart its emanations but the one of like shading and tint ; they are of the same substance, and throw out and receive the same light. These gems of the soul formed alike, blend in one hue together.

Question : Shall these communications be published ?

That was my design. It was that feeling I threw into you, that led you to suggest it.

This volume may be a star for others to gaze upon in their midnight of darkness. Tell them it is from a constellation of truth, though there are others brighter, brighter far ; yet by gazing on this, they may learn to gaze on others more radiant.

It is to be a volume in which every additional page shall glow with deeper beauty, as far as my efforts to accomplish that purpose are adequate. It shall be a humble offering, a little bark on the great ocean of truth. It may not launch forth on the great tide of thought in all the majestic grandeur that mightier barks go teeming, but it will, we trust, carry many voyagers to a long wished-for haven of rest.

THE MANTLE OF TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

The moral life is the true Christian life. In what mantle would true Christianity array herself ? Is it in gathered folds of a mighty garb,

made up of darkened, mystified, unfathomable terms of a future heaven? Is it only when arrayed in this apparel that the soul can praise its Maker? No, no, 'tis not found in these. 'Tis where the humble Christian walks, and builds his temple of praise on every beauteous spot of the great universe. 'Tis no local habitation; 'tis reared where the child of God is. Its dome is mighty, for it towers far, far above material earth.

And where, and what is the robe of righteousness, which, as the world would say, mortality wears? It is the garment that covers the naked: that finds beneath its ample folds food for the hungry. 'Tis the spotless robe of charity that echoes not to earth its neighbor's frailties, that sees the stain upon his robe only to wash it in charity's pure stream. O, charity! that covereth a multitude of sins, what brighter apparel doth the Christian wish to wear while on his earth-voyage? There are many virtues, but the greatest of these is charity. Beauteous mantle; spread it kindly over earth's children.

Wear it, wear it forever, Christian of earth. Is not the Christian robe that Christ hath left us sufficient to clothe us? And clothed in these robes, we shall pass through life purely, and round the tomb that receives the last remains of the forms here, shall gather loved ones, dropping tears of charity. You will drink only at the fountain of truth, you will stop not with every sounding ripple that runs far through some shady grove, whose waters are tasteless and insipid, for they flow not from nature's stream, they are only a deposit of art. We will gather flowers only from the garden of nature: we will not stop to gather from the wayside uncomely weeds, that grow from error's seed, and blossom in unfragrance. The soul that thirsts for life, love, and happiness, shall be quenched at this fathomless fountain; shall drink through time, and through eternity.

We will not feed on error; we will nourish the soul with the bread of life. That food is found in great abundance; there is ample provision for every longing desire. There will ever be

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abundant to feed the hungry children yet to come.

We will not float on the tide of opinion ; we will launch boldly into the stream of principle, which flows from and to God. 'Tis a deep flowing tide that few can stem. On this deep, clear stream, the barks sail nobly, yes, proudly ; they are turned not by passing gales, they heed not the gathering clouds, they stop not at every port where banners are raised, proudly lettered, saying, " here is the land where opinion resides, where popular breezes are blowing." No, true principle heeds them not. It knows no wavering. Its destined port is in the far, far land of beauty, where the breezes of love come laden with the fragrance of beauteous thoughts : where pure lily-blossoms are growing ; where harmony embraces all, and seals us with a kiss of affection. This is where one interest grows. This is the haven to which justice sails, where the voyagers on barks are met in happy recognition by those forms in the land of love.

The God within us ! Divine spark that glows within this feeble embodiment, shine forth ! Reflect in beauteous rays the brilliancy of thy Creator.

O, enfeebled faculties that war with beauty, dim not this God within us. We must shine for him, to him, and in him.

Responsible agents of truth, let us carry back with usury, the loans and the gifts, according to endowments. So let us render with gratitude.

Nearer to thee, my God, let us live, ever swelling and bursting with thy boundless love.

Echo him, ye softened breezes,
Whisper all his praises forth ;
Tell of him, ye tiny dew-drops,
Ye may speak his glorious worth.

Sing of him, ye gushing waters,
Chant to him, thou little brook ;
All the earth, and all earth's creatures,
Read him in the eternal book.

Speak of him, ye little leaflet,
 Smile on him, bright, beauteous flowers,
 E'en in tiny grains that sparkle,
 See their God, thy God, and ours.

Echo him, fond hearts of duty,
 To his praise, sing loud and clear ;
 For thy soul cull every beauty,
 Then shall heaven and God be near.

SECTION XLII.

PART FIRST.

Aug. 30, 1854.

Mrs. Adams, being influenced, said :

Your guardian spirit will soon be here ; She
 is now round the death-bed of a relative.

The spirit of the Rev. J. T. Sabine now took possession of the
 medium, and said :

Brother, for what earthly crown, or earth hap-
 piness, wouldst thou exchange the peace that

now dwells within thee? Believe him who now addresses you. 'Tis from one who looks with more than friendly eye at your progress; who watches the budding joys of your soul's progression.

I see, O how much, work on earth I see. You may wonder that I regret that I left the earth, ere I ripened for the change. Although I passed away happily, still unnumbered duties not performed, keep my spirit hovering here. I have a household band; offspring of love; over which this constant eye is gazing. I have sisters too; O, I fain would speak to them, and tell them how their heaven dwells on earth; that it has no locality only in the soul. Oft as I gaze tearfully upon earth, how it gives me joy to see my brother wearing a coronet, leaving folly, and coming to light and wisdom. This has drawn me nearer to you. You have many duties to perform, dear brother. Work on in the truth; stay not thy hand; no, let it never fail till death comes with his icy breath. Through thee are many, many yet to seek the

light. 'Thou shalt point the way. Not in the blazonry of public gaze does your mission lie, but in quieter hours, chords of sympathy you shall touch. There are many long sealed fountains of affection you shall open in giving to others as you have received. In thy mission, brother, thou wilt see many tears of joy falling. O, how blessed the thought, to freely give, give to the hungry, the thirsty, and the sad.

“ Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woe untold;
 Balm, wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.”

These lines are not unfamiliar to thee. Perchance thy soul may feel more their import, since thy new birth to light divine. These, brother, are but feeble expressions of the love and joy I feel and bear to thee. What are words, when the deep fountains of the heart are stirred.

Brother, in goodness deal faithfully by thy

companion that walks by thy side. Share thy beauteous truths with her. Tell her heaven smiles on her, and the echoes of love, of the household band, is wafted to her from our sphere.

To the soul that has light, there shall be no sorrow or sighing, but one eternal ray of sunshine shall illumine the interior. Shine forth and illumine this body. There shall be no weary days to the soul of progress. There shall be no vacant stare to the eyes that are tuned to look on beauty.

“ There is enough of joy in life
 To press out all corroding care ;
 There is no room for sighs, for strife,
 For naught but beauty dwelleth there.”

All duties should be made pleasures; all acts of self denial should be joyous and willing expressions of the heart.

PART SECOND.

My guardian now spoke :

DEATH SCENE.

I have come, dear one, from the spirit birth,
and the mortal death, to add to thy fast gather-
ing leaves still another tribute of memory and
affection. Of the birth, I will speak but little.
It was a mingled scene of joy and sorrow.
'T was a mingled atmosphere, 'twas a cloud of
light and shade.

They were hovering o'er with a tear and a sigh,
They had gathered around to see her die :
And angels were smiling from above,
They came in a chariot of holy love,
To bear the soul away.
The wailing of hearts was long and sad,
The souls of angels were joyous and glad.
There were tears in the eyes of the mourners there,
Their hearts grew saddened with woe and despair,
For they saw not the birth of the spirit bright,
That was welcomed home to its land of light.
There were tears on earth, and tears in heaven,
They were shed for the lost, and they fell for the risen.

O'er the inanimate form they have gathered, while in the land of love and beauty friends of the past are welcoming her spirit home. We will leave the earth picture. It will pass away with its deep saddenings. The vacant chair, the deserted couch, the no longer echoing voice of love, the cold, dark tomb, the death-robe, the drooping willow that hangs over the grave, the darkened weeds of mourning,—and all of life is closed..

Turn thou the picture,—the flower transplanted to a congenial soil; the land where fond hearts are bursting and swelling with shouts of welcome. The once weary form, now clothed in shining garments, will soon go in the darkened shade of the earth picture, brightening it with heavenly radiance. Sweet relief in angel forms.

SOUL OF MAN.

The soul of man is God's sacred temple. The heart is his holy altar. His divine wisdom should dwell within the temple with all the

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truth which we can gather into the eternal storehouse. Around the sacred temple, the heart, there should none but beauteous forms of light come kneeling. 'Tis there we commune with him, the great fountain of light. Trifle not with this sanctuary of God; make it, O, make it a temple where he may dwell. Let the dome be reared far on high, and still keep the entrance to this temple free and open, that every passing form of beauty may come in and worship. Let the gateway be lowly, that the feeble forms, covering perhaps a mighty spirit within, may enter. By that, I mean, humble truths, which are mighty with God. O, keep the great dome open to heaven's light. Let it come in pure and untainted. Place nought between thee and thy God. Keep the holy altar of the heart ever pure, that at all seasons, and at all times it may stand ready to invite each passing beauty to its feast of holiness.

Bring within thy temple the guests of love, truth and harmony. Bid them tarry ever. Thy bounteous Giver has placed within thy reach

truths immortal, to erect, adorn, and finish thy sanctuary, this house of God. O, consecrate it to his eternal love ; let it ever be his abode, and from this temple thou wilt never wish to stray ;

For he is ever shining there,
With holy light and heavenly care.

Mrs. Adams, still under spirit influence, said :

Your guardian speaks the following lines for you ; they are your own thoughts, as you would speak them to the world :

Bring not dark waters from insipid fountains,
To fill this longing, thirsting soul of mine ;
For I from purer brooks that flow from mountains,
Will drink through lasting ages and through time.

Bring me no darkened forms of sin and error,
Which once around my pathway used to glide,
For I have caught true light from heaven's own mirror,
And see bright beauties now where I abide.

Waft me no saddened notes of dying folly,
For I the light of heaven have ushered in ;
And now my song, my anthem, shall be, glory !
My soul all ransomed from the fettered sin.

This is your spring time of life, your time of budding hopes ; the young tendrils of life are shooting forth, they shall burst and bloom in the summer of calmness. Arrange thy garden of beauty ; let the turf be bright and new, let the decaying roots of error be banished, and in their stead come peeping forth young blossoms of beauty. Let no weeds of sorrow be growing therein. Often shall refreshing showers fall upon it ; soft breezes of angels shall sweep over it ; the sun of God shall shine upon it. Culture, O, culture it ; bedeck it ; ornament it. Be diligent, for summer is nigh and calls for blooming flowers and bursting buds. Work in thy garden, spirit of progression.

SECTION XLIII.

Sept. 20, 1854.

Mrs. Adams was entranced, and my guardian again spoke and said :

How is thy faith, do its full robes fall shrouding thy soul with its pure folds ?

I asked, who is now communicating ? and it was answered :

'T is Flora ; thy own guardian ; that lingers near thee ; that comes ; that tarries ; that ever remains.

How are thy thoughts, turning homeward to God and Love ? How are thy heart throbbings, still beating warm and pure for misery and suffering ? Answer me. How are thy hands to work, ever for angels ? 'T is well, 't is well. Heaven echoes love and truth forever to earth. Earth, let thy ransomed song begin ; heaven now is open ; stars of beauty stud the firmament.

o *

O beauteous dawn, dissolve in eternal night dark error ; roll back to chaos, dread sin ; bright sun of righteousness, now dawn. O, entangled form of folly, back to shades, to tombs be ye hurried, and no mourner shall come around thy grave. Earth, chant thy sweetest songs, let the echo ring loud and clear.

Calm as the evening shadows that come stealing over us, are the voices of our spirit-friends. Like gentle zephyrs that fan the brow, and waft sweet perfumes from distant bowers, so is the holy influence of angel breathings, that fall so quietly on our ears. Rejoice, dear one, that thine is the favored lot to hold sweet converse with angels ; to hear their glad tones cheering, to feel their softest whisperings call the spirit onward and upward to light.

'Tis the soul's twilight hour, when angels come whispering peace ; 'tis the evening of repose after the toil of life's day, to calmly wait the hour that ushers to the soul's sanctuary heaven-born truths.

I will bring thee food, O, how refreshing ;

drawn from cooling streams, that thy soul may know no thirst. Walk with me, walk with me; let sorrow find united hands, let joy be shared together. We will gaze on truth and beauty. Companions in intellect, can point to double truths. There is beauty only in shared and divided joys.

A dark spirit now took possession of the medium, manifesting great aversion for holy things; said that he hated the medium, hated all mankind; said there was a devil in him. We spoke to him in kindness, and prayed for him. He exclaimed, "I feel like a devil in a prayer meeting. I cannot stay, you are too good." This spirit now left, and my guardian continued:

Let pity drop a tear for him; time will redeem his sad soul.

Soft tears are being wept for thee,
 O, then, shed thou the tear;
 From darkened night that soul would flee,
 The voice of love would hear.
 Bright forms are guiding thee to love,
 O, turn that heart to light above.

As you receive the dew from heaven,
 So let your influence fall;
 The wreath of life is thickly woven,
 Spring buds, dark leaves of fall.

God's love encircles every link,
The chain that binds all forms.
There's light in all ; O, think,
All rest in his fond arms,
And drink from out
One heavenly fount.

All, all are God's works ; the bud unfolding ;
the dried leaves of Autumn ; the bright tinted
cloud of evening ; the stormy wind that drives
on barren rocks the saddened wreck of a once
freighted bark sailing proudly over the waters ;
All are God's children, even from where his
image shines to the lowest spark of human
existence, where his bright image seems clouded
over with the dyed garments of sin that envelop
it. All matter is mine, saith God.

SECTION XLIV.

Sept. 23, 1854.

My guardian spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said:

Yes, I see the gratitude beaming, I see it bursting and swelling in that heart of thine. It opens like the rose-bud, refreshed by some passing gale. I see thy warm heart expanding; I see thy life beginning its course of duty, and forming its spiral chords into heaven. I see the soft petals that encircle thee like the bud parting, that the soft fragrant leaves of the inner life may shed fragrance and beauty on all around them. I shall watch, yes, I shall watch for the spirit-blossom, and then cull the rose home to my own bower in its full expansion, and breathe upon it sweeter fragrance than earth's atmosphere could give. Let the bud open in symmetry, in deep humility, in pure love, that I may gather it home to my garden,

fresh, blooming, and bright; let it come wet with the dews of kindness. In my garden, I have flowers of beauty growing for thee, and you shall be well supplied. I will bring to thee buds of truth for you to nurture into blossoms for your brother, your sister, in humanity. O, remember, O, remember the golden chord, the link of love that binds us in one family. Let the heart beat for all, keep back in the fountain of tears fresh flowings for thy brother's sorrows. Reserve for him in gladness, joyous echoings of thy own spirit. O, let the Christ dwell ever within thee, for by him and through him we come unto the Father.

These truths, dear one, are not new; they have been echoed to earth long ago, but they are enduring beauties, they are amaranthine blossoms, that angels love to gather and twine around the brow of mortals.

But you shall cull new and heavenly truths, you shall gaze on greener buds, you shall look on brighter stars than you now behold; you shall see worlds opening to your wondering

sight, you shall see stars shining anew, planets in their courses ; and then you shall wondering gaze, and gazing, wonder. And the soul shall come up shrouded in a new mantle of beauty ; and new perceptions of that great eternal One, shall flow into your being ; and larger shall thy boundary of love grow ; and brighter thy horizon of beauty, and nobler shall thy praises flow, until this longing spirit shall burst this feeble, fluttering body, and rise on pinions of ecstasy to the world above.

O, children of earth, how cared for, how thou art watched over, like tender buds of infants, cared for by angels. Grow not weary or sad, O, children of earth, for ye have all an echo and a voice of love in a spirit home.

Pillow thy weary heads in angel comfortings, lay thy sorrowing hearts sad ones of earth, on angel bosoms, for they will bear thee sweetly and safely to thy even-tide of life. Fear not, fear not the darkened tomb ; ye dwell not there ; the grave holds not the loving forms. Its cold embrace holds not a mother's form, nor

a father's weary head ; no sister or brother
lies there.

They rest in happy bowers,
They roam 'mid Eden's flowers,
They dwell in our bright land,
A joyous, happy band.

They watch thy path of life,
They know each angry strife
That wears and grieves the soul,
And bids the passions roll
Around thy saddened life.

They know each silent tear,
And quick with words of cheer
They come, that form to love,
And bid it cease to rove.

All a Deity hath crowned thee with, restore
to him. Of his love thou hast partaken. Of
his joy thou hast shared. Restore to him with
tenfold usury, each talent he has given. O,
bring not to his sacred altar, an empty life.
Train high each faculty he has endowed thee
with, culture it to the highest point of thy
capacity. Bring to his altar not one virtue

alone, bring bright from the added fuel of neglected faculties. Feed each prompting and each desire, for the Eternal One has placed them there; reflect not on his wisdom by leaving them uncultured, for it is his love that you bear, his joy that you own, his sympathy that thrills you, his hope that crowns you with stars of light, and his eternal glory that shines through thee from heavenly regions bright.

O, children of earth, shine on for God, radiate for him; then shall thy life be filled with emanations of beauty, for in him we live and move. With endowments of beauty, and glory, and life, he has formed us, and we are his works. Let us bud and blossom for him; let us ripen and fall for him. We unfold beneath his genial breath of kindness, we expand in his sunlight, we drink from all his fountains of truth, we walk in all his paths of wisdom, and glorious eternity is ours to gaze upon, to learn of God still more, to feel his fathomless truths, to wander on the shores of time, and gather

sands of beauty from out the immeasurable past Mind, immortal mind! Soul undying!

We are drawing near the closing pages of our little book. May it be for earth one little star, which shall guide many to brighter constellations.

TRUTH AND FOLLY.

'Twas night, deep` curtained night. Dark clouds of terror shaded shining stars, and forms below were wandering. There was no rising sun that shone around their dwelling; the firmament of earth seemed dressed in a funeral shroud. There was no shining sun to call forth beauteous flowers, but wrapped in error dark sat Beauty in her mantle, and Love was weeping by the dark graves. Hope followed in the funeral train, in garments sad and dark, when Truth came forth, came walking 'midst the mist of midnight; and round the dwelling of repose he wandered, and spoke and said: "There is light for earth, for darkened earth." Then, up came Folly, with her meagre form, crying, "O,

earth, shroud us still closer with thy midnight robe, for truth would dawn upon thee. Let him not stay." The form of Truth they knew not, and they cried, "Away!" But the giant form of Truth could crush pale Folly, and he rose 'mid all the opposing cries of its attendants. He whispered gently to some modest flower, and said, "On earth, a bright dawn is coming along the shady dell; the sun will arise to bless thee." In forest wild he spake, and said,

"There is for earth a glorious sun,
There is for man a spirit dome."

And ere his voice had died upon the breeze, forth came the bursting rays of God's great luminary. The little flowers that long in darkness grew, shed forth new beauty; and the little brook that murmuring ran, sparkled, and reflected back his joy. On barren earth, once cold and damp, came shooting forth new buds. When the darkened night was turned to noon-day, when forms that had run forth to gaze upon

this beauty echoed, 't is heaven's light, 't is God's own gift; while those who laid in dreams of earth, knew not of this fair sun. Midst shadows they had laid them to repose, and still their echo was, "with shadows let us rest." They slept in darkness while life without was teeming with perpetual love; while flowers were blooming, were blooming bright, and roses round were budding. They saw no heavenly light; in darkness they were roaming.

We will gather more leaves again; we'll cull some fresh, and some changing.

SECTION XLV.

Sept. 26, 1854.

Written through Miss Rachel Ellis' hand, from the spirit of Mary Adams, see "Rivulet."

The natural eye is a telescope too gross to view disembodied spirits through. Hence man has a very faint idea of the appearance of a

spirit. Poets have pictured our etherial forms and the outlines they have drawn are correct ; for angels have impressed their minds. Still man clothes us in the habiliments of the grave. Do not associate us with the shroud and the clay ; we are arrayed in the rainbow hues of righteousness. Our forms are perfect in their development. Not a thin shadow to be clasped between two covers. We occupy space even as less sublimated bodies. We are endowed with five senses, and these senses are rendered very acute and delicate. The germ within a grain cannot expand till it has cast off its shell ; thus it is with the soul.

The powers of locomotion are greatly increased ; we fly as thought flies ; space is annihilated. Though we have feet, we do not use them to gain a desired spot. Though we have hands, we do not use them to embody a plan conceived in the mind. Will is the great motive power which clothes our form in bright raiment. Will is the wings which carry us o'er the bounding billows of space. The archi-

tect moulds from his mind's store-house, lofty edifices, and fills them with the magic power of will, with the beautiful forms imagination hath created. The miser accumulates piles of glittering lucre around him, bows down in reverence to his golden gods. The spirit enters the ethereal world with the same grovelling passions, the same high aspirations. The murderer has the same desire, the babe the same smile of innocence. Every unuttered wish is instantaneously gratified. The soul after grovelling in the dust, turns its faith-illumined vision upwards and thirsts for higher attainments, to revel in holier pleasures. The savage fire of man's nature gradually dies out, not till it has consumed the sins within the heart. The intellectual properties of the mind are brought into action, and every organ comes into full play, till a perfect and harmonious organization is formed.

Raise high the bulwarks of this new faith ; surround her towers with trusty sentinels ; choose those who sleep not on their posts ; for the enemy that would besiege, is rapidly

approaching from every side. Kindle anew the watchfires in your heart, that you may be ready to go forth to conquer.

SECTION XLVI.

Sept. 27, 1854.

Mrs. Adams being entranced, my guardian spoke as follows :

Angels have hours of sadness ;
 Our notes are not all gladness,
 We often sigh ;
 We have our hours of sorrow,
 Yet in the brighter morrow
 We trust for aye.

We see some loved one dying,
 Some form for wisdom sighing,
 And then we weep :
 Our tears shall flow together,
 The work shall cease, no, never !
 In love we weep.

Yet through the unfavored gales, the unpropitious dawn of man's pilgrimage, he will ultimately reach his design.

All destinies are his, the great Original; and flowing unto him shall all streams come, though often winding amid dark forest, they reach at last their parent source, and swell the great ocean of life. I have a shady garland on my brow, it breathes of sadness. I wear it for the dark ones of earth.

I asked my guardian if my humble efforts could in any degree lessen her sadness. She answered :

You can administer that holy balm even to angel hearts, by doing well the work of life. I have taken these drooping garlands, to refresh them, that I might breathe on them a spirit of light and love, that they may grow green.

I have a sad form on earth I am visiting. Can I with greater light endowed, withhold some little rays from off the saddened soul? Can I look down from this, my bright abode and see some ripening deeds of goodness, and

not bring forth that fruit to its maturity? Can I see a weary form struggling with earthly forces, stemming the tide of sorrow, and not beckon that form to its haven of rest? This would not be my Father's work, to let them go hungry, naked and blind.

The beauty of the great source of all glory, light and love must be gathered from forms beneath it, and far removed from us by others still above and dwelling nearer than we to that centre of glory. And we will pass it on, all goodness, to lower grades, refining and polishing it in its exchange of forms, till the gem grows radiant, more radiant and bright, and by its own brilliancy becomes attracted to the grand embodiment of beauty.

We will bear to him on the passing breeze that comes o'er us a fragrance of sweet affection; and when we find flowers of love not fully blown, we will cull for him unopened buds, ere they bloom and blight in the chill atmosphere of sin.

To him all glory shall ascend,
All wisdom shall aspire ;
To him pure love and beauty tend ;
All knowledge leads us higher.

Thinkest thou a sigh of earth goes on without ruffling the breeze of love's atmosphere? Bound in one human chain, of one great family, offsprings of one eternal parent, will ye not go hand in hand? Shall some gather only the roses, while others bear the thorny crowns? O, no, children of love, gather them all, and blend them; let each have one rose and one thorn. Seek not to crown thy neighbor with decaying branches, and pluck for thyself spring's first offerings. Through hearts we worship him, the Father of love. We live in the kind embrace of a brother. We take our Father's hand, when to the palm of sorrow we lay the softened hand of love and charity. We see our Father's smile, when from the tearful face we wipe the flowing tears, neglect and anguish have poured forth. We feel our Father's beating heart, when in

the kind embrace we take the wayward form,
and say, "Love all, love God."

SECTION XLVII.

Sept. 30, 1854.

Mrs. Adams, in an entranced condition, said:

All your visions will be symbolized by flowers? Flora teaches a great deal by them. She is rightly named, for she always wears flowers. You will gather from her much information by cultivating flowers. You feel your guardian's impressions now more than ever before, and recognize her presence. Your medium capacities are increasing rapidly.

My guardian now spoke and said:

Wouldst thou return, wouldst thou go back
to vales where once thy feet were wandering,

and where you gathered only faded blossoms, that brought thy soul no joy? Wouldst thou exchange for them the garlands I have woven thee? I see thee happy and joyous in the bright exchange of unscented flowers for the spring buds of hope I have encircled around thy brow. It was no chance gale of arranged protection and care that brought me hovering around thy dwelling. Thus far I have brought thee life, hope and beauty; but thou hast not yet seen the golden future. Thou hast only buds yet, yet to blossom; and O, the fragrance that will then surround thee, when these petals have burst, and the tiny buds have unfolded in the full blossom, and the soul has grown large, so that it can bear those blossoms of beauty. Once fettered bird, now soaring, plume thy wings for joyous flight. Let thy plumage grow bright, for it must reflect the noonday sun that shines upon it.

We are soaring high when we are gazing low. We are building eternal mansions, when gathering the tiny materials of truth that lie

along our pathway. We are planting garden of eden beauty, when we are gathering earth's blossoms to sweeten life's hours. We are building for ourselves a towering dome of wisdom, when we here are cultivating the inner man. Self-culture rears a mighty dome, from which we can gaze around and behold brighter scenes than the eye could catch in the valley of ignorance. O, let us traverse mountains of thought. Stay not thy footsteps until the summit is thine to gaze from. Let the soul be ever a willing recipient of light.

Truth ever comes shrouded. That which brings light and wisdom we see not at the first. The darkened cloud precedes the tiny drops of rain that make the flowers come forth. Wisdom may often be veiled ; she walks oft-times in dark disguise, beneath the heavy robes she folds around. There's thrown around her beauteous form, a graceful, easy robe, pure and refreshing for the eye to gaze upon. O, deem the external sight but secondary to the clear, internal gaze that's given thee. The darkened mantle which

wisdom wears at times, is but thrown on to shield the inner robe, that when she comes thy joyous guest, her garments may be pure and shining.

I would fill one little page on the

NATURAL FAITH OF MAN.

Man's faith by nature says, I have a home on high; I have a Parent kind in whose fond arms I can repose, and on whose breast I can lay my weary form. I have a Father of unbounded wisdom, who asks me no vain sacrifice, but the uplifted eye of faith, and the falling tear that is shed for human woes. In him I have my life. I feel him thrilling through my being; and I would carry back and restore to him all the gifts he has endowed me with. When sorrow robes the soul, in beauteous faith I can say, my Father gives me comfort. I can go on trusting, for his all-seeing eye of wisdom has provided adequate means to meet every emergency in my pathway. Faith points me heavenward, she points me homeward. I will go to my Father in her bright

chariot, leaving no duty of life undone. On the soft pillow of love I will repose, and faith shall bear me to my Father.

We change the picture of the natural faith, to the

PERVERTED FAITH OF MAN.

A distressed and uninvited guest comes to man's inner soul and whispers, "Thy Father's power is not all competent to fulfil the great design; therefore has he provided himself with an *adversary* of darkness to effect what he in love and wisdom has designed. I would repose under his protecting eye, but the prince of darkness walks abroad, and I must keep the soul watchful o'er his works, thus dividing the gaze between good and evil, God and the Devil."

Nature would bid him read from out his Father's volume, fond lines of hope and trust, would call him daily to his God. But pre-established forms call him back to darkness, where his faith grows dim, and where his God shines only in part. He cannot take the trusting hand of love, that bids his spirit homeward

fly to where his spirit fain would go, for that dread form, Imagination, has conquered ; and educated error has fully stamped his impress on the face of this bright earth, that his Father only hath made.

In the great created universe, the natural eye sees the works of Deity. Where is the little world, or many worlds, that darkened form has made ; that image of Sin, the perverted eye of faith has brought.

He goes not homeward trustingly ; his soul in doubt is shrouded. He knows not which shall be his home ; whether he shall dwell in the soft atmosphere of God's love, or in the dark abodes of sin. His is not the happy life, nor his the joyous death. Bright faith is not his angel attendant, but dark distrust will bear his spirit homeward.

SECTION XLVIII.

Oct. 4, 1854.

My guardian again spoke through Mrs. Adams, and said :

Mind echoes to mind, heart throbs with heart.
Together we will read beauties, together sing
one melody of love, together twine garlands to
deck the brow of sorrow, together tread eternal
pathways, and bathe in life's fountain of light.
Yes, together we will sing the song of life—
together, and forever. We shall be there
together; no parting's ever there; the hands
once joined at greeting, shall never be unloosed;
two buds blossom in one flower. I am ever near
thee. Ask me not to come. Shall the rose
say, I wait for fragrance? Does it invite sweet-
ness? Thus are we united.

ANGEL HARVEST.

Angels shall gather ripened fruit of love and
goodness, and it shall be garnered in golden

sheaves. Faithful duties of earth's children shall be twined in garlands green to deck the reaper that bears his ripened sheaves to the great treasure-house of Immortality. Autumn's foliage rich, shall wave from out the forest once bursting with its spring-buds of life. Towering oaks shall spread their shady branches where once the tender infant-tree was growing. And many here shall gather, and rest beneath its deep shade. Rich, beauteous, full truths of life shall angels gather from earth's harvest. 'Tis now her spring time, let peeping buds spring forth. Plant ye roses for guardian spirits to pluck. Let the evening calm invite seraphs to repose. Let affection's vine twine around thy mansion, and in thy heart. Waft ye soft evening zephyrs, sing ye love's melody, whisper softened tones of beauty, prepare for the great eternal harvest of love.

Children of earth, thy summer is nigh, let seeds of righteousness be sown to bloom 'mid the sunny bowers of summer glory, and to ripen in autumn grandeur.

SECTION XLIX.

PART FIRST.

Oct. 9, 1854.

The following was addressed to me by Miss Anna M. Fenly, while in an entranced state :

I now see around thee a luminous appearance, and a pure spirit by thy side. Her hand now rests upon thy head. Her heart seems filled with love for thee. She feels pure happiness only when she can draw thy soul upward. When she sees the tear of sorrow dim thine eye, she would place within thine hand a flower, purely white, and fragrant ; it is plucked from her own etherial garden, and will never fade. She is thy guardian angel, and will ever guard thy footsteps ; and with her shalt thou ascend to thy eternal home of happiness and peace.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Green, in an entranced condition, spoke, addressing me, as follows :

Your guardian says she would have you go hand in hand with her in the work of love. She would have you seek the lowly of earth, the dark, the wicked souls that wander in the ways of error, and lead them to light and truth, that they may be brought up to a degree of angel purity. Work on in thy strength, in this labor of love for humanity. Tell, yes, tell these erring ones, the banner of love o'erspreads them ; and if they will listen, tell them of the beauties thereon inscribed, point them to that one central beauty, "the Love of God." Under this beautiful white banner of love, you can all walk together in the path of peace and happiness ; and it will lead you to everlasting bliss.

PART THIRD.

Mrs. Helen Leeds being entranced, addressed me as follows :

A female form, stands by your side. She is rather tall and slender, has delicate complexion, light, wavy hair. Her name on earth was Flora ———, her spirit name is Love. Her spirit is very pure, very bright ; she is full of affection. Your spirit sister is near, very near to you, but this spirit seems nearer than a sister. she warns and influences you ; you feel her influence. It was this spirit that first led you to this faith.

I see a mirror before you ; this spirit hovers over you, and near you, and in this mirror she reads your thoughts reflected ; and when you are carried away by your affections she checks you. She now gives me these words for you :
“ Have courage, for I will bring to thee faith and life. The arm that upholds thee is strong. My ever watchful gaze in the mirror of reflected thought shall meet thy beaming look, that tells me when thou art in sadness, or in gloom ; and

then in spirit-thought, so full of love, I tell thee not to place thy affection too strongly on earthly things, for a spirit-bride awaits thee, whose every thought is love to thee, and who watches every anxious gaze of thine to bring thee wisdom, love and truth from the sphere I dwell in. And then with whispers low and sweet, my spirit bids thee hope ; telling thee of the ever green land of joy that will meet thy gaze. There, together we will sit and sing unto his praise ; and gaze together on the living waters that shall flow by : there we will read together from the volumes handed fresh to us from nature's library, from the hand of the living God ; there we'll read of his wondrous works, and ways ; and the motto our spirits shall bear is, " love ye one another, for God is love."

Every flower here speaks its own language of love : they fade not, neither do they wither and die ; they bud and bloom in eternal fragrance. From these flowers I have culled for thee a Bouquet,* I shall now bring to thee, and place

* The "BOUQUET," is the name of a volume now being received from my guardian spirit. It will be published within a few months.

it in thy hand, and its fragrance shall refresh thy soul ; and its fragrance still shall pass from thee to many, with its refreshing, purifying influences, and my spirit will around thee hover, never tiring to pray that thy life may be among mortals such to advance thy spirit to my embrace when it shall be called.

SECTION L.

Oct. 11, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke as follows :

LOVE.

Now swell the song we've given to earth,
 With an anthem of heavenly love.
 Tell how the spirit in life has birth,
 And rests with affection's dove.

Let us twine a love-garland gathered from the
 lily-buds of affection where no tint of grossness

has ever blighted the pure leaves. Learn, learn to love; let the heart swell and burst with its pure affections. Send out to every heart love's gentle tone; let them fall on the ear of the lowly; let them fill the atmosphere around thee; let them be the gateway to thy soul's entrance, for "God is love." O, how the hard heart changes under its softening whispers. It can meet the iron chords of age and sin. Go with love to the sinner; go with love, and smooth the brow of sorrow.

O, how angels watch the dawn of universal love; how they linger to catch the first beams that come gilding the mountain-top of folly. O, then what peace, what joy, what bliss shall be yours.

Heaven comes a willing guest to earth, when she is wrapped in the deepest folds of pure love. Brightest and purest emotions of divinity, the out-gushing of the finest faculties, the fragrance of a flower, are from God, and to him through many myriad forms shall return again. Its emanation gushes forth to every

form that he hath made. It takes the brother's hand, it wipes the falling tear. It says to sorrow, hope. It rests the weary soul on its own innocent bosom. It says, my God is thine, less favored plant in nature's garden.

Love, love, true love, knows not a selfish soul; it dwells not within its boundary, it would famish and die.

It feeds on softening sweet grown flowers ;
It comes from pure angelic bowers.

Where love goes forth and walks abroad, sorrow goes pining to the grave. She points to hope, and on the tide of thrilling emotion the soul that is filled with love's beauty, knows that its full fruition saith, I have no fear, for perfect love hath cast it out. My God is love and love alone. Can we not live in him ?

Is there some dark, some drear abode,
To draw us from his faithful word ?
O, no ; I hear the sweet tone given,
Love dwells in all, love reigns in heaven.

I remarked that my religion was treated with the same opposition by two classes of persons of direct opposite religious sentiments, viz: certain members of the Christian church, and Infidels: that I could not understand why Christians should oppose me when I believed in, and loved with my whole soul every truth of the Bible, and the Christian church. I asked why it was so? and my guardian answered:

The roughened breeze that blows across the rose is answered back by fragrance; and so the arrows of jealous pride that others throw at thee, should rest within the softened breast, and love should echo back but love.

SECTION LI.

Oct. 18, 1854.

Mrs. Adams became entranced, and my guardian spoke and said:

Soul of my soul, spirit of my spirit, my words of love I give thee. How I joy to meet thee, and with thee, to talk of heavenly wisdom. How I joy to point thee to some little spots of

beauty that I have seen, and whispered unto thee. Draw near to me in spirit and let us feel the throbbing heart of love vibrating ; and when your heart beats with quick pulsations for sorrowing earth, O, let mine answer to it in quick response. I'm here to guide you, I'm here to bless you, and all thy woes of life shall be laid on the sympathising breast. United shall be our grief, united our joy. I will walk faithfully by your side through your earth course ; and I will soften that once dread messenger, Death, that when he comes, he may calmly lay you in his shroud. He shall bear you unto me. I am waiting, not the tomb, for thee. 'T will only be a little shade, a quicker breath, the dampening dew upon the brow, and all is o'er : and you gaze, and loving gaze upon your own eternal mate.

But in this my joy I would not bring a sigh to earth :

I would not have the faithful heart,
 That walks beside thee now,
 Feel aught of sorrow in her breast,
 Or anguish on her brow.

The flower that God hath planted here,
 May bloom alike on earth,
 Although there's one in heaven more dear,
 But not of greater worth.

She blooms in beauty, by thy side,
 I bloom in fragrance here ;
 The fragrance of those buds abide,
 They both can give you cheer.

Beside thy earth-path one has grown,
 And one in heaven walks not alone,
 But grasps a loving hand,
 To lead her through th' angelic land.

A hand is there to welcome her,
 A hand of kindred love,
 A hand that e'er will guide her through
 The beauties, while they rove

Along celestial courts, and gaze,
 And gazing love, and learn,
 Of all our Father's glorious ways,
 And never from them turn.

And now that we have twined the eternal and unfading garland of enduring unity, let us throw the wreath around the hands united, and our united faith and hope shall keep it green. And I have dwelt with thee thus far, have lived within thee, and thou hast learned to gaze and look on me as a friend of truth, a living friend, *not a vision of love*. And now together we will go reaping the harvest of earth, and while we reap we will scatter seed. We'll know no end of duty, we'll call it ever spring-tide of life, and still keep budding for beauty.

We'll whisper not of death ; we'll whisper in unceasing strains life, love and truth forever.

The falling leaf it does not die,
Again it cometh to the eye.

For in the refining process of nature's laws that pervades all matter, in beauty it comes up anew and blooms again ; It puts forth new freshness. We know not death ; all, all is life.

'T is only sorrow's sigh,
That whispers ought can die ;
'T is only error's form
That drives us to the tomb.

Why talk of death ? When God has made
these countless worlds and all of life that teems
within, and placed them in eternity ! And yet
speakest thou of death ?

Oh, call it life in varied phase,
And let dread " death " grow mould with age.

Go and tell, go and whisper to the children of
earth, that what they term the fleeting vision,
is but the soul's reality, and what they treas-
ured here so long, is far more fleeting, for it
shall pass away, and all these hideous forms
that in the imagination lingered round the
brain, and filled the soul with dread of him
who is all love and beauty shall fade away
and in their place,

Bright rays of hope come flowing in,
 To raise that soul from fettered sin ;
 By sin I mean, the darkened night
 That comes before the morning bright.

I would speak to thee my thoughts of beauty
 till they would swell to mighty volumes. I
 have in reserve for thee such untold beauties,
 such light and truth to unfold, as will fit and
 and garnish the soul and prepare it to enter
 those brighter bands of seraphs that feed on
 heaven's food, the bread of life. Then come to
 me spirit that I have watched over, that I am
 bringing to my own bower.

Now fill the little volume and let it go forth
 on its errand of love ; the labor is sweet.

In love and purity have we twined our gar-
 land of lilies. He that received them has given
 their fragrance to forms seeking beauty. Long
 may their perfume abide ; till he gathers in

L I B R A R Y

heaven's gardens, sweeter buds, fairer blossoms
that shall wreath the brow of time's immortal
children. I go to gather brighter buds, sweeter
lilies to strew along the pathway of life.

Ye shall all be gathered there in gardens
celestial, to twine flowers of memory forever.

To Helen - Good!

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