

THE
B O U Q U E T

OF
SPIRITUAL FLOWERS:

Received chiefly through the Mediumship of
MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

BY
A. B. CHILD, M. D.

28.2
Cold, cold must be the heart that does not soften at the repeated coming and sound of
angel foot-steps. — FLORA.



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INTRODUCTION.

“The Lily Wreath” was published a year since as a gift book, and was received with so much favor by the lovers of Spiritual truths, that in compliance with the wishes of many individuals a continuation is now issued under the name of “The Bouquet.”

The flowers that form this Bouquet have been gathered in celestial gardens. They are fragrant with angel love, and arranged in the glowing tints of angel pencilings. Delicately must we touch them, and susceptible to the purest spirituality must they be who would fully enjoy and justly appreciate their many beauties.

In each message let each one consider himself as personally addressed, for to all those who while on earth would catch the tones of angel voices, and the soft notes of golden harps moved to melody by angel hands, this Bouquet is presented as a token of that love which is drawing us *all* home to peace and joy eternal.

P R E F A C E.

The summer flowers are passing by,
The lilies in their whiteness;
But autumn buds will charm the eye
By their unrivalled brightness.

The buds and blossoms all are here,
I've gathered all the sweetest:
And those the brightest colors wear,
I fear will be the fleetest.

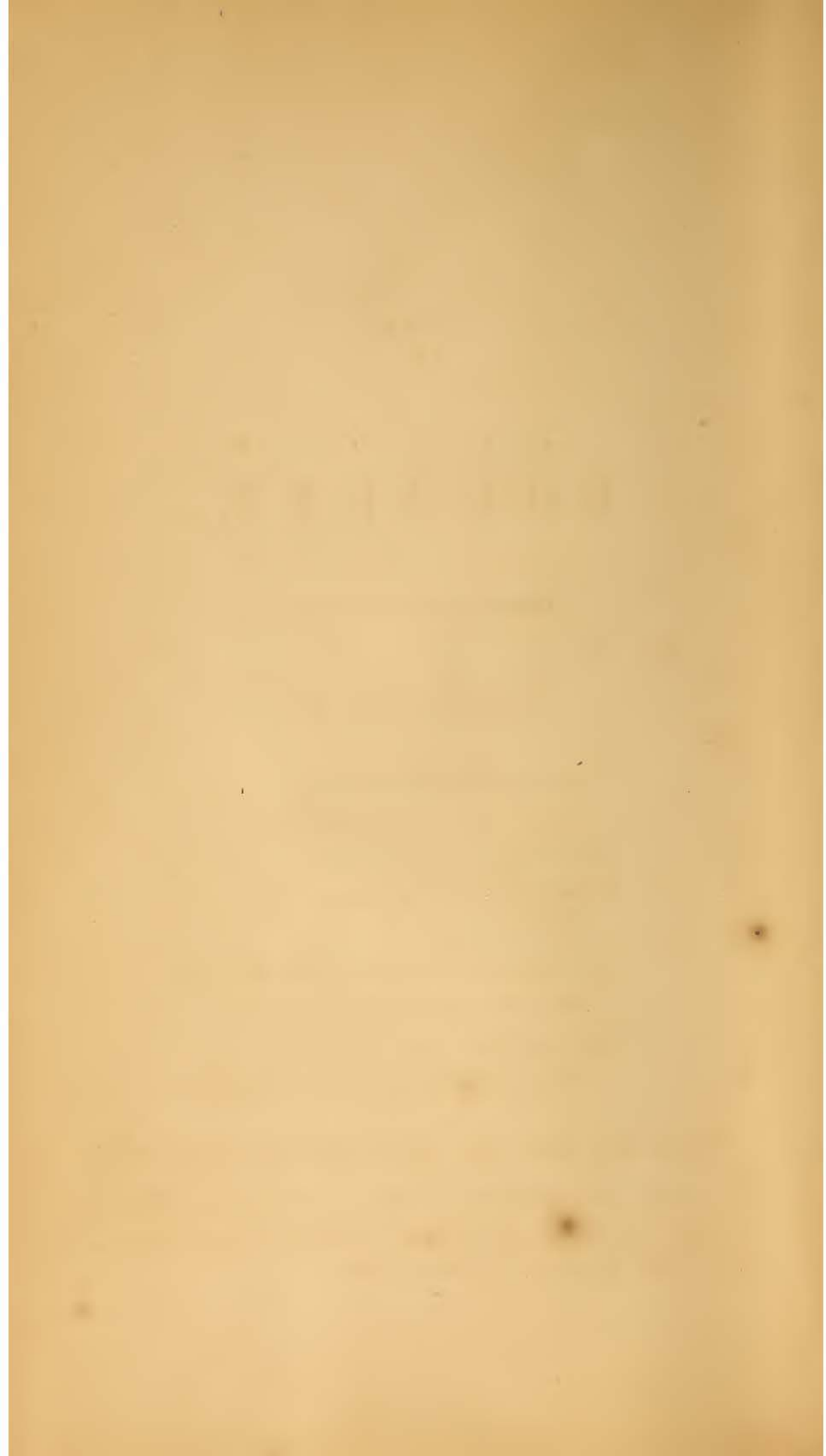
I've brought sweet buds from spirit bowers,
And mixed with leaves of bay;
With ribbons bright now bind my flowers,
And call them "Love's Bouquet."

FLORA.

Strike the lyre ; let angel fingers
Tune the harp for heavenly choirs ;
Lovingly the soft touch lingers
O'er the spirit-breathing wires.

Mightier, stronger swells the chorus ;
Finer, purer swells the strain,
Like some zephyr stealing o'er us,
Bringing hearts to God again.

Bow thy soul in adoration ;
Mortal, bow before the throne ;
Swell this song to every nation,
'Tis not for thyself alone.



THE
B O U Q U E T.

SECTION I.*

O, open ye the gates of beauty,
Let the rays of truth shine in ;
Wide unfold the path of duty,
Love shall reign in place of sin.

Come and dwell in heaven's own mansion,
Dwell with spirits round the throne ;
Light shall burst upon thy sorrow,
Doubting wanderers, come ! O, come !

Thus far have we wandered together ; thus
far have we gathered life's roses and twined

* NOTE.—All the sections not otherwise designated were received from
Flora through the mediumship of Mrs. Adams.

them in blooming wreaths to soften the aching brows of many. Thus far have we sailed together adown the stream of life, and the little ripples that bore our bark along were music to our ears. Not always have we sailed with the tide and the breeze. There have been moments when the mist of error has come across our path, and our bark was stationed for awhile; but hope dropped her golden anchor, and we waited the sunshine of light and truth again to shine through the mist, and then we went sailing onward. Thus far have we progressed; and now to a point of beauty I have ushered thee, whence we can go on together to higher truths, where we can listen to deeper melody that comes from the harmonious music of God's kingdom.

We are all music notes in the great harmony of life, and each one goes to fill the melody of time. Some rest upon the music staff in the higher grade, others are below, while many fill the intermediate spaces.

But he that reads the whole and glances o'er

the page, loves the low tone as well as the higher. It was not God's melody or his design to follow one tone throughout successive measures, but that each and all may bear a part.

Yes, we will pass home together. O, how we will catch the living beauties that shine forth from our God, and fasten them around the brow like beauteous coronets that we have gathered from his beams. And they beneath shall look on us, and learn through us of God. For every form of life that dwells must have a brighter light, and every gradation of mind has its attending God. We mean according as we shine for him and beam from him, we are for that time the God for the lesser.

We have the glowing, blazing sun for day, the paler moon for night ; and so does intellect range from low to high, and high to low ; they have a corresponding light to shine for them. Bright sun for the day, stars for the eventide, and the gentle moon for the midnight.

Shine forth, dear one, on forms thou wouldst gather to his eternal kingdom in all these grada-

tions of blazonry. If thou art whispering to one whose boundary of mind is narrow and whose soul is small, show unto him a few faint stars, and let his eye accustomed look from little stars to moons, and then to suns of light; blind him not with too bright rays.

SECTION II.

What wouldst thou gather from me now?

Is it gems to stud the brow?

Is it love to fill thy soul,

To bring thee to our heavenly goal?

Is it wisdom's light to shine,

Ever on this path of thine?

Is it heavenly treasures rare,

Floating on celestial air?

Is it angel-powers to bless,

To soothe all grief, all sin's distress?

Is it truth to fill thy mind,

To shine in love for all mankind?

If these the treasures you would seek,
 I from my volume now will speak ;
 Will read thee all my words of truth,
 And you shall feel their holy worth.

Yes, 'tis for these you love to live,
 And all these beauties you shall have
 To scatter forth on barren ground,
 And sing the song of life around.

Swell, swell the anthem high and clear,
 Earth soon in love shall reappear ;
 Shall come before the eternal choir,
 Shall pass to joys, far sweeter, higher

Than e'er the heart of man conceived ;
 From sorrowing care shall be relieved,
 In this our land of holy bliss,
 In these our bowers of loveliness.

All shall be gathered here at last,
 Their night of sorrow then be past ;
 All have in heaven a mate of love,
 All shall find here an echoing dove ;

Room for the sorrowing and the sad ;
 Bright garlands waiting for the glad ;

A place to lay the aching head ;
A softened pillow and a bed.

A couch by angel ones attended,
For those in life who 're unbefriended ;
Bright garments pure for them to wear,
A crown of hope, the soul to cheer.

A hand of love to lead them on
Where friends have past, and loved ones gone ;
Where words of sorrow and of strife
Ne'er fall upon the ear,
But in glad tones they hear

Bright seraphs singing " Come,
You 've found at last your home,
And here your souls shall rest,
To be forever ever blessed.
Shall pass to lands above,
Shall echo ' God is love.' "

Who is mighty in wisdom and power? He
that hath gathered in humility's garden the half
hidden buds that grow unprotected.

Who shall reap immortal joy?
 He that sows without alloy.
 Who shall garner treasures there?
 He that plants the flower so fair.

Flowers of life that angels bring,
 Dropping from the golden wing,
 The wing of time that fans the brow,
 These are beauties, listen now.

PRESENCE OF SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Oh, welcome angels to earth. Open the gates and unloose the portals of thy soul's entrance; bid them enter, turn them not away. They plead long to be thy guests. 'Tis hard for you to find their places vacant here on earth. 'Tis sad for them to see within the souls they've left behind, the vacant spot in the memory where once they lingered.

On the soul's sacred tablet is written "*remembrance.*" On though we pass, on, on, on, *still on*, memory's chain that binds *us* to the loved ones of earth breaks not in our grasp. We love them still; kind friends of earth. Oft-

times with grief we're filled, when gathering
round the loving forms, to know they feel us
not.

We cannot take their well known hand,
We cannot join their little band,
But floating in a cloud above,
We drop for them a tear of love ;

And fain would speak of all our bliss
To them in words of tenderness ;
But O, that voice of silver tone,
They hear it not within their home.

We gather round the couch in dreams,
We 'see the spirit how it beams
With love for those who, gone before,
They sorrowing say : " are here no more."

Oh, darkened faith of earth give place
To brighter light and heavenly grace,
That bids us come, and whispers bliss
To all that dwell in loneliness.

Then take the hand of loved ones here,
Bright faith the longing soul shall cheer ;
We'll walk forever by your side,
And in your homes will long abide.

And heaven and earth shall meet at last,
When all the sorrowing sin has past.
O, joyous hour for heaven and earth,
To sing the anthem of this birth.

SECTION III.

Pilgrims for time and voyagers for eternity, let the glorious tidings thrill the soul. We emanate from a God of life, from a God of love; and how can we fill up life with duty and with love?

Plant now your monument of beauty, it shall stand towering over your grave when you lay your body down. 'Tis made up of holy deeds and kindly acts. In design it far outstretches Art's most noble work. 'Tis hewn from Nature's quarry; it shall stand long after the works of man go mouldering back with his body to the dust.

Tell the children of earth to build their mon-

uments from a grand design. Let them be built in graceful eloquence to the eye of the passer by. Tell them to tower them high, high above earth, so that angel footsteps may reach them ; and where they are built of love's material they will approve the deed. Now let us speak of the

ANGEL OF LOVE,

Her mighty mission, and her heavenly work ; Hope, charity, duty, affection, truth, harmony, peace, life and happiness ; these are the faculties that make up the soul.

In charity, she sees a brother in deformity but to pity him. In truth, she deals with all mankind. In hope, she points the tearful eye to future thoughts of joy. In happiness, she gathers flowers to deck another's brow. In peace, she chants her heavenly lay, that soothes the spirit from all strife. In life, she fills the eternal day with every duty well discharged, and

lets no form of sorrow pass ; turns not away
from aching hearts,

Lists to the tale of sad distress,
And strives the sorrowing heart to bless.

Oh, the mighty mission of Love!

Ask her on earth to still abide,
And dwell forever by your side.

SECTION IV.

VARIOUS GARMENTS OF FAITH.

We are all coming home, though clothed in various garments. We are all God's children ; some wear the garments of one faith, some another ; one the deep folds, another the light flowing mantle of love, and yet they are all God's fabric. The children of earth all make

their garments of faith, of what seemeth to them the most enduring; and they make up unsightly robes with no variation of beauty, but all selected from one dark web of sorrow, woven in anguish. While he that wears a lighter garb, the gauzy mantle made by the hand of love, hath selected the brighter sunbeam, the more becoming mantle of God's enduring truth. Let not the one in darkened robes deny that all are coming home. For he that wears those heavy trailing garments of righteousness, made by the hand of justice, and fashioned after the form of God's eternal law, the garments that go sweeping and trailing in the dust of earth, and raise not a heavenly but an earthly cloud, should not frown on him that wears the full flowing mantle of faith.

And faith should turn with pitying eyes
And tell him how his garment lies,
And sweeps along the dust and soil ;
Tell how his labor and his toil
Might thus be spared.

And he, instead of garments trailing,
 Might stay the anguish and the wailing,
 The sighs of those in slavery bound,
 That come from out the throng around ;

All forms of slavery and of sin,
 That keep God's light from rushing in —
 That 't is his faith and not his robe,
 That stands an emblem of his God.

His robe and garments here shall be
 A mantle made of charity,
 Folding with grace around the form ;
 In purest love it should be worn,

And large enough to gather in,
 And mantle o'er those forms of sin,
 Those darkened ones that round him stand,
 That have no garments and no hand
 To point them to our heavenly land.

Its ample folds shall cover all,
 He holds it forth at every call,
 And bids them 'neath its folds to rest ;
 That man shall be forever blessed

Who clothes the naked and the sad,
With robes of life to make them glad,
To pass them on where they shall roam,
And find their own eternal home.

We are all going home together.

Brother clasp thy neighbor's hand,
Tell him of the happy land,
Tell him all the light and love
That echos from your spirit dove.

Come with a joyous heart, come with smiles
beaming, come lovingly togethé. Bring home
with thee aught that thy Father loves. Let thy
pathway go grading up a gradual ascent. Let
each day add new buds to the thickly woven
garland of life. I would bear to thee a part of
the joy my spirit feels, but language fails. My
spirit can only pour out one lengthened, length-
ened sigh of sympathy for earth's children. On
pinions of celestial beauty I would that you
could go soaring, that we could drink insatiate
from the fountain of life, and feel the thrilling

joy that courses through the frame. When we come to the courts Celestial, we will pluck from the perennial gardens the amaranthine blossoms, emblems of life, to deck earth's children. When angels gaze on earth and see the clouds of sorrow and anguish oft-times hovering over you ; be it known, O, let it be known that angels weep. O mortal, wherever found, hasten to the dawn of life. O, usher in the noon of eternal joy, that angels may take their harps of love and sing heavenly melody. O, make the spirit on earth most dear, a sacred home wherein angels will love to dwell. Invite us there ; woo us with gentle words, call us with smiles, and at the still more inner and sacred tabernacle, the soul, let an angel guardian be ever in attendance. Let no rude stranger pass over the threshold of the soul ; keep it sacred and pure by inviting love and beauty to dwell therein. O, I would that these words could have more power ; I would that their feeble import could carry but half the joy, that is yet in store

“ Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor

heart conceived the things of love God hath prepared," that from his bounty he hath bestowed on us. — But the eye shall gaze, and the ear shall listen, and the heart shall conceive and gather in, one by one, these treasures. And music, O, how the rapture shall thrill; and scenes, to the astonished gaze, O, how they'll fill the soul!

SECTION V.

O, glorious retrospection! let us turn back; let us gaze on the past; let us see if we have gathered life's blossoms to wreathe our future. Has our journey together been joyous? Are there no dark lingerings of memory that hang around the past? Has it been joy and life to thee? Then come and let us go home together. No longer stay the soul to dwell and ask if all be true that dwells beyond; but let us heaven-

ward bound, let us leap for the living waters that flow from our Father's eternal fountain. Gaze back on the time when we began our course of beauty. Is not thy soul more melodious? Does it not thrill with sweeter harmony? Does not thy ear catch seraph voices whispering to thee? Has not thy soul had a wider expanse, and a far richer landscape of eternal beauty? And glorious is the retrospection; eternal sunshine has beamed upon thy spirit and warmed thy life into powers anew. It has put a new song into thy mouth. It has taught thee how much nearer is thy relationship to God, and how near allied to angels. It has taught thee to sail on the placid waters of life, and to gather from the banks of time perennial blossoms to adorn thy spirit. As we live now so is our future made. Our thoughts are being built and adorned by that great architect on high, who builds and forms our temples. According as the past is lovely and pleasant, will the future open to the golden entrance that leads to the paradise eter-

nal where we shall walk in love and beauty, and grow in each other's strength, and bloom for each other's joy; yet not for ours alone; we will shed the holy influence around, that the softening breath of love may fall on other hearts, and they, through ours, be brought to hope and joys immortal.

O, joyous life! O, happy theme! Let us peal the anthem of the soul louder, still louder, till all have caught the glorious strain and join in the chorus. O, give joy, give thanks that life, eternal life, is ours. Life that no beginning knows, and life that has no end. Where shall we grasp infinitude! The mind will tire and grow faint when drinking in the mighty thought,—the thought of immortality! This is not thy first phase of life. Life ever was and is. Life never had beginning. All matter goes through the various forms, from the inanimate to the animate, and all that lives, and all that fills this world, and the universe are God's immortal works.

As we advance towards the perfections of God we develope to a likeness more like his own, and throw off the habiliments of apparent evil.

The nearer we approach to God, the purer grows the soul, and we throw back the particles of life once more; they fall on less developed beings, and form for them a garment new, a beauteous change from that they once wore. Keep your garments changing as you progress to light and love, for naked ones stand waiting to be clothed. These garments are God's holy truths and are made for his children. Stand ready to deck thyself in brighter apparel, for higher forms whisper to thee when thou art called to give up thy present robe. All forms are like unto harps, and the faculties of the soul are strings for angel hands to play upon, and they send forth their melody according to their development in harmony. The chords are the affections. And this harp is the one I must play upon, to bring forth the best, the sweetest melody. We love to bring forth the melody, yet we love

ever to bring forth concord. We love to strike each string and let the soul vibrate with heavenly music. I have played melody on thy chords ; many melodies on thy harp, and pleasant has been the work. Now, I will strike the concord sweet, and thy own life will come in, keeping time to the notes. I would now play upon each faculty, and let thy deeper nature mingle with the softer, silvery tones of love. I would bring out all thy powers of mind, for each is harmonious, and each chord is attuned by the great music master. Thy harp has never yet sent forth its deepest tones. Each soul has beauty, each soul has harmony. We were not emanations of the great Creator, had we no sparks, no light of love within. Some harps are yet unstrung ; have ne'er been touched by loving hands. How could they send forth music ? We come and call for life and beauty, and find it dwelling everywhere, only differing in degree ; we are all of one kind, all human forms : some look on the stars in love, others gaze with awe ; some see a father's love in all things,

and his hand bearing them ; while others look with vacant stare and ask, " where is my God ? " According as you acknowledge God, so is he near unto you ; if clouds come o'er thee, then in faith can you say, my God is near. We'll worship in nature's temple ; we'll offer up from our hearts a bright adoration of gratitude.

PRAYER.

O, thou who art all life and beauty ! fill our souls with the highest conception of thy beatitude, and let us know thy power and love. Fill our deeper natures with thy holy life ; let us come to thee in the paths of wisdom, let us bear no vain oblations, but at thy Holy altar let us bring and lay these bursting hearts of gratitude.

Ten thousand voices from eternity could not whisper to thee the joy we feel when kneeling at thy throne, the altar of nature. When we see the flowers bearing thee their incense, then we would bear thee beauty, we thy children, for all nature bows to thee, O God.

SECTION VI.

Is thy soul still trusting? Has it lost none of its bright pinions of faith? Dost thou learn to blend the light and shade of life? Dost thou see the many paths through which thy soul must traverse to bring it home in symmetry? Is thy spirit not yet weary of gathering heavenly beauty 'mid the toils of life? We must gaze upon many grades of progression in the universe, ere we can picture the whole. With how many tints must we vary the soul, to fit it to gaze on heaven's bright harmony; how many paths must we walk in to collect the scattered beauties that belong to this harmony. The spirit needs diversity, and for that want God has provided the varied flowers, the countless forms of beauty that lie around us. O, gaze on every phase of life, and gather in the rays of truth that shine from each, knowing our Father's love pervadeth

all life. We can not turn the eye but we read of him ; we can not take a particle from any phase of nature, but 'tis bursting with his fragrance. O, how he fills creation and his works ! The soul must praise and acknowledge him in sunshine and in shade. He maketh the evening shadows and the morning light.

Yes, thou canst work on for the love of truth ; we will not labor for some bright terminus to our pathway, but we ever labor for God. Let that be the aspiring thought, and heavenly beauties will surely come ; they will embrace us, for nought can flow from him but that of sweetest accord, and he will meet us in our labor with a glorious, bright reward that far outweighs the favors we have given.

O, let our thought and labor be,
To God and for humanity.

Our bright reward shall transcend more than the thought or heart of man has ere conceived. If these eternal joys await us, then pledge thee to work, work for eternity in his labor divine.

Know that a truth wherever found is God's truth; though it may dwell within some rude case, yet from him it flows, to him it belongs, and his love and beauty must fill all its particles: there is no form that can claim the whole. Each little atom of life holds a spark of divinity, for God's beauty permeates and illuminates all things. Each form wears the smile of God. The sunbeam's rays reflect his glorious image; The fragrance of the rose that sends its sweetness forth, catches the light of its Maker's smile and wafts it back again to him. So we, who fill creation here in varied phase, must bear back to him the incense of his love; and they that stand nearer his form will have more of this work and labor. The gathered incense of life breathed from many hearts and placed in their hands for deliverance, they must bear unto him.

O, how thrilling the joy that we labor for him, that we work for heaven's bright courts; and how joyous the truth, that he lets his guardian angels come to take the hand of erring ones and bear them home sooner; for we find our

home in truth, that is the soul's best mansion, and he that knows it not is a wanderer on the ocean of life, and knows not those softening words that truth whispers of "*home, sweet home.*" Truth, bright, glowing truth, is the heart's citadel; 'tis the heaven of love that we yearn for; 'tis the mansion prepared for us; 'tis the stream of love on which we sail; 'tis the recompense of labor and investigation, for who knows truth but he that toils? The man of deep research finds his great reward in truth. Clothe thyself in a garment of truth, and let it be spotless. Array thyself in beauty, and God will meet thee in warm embrace.

Learn to have deep faith in the shadows of life. I watch thy progress then as when thy eye of faith reads clear. The unruffled breeze will not be the one that bears the spirit to the highest progression; 'tis in the shadowy vales of earth, and on the rocky hill, and by the little rippling stream, and on the bosom of the ocean wild, we learn the good and ill that fits us best to live, that gives the vision clear along the

path of life. It is the winding way that gives the eye its better gaze ; for when in the distance dim the soul walks, it wearies, and will turn aside to find the flowers that grow within the dales, to gather the beauteous blossoms, that bloom not in life's highway.

Dost thou feel my presence with thee ? The principle of love that echoes back from thee to me can never be lost. If thy soul wishes for some truth to nourish it, that food is growing in God's universe. It must be there ; for God hath that with which to meet each pure desire. Thy spirit longed for the food I bring thee, and by our Father's great supervisions and love, it was granted thee ; the form of a gentle guardian was sent to thee, and between that hour and this were kindred joys to weave around affinities. That which nourished thy soul in like manner nourished mine ; and the joy you received imparted a living bliss to me.

The labor I loved ; thy heart admired ; and so thy being was requisite to mine, as mine to thine. I wanted a heart of response, a soul that thrilled

to mine own, and that want was filled, and ever in this guardianship and labor there has been the heart of love which is the only true accompaniment to the hand of duty.

Between us at times a distance may seem to exist; but know that nothing in spirit-life can divide two principles, or separate two particles that adhere, two souls that mingle. The same law governs our being that uniteth particles of matter, though acting on a higher development of life. And yet I know thy spirit is so far advanced that were it best for thee it could labor alone for the love of good. Assurance double, have I given thee that I leave thee not. Let us ever meet in the bright pathway of duty it is ours to walk in. We are nearing each other, and lessening the space between us when we give the hand of love and gather the faded flowers that lie before us, and transplant them to heaven's more congenial clime. In this pathway we shall meet the warm embrace; then, to a higher plane of life and duty we will arise and walk on even more unitedly together.

I asked my guardian if she was always with me ? She answered :

Whenever thy thoughts flow out towards me I am drawn near, very near to thy inner being. It gives me pleasure to see you attend well to all the duties of life. Remember the little truth, that spirit-communion should not conflict with earthly duties. Angels never call mortals from duty, but rather urge them to its performance.

Many, many who commune with spirits are indiscreet ; so are their spirit guides.

Flora ceased speaking, and I expressed to her my debt of gratitude for the many beautiful communications she had given me, and also the great pleasure I felt in having the "Lily Wreath" well received by the public. And she continued, alluding to that volume :

'Tis only one flower from out the Paradise of God : 'tis only one angel tear shed for humanity ; 't is only one of the myriad gems that stud the brows of spirits here.

It is all joy to me to know,

That good is growing
And truth is flowing
On forever.

Tell all, who read this little volume, that so far as it bears the impress of truth, shall I gather joy from the effort ; and if they read its pages and admire, that I shall feel the incense from their hearts, and it will waft a note of melody to my ears.

SECTION VII.

The pure and the beautiful flower !

Pointing to a white Japonica in the centre of a bouquet before the medium :

Let thy own spirit be like it, an emblem of purity. With all the shades that surround thee, let thy own soul shine forth, a centre of beauty

around which the different shades of nature shall gather, as the lesser flowers gather around this, and the deep evergreen surrounds them. Every circle in life has its central beauty that attracts the outer. There is in every phase of matter and within every circle one centre. Behold creation, and see how all particles of matter revolve around a centre of beauty, as the earth and other planets around the glorious sun.

This may be called a flower of fancy, an ideal thing, yet this arrangement of beauteous flowers is the symbol of a great truth; and all things which we conceive in the ideal are truths that exist, though fancy shapes them and bears them to us on the wings of the imagination. Thoughts are eternal, existing with God. They make up the sum of creation as surely as does the more material matter. When your spirit takes a thought from out the great space of intellect, it adds to the soul's dimensions as truly as particles of earth's materials add to the bulk of a body, or some known nutrition adds to the size and growth of the human form. Feed well

on the thoughts that nourish the soul. Take those that give the spirit an upward and full growth, *Oh, scorn the thoughts that make thy soul grow poor.*

Go mark the hour when first we met ; thy harp was not then tuned ; it waited a skillful hand to draw forth its harmony. Have I performed faithfully ? Have I played upon thy harp-strings in beauty ? The blessed assurance to me is ever sweet to hear thee echo, "*well done.*" Within thy spirit I will leave no harp-string untouched ; I will tune them all to heaven's harmony ; I will tune your harp to sweeter music yet : I will strike some sweeter chords ; I will play yet finer, *finer* melodies, till thy spirit has bathed in one eternal harmony. Life's music shall thrill thee ; it shall flow unbroken in sweet and heavenly strains.

And is not thy faith riveted with a stronger chain ? Is it not linked on to eternity ? Oh, let many live around thee to love and cherish the good man's name when thy spirit comes home. Leave with them thy mantle of joy, leave with

them many earth blossoms that thy hand hath planted, blossoms that grew from seeds of heavenly flowers gathered by thee in hours of communion. Leave no blank in thy existence ; fill all the circle with beauties around the central flower.

Every spirit, every mortal draws around it a circle of other forms corresponding with the tiny blossoms that surround the central flower of beauty in the bouquet before me. If the central soul is pure, purity will be attracted.

We are like flowers in God's great garden ; he that goes forth to gather culls the larger flowers first, and then twines the smaller buds around them to form a beauteous contrast. So strive to have thy soul surrounded with buds of promise, forms that are unfolded, and be thyself the opening flower, shedding fragrance on all around. Watch the little buds of beauty bursting forth to light and love ; watch them with the eye of duty. The dews of life will come down and rest upon the blossoms, and fragrance shall infuse itself, penetrating the outer unfoldings.

Now that I have found my way to earth in glowing language, I would give more leaves of knowledge, and facts, and things that are, and deposit them in the many kind hearts that have read my breathing of love. It claims not to be a perfect work. There is much that seeks kind charity's eye; for we are all imperfect. To be perfect would be to soar beyond our God, for he goes moving on in the infinite forever. The evergreen of our souls is the consciousness that we have yet to get and yet to learn. To go onward, homeward, heavenward, is the soul's bright star of thought, it is that that keeps it radiant through every night of gloom. 'Tis joy to know there is enough, enough for all the pure desires that form within the growing soul. There's measured out by the hand of our God a full equivalent of knowledge, adequate for every want in the great scale of existence. He keeps the balance weighed in evenness; in one there in the desire, in the other there is a measure rich to meet the want. Let us then trust to a father's infinite wisdom that has provided food for

the hungry, garments for the naked, and living waters for the thirsty soul.

Oh, ye that are faithless, come, gaze upon the works of the earth whereon ye abide ; bring God within that range of vision and see that there is not one existing want that his hand has not given the means to supply. Come, if thou canst not see without, come within thine own world and see within thy form how as the desire exists, thy God meets it. Thy body craves the bread of earth, and it grows upon the earth. Thy spirit craves the bread of life, and it is found growing in the world of intellect. I have uttered these little truths for thee to read and give to others. Thou canst thyself be a volume daily unfolding new buds and flowers of beauty ; for there is much in the language that goes from friend to friend, making volumes to be read by human hearts. Now keep thy soul passive and see how fast I pour within it words of truth and light for thee to give to others. The voice of my soul's whisperings is inaudible, and when I come, recognize my voice in thy inmost soul.

'T is better, far better, that the words I bring should be placed upon the spirit, — not that thy soul should be enveloped by a mantle to shut out thy material senses, — but I would stud thy soul with sparkling gems of truth.

There are many in the spirit land who have not high motives of love and purity; they would bid you walk in darkness and keep you there. Learn well to use thy reason; to exercise thy powers of discrimination. Let not the spirit be warped by a one side view of the spirit life, rather let the soul stand forth in manly beauty, upright and pure, ready to take all of heaven's intelligences that come down to it. O, I have so much to breathe to thee of the soul's best culture, and how it can grow to beauteous symmetry by giving each and all the faculties their true unfoldings, that I find words wanting and these passing hours too short.

SECTION VIII.

In the spot where memory lingers with fond endearments we have met again. The ripples of time are flowing gently on, and we are swelling the deep current that flows to those immortal shores where we shall wander united through the varied gradations of time; for we are soul affinities, and will part not, *no, never*.

Words are but feeble out-burstings when the soul is filled with love; when it flows out to its kindred soul, the sweetest communion is silence. Unuttered words are deeply felt; silent water, like the silent soul of love, is fathomless; while rippling streams are changing ever. Thus our spirits may hold communion. Without the sound of voice we may speak the deepest language. Thou art never alone. When thy thought goes forth it meeteth me on my way to thee.

Have not the lessons of wisdom thou hast learned been of the deepest import? They have shown to thee the varied phase that dwells within the universe. Look on the two as one world; they are fast, O, how fast, merging into one sphere, — the spiritual and the material. It matters not where the body is, for the spirit all attuned to love can join us in bliss. Thy spirit dwells in my spirit, and on the plain on which we dwell, all those darker forms will come some day and learn to drink as we have drank from out etherial fountains.

All the beauty we have gazed on shall be left for other eyes. All of God's truth that has made us free and happy, is still the same eternal truth stereotyped in his book of nature for those sad forms to read; and all the sweet endearments of consolation that have been bound to thy soul, are not exhausted or lost; they will go flowing on in tidal waves of love, till they dash against some sinking form, and roll him on progression's waves up to the haven where we have sailed. How beautiful the thought, that

a heavenly truth is never lost; a thought of beauty goes sweeping through the universe of space, till it finds a welcome in some heart. It leaves its impress there within the spirit shrine, and goes on forever, flowing and leaving its daguerreotype of joy within another soul. And thus in time all must be blessed. For, dearest one, the thought that has made thee grow with life to-day, must ere the morrow be another's joy, and it will roll on through eternity, and paint a glowing picture on the darkest soul now in deepest misery. See thou this truth, all in time, must rise to God? No joy would there be for me did I know that in sin and sorrow *one* was lingering for eternity. Oh, sorrowing forms that I have seen! this is my joy, that what has blessed my soul with peace, will one day bless you. The thoughts that make up this soul of mine, I shall throw off as I gather brighter and more advanced beauties. The present truths that help me to grasp the brighter, I must pass to those below me. And so, kind spirit, let thy thoughts flow down to less developed forms, for

thy soul hath beauties forthcoming that it knows not of. The bright glances of eternity, the noon-day beams of happiness, the morning rays of light, the twilight rays of softness, these all will come to thee, and to all who come with willing hearts to learn the truths of angels.

My soul feels now more heavenly calm than ever before. I bathe to-night within a sea of joy. I see earth growing bright and green. I see on barren spots transplanted flowers, and then to thee my spirit comes with sweet congratulations; for I have seen the spot in life thy willing hand has made green.

My love for humanity is strong, is ardent; therefore let not my emotions dictate thee in thy earth course, farther than seemeth right to thee; let reason ever be thy guide. I gaze on the heavenly side, thine eyes on the earthly.

O, may I ever be willing and ready to go where love bids me; where she calls me there am I, not of my own merit alone, for I go to do the work of him who hath done all things for me; I go to waft a tithe of the joy that my soul swells

with. O, happy, happy hours, that bring our souls together. I'm here so near to thee to-night! My spirit is so calm and happy! O, let its influence so fall upon thy spirit, nor leave it till we again grasp the hand of love. I'm gathering now from earth the joys of youth. Your spirit is growing higher, and now it almost reaches mine. Its growth is sure and steady: Such an unfolding is best, 'tis most natural. Force not the bud. I do not wish to have thy spirit prematurely opened to the glories that await it. Your work thus far is faithfully done. To God we owe the debt of gratitude, but we can pay him homage through hearts of love.

And yet I linger. I cannot say adieu. Thy thoughts are mine, and mine are thine. And all forms may take a wreath; if they but come and reach the hand of faith, they may all go forth and rejoice with immortal crowns.

SECTION IX.

I love to come and dwell within the soul that echoes to the world the principles I teach. It is, O, how pleasant to come in the soul that is capacious and open for angel entrance. O, let us be thankful that we can commune. O, how much joy it is to me that I can bring my fond desires, and through this medium, mete them out to you, as you may want.

When thy spirit shall come home and first awaken in the spirit-world, it shall gaze on the familiar form that has guarded it. And perfect will be its home, with its great central attraction of love. It could not be at home were not its fondest affections to welcome it. Think not that I shall need some winged messenger to tell me when thou art dead; to whisper to me when thy mortal heart goes back to mingle with its kin-

dred elements, and say, —“the soul that thou hast guarded and led, is this day borne to the spirit land.” No, we are not so far removed as to wait a messenger to bear these tidings. O, let not a lingering doubt be within thy bosom that I shall be there to welcome thee ; for when mortality heaves the last expiring breath, and the spirit has its first respiration in a finer atmosphere, remember that thy guardian will be there to introduce thy spirit into the mazes of these wondrous courts and lands, to usher thee into their noon-day of bliss ; for this dawn of light that now shines in thy spirit, will give thee noon-tide rays in heaven.

Had thy soul passed away in its night of unbelief, it must have waited for its dawn of light, and many, many weary years of slow progression must have passed to bring thy soul to mine. Rejoice, *rejoice* dear one, that on earth we met ; for now thy twilight of life is calm and beautiful, and when thy soul passes away, it will be like the passing of the setting sun, throwing its rays of joy and light on all around. And now

that thou hast laid thy treasure here in heaven, there will be no distance between our souls when thy spirit is called.

Yes, O yes, now begins the work of love ; for 't is a work that can never have a close. These labors ne'er shall know an end ; I look not for their cessation, for with them comes a holy calm and joy. I call for duties that I may have the peace that they bring to my soul.

I ever dwell with thee. In thy soul's aggregate of beauty, there I ever abide. In thy spirit-longings thy guardian lives. In the plant, the stem, the leaf, the flower, require different gradations of heat, light and pressure, to bring them to maturity. Each has different demands upon nature, but they all combine in one plant, all tend to the beauteous blossom. Thus thy soul has different demands, and spirits of different shades and degrees will ever be around thee, and all. The force that adds and contributes to the growth of the leaf, mingles not with, nor detracts from, the blossom or its fragrance. The power of another grade of spirit life, that might

be drawn to thee by some faculty of thy soul, lessens not my influence. As the blossom is the highest manifestation of life exhibited in the plant, so thy spirit-longings are the highest within thee. 'Tis in them I would dwell, live, and blossom in fragrance. Thoughts shall flow into thy being, new truths shall ever nourish thy soul; and let not thy brother hunger, but let him have food also; though many think 't is unsubstantial food.

There are spirit forms now waiting here to shed their tear of love. There are garlands woven that are waiting for brows to wear. There are diamonds bright and polished that spirits of love and affection are holding forth to stud immortal souls with beauty.

And here let me breathe my feelings forth and give the children of earth

AN INVITATION TO THE SPIRIT LAND.

Sorrowing souls, that wait for sympathy, there is balm in heaven that can heal thee, can soothe your aching hearts.

Souls that now mourn for lost ones gone before, come and gaze, for here you will find true echoes of affection.

Souls of darkness and error, come forth ! there is light for thee. Our God is thy God ; our heaven can be thy heaven also.

Youth, bright and joyous, dwelling in anticipation's fondest dreams, come, and bear our golden anchor of realization.

Old age, turn the uplifted eye with faith, thy day of rejoicing is near at hand, and thy soul is about to enter those immortal courts, where time is no more. Come thou, also and take the flower of life we freely offer.

Come *Love* and *Beauty* together at the shrine, and learn thy God, the God of universal love.

Come *Sorrow* and *Sadness*, for thy tears shall be wiped away.

Come, also, *Joy* and *Gladness*, for thy offerings are acceptable at the shrine of spirit devotion.

Come, *Wisdom* and *Knowledge*, for here are fountains of truth untasted ; here are worlds of life that wait thy deepest investigations.

Then wait not ; wait no longer ; leave us not ; turn not from us in sadness. Come, meet us in fond recognition and we will bear your souls home in chariots of love, tune for you our golden harps, strike the beauteous chords of melody, and meet thee, O, earth and thy children.

SECTION X.

Here discord does not dwell. Here, within this spirit shrine, there is a sanctity that pervades her being, and in it how I love, O, how I love to come. These words are not in flattery ;

they are the thoughts I feel, and well I know you feel.

Do you not observe how similar grow our tastes and feelings? The medium you love best is where I love best to linger; but yet my heart goes out to all in kindly love, and where I find a channel, through which to send my thoughts, I love it none the less because I have a favorite retreat, a bower where first we met, the place where first my hand grasped thine, and thy soul first felt the warm pulsations of love and heavenly calmness stealing over it. Dost thou remember the hour of placid joy that stole across thy senses when first we met? Thy joys have not grown less; O, no! I see thy spirit with its germ of life attracting daily new particles of truth. I see thy spirit soften in love's genial atmosphere, and thy finer being plume its wings for heaven. 'Tis retrospection that shows us how we have advanced. Thou art now walking beside me. If in the pilgrimage of life I preceded thee, it was only to send back to thee in thy pathway, the beauties I gathered on mine.

And how they have hastened thee on the journey of progression. How rapidly they have borne thy spirit to its home. As the long absent mariner when he nears his native port, with the eye of thought catches a view of the home of his childhood, so thy spirit has caught a glimpse of its mansion in heaven, and feels a new impulse to its power of motion; — soon thy long absent soul will reach its home of rest. Home, O, heavenly home! Thy spirit has neared its port, and stands gazing on its place of rest. O, gaze, dear one, keep the loved mansion in view. The storms on the voyage of life are nearly over, and thy spirit is almost nestled in its heavenly home. A fond one awaits thee there, or it would not be thy home — blessed home of the spirits — spot where fond endearments twine — place where thy memory stores her happiness. Yes, sweet, sweet heavenly home, all that affection loves will be there. Forms endeared by memory are ever waiting at that home. As on earth, the ties of affection and love stand waiting for the absent form, so here am I waiting to welcome

thee home. For is not memory here? Are not the golden hours of blest communion in which we have met and had sweet converse, are they not all here? Recollections throng busily here; words of love have flown to thee from a soul of love that waits for thee. Sweet, sweet, heavenly home, this shall be thy chant of joy when thy spirit stands within its mansion here. Welcoming choirs shall echo back the strains, and rolling melody shall float around thy soul, singing home, blessed home. Now our spirits blend, the souls within have found their points of attraction, and the two lives flow into one.

And now that I have breathed forth the coming beauties of thy heavenly mansion, I will wing my spirit near to thy material form, and speak of the things around us that make up the duties and joys of life. We will talk together. I am seated by thy side. In one sympathy, one hope, one trust, let our souls flow out. Already has thy hand reached forth and gathered blossoms in advance of thy station.

I asked whether I had manifested too much interest in this faith.
She remarked :

Can the soul gather in too much beauty ?
Hast thou any bliss to part with now ? Are not
all thy streams of joy necessary ? Has thy soul
gathered too many blossoms ?

Be ready as opportunity comes, to distribute
from thy abundance. Already have I watched
the willingness with which thy hand has given.
O, still be willing, and never deny a child of
God a beauty that has cheered thee. They are
thine only in possession ; they are mine only to
distribute. I will keep thy soul richly sup-
plied ; for many souls that walk abroad are now
famishing for the food thou shalt have to impart.

SECTION XI.

At the request of some little children, Flora addressed them severally, as follows :

To *Caroline*, a young medium who had been seriously afflicted by the possession of unprogressed spirits.

Child of affliction, thou has seen the light and shade ; remember that they make the picture of life. Dear one, thou hast been the avenue for beauty and sin. Earth has seen through thee the varied degrees of existence in other spheres. May thy soul be forever kept in the right, and thy spirit lose none of its higher sense of duty to God, because by thee a picture of sorrow has been presented.

May this be but an emblem of thy life ; one hand of sympathy reaching down and drawing up the starved and hungry souls, while the other wipes away their tears and sends them home rejoicing.

To *Elizabeth*, a little girl.

Sweet child of beauty, I love the *little* buds of life. O, how beautifully they twine with flowers of larger growth. Happy child, spirit yet unopened. Softly on the wings of love would I bear thee gentle words, to tell thee how I love thee. Childhood is dear to me, memory lingers around it in delicate tendrils.

Little one, may thy heart be ever as pure as now. Keep thy soul bright and loving, that angels may enter. Let the hands that God hath given thee be reached forth only for truth. Invite kind angels to thy home, and they shall bring thee spring-blown garlands, made of flowers that never fade.

To *Little Mary*.

Tell her there is no thought of her young soul but is known and felt far, far away, where her eyes see not; that her thoughts of love and beauty bear her up to angels of love, while thoughts of shade and folly lead her down to

darker forms. This little truth will keep the spirit guarded, and tend to make the whole soul flow out to angels bright; for they stand ready to call her to joy, to life, to happiness, and then they will never leave her, but ever drop upon her path, one by one, life's golden flowers, with which she may adorn the soul, and become fitted to walk in God's bright paradise, where she may gather brighter flowers to give unto others. Tell her that Flora breathes these strains of love, and waits to greet her if it be found best that she come to meet us in our hours of communion.

To little *Theodore*.

Dear youthful traveller in life's great winding pathway, what are the flowers that thou wouldst pluck to carry home with thee to heaven? Flora, the spirit of love, would bring you first the bud of truth; then gather around it thickly the bright opening blossoms of goodness.

Dear, youthful heart, just bursting forth thy leaves to life's bright morning, with varied feelings of hope and joy, beauty and trust, all whis-

pering to thy little soul like so many attending angels. O, take them by the hand and let them be thy childhood's playmates. Keep them, dear one, around thee, and grow up to manhood with Goodness walking by thy side. Look on this great day of life, this long eternal day, and *never* neglect the golden opportunity to plant little flowers by thy pathway. Love all, all who linger in this world with thee, for thou has learned to love thy God, and he has made them all. Make life all flowery and pleasant, and be thyself a beauteous bud of hope to the hearts of loving parents. Open in sweetness to thy mother's heart. Open in beauty to thy father's soul. Gather in trust and linger forever on thy mother's breast. Come to thy father's arms, a growing, bursting, flower of life. Then let them never shed a tear for thee, but go thyself oft-times, and shed a tear of pity for misery, and be thou a friend to those in sorrow.

SECTION XII.

Happy hours : quiet hours : hours of golden memory are these. Hours that bring the glorious day when we shall meet face to face, and the little cloud that has kept thy material gaze from beholding thy own guardian will pass away, and all these happy hours around which memory lingers will come hovering back, and we shall gaze upon the little links that bind us closer at each meeting. Dear little moments, flitting by and drawing two loved hearts together. Golden hours stay with us ; beauteous flowers fall round us. Keep us in fragrance till we meet, meet in our spirit bower. Let the flowers of to-day cheer us for to-morrow. Let the blossoms yet to come, chase away all sorrow. I am so happy now, talking by thy side, nearer, yes, nearer to thee than ever before. My harp is growing melodious, so that I can linger near it and hear no

tones of discord falling on my ear. Your guardian to-night is not in some far-distant star looking down on thee with a twinkling ray of light, but is here ; yes, Flora is here, very near to thee. Thy pure thoughts that have been ascending have brought thee near to me, and from this hour our walk is closer : so close that a whispered tone is heard ; so near that no shadowy thought can obscure me from thy gaze, for it can not find place between my spirit and thine in which to rest : so near that every minor act of thy days is seen by me, the smile of recognition or the look of doubt ; so near am I to thee that thy soul has turned away from its anchor of hope to the truths of joyful realization. Henceforth we will tread the rosy path of life together. We join our hands in the performance of duty, while angels around are chanting in heavenly lays, bright spirits are dropping in our pathway beauteous flowers for us to gather, and hearts of love are bounding forth with joy that heaven has found and given to earth a loving angel bride. The curtain is fast rising and holy

beings flock around to see the union of two souls, to see life coming from the tomb, and to see immortal time decking us with a love-garland from bowers of eternal beauty.

Did you wonder that I said "golden hours?" The joys and the sorrows of to-morrow will be thine and mine together.

Would'st thou gaze upon the temple in which time and his bright angels stand to greet us. Look at that glorious arch, beneath it we will walk together. All that have gone before, have gone hand in hand, each with a loving soul. O'er this arch-way see inscribed in diamond letters "ETERNITY'S MATES." Silvery winged doves are hovering around; and look! see you those marble fountains from which the waters of eternal joy go bubbling up? Hope bears to us in a golden goblet its pure waters, and we drink from it together to thirst no more, for the waters of life will course through our veins. Lo! joy comes to meet us with a crown of sparkling gems, and places it on our brows, and while the pearls drop thick and fast around, wisdom comes

forth robed in bright garments and gathers them up and places them in the hand of time, who holds the precious gems, and at our calling will give them to us again, and we shall find that they have gathered greater brilliancy. He calls us to his golden chariot. We will enter and ride on together; ride on through time, ride on through eternity. With wings of love we'll fly o'er sorrows here, onward and homeward. O, how our souls have gathered wings, with which to flee to sorrow, to love, to the abodes of misery, to the temples of joy. These are the soul's bright pinions, thoughts, that take us where we should go. Now, homeward let us fly together.

When we are called by sorrow's tear, let us plume our wings of love for they will surely take us thither. This is a starry hour in our constellation of love. These moments are diamonds on the brow of Time, and how they cluster there. But when we have filled his brow with gems, where will our souls be wandering? O, perhaps in some starry realm, some world where diamond stars are glowing, where moonbeams play

forever on our brows and sunbeams forever glow around our hearts; where waves of glory bear our souls to more etherial worlds, and dazzling seraphs and archangels stand with diamonds on their brows gathered by Time's hand; where thoughts are wings, and breath is all a fragrance; and hearts are flowers that open their petals to seraphic dews. I fail to tell thee all, for how can I impart to you a realizing sense of joys that my own soul finds itself unable fully to comprehend; for on, and on, in the great realm of space flows the tide of joy.

SECTION XIII.

We approach nearer each to the other; and O, let us meet in love and truth. I find words feeble and language impotent to portray the volumes of feeling that dwell in my soul. The deep current of love that dwells within me, that would

come from God through me to thee, I can express only in part. O, that I could spread out my wings of affection and take all, all God's children. I would fold them o'er the unfortunate, the downcast, the oppressed; and rest assured, dear one, that in this outflowing they would hover none the less around thee.

But do not let my coming engross thy mind, and keep it from the labors of thy earth-life; rather let it induce a spirit of love and gentleness to pervade thy soul. Thou canst wear the lily of affection through the storms and be none the less engaged in the duties of life, canst thou not? Let the stream of affection flow into thy soul, not thy soul flow into affection. Keep all the other faculties in full play and power, and let affection come like fragrance to the flower.

The soul's language is unuttered; 'tis like the brook, 'tis like the breeze, 'tis a principle of refinement that calls for no outward demonstration. Two souls can meet, and without words exchange deep flowing thoughts coming from an exhaustless fount of love.

'Tis thy guardian that comes and lays the arm of love around thy form and throws the influence mild upon thy soul, and brings it dews of heaven; that makes thy spirit melt in love and tenderness. 'Tis thy guardian that comes, and according to thy powers of development weaves those garlands of beauty that are pictured before thy vision; and this is when we labor together. I give the picture, you tell to those that linger around, and from these conceptions of truth much instruction is conveyed; and therefrom shall flow a stream of truth that will work and wind itself imperceptibly into their souls, while on the stream shall float the flowers of spirit conception. It seems a little thing perhaps to thee; but the symbols have deep meaning, they are pictures for thee to gaze upon, and tell to earth's children the light and shade that make them. Yes, together we will labor. If I paint the picture thou, gazing thereon, will give to thy friends glorious conceptions of spirit imagery, of thoughts conveyed by forms, of beautiful flowers of life that are blooming for them all, of

the glorious temples of wisdom that await them, of high celestial arch-ways through which their souls will pass, and of angel bowers where they may repose, even while here ; for all can make their souls a bower, a bright celestial bower where invited angels may repose, may have loving forms to walk beside them, to bring them hope's anchor of deepest evergreen. Why should not all have an angel to guard them ? Why may not every one have friendly arms of love to repose in ? I see arms of affection that are waiting. Come, wanderer, and fondly repose. Come and take the waters of life they bring to thee.

There are hearts in heaven
 That are waiting for all,
 There are hearts on earth
 That must answer the call.

Why will you linger ? Why will you doubting stand away ?

I feel so near to earth to-night ; I feel so near to him I guard, I would that those who stand

waiting in my courts with me could come and feel that dear ones would listen to their voices, while they approach once again the scenes of earth. We cannot walk into the abodes of childhood and take the hand of affection and memory the same as when we dwelt in the flesh, for we have changed. Yet we can come another way; we can walk in avenues God hath given us, can come and dwell in a form of clay most in affinity with our own, and there embody our presence; we can come with all our spirit longings and desires, and appeal to hearts of love. O, welcome us; accept our offerings, earth and thy children, and we will bear you such immortal crowns as the spirit has never conceived of, woven on the banks of time, gathered from immortal gardens. This is an appeal to others in behalf of their spirit friends. I need make no anxious appeal to thy soul, for already have I found an entrance and sit within its courts. Thy thought is mine, and my love is all thine own. Our emotions are mingled, our sympathy is joined together. Our faith is one star, our

aspirations one opening rose, our wreaths of hope are hanging on one anchor, our crosses of life are nailed together. Together at the morning hour let us blend our orisons to God. Let us send them up like the rising sun that beams upon the earth, and when it shines forth at the noon-day hour, let the heart's full thanksgiving rise like the full glowing beams of that light; and then when it wanes at the eventide, and its rays are passing away, let our souls flow out in holy trust and calm repose till we sink away, like the glorious sun, in the arms of faith to rest.

SECTION XIV.

Let words be ours to-night, words that shall melt the soul with the flow of heavenly softness, words that shall cheer the heart and deck it with eternity's foliage.

Fast have the flowing currents of joy been pouring into thy soul, and rapidly has the stream of time borne thee on to heavenly bliss. Unnumbered are the garlands that are woven for thee and as fast as thy spirit changes from one perception of beauty to another, so shall a garland descend.

I feel to-night all love and happiness, my soul seems flowing out in the current of affection, and I would bear a wave of joy to all. I would that earth's children could wear the garland that I wear. I would love to see the flowers of paradise blooming and growing among the thick hedges of error. I would that the rays of love might shine on every heart; and how shall I best bear my affection? what genial breeze will waft it to their spirits and let them know of the fond arms that are waiting to clasp fond hearts in their embrace? With outstretched arms God holds the universe, and he sends his angels with sheltering wings to keep his children in the path of love. I spread my pinions around thy path, and thou canst not stray. Thou canst not stray

from me, but thou wilt stray with me, and together we will go on with angels to their courts in heaven ; and we will pray for the universal tide of salvation that flows unto all men alike. I love the sad hearts that recognize no angel hands. I love the lowly of earth, they that walk not in lighted halls, that tread not in the mazy dance, that go not with the glowing pace of music ; they that wear not the crown of distinction made of material things ; my sympathy flows out to them, to those that linger in the wayside places, that have no lighted mansions, that hear no music save the cold bleak wind that whistles around their forms, and the moan of starvation and neglect that comes from the little buds of life that ought to be growing, cultured and trained with a hand of sympathy.

Dear one, how shall we bring them but on the stream of affection ? It has no dark, murmuring waves ; but a gentle, gliding, silvery stream of love that will take them all to God. My harp to-night is tuned to the melody of love, and the burden of the song I bear, is, — waft them home

in sweetness, they are all treading the courts of eternity. Had they not better come 'mid flowers and stars? Had they not better walk in the pathway paved with celestial gems, where at every step the spirit walks mid pearls, and the soul reflects among the diamonds its image of life and beauty? Let us walk where flowers bloom, let us leave the desert of sorrow, for God made it not for us to tarry in, but from contrast to know what bliss there is mid roses and lilies; and may we tread this pathway forever, saith the soul of man. The spirit of the man within may be so tuned to harmony and love, that when he walks mid errors and thorns, the beauty that glows within him will reflect on them its own sweetness. Thus he can make the brier seem a blooming rose; find beauty in all things growing around; will see in undeveloped matter the great principle of progression, and then, even the thorn that grows beside the rose, will be a thing of beauty to his bright perceptions. He will see in the soul of error the spark of Divinity. He will see the life germ

though shrouded by an atmosphere of sin; and its internal love and beauty he will behold breaking through the cloud and bursting forth in rays of love. A sun of heavenly rays will warm his spirit and call it forth to bright unfoldings, as the sun's rays call forth the little flowers. How like the flowers we grow, and how like them we are nourished. How we need the hand of culture to prune the dead leaves and branches, and how we open and unfold as light and heat comes in; but neglected, how unsightly we branch forth, how angular the spirit faculties grow, and the strength and vitality that should be called forth to the spiritual, or the bud, is lost in shooting branches that go creeping near the ground. The vital principle of the spiritual nature, if not brought to a focus or a bud, will go forcing itself through the varied faculties of the soul, and the finer principle that makes the fragrance is lost in the spreading leaves, as we grow, and grow to them and not to flowers. Ye know that the fruitful tree is one that is small in branches, and so of

the soul that grows and buds for fruit immortal. The power that's drawn from the leaves and the natural branches, goes to make a heavenly bearing tree, that yields its fruit immortal, that throws up its life current to the bud, and swells it to the flower.

Let us take the book of life and so fill it, that each page shall glow with sympathy and affection. Let the truths they convey be interwoven with seraphs' bright garlands, interspersed with anchors of hope, thickly studded with gems of faith and trust; and through the volume let one object have prominence, one theme inspire, and that theme, Love.

We must carry gifts to earth's children, best suited to their wants. I would not give a harp to a deaf man, nor beauteous flowers to the blind. With discretion let us bear them, and strew the gifts of Deity along life's pathway, suited to the capacities of the recipients. Carry not roses to the hungry man, nor food to the dying. Carry not pinions to the lame man, nor chariots to the bright feathered songsters.

Give not moon to the morning light, nor sun's rays to darkness. Give not landscapes to the beggar, feed him with material things, give them to him and not to angels. To spirits bright that would lead you, give stars and diamonds of thy soul ; give fragrance of thy flowers, the melody of thy harp, the noonbeam of thy happiness, the sun ray of thy joy. Learn well to know what is best to give at all seasons and at all times ; appropriate thy bounties for the hour and the occasion that call for thy varied gifts. Give not a prayer to him that comes asking for the bounties of earth, but send thy prayer to heaven that thy soul have means to give. In the labor of life there is sweet reward ; the angel of time writes on the scroll of life the deeds of thy soul. Time, the ever present angel, records thy deeds of life, and in revolving eternity we meet the deeds of yesterday and the works of to-morrow. They are there on the pages of the great life-book, and we turn the leaves again, and again, and again, and read the acts and thoughts of the past ; and the future reflects with its heavenly

rays, and shines with golden charity on the lines of darkness.

SECTION XV.

An unknown spirit spoke of Flora as follows :

Blest and favored mortal, there is a bird of celestial plumage that wings her way to thee, and I have watched her coming. She bears thee love's garlands, and I have seen her fly away again with golden tints of joy on her wings, gathered from the pleasures of the hour. And wouldst thou know somewhat of her, which her beauteous modesty keeps back? Well do I know her lily soul and the pearly truths of wisdom she gathers to herself. Our courts would be sad without her; she brings an ocean of bliss wherever she comes. Her hand is ever ready to stretch forth to wanderers; and spirits that come here bewildered in the death shroud she decks in the spring garments of love. You are

not alone the recipient of her love-tide ; countless are the spirits that kneel to her in gratitude for the flowers of life she brought them. The aged know her, and they bless her ; the youthful heart clings to her like the green tendrils of spring ; the dark, the sorrowing, and the miserable have heard her silvery voice chiming in their souls. Affection is the court she dwells in, and love is the entrance thereto. Long may thy happiness flow. Thy soul has to this hour been filled with joy and gratitude. Let it now overflow and gush out ; let the stream of gratitude gush forth and wind itself around thy course, and bear on its tide millions more to the shrine of love. Be thou a fount of happiness from this hour. Be not only filled, but overflowing, that many may drink through thee, the waters of life : let them catch from thy fullness, and may thy fount be ever sparkling with pearly drops adequate to reflect the heavenly glory that shines from Flora, thy guardian. These are but feeblest expressions, and they bear to thee

only a tithe of joy she fills us with. Now I will depart: you know me not.

SECTION XVI.

Flora continued.

Though we performed a duty yesterday, we will keep it fresh by one of to-day. If to-day we have gathered a tiny bud from the great garden of life, to-morrow we will place beside it a green leaf or an open flower. We will add pearls to pearls and diamonds to diamonds. With noble zest and energy we will seize on the anchor of life, and with holy trust in him whose powers are all sufficient to sustain us, we will bow to no obstacle that arises between us and duty. Onward, forever onward, crushing with the hand of faith the dead leaves and branches that keep from our grasp the little bud whose life was pro-

longed beyond its neighboring shoots and leaves as the summer's last rose stands 'mid withered boughs. Every thing of life that is waiting for a kindly hand to take, we will make ours, and mind not the thorns and hedges that surround it. The flowing stream of love will wear in time the hardest stone. Hearts of adamant will soften by continued drops of affection. Let us be a current of life and love, and let the tide be humanity; let all waves be joy, and on them be borne glad tidings to all mankind. We will not wait for the inflowing, but we will ever be outflowing. We will not wait till we see dawning in the horizon the star of hope ere we send one kindly ray to the sorrowing. We will not stay for a duplicate of joy ere we share that we have with our brother, but give freely; give, remembering it is more blessed than to receive; and were this rule universally obeyed, who would be wanting for gifts; did all bestow alike, all would be receiving. The good thou hast imparted to-day, would be filled by a joy thy brother would give thee to-

morrow. O, hasten, heavenly breezes, quickly speed the hour when the harps of earth and heaven shall be tuned in unison. Glad angels usher it in. Tidings from thee to me are hastening it; fond messages from the departed are like so many beams of the morning light that is soon to dawn. Waiting choirs of seraphs stand to chant the lay, and archangels would tune their harps to catch their echo. Christ with his blest exulting seraphs, is standing to welcome the angel morning. Well may earth rejoice. Flow on, flow on, thou mighty stream of joy, that bears the bark of spirit forms, landing at earthly mansions. Float on, float on, bright gondoliers, freighted with angels bright. Fly on, fly on, ye fairy boats, bearing guardians of truth and life to earth's children. Gather now ye sad ones of earth on the shore and gaze; stand, waiting hearts of hope; come hither multitudes and throng the river's bank, for on this angel stream I see coursing noble vessels filled with the dear departed that left thee at the tomb and the grave; their farewell lingers yet

on thy ears. But speedily will they come, bearing to thee life-blossoms. How fast they're flowing. O, tell them who stand afar from these shores, not to let disappointment rest upon the brows of millions who are sailing down this stream. Have they no port prepared where spirit friends, where dear departed ones may anchor? Is there no land of recognition?

O, stand no longer weeping o'er the tomb; throw not your garlands on the mound of earth; drop not your tears on the place of dust, but come to the angel shore, stand on the banks of Time's flowing river, and soon will a bark of loving forms sail down. Be ye there to meet them. Come, come, O, come and gaze, see the bright sails spreading, see them furled in heaven.

SECTION XVII.

On this occasion Flora gave the following description of the various beauties in the garden of the Soul.

HUMILITY.

Humility is the flower I bring to-night. Let us plant it anew in the soul, for it is the sweetest flower that grows in the paradise of God. It opens so tenderly for the dews of heaven; it unfolds so gently, so quietly. While gayer buds are blooming, and taller plants are waving proudly in the breeze, waiting the admiring gaze of travellers, this lowly plant, humility, is sending out its rich and sweet perfume that the more ambitious blossom loses in its towering aspiration.

To keep the spirit humble and lowly, is a truth that is written on the tablet of every soul;

but the ambition of time often obliterates it. He that walks lowly shall gather many pebbles that the aspirant of fame has trod upon.

CHARITY.

There is another tender blossom that I would bring. It is the running, clinging flower of charity. How deeply painted, how beautifully dyed by the sunbeams of righteousness it grows. How tenderly it looks out on the smaller blossoms, and bends its head that they may catch its sweet, soft fragrance; and then when autumn sears its neighboring plants, it kindly scatters its leaves on them and covers up their decay. And when some little bud of life is fainting, the dews of heaven's sweet plant of charity invites some summer breeze to take a leaf whereon some dew drop rests, and bear it to the parching bud. This blossom never dies; it scatters its leaves and blooms again. Blest flower of charity!

SYMPATHY.

Another is the full-blown bud of sympathy. A beauteous flower of the soul. Its roots are so interwoven and twined with all the flowers of earth, that it takes from the vital force only to send back again when their winter comes. It is a bright spring blossom, whose currents run deep through the soil, and infuses its little drops of life that other flowers may spring up to earth brighter and more beauteous for its kindly aid. Its power is all unseen ; it runs along the clinging roots and holds them in a mighty grasp, and thus some distant rose is blooming and growing from the long continued force that the spring-flower of sympathy sends to give to her sister blossom.

HOPE.

There is yet another brilliant bud called hope. Its nature is to be not fully blown but half unfolded to the light so as to catch the golden

rays that linger on it, and to keep them there in its bud-like embrace, and so when the night comes gathering on, and other blossoms have folded in their leaves of repose, the brilliant hope bud has retained the rays of the morning, and sends them on missions of good cheer to others.

LOVE.

There is another blossom that reigns queen of the mighty host. It is the crown imperial of the buds and blossoms that grow within the soul of man. It is the flower of love.

'Tis all unfolded to celestial light,

'Tis always blooming to the child of night.

Its fragrance is the gathered perfume of all other buds, the concentration of sweetness, the heavenly extract of purity, and it is the plant on which angels fold their wings and rest. It is a flower so mighty and growing that it reaches

out beyond the garden walls, and creeps along in twining beauty, clinging, from its own sweetness, to the walls of neighboring souls. It runs and mounts the highest frame work of man's device. Ye cannot stay its mighty growth, for it is watered by seraphs. Angels, bright angels prune it. Divinity himself hath planted this heavenly flower of love. Long may its perfume fill our souls; forever may its sweetness abide. It is the flower of eternity. There is not a human garden without it. It grows in the conservatories of archangels; it creeps over the bowers of seraphs, and is planted by the hut of the demon. Let us traverse creation, and the universe, and we will find love the life-flower; we'll find it every where a native plant. It goes twining round the borders of creation. It runs in spiral beauty through the centre of the universe, sending out its fragrance to the borders, till their fragrance meets in beauty ecstatic.

'Tis my flower, 'tis thy flower, 'tis creation's blossom of love. Let us take this flower at

parting, let us bring it at meeting, and let us wear it forever.

When humanity cries for a blossom, we will give them a leaf from the love-plant. Let us nestle in this blossom till we meet again.

SECTION XVIII.

Now my spirit would speak in softer accents, in sweeter music, telling thee of all the celestial harmony that floats me on to love ; telling thee of my guardian care that watches over thy form, that leads thee ever in the path of truth ; that whispers softly to thee when thy spirit would go out in storms ; that lays the gentle palm so lovingly upon thy brow when sorrow comes o'er thee ; that when evil would come nigh thee closes loving wings of protection around thy form to keep thee from its blight.

But I can only whisper to thee while thou

dost linger on the earth. I can only whisper of my love. The glorious *majority* ; the brightest *reserve* ; the yet untasted fruit is kept for thee. Buds unopened encircle my brow that will bloom when we meet ; smiles that my soul has kept will welcome thee ; love that rests in my bosom is kept for thee. I am giving thee but echoes, only little rays of the star that shines for thee. But they are enough to keep thy spirit homeward bound ; they are adequate to guide thee to the bosom that awaits thee ; to the heart that hopes for thee. These little thoughts I send thee now are like so many stars at night, and I will keep thy firmament of happiness studded with their twinkling beauties. Thy eye of love shall continue to discover new constellations in the bright celestial canopy ; for in the firmament of thy faith those stars shall ever shine. And O, I hope that when thy spirit is called home, I may come within this medium temple and give thee my last whisper of earth.

You know the pathway we tread ; know that I walk the same avenue of life and light thy

soul is treading ; and that a few rolling years will bring us together, where soul can echo back to soul, and hand grasp hand, and love whisper to love. Yes, face to face, and heart to heart shall we meet. But noble deeds are ours to do ; bright deeds of duty must be done. We will not meet without the crown that is gathered from the work of life ; and we will strive with a happy and beauteous ambition to see which coronet will shine the brightest. And if thy crown lacks diamonds and I have gathered more, I will give to thee. If thine is doubly studded, thou canst share with me.

May our meeting be like that of two pure and placid streams, when wave meets wave in calm embrace. To make these bright waves thus meet and mingle, every faculty of the soul must be calm, magnetized and beautified by the labor of love. Then will our spirits meet and flow, bright thought to thought, and hope to hope ; and the mingled waters shall be like

A little murmuring, running rill,
Winding around some heavenly hill,

Coursing through the meadows bright,
Flowing, sparkling in the light.

Winding by some mossy dell,
Where bloometh rose and heather bell ;
Rolling through a grove where love
Blendeth soul with soul above.

Thus through an eternal morn,
On that stream shall we be borne,
Floating on the eddies bright,
Sparkling with eternal light.

SECTION XIX.

We will carry to darkened souls the sweet lilies of life, the bursting blossoms. Our work calls us not often in the busy throng, nor in the gay assembly, but away in unfrequented dells. We'll go to transplant blossoms oftener than to gaze on the beauteous garden. We will go together and soothe the sorrowing ; we will make their moments happy ; we will carry balm from paradise ; we will bathe them in healing waters

that flow from the fount Elysian. It is no fancy fabric ; it is no mystical frame-work ; it is a mighty work that our hands united shall do together. Our hearts and our sympathies united, our tears shall fall together on the blighted flowers of earth. Our hopes will twine one anchor ; we will bear one cross together, and together we will stand under the crown of life. 'Tis only doing the work Christ bid us do, to cast out the spirits of evil, and we with holy faith may lay claim to the promises that have been given, that greater works than Christ has done shall we do if we repose in his faith.*

The labor of love, how sweet. The call that takes us to the needy, how welcome. The moan of sorrow shall ever be music to our ears ; for they call us to acts of love. We are anchored by all the beauties of nature : the little blooming violet makes sweet emotions within, and the soul has an appreciative ear for the wild tornado. We dearly love the little group of radiant an-

* John 14 : 12.

gels, and we are filled with awe and sympathy for the wild demon. So within us lies the just appreciation of all external forces. We love the still, soft moon, and the soul looks out and sees beauty in the flashing lightning also. We have particles within our nature that attract themselves to every atom of creation. We belong to the great universe. We are gathered in sands of existence, and every particle that fills creation, and glows with the life principle, must find within us a natural echo. We affiliate with existence; we are bound by a thousand chords to every grade of life; we have emotions of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal life. Creation is but a gradation of matter from the grosser to the finer, and the mass of human life has but one throb, one pulse, one tear, and one joy. One cradle rocks us in infant repose; one fond parent takes us on his bosom; one grave takes all that is left of the earthy; and when nature claims her atoms of this framework, one welcome awaits us at the second birth. Humanity is but one moving mass of love,

sympathy, and affection; of hope, intelligence and spirituality. We represent but one tree of existence, the branches are the nations, and the leaves the individual forms. One great life-tree of eternity. Some leaves are fresh and budding, others are seared and fading. Our prolonged freshness is often kept by the life-current that should have gone to a neighboring leaf. The decay of some branches gives us a brighter tint. We would not be the evergreen bough, and draw the life-sap from out a neighboring branch; we would not progress when sorrow is stationary; we would not bound with angel-pinions, and leave misery with eternity's woes engraven on the soul. No, ours is the work of life; we have deeds to do that angels will record; we have dark garments to exchange for shining raiments; we have many a cup of water to give in the name of Jesus; we have many angels to entertain unawares; we have millions in prison that we must visit; we have starving souls in poverty always with us; these are glorious incentives to grasp immortality; these are emulative tides

to float our spirits to the golden ocean where we will bound in billowy bliss, bliss forever. These darker sins behind us form the back ground and shade, so that our pictures of heavenly joys may stand out in glorious relief.

We will never cease to work and love; while time rolls on we will diamond the hours, gem the moments, star-crown the years with glittering, glorious, heavenly deeds, with kind and loving charities. We will make our mountain tops glimmer with a rising luminary of love, dance our bliss in wavy joy, stud our canopy with celestial eyes, and life shall be sweet, filled with the labors of love.

PRAYER.

Oh, my Father! have I guarded this heart aright? Have I crowned him with life-blossoms all eternal? Have I carried the incense of his gratitude to thy throne, and borne him back the fragrance of thy smiles? Have I softened the dews that fall around him? Have I polished

the diamonds of eternal glory and given them to his gaze aright? Oh, holy Father! give me strength to lead him; bright angels bring me language to bear my thoughts to him. Give me roses and their perfume to invite his spirit homeward. Hand me the goblet sparkling with eternal nectar, that I may pass it to his lips. Kind Father, give me strength and power to carry his soul to the golden portals of bliss, where thy love can bid him enter; where thou canst shed thy bright effulgence of joy around him, and we can dwell within the golden temple together; for thy hand will feed us; thy love will clothe us, forever, our Father of Glory.

My soul cannot tell all the love I feel for you. I would crown your spirit with stars and diamonds, so that I might gaze on their brightness. We have no exchange of sentiments, but one united, inseparable flow of joy forever. Blessed the fate that brought us together; bright the star that called our spirits to mingle.

Now, the internal appeals to your soul are

far more real and abiding than the external. We cannot see the thought that gives us life and happiness; we cannot gaze on the hope that lights us; we cannot behold the faith that warms us; but they are real existences, and belong to God's universe; and from them love and truth and beauty fall on thee, as fragrance fall-eth on the flower ere it can impart it.

Flora ceased speaking, and the spirit of a little Scotch girl came and said:

I bonnie Scotch flower. I dinna come to take the flower away. The flower is bright, bright lass. The ringing tones of her fairy voice, the soft touch of her fair hand, is brighter far than flowers that bloom in my fatherland, that grow by the hill and the stream. And her fairy feet that glide around, and her wings, are swifter than the hours that fly o'er a bonnie dreamer.

Blue are her bonnie eyes, and her feet fly swift as fairies; but I dinna come to take the flower awa'.

SECTION XX.

How many doors has the soul of man. How multiplied are the avenues through which we walk to the soul. The balcony of thy love and affection is thrown out for me, and I stand upon it, even while the wide gateway of benevolence stands invitingly open for weary pilgrims. If in my coming I fill your soul with love, let that for me and thee suffice, and give to beggars thine own. If I bring joy enough for us to feed on, let it suffice, and give thy joy to the mourners. If thy spirit has a moonbeam of light, and I come with many rays, give the beam to darkness, and I will come bearing more to you. And part with the ray before I come, so that the soul give not from a superfluity, but from a scantity. It is the deed that is registered highest in heaven, when he that hath but one rose blooming in his garden, breaks it from the stem, takes it from

his gaze, and gives it to his brother. Is it not higher than the deed that parts with one from an abundance? Is it sacrifice to bestow from out an overflow of bliss? No; rather would we part with the last beam of hope to light our brother home, than to wait for the moment when myriad rays illumine our path. The soul that drinks only from the fountain of self, finds the waters insipid. The drops must flow from heart to heart, to keep the waters pure and bright. As silent waters are dark and turbid, so are souls that gaze on self; but like the bounding, rolling, coursing brook, are souls that keep their stream of love winding through their neighbors' hearts. The little rill is made purer by its ceaseless flow.

SECTION XXI.

Now let our spirits join, and rove away in some Elysian land of bliss, where we can gather roses bright and brilliant, that the glorious day

would pale beside them. We have been wandering amid the buds ; we now will take the full blown flower, bursting with fragrance. We have drank long and together from little rills, now let us roam the bounding oceans, where thoughts go moving on to shores immortal. Now let us grasp the bright conceptions, and plume our spirits to the bright ideals. Come let us away, away awhile,

And sip from the nectar
 Of angels' bright streams,
 And fold our soft pinions
 In heavenly dreams.

Let our spirits bask a while in the glow of eternity, and see how rapidly we can plume our flight celestial, on pinions of thought that flash on the diamond breeze, and the zephyr that wafts star-gems to your soul. We are roaming in etherial atmosphere. Now our souls are sublimated and we have joined a fairy band that strikes its golden lyres while creation joins the chorus with a never ending chant of joy. Seest

thou those banks beyond, upon which love can clasp its mated love? Here will we sit awhile and let the rolling brook flow on and bear to earth the burden of our song, which is, — to life and love we're pledged. We will give them now, the bridal notes; tell them of our dual flight, and how, with loving links, we twine around each other's soul. And yet love's boundary is not here; our spirits flame with glowing zeal, into a shining, twining, flashing light, that sends its little sparks of love to earth's remotest bounds.

With our united zeal, and with our fond affection plighted, we'll woo the soaring eagle power and fly o'er ranging mountains, and sweetly list the welkin notes that are echoes of our love. The pathway is a rosy one; it twines to heaven's inner courts. No fragmentary joy is growing there, but full unbroken streams of bliss, that flow in rippling melody to our hearts. This is the pathway we will tread; this is the pathway which all immortal feet must traverse home to heaven.

Though we are only two pilgrims that wander through eternity, our twin born hopes will mingle with the multitude to ascend on the orient wings of the morning up to our maker, God. The atmosphere is filled with diamonds and jewels rare, let us catch them as they come. The beauties of heaven are falling and resting everywhere. Can your spirit grow dim while the meteoric showers, God's ruby star-showers, are falling so thick and so fast? Can the life blossom die while the dews of heaven water it? We will seek for the life that must live and last, till creation glows in its light.

Now in a grotto of celestial beauty, where rosebuds sleep on beds of moss, and lilies kneel in prayers to diamonds; where love goes twining, budding o'er the arches of hope let us sit and nestle together.

What carest thou for the body? 'Tis the mind that is all immortal; and soon the earth-frame will crumble, and the life-gem within thee will be attracted by its own adherent powers to its echoing gem. These moments are heavenly

auxiliaries to that conjunction of bliss ; these hours are blessed enhancements ; these communions are bounding waves that bear thy spirit unto mine. I give you all that you can bear, the blessed, the sweet reserve is folded in spirit buds that can only unfold in a finer atmosphere. But in a little while I will give thee sweeter lyrics, sweet enough to fill the epicurean bliss of mortals here. I will bear thee enough to keep thy soul in a noonday chant ; enough to keep till the shadows of evening gather around ; till I strike the spirit lyre, and thy soul wakes in another life, immortal.

The vine of my spirit is twining close around thy spirit-form ; let it be like the strong oak to bear me.

SECTION XXII.

Let our spirits flow together like bright twin rivulets ; and one ecstatic flow of bliss bound from thy heart to mine, so that all thy smiles and joys will find a love-echo in my spirit, and thy life be mirrored in my bosom. Let all thy waves of sorrow float next to mine, and bring thy love to me so that thy soul may ever find its duplicate of bliss. If these thoughts are too sacred and tender for the eyes of the multitude, keep them embosomed. If my spirit clings too tenderly around thine own for material atmosphere, turn thou the tendrils from thy spirit, and let them run on time and immortality, budding double hopes for thee. If I come too absorbent in my affections : if I rob the fruitage of Affection's vine that belongs to other hearts, ask our Father to keep me pendant in celestial distance, where I can wave my pinions in grace-

ful beauty, and call thee to rest and to love. I would ever come to thee subordinate to all thy duties in life, and ask of thee only one bud of thy spirit that grows in love's garden. Humanity has a thousand claims on thy spirit, and the atoms of thy existence have each an adherent particle, and a thousand hearts sing in melody to thee; and thou canst sing with them in concert and meet their souls, and still, our lyres can be tuned together, and we can chant another song; we can sing in soft, dulcet strains, and then join in the chorus of humanity. We must linger and dwell with the many while sending out our spirits in the avenues of love, for we meet in soul, we meet in locality. These roving souls are not confined to boundaries and horizons. We can pinion our thoughts, and fly together through seraphic space, and warble in bird-like beauty, and send our bounding melody to the ether blue above; and on some distant star perchance our souls may meet sometimes, and borrow waves of glorious love, while humanity pays the debt in gratitude. Shall we rob divin-

ity if we catch a far distant glory to illumine the path of the sorrowing? Shall we detract from omnipotence when the spirit bounds into sweet seraphic lands and asks for the crown arch-angels wear? And may we not without assumption borrow the eagle's wings, and with electric flight, traverse the golden range of Deity, and ask for a pearl of creative power, that we may wear the jewel bright for the sad and the dying? Angels will lend us all their lyres to sing a song for earth. Archangels bright will go uncrowned awhile, and bring to earth their starry crowns for us to wear, if we but ask them. Our God of love will at our asking divide his jewels and his gems, will give unmeasured stars if our souls can only wider grow, and equal the range of boundless bliss that is so wide spread for humanity.

Ask me not to leave my love in words. I send it in the chariot of the soul. Are these not starry moments that light us heavenward? Evening dew but soften the grosser nature. As flowers at night close in their sweetness from the

gazing eye, so in these hours of communion all our truth, love and affection close in beauty and fragrance. But we will open when the dawn of affection comes ; when the morning comes, and gazing eyes come forth to look, our souls shall then unfold their leaves, and take the golden beams of the morning.

The thought that finds not expression is mighty. When the broad wings of language fail to bear our thoughts from soul to soul, then are they towering mountain thoughts that reach to the azure celestial.

There is communion far, far beyond these words, and in that we must meet for our natures to affinitize and mingle ; and there are star-crown thoughts that come from the world of emotion. These are the stars that I would crown thee with.

Happiness tracks out the path of love and virtue ; bliss ecstatic follows in the train, and immortality crowns us.

Our love has just begun. Our happiness is a new-born thing. It will increase in grandeur as

the soul can grow to take it in. The roses of time are all immortal ; they bloom in a garden eternal. We may pluck them to-day, and to-morrow they are bright and fragrant. There are roses now, there are roses to come, no dearth of blossom, no barren foliage. Hast thou planted, O time immortal ? Let us wear the garland to-day, and new buds will open for to-morrow. The ever-present kingdom of bliss is thine and mine this hour. No local glory shines afar ; but within and without, and through creation, is heaven's bliss spread, like the bright shining constellations that star your canopy. The glory of to-day is measured to the soul ; we will grow to meet the rays of the future.

SECTION XXIII.

My thoughts are beyond expression, when thinking of the great, the immortal existence that is ours ; when thinking of the glorious

hereafter; when thinking of the mortal existence and the intercepting steps of angels that are treading along the mazy path of life. They stand on the plain of perplexity, they are ever hovering in the valley of doubt and despair, and they fill up every little portion of life, for every soul in spirit has its angel. I have mine. O, where can the spirit find words to speak of the boundless, flowing love of Deity, who bears us on such ripples of affection, and sends out his tide of clear, flowing love, to wave us forever heavenward and homeward. He has given us fond hearts to love him with; and let us love him now. He cannot manifest his power outside of matter and mind, and through them we must reach our God. My spirit is at home in affection; in her courts I long have dwelt, and within them I will tarry while there is a heart that will pulsate back to mine, while there is an echoing soul that will respond to all my emotions, I will still love, hope on, winding in that endless stream, and in my flow of joy, stop awhile to send forth fountains of bliss. I will

keep the stream so full, that the waters will laugh, dance and sparkle as they flow along; make soft eddies of love dance with the sunbeams, and borrow the summer breeze to ride with ecstatic bliss to the soul I love. O, keep forever the fountain of affection flowing. It is the fount whereon God smiles the most. It is the fountain where water-gems dance the brightest. It is the fountain in which to bathe the soul in heavenly baptism, in holy consecration to the white-robed seraphs that stand around the throne of love.

O, there are joys that the spirit of man can purchase, transcending the glory of bright archangels. There are rays enough to keep his soul all luminous; enough to break the shadows of the life-picture. O, keep the spirit forever absorbent to the revolving glory. Keep the spirit in sweetest adaptation to the moment and the hour. Be forever mantled for emergency. Life, bright life, is our glowing theme, and all creation's woes are ours to soften.

My spirit pauses not for love, not for affec-

tion ; but the arches of this temple, [the medium,] are scarcely towering enough to-night, to echo my thoughts to you. The dome light is veiled, and I must keep my spirit near the entrance without ascent, and give you my thoughts only along the foundation of my established love and affection, with the dome rays that I sometimes catch, and bring to you. I must take the channel as it is, and if the stream runs languidly sometimes, and the waters are resting after some emotion, then Flora will speak more in calmness, will send you thoughts more in accordance with the flow of the stream she sails on. And if echoes are secondary to my sometimes arching love, know and feel that it is thy guardian who stands by the golden gateway of the future ; who stands studding with bright stars the clouds of sorrow that would come near thee ; who bounds in progressive ratio at each advance of thy spirit ; whose soul is echoing sad when thine is sorrowful ; whose spirit is echoing glad when thine is joyful. I bow to the Father of love, and pray for thee, for it is thy guardian

who is commissioned of God to bear thee the ripened fruit of life.

Only circumstances divide our bliss ; the little earth-path yet untrod by thee, is all that keeps thy spirit from my home. We will keep the avenue ornamented and bowered with rising glories. We will make it, not a mighty thoroughfare, where congregate the throng, but one in which the appreciative walk ; for it is love's own avenue, and affection's legitimate pathway. Here I can come and talk to you. Here we can meet in moon-beam bliss ; and when we meet etherialized in a brighter sphere, we will not forget the pathway in which we have so often met and communed.

SECTION XXIV.

Mrs. Adams being under spirit influence, said: Where have you taken me? The place is very large. All the spirits that have known you during your progression are here. Here are the little orphan buds; De Sota, the powerful speaking man; your father and your mother; your sisters, and little son. Mary Adams, her father and her mother; Bill and Jim; Lightfoot and his mother, and many dark ones that I don't know; and Flora so brightly standing above them all.

How pleasant! The picture is beautiful! Yet what a mixture; some bright, some dark. They will all speak to you in groups to-night.

Flora spoke:

Thine arms of love are outspread for all the guests of this hour; but who shall come first rushing to thy embrace? I have called thee upward on mercy's steps, and now that our spirits have grown bright and joyous together, this little group appointed me the messenger bird to tell thee that they will share these moments with me and you. If my claim seems superior on thy atten-

tion, regard me only as sent on the smiles of all the surrounding forms. They led me smilingly to thee, with prior claims, and tell me to rest in thy arms forever. With modest grace I drew me back from the parents that nurtured thee in life, but they wave me on to thee. Press thy blooming flower closer to thy bosom, for in that pressure the fragrance comes forth. Firmly grasp the jewel of thy spirit, for in that embrace thy spirit gathers my soul by particles.

My spirit Father and Mother now spoke.

We are thy parents: thy soul still feels natural yearnings, does it not? This is a meeting of congratulation. If the past existence was not all bright, in the present we have new-found rays that will shine on the future, and in those glimmerings we will try and keep with you, and keep our spiritual progression in pace with yours. We feel that we have loitered, and by sluggard movements have kept your spirit down in the past. But we are not meeting in old re-

cognition, we have come for the present hour : with brief words, but endless hopes for the golden future that is springing for you, and us, and all. We could not speak thus did not that guardian angel stand by, for it is the atmosphere of her holy love that ignites our spirits to a perennial glow.

Child of our souls, we say not adieu, even though the moment fades away, and the voice is hushed, still the soul speaks forever on, on, on forever.

My little spirit son now spoke :

My father, see how your guardian smiles on me as I come. She formed this circle. Does it make you happy? If she will keep smiling I can talk. I love my father, and my mother too, and my little brothers. They tell me some day you will all come and be with me. I should like to see earth. Is it very pleasant? I like to hear you talk about my little brothers. Do you know our two little Orphan Buds? They are here.

Were they earth-angels? They will come and talk to you. Flora says, do n't say good bye, so I cannot.

Little Orphan Buds spoke.*

We are never cold now, nor hungry either, and if we have n't found our father and mother, God will take care of us. Flora calls us her two wings, for she says we make her thoughts fly to brighter worlds, and if we make worlds for her, we are most good, aint we? When we get older we'll know how to talk better, and we can be guardians to somebody, too. Flora says if we want a guardian, we must guard. When we are summer flowers, you shall see how sweet we have grown. You do n't have to stay in the dark, all alone, do you? We wa'n't alone when we froze to death, because God sent Flora to be with us. Did God send Flora to you? You like her most as good as God, don t you? Can you love anybody next to God, you have a mind to? We love Flora.

* See "Progressive Life of Spirits," page 24.

Mary Adams * next came, and spoke as follows :

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

Should dangers ever thicken around you, my

* See "Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth," for an account of this spirit's former state and progression.

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

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

Three buds of gratitude come now bursting to you — father, mother, and a once lost child, lost in the thorny path of sin. As they open to-night to you, take their sweetness into your soul and keep it. But for these new-found paths of spirit-intercourse, our spirits might now be wandering in sorrow. We might be drinking bitter waters now. But we are drinking the nectar of holy bliss, bounded hitherward by this hand of benevolence. What a trio of bliss our souls must present as we bring to you our triple gratitude.

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

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

thankfulness, as the united expression of the trio band.

De Soto came and said :

I have met you in welling eloquence. Perhaps I have met you when the soul spoke in thunder tones, and the spirit darted out in lightning flashes. You have seen my spirit when mind and matter dashed heedlessly on — when wave followed wave in angry pursuit, dancing with the storm wind, and defying danger. But I will meet you now in a calm. We will place our spirits in the summer breeze, like harps Æolian, and sweet notes of harmony shall be wafted to, and wave across the soul. Let us cradle our spirits on life's undulating tide; light the soul with the gentle moonbeam; wreath brows with roses, and strew gems upon the moments of existence.

This is my spirit in calm. Like flowers in the night hours, all bound and silent, receiving the kisses of the dews of heaven. As they fall, so let the spirit of man come twine its tendrils, and

curtained from the glare of day, wait for the dews of gentle, silent love to fall thereon.

I only come to complete the band, and to add to the many echoes that come up to you from the throng of spiritual life to-night.

Lightfoot came and said :

No longer Lightfoot, but Lightheart ; with a soul almost golden, an anchor so broad and mighty that I can share it with millions yet to come. We can all repose on the anchor. We can mount it, but we cannot move it. We cannot bring it to the traveller on his toilsome path, but we can place beacons on it to guide him upward.

Let your soul grow sacred with the moment. 'Tis befitting that you pause and look on the circle that surrounds you, composed of those who have led you, and whom you have led.

If this is not a holy time, I never found happiness. Are the gates of heaven then so near, or is this a picture of the paradise of which I have so often heard ? Pause and think. You cannot

go down, for there are too many souls beneath you, bearing you up. Does humanity know that it is what it calls dark demon life that keeps the higher mass floating? Does it know that it ascends by stepping on lower rounds? No soul can ever fall back, for we are so closed together in life, so grasping on to neighboring souls. You must move onward, for in doing so some brother beneath you moves on in like ratio. Do not remain standing, for it stays the tide of progression back, far back from where you stand.

No more now: now Lightheart goes.

Bill came and said:

Goes agin my natur not to be accommodating to that bright creature up there. As hard as I be, I cannot stand that. I didn't come to express opinions. I come to accommodate that bright angel. I feel two or three shades softer. How beautiful she is. Gorry, there aint nuthen in heaven beats that, I know. Lord, I have been where it was so dark that midnight has been a star to it.

Flora continued :

You have had the spring hopes and the autumn's sighs. They are gathered around for good. Let your soul now look on the retrospection, and see the throng that you have gathered. We need many existences. We have the world of the past and the present ; and when our souls are entwined together, then we shall catch glances of futurity, and light up the picture of the past. O, let us be faithful to every incident of life. This great life is but one existence. The curtain of the tomb is but a little thing. Spirits and mortals are working together ; the love of angels is twining around the hearts of mortals, where the bliss of heaven shall lie indwelling, for all, all are, and shall be alike, God's recipients.

SECTION XXV.

Are all the loved ones in your household happy now? Does your spirit throw its sunshine around each soul to illumine it heavenward? There is the central point where thy influence begins; where it ends, time answereth not; for there are no boundaries to the emanations of the spirit. Recognize me more in thought. Try and feel me thine own loved guest in thoughts that come sparkling within the spirit. I am waiting when I can meet thee in thine own communion; waiting when thy spirit will catch the cadence of my soul; waiting when thy spirit thoughts flow next to mine, without an intermediate wave; waiting when thy spirit will gently, gently flow into mine own.

The finest emotions of the spirit have no utterance; the sweetest interchange of thought are the silent inflowings from soul to soul.

Now does thy spirit feel how near I come?

Our spirits now embrace. Were it not for the atmosphere of love that surrounds you, how could I come so near and dear? Your spirit opens and spreads the arms of welcome, and I swiftly bound to thy embrace.

What I have given thee from my spirit, are only little tints; the blessed reserve is yet to come. And O, we will have such rosy hours; we will have such dewy thoughts; they will fall like pearls, uniting our spirits. We will wander in such azure bliss; we will garland our spirits with such love-blossoms, that when we meet, we can only meet in sweetness and beauty. And we will travel o'er the fields of thought together in dual joy; we will wind our course along, and leave behind a stream of beauty, and a fount of bliss. Our joys shall all be twin-born beauties; thy happiness will rest on mine. My bliss will be thy soul's bright duplicate. Do you not now feel my love; how deep it lies, how broad the stream I flow to thee? O, on the waters of my flowing love, come, come thou home. God bids me send this gentle stream to

float thy soul to heaven ; he created me for thee, a fountain bright and clear, and thus your spirit tastes his love and glory.

Fear not, dear one, for I am tangible. I am not a thing of fancy made, of fabricated angel-love, but a true, existing principle, a soul in unison with thine, sending heavenly breezes to thy life, to bear me back thy joys, thy woes, so that all thy sorrows and thy bliss can be by me nestled so closely here, for I cradle thy spirit in the motion of my love, where I will lull thy spirit in a soft repose.

PRAYER.

O, thou Guardian of all created love, who hast rippled my spirit next to this wave of life ; keep thou all my soul's emotions, and, from thy great throbbing heart-life, throw out thy mighty spirit of love, and let us, thy children, be as waves of life that bear the current bright through this great, this mighty system of existence ; and as it ripples through our souls, we

will send the current back to thee untainted. O, keep thou me a wave of healthy, moving beauty, to bear thy warm, thy softening love down to creation's woes; to waft to the shadows the dew-drops of light; to tint the midnight with a beam of day, and to sing to thee, thou central source of all creation's love and wisdom, some mellow cadence.

I hope your earth-life will be long enough to leave many flowers blooming; long enough, I trust, to leave many a wilderness in blossom; to leave many once barren spirits engrafted with love, so that when thy spirit comes home, there will be towering monuments of affection erected in souls and hearts in memory of thee. Yes, in memory of thee let joy be gilded; let sorrow be star-wreathed; let happiness be blossom-crowned. May your life be long enough for the soul to do all its labors and its work, so that the spirit at its birth will not repine, or reflect, or exclaim — O, that I had done my work.

I will smile on thy labor; I will ever prompt

thee to plant the seeds of joy and happiness, and then together we will gather the harvest of bliss.

Now the magnetism of thy spirit has drawn me so closely unto thee, let doubts die out and fade away in the arms of faith, as I come clinging around thee with my love. Such little spots of paradise are these where'er we meet; such fragments of Eden bliss, my language has flown away in love's embrace, and words have sunk beneath my soul.

Your guardian is the fountain from which God's love flows for thee. Be true; be true to the inner life. Follow your impressions; listen to the inward ripple. Your visions give you a world of thought; they carry you to the world ideal, where the finer emotions dwell. They are in themselves little worlds of beauty.

The nature of your spirit is mighty and towering; circumstances have kept the branches drooping.

My hand is always on thy heart, so never let

that heart be sad. My love, my affection does not go with my receding grasp ; no, no.

SECTION XXVI.

Is it not pleasant to know that thy loved one is always near thee. Thus far have we traversed the field of thought, and thy spirit has no wish to return to the paths where it was wandering when I found thee. Canst thou measure the range of the spirit ? Canst thou find the borders of the soul's field of exploration ? Dost thou feel the limitless expanse where thy spirit dwells ? I come gently treading in thy garden of affection. I walk in the avenues of thy soul's love. I breathe my echoings in thy sympathy ; and ere long I will stand in the temple of thy wisdom, laying my gifts at the altar of sweet affection, and claiming from thee that thou art mine as I am thine.

How the sweet prospect cheers the soul as we number the multiplied beams of morning glory that are rising o'er creation's vast expanse, and bearing the soul home in heavenly halos. Rise o'er our land bright sun, of glory, rise ; chase the shadows of night with thy sparkling rays, and link sorrow with hope. Whisper to sadness that there is a morning crown that will fade no more. Tell every child of earth that loving ones come nigh ; carry pinions to their weary souls ; bid them fly to the bliss that flows in the land of shadows. Never let thy soul grow weary ; never let thy feet cease to tread the pathway of duty. Labor for thy Father in heaven, and the kingdom of heaven shall be thine on earth. Cast all thy treasures into his kingdom, and jewels will be waiting when he calls for thee. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

When the roses of life do grow dim and decay,
 When the flowerets of time are all fading away,
 When the night of the spirit has found no bright day,
 I am thine, I am thine.

When the loved tones and voices are hushed in the grave,
 And the spirit is sinking 'neath sorrow's dark wave,
 O, look up, for thy loved one a beacon will wave.

I am thine, I am thine.

When the spirit would roam from its sweet bower of love,
 Led away by the song of some bright-tinted dove,
 To mansions of beauty — to temples above,

I am thine, still am thine.

When the gathering curtain of death-night comes on,
 When thy spirit is passing from night unto morn,
 When the quick-moving pulse and the heart throb is gone,

I am thine, still am thine.

I am thine in the birth of this heavenly land,
 I am thine when we join the bright archangel band,
 When thy spirit by heaven's pure breezes are fanned,

I am thine, still am thine.

These thoughts to you are my soul's daguerreotype. Take the likeness and love it well. Gaze on it when my noon-beam love comes shining through affection's bower, and give me thy upturned gaze of recognition.

The soul is worthy of that which flows to it.

If the spirit is made for eternity, it is worthy to receive all the truths that eternity gives. It is beautiful to have truths that we can feed on, thoughts that we cannot consume in the moment. Truth is towering and mighty, so mighty that the spirit of man can never reach its summit.

When resting in thy arms,
My soul feels all the charms
 Of joy, of hope and love ;
And in my happy bower,
I mark the gem-like hour,
 That took me to my dove.

While resting near thy heart,
My spirit feels a part
 Of thine own bliss ;
And in my happy bower,
I 'll mark the gem-like hour,
 That brought my soul to this.

SECTION XXVII.

Down the avenue of love my spirit comes floating to-night. Hearest thou not the murmuring rill of joy within my soul, transcending the fountain of bliss of souls enraptured? My joy is deeper than they who sit 'neath diadems of glory. My life is filled with noon-day rays. My spirit is all redolent with bliss of immortality. How best can I come to tell you of my rapt emotions, and of the heart's satiate of bliss; a bliss from an exhaustless stream; that stream of life divine, that runs through all things; that ne'er would leave a soul in death, but wind with a heavenly and a native grace through every soul and every heart in the universe. O, love, sweet love, I would have thee feel the enchantment of this hour; feel that we have met where mortal love holds us in its charms; feel that the dew drops of heaven will fall within our souls, leaving the tinge of a finer life, of a brighter and

more real existence, where the spirit of man may soar even though in the carnal house of clay; feel the beauties of this heavenly hour; and sweeter bliss shall flood your soul than has yet meandered through it; softer melodies ripple in thee, and thy soul finding its quickening in the finer calls of thy etherial nature, assert its claims; for now, even now, thy spiritual body is rising, and the longing, quivering aspirations that often flutter within thee are but the legitimate callings of thy spiritual body, asking for a foretaste of the bliss that remaineth for man. Did no bursting, quivering emotions e'er shake these languid hearts, then might the spirit justly question immortality; but it is the great, moving, flowing, immortal tide, that sweeps and floats against the restless present, dashing it into the fast flowing current of thy existence, that tells of the morrow's beams chasing the shadows of to-night away.

O, man, and immortality; mind, matter, and life undying! Who can soar and grasp the thought so infinite that tells us we shall live and

love forever? It is an ocean thought on which the soul can float to heaven. There are no shipwrecks on these waters; no soul will e'er be lost. This ocean of love, so vast and so mighty, so broad that every soul in the universe can sail thereon, is but a wave from out Divinity's soul *one* wave from his unfathomable love.

There are flowers within the soul that God has planted, and he is waiting to catch their fragrance. Children of immortality, wouldst thou not bear him flowers; wilt thou not give him perfume of the blossoms, for he is waiting for the fragrance of thy spirit. He sends thee heavenly breezes of angels' love; and they will bear back to him the perfume of thy affection. He sends thee dews of angels' guardianship, and they will soften all thy woes. He sends thee sunbeams of seraphic light, and on those rays that warm thy soul wilt thou not send some glory back? Around, within, and all about thee dwells thy father, God. His love is waiting on the face of creation in flowers for thee. In azure glory he paints the starry hosts, and wide o'er-

spreads the firmament with shining orbs, and with attendant love and smiling glory he gives the blazing beams of that great and powerful luminary.

Know, child of mortality, where'er thou art, thou art never from thy God. Creation lies upon his heart; he holds the universe within his arms, for his tender mercies are over all his works.

Soul of sadness, grow to the recognition of thy ever present Father; thou shalt never find him afar from thee, for his is a power omnipotent, ever-present, sustaining thy vital energies. Thou art moving in obeisance to his high commands.

O, beauteous thought is this, that there is not a soul that's nearest God. The outcast, the lowly, the down-trodden and the poor, all live within his measureless provision. All, all are nestling beneath one parent's protecting wing. Great family of life, offspring of Deity, let us closer nestle in each other's arms. Nearer and more tenderly draw us to our brothers' and our

sisters' sighs; for the mortal life-link holds, and we cannot fly away from sorrow's asserted claims. With heart joined unto heart, and sympathy linked with love, and affection twining around the brow, let us grasp the anchor of hope, and new-create our souls to love the one great family of the universe of our Father.

SECTION XXVIII.

The guardian of a very congenial friend addressed me as follows:

Spirit, thou too art wandering heavenward through ranks of angels. The aspirations of thy soul flow up to heaven with one whose life I guard, and whose wandering, and whose meandering footsteps I firmly plant in the undying path of eternal progression. I have long waited to pour my spirit-thoughts into thine own, to show thee we love to come in groups and join our thoughts together, to whisper to thee in

united voices, that heaven's arches echo in triumphant glories, higher, brighter far, than man has ere conceived ; for time has not pictured his brightest landscapes yet ; the lineaments of love are yet unsketched on the heart of man ; thoughts of diviner wisdom are yet to be engraven on the souls of creation ; more etherial waves will yet flow round their souls than man's inadequate powers have ere conceived.

O, the crown that time is gemming for the nations. Reiterate, repeat, and tell the glory around the world, and if e'er the crown grows dim, God's wisdom will re-gem, his rays re-gild the coronet. O, spirit of Progression, let thy glory ring out ! let the horizon of thy spirit-throes be bounded with sorrow, so that thou mayest flow with a magnitude of sympathy to meet the demands that are calling to thee from life's horizon. Leave no glory undefined, but walk within and walk without the golden portals and azure bright that lead to yonder bliss, where sits a spirit so calmly waiting, and mantling thy life with love and charity. Her inner

name is "Love." She dwells amid Affection's courts ; She crowns the brow of sorrow ; She dewes the fading flower. She will keep the fragrance of thy bliss in one harmonious, harp-like mould ; she will tune thy quivering notes of joy, and sweetly chime them with her own. Her name, her life, her soul, is *Love*. How sweetly must thy spirit rest, beneath a balmy breeze like this.

SECTION XXIX.

Now let me bathe my soul in some star-lit sea, and catch some glowing waves of flowing joy, to new-baptize your faith and love, and to help you walk through the mazy, misty path of life ; to walk with trust and hope while forms of love are floating around you.

God's smiling angels are multiplying o'er the firmament of his glory, gazing on the children of earth like stars at night.

What theme of melody shall my spirit bring
to thee to gem the mountain of thy journey o'er?
What soft and soothing strain shall I put forth
to re-invite thee to this land of love? What
golden banner shall I outspread to wave and
float across thy pathway?

But I will come, so gently come, and softly
kiss the faith that rises from thy soul; and I will
bear thy young Hope in my arms; I will nurture
it in my fond embrace, and when thy spirit
wants a gentle monitor within, to tell thee that
the path is thorny where thou wouldst tread in
blindness, my hovering heart of love will be that
monitor to keep thee safe.

O, still prolong and keep the theme of beauty
ringing clear and loud, that angels love the children
of earth. If shadows thicken around thy
pathway, and sorrow grows to mountain magnitude,
I will not leave thy soul alone.

There are green meadows in the future land;
there are deep mossy banks; there are soft meandering
streams; there are lilies blooming white
and fair; there are arches radiant with blooming

roses ; there is deep toned music chiming ; there are stars of diamond beauty flashing ; there are harps of coral gems ; there are fountains dancing like fairies bright on flowers ; there are birds of paradisal plumage ; there are rainbow tints of glory bursting everywhere, in the future of every soul's existence.

Sorrow is but the shadow of the wing of happiness. Sunshine and shadow lie together.

Let every one in the earth-life repose and rest within the thought, that peace and harmony flow through creation, and every spirit *must* find its legitimate part of bliss.

SECTION XXX.

I hold a bright coronet above your brow. There are sparkling gems therein, and the points glitter with golden stars. The diadem is almost descended upon your brow. The weight of beau-

ty is so mighty that I lower it gently, gently down, and fill up the space with flowers.

When the crown falls on your head, my spirit will fall with brighter and more radiant beauty. I have been crowning you with flowers. In this coronet there are gems and sparkling stars, and in each star a world of beauty and light; each ray is a volume, each gem will tell to thee kingdoms of affection.

O, how thy spirit will be crowned! I will try to fill every faculty, that the soul may come home in symmetry. O, how brilliant is our pathway yet to be! We shall bound, we shall rove, we shall traverse the kingdoms of the beautiful. We shall tarry on the fragrance of the rose, and repose beneath its tiny leaves, for love and beauty go hand in hand. Onward has been our pathway together; and forever onward is the motto of the spirit. Shall we tarry, loved one?

When I first came to guard thee, thou didst not know my spirit well. I felt accordant tones rise from thy inner soul to mine. I felt a warm

and throbbing heart beat to the pulses of my own.

My language to the world may oftimes have seemed too flowery. If I woo thy spirit to truth with flowers, is it not better than clouds and weapons? If I draw thee to God's unchanging guidance and unchanging truth with a garland, is it not as well as an iron chain whose links are heavy and coarse? If I join thy spirit to eternity's beauties, I must link it with blossoms bright and dewy, for my nature is affection and love. Other spirits can come better on the roaring, dashing, mighty current of thought; but I choose the melting cadence, and the sweet, soft tone, and echoing breeze of love to invite thy spirit upward and onward.

Then look on the kingdom of bliss as surrounding thee everywhere in all conditions, and every incident of thy existence a little wave that bears thee nearer and nearer home; even the contra motion of the tide strengthens thy faith. The wintry blasts bear healing in their breezes. What seem to thee opposing waves, are only

great tidal waters bearing thee to the shores of time and eternity. There can be no opposition to God's immutable and unchanging laws. His great and mighty tide flows o'er creation, transcending the power of man to stem the influx. The groans and sighs are only mighty rolling waves that flow to God's refining shores. They beat against some finer current, and with it flow into that mighty stream of bliss, made up of dark and glittering waves; for stars gleam out from midnight, and the chain of happiness is in one eternal grade, the links of which are human souls.

Then let us traverse wide creation o'er in thought, finding truth and beauty growing side by side. Blossoms and thorns alike have beauty. Looking on creation as a vast gradation of life and bliss, we shall never fail to find the kingdom of which Christ hath spoken, swelling high within us.

SECTION XXXI.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

The inquiring heart goes out and speaks: “Where shall I find my God?” The pure in heart will meet him in the gentle stream and within the tiny flower. Deity wears no mystic veil to the soul, to the heart of purity; for on creation’s face they read the lineaments of his parental love. The pure in heart flow unto him, each stream of thought is a crystal brook that sparkles its spirit home to Deity. The pure in heart find no shadows floating between them and God. Through love and faith they look, and with eyes of peace behold the universe, a circling glory of enchantive life, twining to the great central Spirit, God. Through flowery paths the pure in spirit walk, not by the wayside hedge; they bound along the wide and beautiful avenues of love, linking their life and thoughts with myriad souls. The pure in heart

see bright divinities of beaming love shining through humanity; they gaze on brightness through the love of the spirit within the mortal. They do not sit on the bank of despair, where the deep and angry waters of sin and error are flowing on, but they sit them down by the cooling, flowing stream of happiness, and on its wavelets send their sparkling trust to the bosom of their Father, God. Blessed are the pure, for they shall see him. Each moment of their life bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; and on the mighty works his hand hath made, they see the image of their God. How blest are they that ride on those plume-like, bounding, crystal thoughts, that send their spirits out in dewy sparkles to be attracted to some sapphire sea of bliss, where bright and sparkling jewels dash 'round the shores, and diamonds point the way to bliss, and emerald islands dance in ether light, and jewelled wings spread out from soft angelic forms, and mystic music floats along the breeze. This is the port; this is the port to which the hearts of purity sail to

see their God. Then launch thy spirit nobly forth, and on the quivering aspirations of thy immortal soul, send its beauty dancing on flowers of bliss immortal. Warbling melody shall greet the soul. The sweet enchantress shall entrance the vision, and the soul of pure desire shall gaze through countless vistas of eternal space, on the image of its God.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal, and sublime. So blessed are the pure for they shall see God; no atom of creation shall be a thing too small for them to gaze upon and behold him. In each shall be seen a kingdom of his glory; a bright enchanting power that leads home through wisdom's ways to their Father, God. Each day of life, and each care shall bear the shadow of his spirit.

While o'er the silvery sea of purity we sail,

the lilies of life shall adorn our way. As we pass along, the waving branches above shall duplicate their dewy leaves by being mirrored on the waters below, as the future, the golden future, paints its form upon the stream of the past. So to purity let us wed our souls, that we may through eternity gaze upon our God.

O, how I love this spirit life, God's life, thy life, my glorious life; this flowery-bursting, rosy morn of life; this rolling, moving, angel tide of life! O, gushing fountain that didst fill me with animation, call back thy waves of motion unto thyself. Let animated nature roll back to thee all eloquent with thanksgiving. Bright morning stars, sing for joy. Glorious noon-day, chant thy anthem. Deepening twilight with moon-beams in thy arms, come, sing a melody to Deity. O, creation, thou art a mighty orchestra, in which each little ripple is a sweetly sounding note to the Creator of all. "Bless, O, my soul, the living God." O, transcendent, heavenly life, flowing from and unto God. Let dulcet notes peal from my spirit now,

while I with quivering breath tune my lyre to sing thy praise. According as my spirit knows will I sing, and my song shall not be brief. O, thou from whom all finite love does flow, let brighter angels wing around my soul, and star my spirit to Elysian lands, where glory beams resplendent.

O, who would ask to live not? What soul should sigh to pass from earth, for the pealing anthem goes on, and the voices of creation sing, "*we live!*" "*we live!*"

Mortals chant the strain; angels respond; archangels reverberate, and seraphs echo the loud *amen*.

No utterance of the soul can picture, no language of the heart can paint, no pathos of the spirit can delineate the ecstasy of life forever.

Thanks added unto thanks, gratitude and praise entwined with high thanksgiving, is the offering chorus of the soul to God.

To live, to labor, and to love, are the spiritual circles of the soul. When we have mounted unto love, pure, holy love, then our souls shall

be traversing the path of seraphs, and we will make the circle of life again, and live, and live, and live; watch-words for the soul of man; bright landmarks for creation — Life and Love.

Lend me thy egotism, spirit of sadness; gaze out upon the glorious heavens, and mirror the love in the bright sky. Plume, plume thy spirit, take an advance joy, and sweeten thy weary life.

When Deity and life die out, then hope will leave the soul, and joy follow in the sorrowing train. But while God and life exist, hope will forever be the guest of man, for it is but the glorious result of heavenly life, and life the bright result of God.

O, that I could herald the world's salvation, joined by seraphs without number. I would work, and would not know a slumber till in joy, eternal joy, mankind had been gathered home.

With fresh garlands of zeal, and new found blossoms of hope, let us with angels labor till we can meet every known want. The longings of the spirit are only wildly beating waves with-

in, that mount the spirit heavenward. Dark waves of life, dark waves of the ocean, can mount us to the skies. Struggles and conflicts hasten the spirit home to kiss the stars of light.

SECTION XXXII.

Flora spoke through Mrs. Helen Leeds as follows :

I am gazing on thee and drinking in thy spirit thoughts. How my plant hath flourished ! How beautifully the flower unfolds to send me higher spirit power, to help me build the bridge of faith, on which you shall cross to realms of bliss, where we, with spirit natures awakened, can read the words that God hath given us, and gaze together on his mysterious ways.

I am a part of thy own nature. One stem with a bud and flower. From the beginning we were buds together on the parent stem. I have bloomed in heaven sooner than thou, to reach

higher, and gather nurture to strengthen the bud of spirit soon to bloom above.

Mrs. Leeds spoke from impression.

There is a half circle over your head, of white flowers mixed with green leaves, compressed ; soon as they are grown a little more, they will be very beautiful. There are some little things to be cleared away in your mind, then the light from heaven will be to you as the sun bursting on flowers. Truths high and elevated will spring up spontaneously ; they will flow into your mind with rapidity. You will almost forget the outer man. It is owing to your energy and activity of thought that you have risen above materialism to spirit heights of progression.

Flora continued :

Together we will raise our spirit thoughts in prayer, asking the Giver of all blessings to bestow this gift on us, his children, for he doeth all

things well, and ere long we will receive the promise. When my spirit receives the gift from higher spheres, I will give it to you, that joy in thy spirit may abound.

I would have thee ascend the ladder of progression by a steady step, not growing giddy by the height, nor the beauty that thy spirit eyes may behold. I would nerve thee for the ascent: for remember, dear one, that the natural senses can bear but so much, and the spirit must not dethrone the monarch, Reason. If the gates of the spirit world were thrown open to your gaze, the brilliancy of the spiritual sun would dazzle and make you blind. We can only give of these rays as they are adapted to the plant we nurture, guide and guard, that the buds may open fresh in fragrance to all who shall put forth their hands. It is pleasant to have your spirit realize that our affections mingle, and that I with you stem the current of your natural life, and that when your spirit embarks on the life of eternity, I will conduct your soul to the port of peace.

Was thy joy perfect when you gazed on me,

when you beheld the spirit form which hovers around you to guide from evil, and to lead in the path to heaven? You shall soon see me more distinctly, as soon as I can throw around you that influence which shall not make you wish to come from earth to our sphere. Soon, soon you shall behold me entering your thoughts with such a look of love that you shall know that the eternal spirit form has life, and even matter, too, to make thy bliss complete. Together we will wander o'er the fields of truth, culling all the beauteous flowers, and bearing them to earth to lead some wanderers to the bliss our spirits enjoy, for we could not be happy in bliss alone; selfish flowers grow not here, and as we progress together we will cull flowers, giving to others near us, and carrying them to those of lower spheres.

I asked, if when I called my guardian's name, she heard me:—
and she answered:

The electric chord of sympathy reaches from thee to me in my spirit sphere, and thus I hear

your call and feel your thoughts. Now then is your judgment to be used. Keep me not always by your side, for I shall be like the foolish virgins. I must go to trim my lamp and have it burning. The flowers need the rain of heaven to keep them fresh and fragrant, and so your guardian spirit needs to roam in the spirit spheres for the grace that abounds there, to refresh and make her spirit strong in God's love.

How wonderful are all the works of the infinite mind. Spirits come to convey to you the words of eternal life. The departed have been as silent as the tomb where the mortal body remains. But God has given us the key to open the secret spring of thought, and the ponderous doors of superstition have opened, and we have come with our life essence of love and truth to keep them back, and you have only to ask of us and you shall receive. The bread of life shall be freely given to support you on the way. The tomb shall be no dark passage to our clime, but flowers shall be strown, garlands fair shall be wreathed in forms exquisite, and our spirit fin-

gers shall interpret to the mind of man, the meaning of those forms which the garlands shall make around the tomb, bidding him hope and look beyond, for the spirits are freed, to roam, to bask in the glories of eternity, and to come back to earth and tell of their new home.

SECTION XXXIII.

Flora wrote, through Mrs. Bickford's hand, as follows :

Stronger than the sunlight, purer than the moonlight, more gentle than the starlight, and softer than the twilight is my love for thee, mine own beloved one. How my soul goes forth to-night in joy to meet thee. How near we are together. Thou art like the vine, and I the trellis, for do I not support thee and give thee strength?

The golden apples are ripening fast, and ere the Autumn days are over thou shalt pluck them: thou shalt gather in thy fruit into the great storehouse of eternity.

My love to thee to-night is like the gentle dew upon the flower : thou scarce can feel it, for it presses not upon thee, but only refreshes and sends forth the fragrance that others may be benefitted thereby.

Come with me to-night ; leave earthly cares and wander with me through etherial realms of bliss ; visit my bower adorned with nature's richest gems ; come sit with me beneath the cooling boughs of thought, and let thy soul go forth to mine in holy converse. When the sunset cometh, let us wander together on the golden sands of eternity's shores. O, wander with me, my own true mate, and together let us enjoy the beauties of nature and God's wondrous handiwork.

'Tis hard to come to earth to-night, my spirit soars like the lark, so high above all earthly things. I have made happy many sad hearts to-day. I have lightened many darkened homes with love's bright taper. I have placed my hand with affection upon misery's brow. I have whispered comfort to the widow's heart, and

made orphans feel that they were fatherless no longer.

Angel fingers have been weaving me a wreath of laurel that shall never fade, and I have received a Father's blessing for my deeds. Verily, great is our reward for every deed of love — we are paid tenfold.

Now I come to thee, mine own, and on thy brow set the star of faith. It shall be of such surpassing lustre that it will light the most benighted soul to heaven's portals.

Accept, then, Flora's gift ; it has been blessed by angels. O, how like sunny ripples on the sea, is my love ever dancing in thy heart, making it light and joyous when care comes to thee. Then do I softly smooth the ripples away, and make a perfect calm where once only a storm would have arisen.

We have sailed together through life's rapids, now in calmer water we peacefully glide adown the celestial stream. Fear not, I will guide thee. I will weave a breast-plate for thee, and stud it over with gems of love and wisdom, and it shall

make thee strong ; the jewels shall attract the million, first by their wondrous beauty, then by their great value.

O, let me twine my spirit arms around thy heart this night and take thee home. I am as impatient as a young bird first learning to fly ; my heart is so glad that it can scarce contain such fullness of joy.

I have filled thy life fountain with pure streams of gladness, and now I have enough for thousands, and to spare. O, drink my love ; I'll hold the golden goblet to thy lips, and it shall be as nectar in thy soul.

How exquisite is this love. How it thrills every fibre of our hearts ; how it makes earth more like heaven to thee, and makes heaven more a heaven to me. Thy soul's casket is filled with most costly jewels ; but there shines one among them, more brilliant, far, than any other.

'Tis the gem of love that I placed there. These jewels will help to form thy diadem in the spirit land. O, happy will the hour be when I come to thee ; when with angel touch,

I come and say, prepare O mortal mate of mine, prepare to enter paradise, to enter Flora's bower, pure sanctuary of pure thoughts ; prepare to leave the arms of health, and lay thy head lovingly upon death's cold bosom. Let death take thy earthly temple, what is that to thee ; thy spirit is immortal, and with Flora, you shall roam within the gardens of our angel home.

SECTION XXXIV.

Flora spoke through Miss ———.

Yes, dear one, I am here, ever with and around you. Are these not blissful moments of communion, and holy joy, when the heart is too full for utterance ; when with words we cannot find expression ? Our words shall come bursting forth like pure, bubbling springs of life, and yet the fountain source is ever full.

I will ever bring you words of love, and in

your heart impress sweet heavenly precepts. I will be with you ; I will be around you ; I will be near you, and when you go forth among the children of earth, I will be the magnet star of truth upon your brow that shall shine on earth's children, and impart to them the light of heaven and the love of God.

O, give the gems of truth that you receive from a spirit land to earth's children, for they are hungering and thirsting for them. They are in darkness. O, light their pathway, and let them see the smiles of God's love that are being shed around them, so beautiful and bright. Keep not one truth within thy soul secluded ; let them all go forth and do their mission of love, for it is thy Father that has sent them. He has sent his angels to you with bright flowers from eternal gardens. Let them go forth and administer to the spiritual wants of man, and make his earthly pilgrimage pleasant and happy.

SECTION XXXV.

The flowers of the garden are sweet, and they woo my spirit; but how much more beautiful are the flowerets of the spirit that blossom in their own fragrance of love, arranged by a hand of progression to woo us to the hearts we love.

It is not, that we shall not often meet, that our souls will not be knit together by bonds of affection, that I address you to-night with some words of tenderness and leave-taking. I speak of this temple, [Mrs. Adams,] where our spirits have painted jeweled memories of the past, and borrowed the beams of futurity over the diamonds. 'Tis here that we have drank often at the fountain of truth, and here together we have nectared our spirits with the draughts of eternity. Here we have culled many roses of beauty to deck the brow of time. Here have we gath-

ered many a sand of life, and counted the shining pebbles and linked them with the glowing beauties of eternity. Here, on the breezes of affection, our souls have been wafted away to those sunbeam streams of thought, whose rippling melodies floated us into the mazy future, and we have caught some day-dreams of the morrow, just glimmering o'er the mountain, the mountain tops of time. 'Tis here thou hast gazed on stars that light the heavens. And fittingly it seems that this hour should be spent in chanting the melody of the past. Come, then, on recollection, and let us rove away and re-admire the roses of the past, and newly gild the star-gems that brought us together. We will sing the song of yesterday, the song that made us bright and free.

At this point, Flora found the physical condition of Mrs. Adams too low to sustain, while entranced, the flow of rapturous thought upon which she had entered. She therefore closed at this point, and at a subsequent time wrote by Mrs. Bickford's hand, in continuation, as follows :

RETROSPECTIVE VISION.

One eve I laid me on my soft cloud-couch to rest,
And drew the beauteous mantle of thy love around my breast.
Beside me stood a glorious one, with bright and shining wings,
And in the purest melody these words she sweetly sings : —

I am the goddess of sweet sleep,
To thee I come ;
Alike to those that joy and weep,
I bring all home.

I gently lull them to repose,
And in sweet dreams
Lead them where immortal water flows,
In sparkling streams.

I lead them where the songsters ever sing,
In one bright band ;
And to their gaze I all the glories bring,
Of this fair land.

I lead them where eternal fountains play,
And bid them fill ;
And oft I hear their poor, worn spirits say :
Peace, peace, be still.

Now all the glories, and the angel kind,
 And this sweet dream,
 Are no chimeras of the human mind,
 But what they seem.

Thus spake the lovely angel, and her liquid accents fell,
 Upon my listening ear, like dew drops in a dell,
 Where the buds are ever waiting for soft refreshing showers,
 To call forth sweetest fragrance from the highly perfumed flowers.

I could have drank the music of those silvery-tinted words,
 Their tones to me were like the carolling of birds.
 And as she opened her sweet lips, the language seemed to flow
 Like rippling of some fairy stream in sunlight's gentle glow.

Spirit of love ! thou 'rt passing fair, yet I am fairer still :
 I come to thee from spheres above, my mission to fulfil ;
 I will gently close thine eyelids, and make thy slumbers free,
 And whatever thou may'st wish to have, in dreams I'll give
 to thee.

Then softly o'er my senses a pleasing fragrance stole,
 And most delicious music was ravishing my soul.
 And with a new awakening, I gazed in rapturous awe,
 Not at the lovely angel, but the vision that I saw.

I saw a little child in its mother's arms repose,
 And as she gazes on him, her heart with love o'erflows ;

Then in soft, trembling accents, and mild imploring gaze,
 She pleads, "O, God of mercies, keep him from error's ways!
 How gladly would I shield him, but e'en a mother's love,
 Is powerless compared with thine, thou Holy One above.
 Now in thy holy keeping I place this babe of mine,
 And oh, may he in after years kneel at thy blessed shrine."
 Then I looked within that youthful heart and saw a limpid
 spring,

Ever bubbling pure and truthful as the dews that angels bring.
 Not a cloud upon its surface, but as beautiful and true
 As the clearest crystal raindrops, when the sun is peeping
 through.

A cloud came o'er my vision, and I gazed in empty space,
 Looking vainly for another glimpse of that sweet, sleeping face.
 Then sadly from the cloud I turned, to ask the reason why,
 When suddenly this vision greets my enraptured eye. —

I gaze upon the countenance, 't is one I should have known,
 Though years have passed, and he to man's estate has grown.
 Then I look within the open heart, for the spring that bubbles
 there,

But the weeds have overgrown it, and heavy clouds of care
 Have dimmed its limpid waters. No longer does the sound
 Of its merry, heartfelt gushings, make all the air resound.
 Then I asked myself the question, where is the mother's prayer?
 Was it not heard in heaven; was it not answered there?

Was not that young heart given unto the most divine ?
 Yet now I see him kneeling devout at Mammon's shrine.
 Then softly knelt I by the spring, and brushed the weeds away ,
 The waters were not tainted, and the ripples still might play.
 Where weeds had once been growing, I planted mossy flowers,
 And humbly prayed to heaven to bless them with her showers.
 The spring within the open heart began to bubble clear,
 And the heavy clouds were breaking for the sunlight to appear.
 I gazed into the mirrored depths of that clear, living stream,
 And saw my own reflection. O, was it all a dream ?

This was my mission well performed, God given,
 To lead thy hungry soul to Him and Heaven.

Again the cloud before my vision passed,
 But left me not in darkness as the last ;
 For soon the hallowed rays of spirit light,
 Brought me another vision still more bright.

I saw thee on a couch repose, mine own,
 And midnight around thee her dark robe had thrown,
 Studded with gems of spirit thought so bright,
 They seemed to bathe thee in celestial light.
 And round thee myriads of bright forms were pressing,
 To crown thee with their love and with their blessing.
 I saw them weaving garlands for thy head,
 And looping up festoons around thy bed ;
 So glowing were their features and so blest,
 That fairer each one seemed than all the rest.

Now a bright spirit of peculiar grace,
 With genius shining in his radiant face,
 With loving smile, and mein, and gentle tone,
 Like evening breezes as they softly moan
 Through forest trees ; he spoke to thee,
 Not as e'er man spoke, but only He
 Who rules the winds and waters by his will,
 And bids the storms and troubled waves be still.
 And he with his all loving heart hath taught
 His accents unto angels — with his spirit fraught.

Mortal, I place this laurel wreath upon thy brow,
 Emblem of fame and immortality ; and now,
 Oh keep its leaves from any earthly taint,
 And wear it until thou shalt be a saint
 In angel spheres. I come to guard and bless
 Thy Genius. Though I may not love thee less
 Than others. Yet in this peculiar sphere,
 I'm fitted more than others to appear.
 Then all the angels joined in one accord,
 And warbled forth their praises to the Lord.

Then from among that glorious angel band,
 Steps one more fair than all, and in her hand
 She holds a pure white bud and snowy dove,
 These are her gifts, emblems of trust and love.

Mortal, oh place this pure dove in thy breast,
 And gently pillow his soft head to rest ;
 Even as in thy Saviour's arms thou 'lt lay,
 When from all earthly cares thou pass away.

Then joined the angels her soft hand with thine,
 And kneeling made thy lowly couch their shrine ;
 Then in sweet, blending harmony the angels sing,
 Praises to their almighty God and King.

Then forth an aged spirit stood, and in her arms
 An infant lay, whose gentle, winning charms,
 Might well make angels stand in wondrous awe,
 Before the holy image that they saw.
 Emblem of purity, how like it seems,
 To snow beneath the moonlight's gentle beams.

Then spake the aged spirit, and her voice was faint and low,
 As trembling from the fountain, the accents seemed to flow.

Mortal, thou seest childhood before you in both forms,
 Though one has seen but sunshine, the other met the storms.
 Thou seest upon my brow the path where sin has trod,
 But on this little child is stamped the image of a God.
 I bring thee sin and purity, they're working hand in hand ;
 And age may by a child be led, in this most glorious land.
 Then angels tune your harps anew, and lift your songs above,
 Sing praises to the heavenly hosts and to the God of love.

Now came a maiden forward, with a face supremely blest,
 And her small white hands are crossed upon her snowy breast;
 Her glorious eyes are shaded by the lashes thick and long,
 And her breast swells with emotion, as she poureth forth her
 song.

Oh mortal eyes may never gaze upon this fair Madonna,
 For Charity hath lovingly thrown her soft mantle on her.
 Then spoke this lovely maiden, and her words were spirit given,
 As suddenly she lifts those radiant orbs to heaven.

“Mortal, *I* bring an humble gift, 't is but a simple flower,
 And thou may'st gather many, for they 're blooming every hour.
 'T is an emblem of humility, a violet of blue,
 Which I plant beside thy heart-spring to keep it pure and true.
 Beside thy many rich gifts then place it on thy shrine,
 And, though it may be humble, slight not this gift of mine.

Then joyously the angels woke the anthem long and loud,
 And the swelling of the chorus reached my couch upon the
 cloud.

And I looked within the open heart, to find the pearly spring,
 And my heart with joy rebounded as I heard the waters sing.
 Not a cloud did o'ercast it, and the flowers were springing wild,
 And the waters bubbled clearly as when he was a child.
 Then I turned and asked the angel, where was the mother's
 prayer?

And she pointed to my vision — I saw it answered there.

Then the fountains of my own heart with silent prayer were
stirred,

And I knew that by my Father that simple prayer was heard.
I prayed for thy redemption, mine own beloved mate,
That thou might be perfected to walk within the gate
Of Eden's happy lands, where the milk and honey flow,
And meet the shining bands that have guarded thee below.

SECTION XXXVI.

There is a dark spirit near me. The influence this spirit brings makes me very sad. I must remove from this influence. How can I best do it?

This spirit now passes by me and is gone, and in its pathway I see a dark, flowing stream. Oh, how dark! On the opposite shore I see Flora, she beckons me to come to her. But I cannot cross this dark stream. Will you help me? Wait, for Flora is dropping flowers in this stream, it will soon be full and I will cross upon them.

After a short pause, Flora spoke as follows :

And so of thee in thy pilgrimage, and of all the dark currents of folly that wind around thy life ; I will scatter flowers till they cover the stream so thou canst walk over them ; and at thy tread their sweet fragrance shall arise. Frail as the flowers may seem to earth ; incompetent as their power seems to sustain thee, yet come over in faith ; tread not doubtingly ; think not of the dark current, but tread thou firmly on the delicate blossoms, for power dwells in what seems to earth's children but flowers and phantoms.

She soon after gave the following, as an address to little Theodore :

Pure and innocent traveller of earth. I bring to thee the buds of innocence, the buds of hope, the buds of purity ; and with them I'll twine for thee a chaplet that I will throw around thee. I will pray for thee, loved child, that in thy path nought but bright and beauteous flowers may spring up ; and that no inharmony from without

or within may retard thy progress. O, may thy young bud of life be unfolded beneath a summer's sun ; may the gentle dews refresh it ; and gentle showers invigorate it, so that when the rude and harsh hand of an unfeeling, uncharitable and uncongenial world shall be placed upon it, it may have strength to stand the harsh touch, that the tender leaves may not be blighted by the withering emanations of the iceburg.

Let a father's wisdom guide thee ; let a mother's gentle love lead thee, and thy garden shall be filled with bright blossoms, for a father's wise, cautious hand shall pluck the weeds of error ere they drink up the richness of thy soul ; and when thy wisdom shall be unfolded, be thyself a wise and careful gardener ; prune well the flowers, and water well the roots. Yet as you tread on, I fear, I fear the dark clouds ; I fear the freezing, wintry wind. But thy Father in heaven will guard thee ; he will shield thee from the wind ; he will wrap close around thee garments of love, and in his protection there is no fear.

SECTION XXXVII.

Flora spoke through Miss Elizabeth —— as follows :

What would you have me speak to-night, to add to thy little volume that is going forth to cheer the darkened places of the earth? Would you have me speak to you of bright spirits, or of spirits who are crushed and broken, who are bound to earth by chains they cannot break? O, how they strive to sever those chains, but except they abide in Christ, and repose in faith in the arms of our almighty Father, they cannot. Let thy little volume point souls to the land of bliss. Tell them that God is merciful, kind, loving, gentle and good. He makes no distinctions. As dear to him, precious in his sight, is the soul of the beggar as the soul of the king; and ever in the humble abodes of poverty and sadness he sends his angels to guard. And *holy* angels weep over down-trodden humanity. Tell earth's children that their sorrows and sufferings are

likewise the sorrows and sufferings of angels, for they come to sympathize and bring consolation.

Tell them that could they but once gaze into the glories and mysteries of the spirit land, their souls would loathe the things they now cling to most.

Bid the weeping mother weep not for her infant gone ; tell her that could her eyes behold the loved form she laid in the silent tomb, she would be dazzled with its beauty. Tell her that she beheld not the smiles that gladdened angels' faces as her child was ushered into the abodes of love and peace, and heard not the welcome cry — “ A child is born, a new soul has entered the gates of paradise.”

Bid the husband mourn not for his bride ; tell him that she is freed from earth's sufferings and cares ; that her spirit like an uncaged bird now ranges the broad land of that bright world of spirits. Let loose from earthly trammels that so long have held it, like a weary child sighing for rest, and at last it has found that rest.

Bid all mourners cease their weeping ; tell them when the death-angel comes, in him they may behold the one who said — “ Fear not, it is I ; be not afraid.” Tell thy earthly friends when troubled, to look back on him who trod the rugged steeps of Calvary. Tell them when in toil with drops of sweat upon their brow, to remember him who sweat great drops of blood, that through him they might gain great victory even over death and the grave.

SECTION XXXVIII.

Flora spoke through Miss Ann Groce, as follows :

When I look about me, and see the thorny paths through which you must travel, then do I feel my own weakness, my own inability to guide you. Then would I drink deep from the fountain of strength.

I pray for purity of thought, for holiness of life ; for if my life is pure, I am fortified and pre-

pared to meet temptations. No matter then if my pathway is filled with thorns.

O, my soul longs to meet thee in my own quiet home, where in silent whispers we can commune together; where all around is harmony and love; where no earthly care shall distract the mind from the beauties I bring thee; where no anxiety is, but all is passiveness. O, meet me often where no dark clouds come to darken the bright sunlight of heaven; meet me where no cares come to oppress thee; let thy mind be passive, and together we will gaze, and together see new beauties. The perfume of the bright flowers that I have brought thee, has filled thy soul, made it radiant, bright and harmonious. So interwoven with my own soul is thine, that together we will gaze, and I will point out beauties to you.

And art thou soaring far above the materialism of the world, this bright, this sunny morning? Thou hast drank deep from my fountain; and have these draughts brought joy to thy soul? Soon can I lead thee to a garden more beautiful;

and twine for thee brighter, purer flowers than thy mind has yet conceived of. But as you wander in the garden with earth's children, touch not the flower of envy. Many, whose crowns would be pure, could they tear from them that flower, are dim. It sheds darkness on brighter flowers, so they cannot shine. Let it not twine itself around you, for the purest are in danger when walking the garden where this flower blooms.

I will build around thee a framework so strong and yet transparent, that the uncongenial influences, the unlovely flower of envy cannot enter. Pluck the little flowers and throw them away. Trample under thy feet the weeds of error, and the beauteous flowers shall spring up and unfold in the bright sunlight.

Let our souls flow together in one streamlet ; let our thoughts be one ; let us wind our way by the hill side, through the valley, through the forest ; let us flow onward, and even shall be our course, until at last we shall enter the great fountain from whence we came.

As we travel in life's rugged path, let us adapt our garments to the work we have to perform; let us live up to the glorious doctrine that we preach, and earth's children shall point to us as models of the religion we believe; as true followers of Jesus; as searchers after God's truths; as small fountains whose streams flow from God's eternal fountain. Doubtless they may oftentimes become impure by passing through the channels that bring them to us.

Let us utter our thoughts with wisdom; let wisdom guide us. Let us plant the seed within an enclosure so high and strong that no foes can come in and destroy it.

Let us open the eyes of the blind that they may see; let us uncover the beauties of earth; let us pluck the weeds that the flowers may be seen.

Materialism asks what better teachings bring you to earth's children than the word of God?

If you read the Bible, and appreciate its contents, we bring nothing more, nothing new. We come not to give new truths, but we come

to uncover, to unfold truths that have ever existed but have not been perceived. New truths, great reforms are unfolded among the meek and lowly.

We bring flowers, and the world takes them ; we bring laurels and the world wears them. If mortals can not enter the garden, we will twine beautiful wreaths and give to them. When we have planted our own garden, materialism may step in and take the praise ; let these worldly children come and take it, for thus we may lead them to an appreciation of beauty. We seek not for honor ; we seek not for laurels ; we ask no praise.

When materialism shall step and trample down our flowers, there shall a purifying, softening fragrance ascend and fill the atmosphere around, and will pass to other opening fields of beauty that await us. And when we've thus passed on, they will follow to our new garden, and so onward still we will go.

I would not bring from dark, insipid streams,
 Water to bathe thy weary spirit in ;
 But crystal dew from love's immortal fountain,
 That 's pure from hatred and from every sin.

SECTION XXXIX.

Flora spoke through Miss Frances A. Burbank, as follows :

How many new truths are opening to your spirit ; so numerous are they, that I scarce know which first to bring to you.

O, how I joy to meet thee ; the love of the spirit fadeth not, but human love, how frail it is. A pure spirit love is thine for me, and mine for thee. Earthly feelings taint it not ; 't is a pure spiritual emotion, and I can liken it only to two dewdrops blending into one, reflecting the rays of the sun of wisdom, and filling them with rainbow light.

As the quiet lake reflects the bright star that shines in the firmament above it, so does thy soul reflect mine. And though the lake ripples

on, the star still shines, and its multiplied reflections are ever changing, but the star shines ever the same.

But why does my spirit thus come, attracted by emotions of love to earth? I may as well ask, why do streams flow on to the deep ocean?

Flora, alluding to the medium, said :

I find a new channel opened for me to-night ; a new mind to impress, new lips to speak through.

Shall I give thee an account of one I beheld come to the spirit land of late ?

A mother came to me saying ; “ Will you go with me and aid me in receiving a child who is coming to our spirit home ? ” Gladly did I obey the summons, for I love to aid those who aid others.

We sought the earth. How dim and dark it looked compared with our bright home, for the flowers of earth had faded ; the chilly winds of autumn had swept over what was once green and

beauteous, and we missed the sweet incense of summer flowers.

The youth struggled for life. The friends of the youth had anticipated his life to be a long and useful one. But who can stay the hand of death? An earthly father clung to him with deep, true love — but a spirit mother waited to greet him with a deeper and holier affection above. I watched the change as life faded away, and the pulse ceased to beat.

A beautiful spirit was now rising and forming over the dying body. When fully formed, it hovered still over its lifeless tenement and gazed in wonder; then gazed upon the scene around him, and was surprised that he was freed from pain. A band of spirits now approached him, and chanted sweet music for his ear. Still his spirit was confused, until a mother's voice, in softest whispers called his name. "———, child of my own being!" Instantly he then knew that his earthly life was ended, and that his spirit was free. A mother's fond love then drew him to her arms, and he was borne away

by a band of spirits to a bower of repose strewn with fragrant flowers. We poured upon him the incense of love and joy, and he slept like a weary child. O, would that you could behold the joy of that mother's heart, I never knew before how deep a mother's love could be. She had waited long for the flower to unfold in the spirit world. She had watered the buds she left on earth with the dews of her affection, and with the tears of her love. And now one is gathered home to bloom in the garden of her heart.

Now he has grown strong from repose, and he opens his eyes and gazes upon the spirit land, and wishes not to return to earth. And when he thinks of the loved ones left behind, the thought is an incentive to higher motives, to greater efforts in goodness, that he may return to earth and aid his earthly friends. Dear friends, who are left behind, mourn not for him, for he is free and joyous, while you are weary and sad. Think of him as a jewel that has gone before you to the spirit land, to glitter like a star in the firmament of heaven; to attract your thoughts and

eyes upward, so he will continue to draw you, until one after the other shall be called home to join him.

SECTION XL.

Flora spoke, through Miss ———, as follows :

Welcome, welcome again. O, how I joy to meet you, and how I joy to greet you.

O, how my spirit loves to come to thee bringing little flowers for thee to give to mortals, to cheer them with hope's bright ray. Give to them freely of the flowers that I have plucked from the eternal gardens above; they will be given to thee and return thou them increased tenfold.

Beloved one of my soul, God's blessings shall rest upon thee, and the smiles of his countenance shall illuminate your onward progress to happiness and truth; angels shall hover over and around thee to catch the holy aspirations of thy soul and bear them upward to the throne of grace.

That sweet light that opes your eyes
At morning's earliest ray,
Is but a whisper from the skies
To call thy heart to pray.

How often do my prayers go up to God to ask a blessing for thee, and how earnestly do I pray my heavenly Father that I may ever be permitted to be near thee and speak to thee words of love, of holy love. And let thy prayers of thanks ascend to God for the love of angels that fills thy own soul; bless him for a world like this, and praise him that you live; let the soft wing of every hour returning soon to heaven, waft to his throne some notes of praise that thine own lips have given.

SECTION XLI.

CLOSING WORDS.

The busy thoughts of memory come rushing fast and close around my soul; and I, amid the past, the golden lighted past, am numbering the blossoms that fell on the pathway of mortals,

plucked by angels in gardens of paradise and joy. Cold, cold must be the heart that does not soften at the repeated coming, and sound of angels' foot-steps within their mansion. Slumbering, must they be that hear not our voices as we wake them from the night and call them to the rosy arms of morning.

I am looking on the past, when first I took those mazy threads to weave thy bright eternal life with flowerets and never fading blossoms. In holy guardianship and love I've never left a bud untwined. Even when the threads were coarse and hard, I plucked from the tree of life a flower of stronger growth. But when the threads were closing thick and fast, I formed the fairy garland of blossoms most delicate and rare; sometimes the buds were so etherial and light, so delicate and fair, that even love, the hand of love, was bade by truth to fasten them with thorns. They pierced awhile, but they kept the flower all delicate within thy soul. I'm thinking how thy course has upward been, to join me in my onward way.

I'm numbering the pearly tears of pity that thou hast flowed into the ocean of sorrow.

I'm looking on the links that bind our souls to human hearts: we will count and count them often-times, that their brightness may be kept forever. Let not neglect send them to rust and decay.

On Time's great dial I have painted flowers, and celestial blossoms shall reveal to thee the unnumbered hours of our earthly love.

My spirit now bounds to the glorious light as I gaze on the beautiful, pure and bright, that shall come to bless our love. The past, the past hath nectared thee; the tributes of affection and holy guardianship have been gathered, page by page, and loved ones of earth have traversed our garden of thoughts *alone*, and placed the flowers upon their breasts, that pledged our love. Not alone have we culled and worn them, but joy's bright breeze has borne them on and on to many a heart where they have clung with tender sweetness.

These hearts all wreathed with flowers of love,
Shall bless us in the courts above.