

# THE SPIRITUELLE; <sup>4</sup>

OR,

## DIRECTIONS IN DEVELOPMENT.

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THE only reason which I can assign to the public for this little work floating on the stream of thought is this,—so many men and women all over our country, and other countries, have written to me to direct them how to develop their spiritual existence more particularly: the most of them wished me to give them an outline of conduct by which they could steer their tiny life-boats. So far as I am a judge, I think the light which I have given is better woven into actual life than it could be if shorn of this every-day existence; and so I leave this to those, who, like me, rest on tiny webs of thought to grow the spirit, as well as, from the stronger and broader fields of explained philosophy given by a good many of our good men and women of to-day, laboring, like me, to better themselves through the work for humanity. What have we outside of our own existence and the daily experience and growth of our own souls? But little. Shall I say good-by in this? I hope not. My friends, the next in series shall be (the good angels and kind Providence permitting) a peep into psychometry.

Yours truly,

ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 15, 1868.

## DIRECTIONS IN DEVELOPMENT.

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“ Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us, at our side ?  
Is there no baseness we would hide ?  
No inner vileness that we dread ? ”

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As we robe ourselves in pure and spotless garments for the bridal, so should we prepare our bodies and spirits for the angels and departed ones with whom we hold communion. We should prepare for them as if we expected them to come; and more: as if they expected us to demean ourselves as though we had guests, who not only would honor us, but would also elevate us to the pure spheres in which they ever live and move. I now come to the word “spheres,” which is a garment of the spirit, a home, a house, a habitation, or *aura*, a perfume to the spirit of every man, woman, and child. Man, woman, looking after spiritual light, look *within!* See first *how you live, what is in you, what is your life, your thoughts;* for you call to you just what you live: your aspirations are so many hands which reach out to gather either spiritual or external things. Behold the sun! it gives warmth to all upon whom it shines: so with the pure, the good, the holy in thought. Look! the rain

falls: so do these graces from every human soul that loves, lives in and for the truth. You will say, "*How live it?*" Study your spiritual wants as you do the wants of your garden. Study the necessities of your *neighbor's spirit*, and do not forget that the body is the case, the house, the clayey tabernacle, in which God's Spirit dwells. If your "house of clay" has more than enough, pass the surplus to your neighbor.

During my walk this morning, I encountered a blind man, and, taking the ten-cent stamp which I had intended to buy wild flowers with, I dropped it into his hat, thinking that perhaps the angels might be better pleased with this offering than with a bouquet of sweet-scented wild flowers on my table, helping me to write out directions in development, or little footprints, or landmarks, by which men and women may find out a clearer way to perfect, strengthen, and beautify their spirits, enabling them to converse with the departed as well as with those still in the form.

As I passed into the Smithsonian grounds, a voice said to me, "We are mindful of your wants, spiritual as well as temporal." Passing around the walks and avenues, the voice says, "Pick not one of these;" and only one did I gather, and that a dandelion, which I ate. By impression, I went to the door of the institute, where I saw a man trimming the bushes, strewing the ground with large branches bright with the red blossoms and green leaves. I asked him if I could have some of the branches with the flowers on them; and he replied, "Certainly, as many as you like." And the voice said to me, "Give when you have, and it will return to you ten-fold." So, my readers, I give you this one out of hundreds of similar instances in my every-day life for you

to follow ; for, by so doing, the good angels are pleased, and humanity is made better.

“ The face will shine  
Upon me ; while I muse alone,  
The dear, dear voice that I have known  
Will speak to me of me and mine.”

Some two years since, while on a visit to Arlington, I noticed by the side of one of the freedmen's graves, which was not yet sodded, nor embellished with painted head-board, a beautiful bunch of purple flowers, which seemed planted by the grave, though they grew out of the hard-beaten earth. The thought was, a spirit watches over these flowers ; and I passed on, feeling they were too sacred to pluck. I was visiting the resting-place of those thousands of our sleeping soldiers who died that the nation might live ; and, while in the well-kept garden adjoining the mansion, I heard a *great sob* that seemed the concentrated grief of the thousands who will not be comforted because their sons, brothers, and fathers *are not*.

On our way home, we gathered our arms full of the wild flowers of the forests enclosed with the graves, thinking how beautiful they were. And as I came again to the freedmen's graves, and saw the solitary bunch of purple wild flowers nodding to the breeze beside the black soldier's grave, I stooped and touched them, and thought, as I looked at my many flowers and green branches, I will leave some of them on this nameless grave. I decked the head-board with the large green branches ; the breast I strewed with the red, white, and blue ; and over the foot I placed a laurel-bush ; and, passing on to the other graves, lo ! all of my flowers are

gone, save a solitary bunch of wild strawberries, with a few ripe ones on. I feel sorry that I've none to take home with me; for, should I gather more, they would not have the happy thoughts I placed in these as I gathered them.

I hear spoken to me, "He has flowers enough for thee, honey." I listen; and it is repeated, "He has flowers enough for thee, honey." I thought, "Is it my husband, who is in the ravine *gathering the laurel*?" The voice repeats, louder than before, "He has flowers enough for thee, honey;" and this time I ask "Who?" and the reply is, "The Good Shepherd." How soon my spirit was lifted into that higher spiritual element of divine love! I ask, "Who are you?" The reply is, "My name is Eliza." — "What brought you here?" "My son lies in the grave beside which you saw the flowers. I was standing by it when you passed this morning. I have tended those little flowers. I impressed you through them." — "Eliza, how did you know that I could hear you?" She replied, "The voice said you could." — "Who is the voice?" — "The Good Shepherd," she replied. "I knew you could hear me by the light around you; and when I saw you place all your flowers on the graves of the poor freedmen, out here under the open sky, no one near but the good Lord and his angels, I says, 'Missus, sure she hears me.'" Coming in sympathy with the sphere of this freedwoman was as if I had wings with which to fly. I came in sympathy with all her great love, and thankfulness that they lived, loved, and could make it known to human beings in the form. I looked, and the flowers on the graves seemed to have attracted new life: it was as if each flower were a bell, and each leaf a heart, and all singing

praises, and chanting the song of the angels, "On earth peace, and good will to men."

The departed — how are we to see, to feel, their presence? First, we are to believe that they can and do come, and will come, if we will open the door to admit them. *The will is the door*: throw out that, and see if they do not speak. Again: just so many things as we put up between them and us, just so much longer are we obliged to wait, till all this is removed. Fashion, pride, selfishness, the opinion of the world, — all take away the body, the presence, the power, of the spirit with which they are invested to come to us. What the people say has little to do with this.

My reader, your spirit is yours. As an individualized soul, you should do all in your power to grow to better it, that you may see the spirit in those with you, that you may know the false from the real in life. You should also do all this, that you may be able to do more for those not possessed of as much light as yourself. How to do this. The garments which you wear are incased with magnetisms, emanations from your own body and spirit; thoughts rest on them; they are printed over and over; the touch of the gifted reveals it as well as the sight. The angels call these daily garments worn by us leaves, on which are written the growth of all men's spirits, the desires and aspirations of the soul as well. The pure angels and spirits work through the highest written on your garments; the lesser developed spirits gather up the lower, attracting to you spirits both in and out of the form, who live in the same sphere which these thoughts express. I will give you a figure. A young lady stands in her room dressing for a walk. The robe which she puts on she impresses

with these thoughts, "I hope I shall be the envy of every lady who meets me on the promenade." This is her thought, a part of herself, of her spirit. She carries this sphere into the street; it is already lodged in her heart; this sphere infolds her for the entire morning, and how much longer who shall tell? Another: a young girl like unto herself, whose whole sphere is benevolence, the love of her kind. She dresses herself with care; but her thoughts are not concentrated in the dress, but rather in the garden, where the flowers are growing, out in the open air, the sunshine kissing her rosy cheeks. In form, she is not as beautiful to the external eye; but what bounds her spirit? There is no bound: it touches all humanity. The flowers are in her hand: children accost her in the street. The poor are not afraid to look in her pleasant face, and ask her for a pittance. She ever comes home with pockets empty, but her heart full, and others' hearts fuller than hers. One's garments are written over with beautiful thoughts; the other's you can read as well as I. Do you live a pure life? Then the emanations from your garments are pure, not injurious to yourself or others. If you live a sensual, selfish, and grovelling life, it matters not how finely the external life may be draped, the spirit of the spiritually gifted will tell you through these, even if they are not on your person, just what you are and what you live. Live true lives: all this teaches you that nothing short of this can produce good thoughts. Good actions are the architects which form, build souls. One day, I sat and thought, "How I wish I could have the confidence, the companionship, of such a person!" The voice said to me, "Live the way your spirit tells you this person would approve." I write this to show you that the an-

gels see us, and read our thoughts all the time; and, if we are not understood by those whom we meet, what matters it, if we live aright! This age is an age of building. The way the spirit tends is the way the spirit grows. Don't hedge it around; don't try to fashion it to a clinging vine, if it grow out of an acorn. It will grow its gnarled way, it will be an oak, in spite of all you can do, or it dies without showing mankind that it ever had a beginning of life in its germ. "Why do you go out to that," you may say, "to tell me something I know as well as you?" — "Yes; but you may have overlooked or lost sight of it." — "I should like to be developed to an angel," said a pretty girl to me. "Would you? then you would live with the angels." — "Well, I should like to be a great medium, and tell what Charley thinks of me all the time." — "You would? then let your thoughts be at peace with yourself, and you will be pretty sure to get from Charley what Charley thinks of you all the time." — "My dear, do you not think we lose much by not being our best? in not letting our friends see us as we are?" She replies, "I do not; for, if I tell my friends what I think of them, they end in getting vexed with me; and thus I am out of sorts, and they are out of conceit of me. That is why I want to become developed as a medium. I came to you this pleasant May morning for you to tell me; for a friend of mine tells me you can tell so much about what a young lady ought to do, and, as for the matter of that, an old lady also." — "Yes, I will tell you, as you are young, pretty, and, besides, have a lover. First, eat no meat. Poets and fairies of which we read live on fruits and vegetables; and the fairies are said to be an outgrowth of the poets; they live on the aroma of flowers. To be pure in blood, bathe every morning

in pure running water. Creek water is better than that conducted through wood or leaden pipes. Get by a creek: this running water has in it the freshness of the woods; for does it not kiss the tree-roots and the clean brown earth as it passes? Next, my little lady, make your own bread (no butter eaten with it, —honey, or nice jam, or jelly, or fresh fruit); for I see your hands are strong and muscular, if they are small. Do you not know that the emanations of the body are worked into the bread, and you eat others' magnetisms in proportion to what you eat? Meat is still worse; for it not only holds the spirit of the animal, but it has much more: it holds the magnetism of the butcher, his boy, and all who have handled it. Now it is in the hands of the cook; and *who* is the cook? a pleasant, good-natured, tidy man or woman? (They say all cooks are cross.) Then, worse yet, you eat these crosses; you digest all these; all goes in and through every nerve of your body. I will now tell you of a colored boy who lived in our family. A gentleman had been magnetizing my husband; and, when he was through, Augustus Cæsar opened the door, and got the broom, and commenced sweeping out something as fast as he could. "What are you doing, Augustus?" — "Sweeping out the Devil," said he: and I laughed, and said, "Sweep away;" he replying, "If dare is nothing took off, dare is nothing to sweep out; but, if something is took off, den it is goed all out, dat is clar." I had felt this a long time, that, when a person is magnetized, the room should be disinfected at once. This ignorant African boy, through his fine intuitions and impressions, cleared out of the room what would have been infectious to a sensitive person, thereby giving us all a les-

son not easily forgotten. Salt and water sprinkled on the floor, black or cayenne pepper, are strong disinfectants; so is winter green (its essence), or burnt myrrh. No room should be used as a sleeping-room that is used to magnetize different patients in. One way to purify a room is for a person of strong will to open the doors and windows, and with a cloth go around as though to chase out flies. The dense magnetisms will soon accumulate in rooms used as sitting-rooms as well as sleeping-rooms. I write this for the benefit of those who are so situated that they must make one or two rooms answer in place of five or six: these will labor under greater disadvantages than those who have houses full of rooms, and full of all that comfort and good taste can suggest. The mediums proper are poor; so were the apostles: so far they are alike. If they live as the disciples did, they will be obedient to the Spirit; and, if they do not stand with the rich and worldly-minded, they have a greater pearl, of inestimable worth to them,—spirit-presence and spirit-manifestations.

To become developed is to know your spirit, to see and feel its wants; and then your spirit becomes a clear mirror, which constantly reflects the thoughts, the intentions, the inclinations, and the well-being, of all those who come to you saying, "Give me of what you have gathered, for I know not how to gather for myself." The receptive and the negative state is not always the same. The negative is generally the sympathetic state; the receptive is the positive or the negative state: either may be so acted upon as to give out what the inductive laws may wish to transmit. We cannot develop perfectly alone: we need fellowship sometimes—not too much or too great a quantity of spirit force or power—to see, say,

or describe what is given us to say, or prove, gathering up the thoughts which have been embedded in the deep caverns of the worldly-minded; or, still more, opening the intellect of the obtuse through all these reflections given through mediums. Out of the ground will spring the wheat, the beans, the corn, the rye, the oats; and yet all are different. So with mediums: out of the same condition in life, the same culture, the same father and mother, will grow different thoughts embedded in the life of each.

How to take all this power which some call magnetism, and make it do for us what we desire? *The good way is to make it prove itself through what it produces.*

I read this sentence, written in golden letters before me, "The thoughts of the heart produce the best emblems to give to the mind of others." You now sit in the door of your room, and look out and see the flowers nod in the breeze; and "through these," he says to himself, "teach a lesson to me, while the books hold only imagery, not as general principles, carve out for thy future." "No," says the true philosopher, "make to-day the actor for yesterday." "Not so," says a third, "let the present be a leaf of and for the future."

The light of the intellect is not so strong as the affections: through that you will create. The best things do not mature as fast as you like. The thoughts of the heart will burst out at the wrong place. Those whom you love will see it in your preference. You show her the love-life is within, and out of that will grow what we have said. I wish we lived nearer each other; that the good old times of quilting, knitting, and apple-drying, would come back to you and me again. This I say as I

hold my cold fingers in the May sun; not cold because it is freezing, but through intense thought, suffering, sympathy — call it whatever you may. The spirit beats too far out for this hungry, thirsty humanity. Readers, let me touch you but for one moment: in spirit, let me sit by your side. Take my hand in yours, — trustingly so; and all that I know I can work out I will give to you. I have come over the same road. Some parts lay by pleasant waters and many cool springs secluded by the foliage from the scorching sun. Then, again, not even a path could be seen; not a soul near who understood me or my soul-wants. Either they gave me until I was weary of the load, or they took all that I had stored for the time of want of the greater soul-needs. And so, by and by, the angel of my own soul came; and since then I have never been alone; nor will you be when you have learned this, — that within your own spirit are many mansions full of life and light, with greater joy than has been or can be told you from others. Within this temple where Christ teaches to-day his many followers, — teaches that out in the future are the same as in the vast present; that the present ever is, and the future is not nor can be; (for is it not the extreme end or beginning of the present?) with Mary and Martha of to-day, — this spirit is sitting down, as well as praying; is ministering to others, as well as being, in turn, ministered unto by others. Draw near each other, my children, and love the truth which is in all of you to-day. The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err in this. You well know what you want to satisfy the external: why is it the spirit goes out into so much darkness? Is not this darkness which cases you in thoughts, — yours and others, undeveloped thoughts; such as envying, malice, desires for fleshly

things, and discontent generally? Enter your neighbor's dwelling, not to disapprove, but to approve. What do you leave there? You leave, in the last case, a blessing; in the first, darkness, which they grope through if they feel any thing. All feel thoughts; but *all do not know how to explain the feeling satisfactorily to themselves*. What is meant by "making the inside of the platter clean"? The thoughts which are the interior of your spirit's dwelling, your house in which you live, do not necessarily become your dwelling; for other things come there besides you. Good thoughts call to you embodied spirits; bad thoughts, darkened ones, the same as themselves. Each thought as well as action becomes a sphere; each intention is a brick or piece of wood (so to illustrate it) on which the actions become real and tangible things. Impulses may be natural to us, or they may be imparted through the brain, the will-power, of another. Behold the man or woman who lives within the *will*-sphere of another: See the bird in a cage, the fly in a box, the bee stuck in a honey-pot: each shows the condition of men in the psychologized status of their being. This is one way to become developed; for, if we are subject to an invisible human power, we are, in time and in turn, transmitted to the higher spirit-power, or influx or influence of the spiritual power.

Behold the infant, nursed, led; so must you be in the first growth of the spirit. All are not born gifted with the power to discern spirits, nor to dream dreams which have a spiritual significance. The most of people's dreams are not as seen in visions, but a simple action of the mind; the same as people who talk much, and say little. So with some visionists and dreamers: they dream and it will not come true; and they see, but it

will not come to them or others as they desire. How shall we tell? This way: by perfecting the gifts of the natural soul-seeing. The natural power of all souls is to read other souls. This is God given. You tell me "You love me; that what I say speaks to your heart." It need not be told to the person of heart, they feel the vibration; yet the human voice is pleasant to listen to: so is the pleasant running water. In all Nature is a spirit: if we could hear it speak to us, who, then, would go astray? We go too far outside our natural wants; we reach up too high, stand too much on tiptoe, or stilts which others have left for us; and we neither get used to the one, or rest in the other position. The most simple living, the most simple and nutritious diet, will feed the blood, and nourish the spirit as well. Then, on the other hand, we need kind, sympathetic, and affectionate friends, not those who come to us full of themselves, but who have a kindred thought for us as well.

The need of guides and teachers is seen every day. We as a nation and people have retrograded from the true spiritual light, life, and presence. The power of the unseen God is seen in the water, the breath of the morning, and the vast prairie and great mountain; but the spirit in theology is incrustated with man's weakness and his will, which amounts to a *sublime tyranny*, and nothing more! Why do we repeat this? it is so well known and felt. Because we feel the iron heel on the heart; the head is bent forward too often, not in assent, but to hide the thoughts that tell through the eye and every lineament of the face. "Worthy, worthy, the Lamb that was slain;" *slain now as then*, unworthy in the field, worthy to the *saint* and *priest* and *king*. When will we reach the mountain, the habitation of the

Most Holy, in thought? When will heart answer to heart? When will we love each other? When will we take the good out of the crude existence of this hot, mad, external worldly life, and sit to the table with the loved, and those who are called *unworthy*? Let fall the veil, O angel of truth! we are not able to pierce the centre-heart, the soul of the great infinite Father; for we are unclean, we defile the thoughts, we trust in false gods, we walk with soiled feet before the Holy of holies. Now we cast our souls in the dust and darkness, and then through groans, sighs, lamentations, complaints to our kind, we fall still lower; and there thou art, great Father of life, in the midst of all our sins, in the centre of all soul-life; and we see thee, not as men see thee, but through the loving attributes of thy most wise presence. Not unto us, but unto thy name, we will give the glory; for are we not clean through the forgiveness of those who have hurt us? *We kiss the hand, we bless the hard word, that has driven us to thee.* Why could we not get to thee without all this sorrow? Coming through the ones given us, it may be that thy hidden wisdom given to us (and this has failed us in our necessities, and in the grieving thy face, presence, love) came to us. It might be that no more than the song of a bird is heard: we hear thee through the sweet notes of praise. It may be a stranger's heart comes out to us in so much gladness, and so full of soul, that we see in this thy love of us; or it may be that the poorer than we come lovingly to us at our door, or pass us on the street, blessing us, for they feel that we, like them, are but sojourners for a season. How we grow out, down, to go up! how we descend to ascend! Hence, often, we are all taken apart, to build up again into a newer and higher form of

spirit-life. Console us by thy presence through the loving tones of those who left us; love us through all those who have thee in them. Take us up to thee, so closely that all the clouds and shackles which hold us chained to the things of earth will drop off, and we shall stand robed in thy garments of grace and adoration. How sad and yet how sweet it is to think of thee in all things! How grateful we ought to be to thee, that, when we wander outside of thy loving fold, the ills, the cares, the sorrows, of life, take us up at thy feet, there to stay till thou seest as we are! Then thy breath fills us, then thy presence lives in us, then we do not see blindly, but see thee as the angels do, — all light in all love, growing in all classes, conditions, ages, and growths of men, always and evermore. Father, teach us to see, and not to murmur; teach us to love and to endure; teach us to accept the work, however hard, little seen by the crowd, and in all patience, humility, gentleness, and long-suffering. May the Christ that is to be on earth dwell in us; and then all will say, "Love one another," for by that all will see eye to eye, and all will be transformed to the higher, better condition of soul, able to talk with the good angels, — spirits who come to men to grow them into the higher life. "How long, O Lord!" and this prayer still ascends to thee. I catch the plaintive sound out of the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands. The hands are outstretched, the teardrops fall, and still man cannot see thee in the many blessings around. And why? It is this: they hurt their *brother, wife, child, mother, father, friend*, not knowing that you come to them through all these. Oh, and oh! still the cry pierces thy innermost soul (for hast thou not a soul, O thou Most High?). Oh, and oh! and still

the sound arises, and death's dark mantle folds around the lovely form, that hard thoughts, cold tones, it may be curses and imprecations, have driven the shaft of death to this loving, sympathetic, gentle soul. Not all dead; for they stand by me as I write, the June sunlight floating through the green tree-tops filled with green foliage. Not all dead: they are here, and they whisper, "Tell them we died the earth's death, through coldness, neglect, and *also* through not being *understood*. How hard to look at the face, listen to the voice, who has told us that we were all to them, and read in the look, cold, hard, sad, revengeful thoughts! What could keep the chill from the spirit? what and who could withdraw the poisoned dart that sunk into my heart?" I see the tears; and then the voice goes on, "I loved, and he lived in the animal: when I awoke to the knowledge of that, how I grieved! how dark, how sad, all became to me! The birds that sang to me I did not hear; for all had to come through all this coldness and wrong. How the dark, cold tones came round me, — now like a dark leaden robe! The glorious love-light of spirit-life is shut out in dwelling on that short earth-life. Man, and, O woman! the finer spirit, the bloom of paradise, the breath of God, see to this; *live true to your natures*, and, O my sisters! do not let the serpent of lust coil itself around your fair frail forms. The angels cannot disintrall you: suffering, sickness, and perhaps death alone, can free the spirit."

*The Necessity of holding Circles.* — One reason why it is necessary to hold circles is this: as the water floats the heavily-laden ship, so does the full magnetism give to all who are sympathetic and impressible the power to

express that which is in their own spirit, or that which is outside of their spirit, in others either in or out of the flesh. Glass will not reflect a perfect image; but the quicksilver on the glass gives out a perfect form and face, or whatever is placed before it. Sensitives must be acted upon by powerful magnetisms, as they feel the minds who are adverse to the light as in the spirit. To form a circle, the number should be large, and there should be from two to ten mediums, who can be controlled as conditions and circumstances will permit, as they give in part a power of spirit to those who would never fully develop if they did not sit in these circles. I gave one entire winter to the trance; and other phases of development grew out of this in the mean time. You must make preparation, set a regular time, and in all cases be passive; taking all things as if you knew to a certainty they were for the best. The old house of Mrs. Taylor, on West 16th Street, New York, was a great maker of mediums. I do think the great faith of both *Mr. and Mrs. Taylor* in the "dear spirits," as they called them, attracted them; and why not? The people who seek, call, company, have a house full; and spirits are the same as persons in the form. How long will it be before all can understand this,—that they are like us?—so like they are human, and come to us through all the human created in them. Who has seen a higher? We see them veiled: the spiritual body is a veil to our earthly eyes. We see the rose; we inhale its sweetness, and it withers: we see the spirits; we feel their presence, and we pass on to their life, their growth, through their loving us, caring for us. "The good Lord!—we love to say these words for his purity of thought, life, and peaceful ways, to us. We love the type, the humanity, the zeal and

care for the sorrows of man, the love of the poor; and our friends in the other existence are to us the exact type of Him the lovely and lowly Nazarene.

We build in the most perfect in art: we build in and through the most perfect men and women. Mary is the soul, the maker, of Jesus: the Christ was the light of the Spirit in him; his life, the sympathetic, the female soul-life. Mary in that age could not do what Jesus her son could; so the most holy spirit came veiled in Jesus, — the soul, the breath, the gentlest of women, the most gracious of women, to the suffering. How beautiful all this life-picture comes to me this lovely Friday in June, sitting under the broad canopy of the sky; the roadside my seat; the birds, the songsters, the chanticleers, my companions in this writing! They crowed for Peter, they crow to-day for you and me, to aid or chide us, whichever we most need to enable us to work out our work; each chipping out little images of wood and stone to live, bear record of us, the soul's growth and attainments in life's light and spirit-presence.

One power within us is to forget self: we grow much faster when all thoughts of self are cast out and off. To give out reliable tests, we must prepare the brain as the photographer prepares his plate for the picture. Things will not come to us if we are not properly conditioned. When my brain gives out the most perfect picture in the shortest time is when I accept the *good in all things, modifying conditions, live in perfect peace with myself, my spirit, and all others, even if they do not requite me good for good.* The mind, the brain, of the seer, of the medium, is the most perfect as a reflective mind and brain. The food should be divested of all oily, greasy properties. Butter, fat of pork, cake and pies made with

them, are most injurious. How can we expect to see with all that in the stomach, which is the second brain in man

An uneducated person who feels things (mediumistic, but may not know it) will say, striking the breast, "I feel it here;" and so he does. All sensitives feel before they see, before the great power, the brain, has woken to its power and duty in the perfecting process of mankind. Now the question arises, "What is best to eat? Fruit, eggs, and all like nutritious food, when properly cooked, while you are passing through all this developing process.

This developing process works through the heart, as well as the head; and remember, my friends, if you are devoid of a heart, do not expect to grow in the spiritual aright: it is as impossible as it is for the tree to grow without root and sap. Feeling is the same to this development as the left hand is to the right. The intellect is the right hand, the worker; the heart is the sympathizer, the God; the feeling, the divine power which shakes all things into atoms, which is built alone out of the solid soil (for it will gather the dust of time as the room will gather dust). And the heart, the sympathizer, is the grower and the duster of the intellectual force-power, which builds stately, colossal pieces of architecture, and moulds fair forms that will neither walk, talk, nor breathe a newer life into the abodes of man. I will stop in this to relate to you an incident which happened about five years ago in New-York city. There was a great mind at the time, who was calling to him other minds, — the most devout, the most highly-gifted, the most pure, sincere to a motive or work. The cry, the desire for the Christ, the light that would set all the earth right, was beating in the hearts of the most of those coming, the same as the prophets and learned Jews looked, and are

looking to-day, for the Messiah. I went, with others, to see this light, to get at the truth that I felt must be in the head and *heart* of man. Weeks had passed; and I had at different times listened to the brilliant wit and diamond thoughts; but as yet I had not touched the soul-current that I felt must be the connecting link of God to man, and man to God.

A warm, close, June morning had come; and, from an impression, I took my hands full of roses which a friend had brought me, and started for the house where this *great brain lived*. I entered the parlor, the roses in my left hand; saw at a glance the attenuated, pale face, the frail form doing battle with the world of sharp thoughts; and I offered him my roses (timidly, I must confess), saying to him, "You will put them in water, I love them so!" — saying this as he motioned to me to place them on the writing-desk before him. He looked up at me, and said, "Will you always be a child? will you never be a woman?" The tears gathered in my eyes, fell drop by drop; and I turned and left him. And I know it was no imagination, but the voice of the little roses, that called to me, "Take me with you too." Now came this from my guardian, my angel, "Child, this is a lesson to you. *Man will never build for his fellows a higher out of the intellect alone.*" Then I felt, that if this brilliant head, this great-thoughted man, was what he claimed to be, he lacked the elements of soul to build what the brain had *conceived*; as *heart did not, in this man, join in with brain*. So ended this lesson, not without building in me this as a principle on which all must grow into the spiritual,—the spirit of man is feeling: the brain of man is the light of man, to direct the spirit; feeling, guiding, opening, and growing this light intellectual; neither

crowding or coercing the other, but both living in the spirit lovingly and harmoniously together.

Developing is like going to school. It has its A, B, C; words of one, two, and three syllables; and then reading, writing, arithmetic; and so on. During the winter of 1862-63, I gave all my time to the development of my latent gifts. The spirits impressed me in this way (and this will serve as a guide to others),— first, that I must be with spiritually-minded and spiritually-gifted people in order to grow my own spirit. I was boarding in a fashionable boarding-house; and they told me I must go out of it. In the month of October, 1862, I commenced attending the circles at old Mr. Taylor's, which were held every Monday evening. Heretofore, the trance had been with me only semi-trance: now, it became a perfect trance, which enabled me to speak, to write, to personate, and to see. There were always various circles of spirits at these circles, as they had been held in this house for a number of years before. I saw that there were spirits that acted upon sight, upon language, and upon other organs, which enabled us to personate. These circles had been held there so long, that it attracted from the lowest to the highest spheres. Do not expect to find spirits whenever you call them: they have their work as well as we. If you expect to grow, you must have your circles, your meetings, your organizations, in which are to be found the spiritually-gifted and seekers, who call to them spirits to instruct them. I will now give you a picture of the day (Monday) of the circle,— how I spent the day. My breakfast was prepared by the lady with whom I staid; she selecting the food by her impressions. During these days (the days of the circle), I required a great deal of rest. I gave no time to thought or reading,

— that was all put aside, as also all thoughts that would disturb or annoy,—living in the present hour, feeling confident, and trusting that *good would be brought to me*. These were invariably days of rest, gradually filling the spirit with the spiritual attracted from men and things. The babe does not rest with more perfect trust than my spirit then rested in the spirit-power around me. I look back to that period of my spirit-unfoldment as the most perfect, the most peaceful, the most faithful to the laws of my own spirit-being, that can be conceived of by man. The spirit was constantly above the petty trials and anxieties met with in every-day life. No envyings, no bitterness of spirit nor manners, however sharp, could ever reach my spirit. There, ensconced in this temple of repose, my soul grew to feel and know that the spiritual is the real *existence*; the spiritual, the most *perfect body*, having power within it to transmit to others, not only its own experiences, but also to impart new life to other spirits, in and out of the body, according to their age, growth, wants, and necessities.

*What I ate.*— For breakfast, I usually found on my table a nice dish of jelly or some preserved fruit, a bit of fresh celery, a fresh egg (fried while I sat at the table), light bread. I ate neither butter nor buckwheat cakes. Another morning there would be honey, a piece of broiled steak (rare), and a delicious cup of black tea. The dinner was always eaten with the family, and, usually, a light meal. A sponge-bath in the morning; a short and pleasant walk after breakfast, either down Broadway, or on Fourteenth Street, to the Conservatory, where I bought a handful of fresh flowers, as the good spirits were as fond of them as I was, and said they would come to me through them, and help weave fine thoughts and beauti-

ful pictures on the brain of the mediums. Usually, the after part of the day (and the morning, if in) was devoted to visitors wishing communications, or to talk of the spiritual world or the growth of their spirit. I could not take money from these people: I did not think it right at this time of my development. As the spirits gave freely to me; so I gave to them. So I feel to-day: I do not like to sell my gifts for gold. How can we pay for the gifts of the spirit? How can we buy them? "Thy money perish with thee," said an apostle to one who offered him money for the power of imparting the Holy Ghost, "because thou hast thought the gift of God may be purchased with money." And the spirit still repeats, "Freely ye have received, freely give." (I do not wish to give out the idea that I think it *wrong* to take money if the mediums are *poor*, if they feel that it is right to do so; if not, wait till they do.) I never sat for persons yet, for pay, but I felt their minds shaping in these words, "I wonder if I'll get the worth of my money." If the spirit rests for one moment in this sphere of avarice, it is unfitted to give manifestations from pure spirits. So with the letters I receive: I read the thoughts imprinted on them, and next I reach the condition of the person addressing me. I pass that off as you would brush from your table the dust gathered on it, thinking 'twould be better were the dust not there. When you go to consult a medium, go in your *best condition*, not only in your best clothes, but in your best frame of mind. Do not burden your mediums with your troubles, your shortcomings, and evil-doings; do not go to the mediums for directions in what you can work out in your own spirit; do not visit a medium, if it be a woman, and get all she has to say about the spirits, and

go out, saying, "I am very much obliged," unless you have compensated her for the good she has done you; do not discourage the spirit of these little ones; for they are God's lights, as well as cups of joy — doors, windows, through which God's mercy is constantly shining, dropping a word of cheer, a diamond thought, helping them to do their work, without which it would be incomplete.

The spirits burdened with the gift of the Lord are constantly pressed down with the weight of minds resting on them. This generally comes from the spirits who wish to communicate; and the best way to ascertain is to ask the questions (mentally) "Who are you? what do you want of me? This enables the spirit to impress it on your brain, to speak to you, or to present itself to you. During these developments, the person cannot labor, more particularly if they are developing the trance or clairvoyant condition. Like the chrysalis, the spirit wants rest in order to unfold itself.

Much more than the ordinary amount of sleep is required. After being entranced for two hours of an evening, I would sleep almost the whole of the following day. Sleep was better than food; and, unless I had it at *that time*, my entire system, and particularly the brain, would feel the want of it during the entire week immediately following.

Some would propose, in this condition, to magnetize me; and my reply was, "You can touch my hands, but *not my head*." I do not recollect ever allowing but one person to put their hand on my head, and then but for a moment, and but once; and my head did not feel right for a week afterward. I do not approve of nor believe in persons being *magnetized into* these sensitive, abnormal, unfolding conditions. I do not believe in an inferior

brain, in a psychological manner, getting control of a superior brain. This is a retrograde instead of an advance movement. The *developer* should be an unselfish, pure-minded, sympathetic soul, having the capacity to grasp the wants and trace the conditions of other souls. When you find such, trust them: these are God's builders; their work is with and on man.

*Physical Manifestations.* — If you love and need them, if your spirit inclines toward them, that is your place to go. If it call you to the other phases, go there until you have satisfied your spirit, even if it is at the loss of external things. The spirit that would gather must give; the spirit that would grow must build; the spirit must weed to grow. There is much in these different manifestations which seems crude, to some, simple and worthless.

*What I have done, and still do.* — If things are given to me which I do not want or do not understand, I put them by for the day of want; and it always comes.

Conditions of mediums, and your own conditions, oft-times give expression to thoughts, personations, or tests which you did not ask for. Nevertheless, it is as good as, if not better than, if you had asked for it. The external-moulded minds look for spiritual things through their law of exactness. The spiritual usually gives the pound for the asking of an ounce, or, otherwise, not even the ounce. This exact life is in opposition to the building of the spirit, although the spirit builds according to laws as fixed as the laws of the external world, though not so well understood by men. The under-woof man does not see, that links man to divinity.

Diseased persons, those suffering with rheumatisms or other chronic complaints, should never be in the circle

with persons developing as mediums, as they attract and absorb that which is necessary to the development of the mediums. Children should never sit in circles, — I mean promiscuous circles. Persons who smoke tobacco, or chew it, or drink intoxicating liquors, are not fit to sit in circles. Let them cleanse themselves, and quit their bad habits, before they enter into the tabernacle of the Lord. Girls just at the age of puberty should not sit in circles with old men, women, nervous or sensual people. The mother, if she is a medium, should not sit for manifestations during pregnancy, as it absorbs from the life-germ, and weakens the spirit of the child. Last year, the spirit sent me to a poor medium in W——, in the seventh month, and obliged to "sit" for the support of herself, husband, and five children. On a warm day in June, I found her in her small, low-ceilinged room, filled with stifling air, with thick winter-clothing on, telling me 'twas all she had to put on, save her best suit. Besides this, she had a swollen knee, which confined her, the most of the time, to her room. Daily, I took her flowers (this was done without any thought of the mother, but only of the child). Now the angel of this infant talked with me, and said, "I wish you to go daily, and help me bear up this load of care that crushes on the mother, and will affect the child in its embryotic state." I did so, sitting with the mother from two to four hours per day. Sunday morning, at St. John's Church, the rector reads, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy *neighbor as thyself*;" and, as he reads, how the necessities of this poor woman press upon me! In vision, I see myself and her. The path is very steep; the spirit-light is so bright around us both, she seems to fall upon me through the brightness; her spirit is sinking

within her; it is the wants of the child. My spirit-cry goes up for help: she is pressing my spirit down; I stand for her through my sympathies for her and the life she is bearing within her. The cry is, "Help us, O God!" and the voice says, "Minister to her external wants." I see myself; and with myself is presented three new spring dresses. One of the three is taken up; and the voice says, "Give her one: 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" The dress was given; and my duty was done. Since then, the mother's spirit has not pressed on mine. I spoke of this to a lady friend; and she replied, "I presume she'll get relief." And so she did, through her daily sittings and honest earnings, *but not through sympathizing friends, when she needed it so much.*

How long man must grow before his soul is a mirror to reflect other souls! How useless to call for blessings, unless we dispense of that which we possess!

Develop thou, O God, my gifts to see the light within me! give me pure thoughts and holy aims. And thou, O God, direct me! Oh, let me see my neighbor's wants, part of the divine commission given from Jesus, the Galilean, to work out *man's redemption.*

Our men should practise more self-denial; our women should be more spiritual-minded, pure, and self-sacrificing. Our men, we will make them fast leaving off their wines, tobacco, and brandies; our women shall lay aside their elaborate toilettes and doll-baby chicanery, which beget falsehoods, falseness, indolence, and misery. Morning and evening, let each look into the mirror of his own heart, and see how the spirit fares; see what it has done for itself, and what it has done for others; see if he has lived so as to call the angels to him, and his spirit to the angels. The heart of man is like a song of praise.

when rightly set, when rightly influenced with natural and proper discipline, which is ever rejoicing. If the new is false, take the old and the true. If you do not prosper, if you do not grow, under this spiritual *régime* as fast, or according to your spiritual wants and desires, return to the old, beaten track, and weave it into your every-day acts as naturally as Jenny turns the spinning-wheel.

You cannot sink so low, but what the spirit grows; you cannot mount so high, but the spirit flies. The spirit of man, in whatever condition he may be in, must right itself in time, either through the power of its own soul, or by attracting other souls to it. Some seem to stand still: the soul is taking root far down and out. The souls of some bloom once a century; if they do not reach that century in this life, that other life will give them that bloom.

My friends, I have written this as the farmer's wife cuts out and prepares the patchwork for her little daughter. The color and design is somewhat quaint as well as new; but when the pieces are stitched together, and the day of quilting is come, and all hearts are bright and glad and merry as the bright autumnal day, which gives rich fruits and crops in abundance, so I hope our spirit's cheer will be, though coming from a distance. And so, adieu!