

PRICE SIXPENCE.

HEAVEN OPENED;

OR,

MESSAGES FOR THE BEREAVED

FROM

Our Little Ones in Glory.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF F. J. T.

LONDON:

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,

15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

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HEAVEN OPENED.

PART FIRST.

MAR 13 46
JAN 23 46
G. Y. 44/60
OF M. B. M. B. R. N.



TWELVE years ago, it was promised to me, by the Father over all, and the Giver of all good gifts (through the mediumship of a dear friend), that I should be one of His mediums for writing. Some years passed by, and in consequence of the overwhelming influence of surrounding circumstances, the promise did not seem to me—faithless as I was—likely to be fulfilled.

The first clearly written message I received, was a fortnight before it was completed. Coming slowly, but in very large, round letters, day after day (for the few minutes that I could snatch from my daily duties), at last was written, "Let not your desire for development lead you to neglect your duties."

In the year 1863, I was prostrated by an illness that remained upon me until a year ago, when, I am thankful to say, by the means of healing mediumship,

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I was once more restored to comparative health. During these years of illness, and consequent exile from my home-circle (it being necessary to live on the south coast of England), this great blessing was granted me. God fulfilled his promise, and sent his ministering spirits, to aid and support me, when I was entirely shut away from all ordinary external help.

Hundreds of pages of deep wisdom and of marvellous beauty were *poured* through my hands, for in no other way can I better express the manner in which all was given to me; and so rapidly was page after page written, that what was given in ten minutes by the spirit writing, would take me an hour or more to copy. These teachings are not for myself alone; and from time to time already much has been given through the pages of *Daybreak*, and other Spiritualist papers—for the help of all who can find help therein.

During the last two years, one of my brothers has been called to part with two dear little ones from his home circle. Parents alone can fully realise the bitterness of this sorrow. In my brother's case, sorrow has been turned to joy, inasmuch as, whilst seeking consolation by prayer, it came in a most unlooked-for manner—that of direct communication from the dear little spirits, so recently taken from them. These parents can now more fully realise that their circle is *not broken*, but that continual, loving communion is still carried on; and we believe we may give comfort to other parents who are suffering from

like sorrow, by publishing the series of messages we have received from our dear little group in the Spirit Land.

The messages which have been given through me are usually characteristic of the spirit who is communicating. If an advanced, or highly intellectual spirit writes, the message given will be philosophical, or metaphysical, according to the subject being written of. And as the following messages are from our little group in their spirit home, to our little ones on earth, the words are simple, and child-like, and entirely suited to the purposes for which they are given.

The first message given is from a young cousin, who passed away eleven years ago, at the age of sixteen; but it is such a beautiful description of the "Children's Sphere," that, although not belonging to our own immediate group, it will form a good introduction to their communications. It was given to me under peculiar circumstances. I was very ill, and not knowing as much of the laws and conditions of mediumship as I have since learned, I had sought for, and received, a message for a friend, by which means I had placed myself *en rapport* with an adverse sphere. The result was painful in the highest degree. I am thankful to say it has been the *only* really disturbing experience during all the years I have had this gift of mediumship. By the urgent advice of my kind medical attendant (who was interested, but not a full believer in Spiritualism), I determined to resist the power. For a whole week I did so, during the day time, by resolutely con-

centrating my mind on other pursuits ; by hiding from my sight all books and papers in the least connected with Spiritualism, or likely to bring it to my mind. But the hours of sleep, not being thus under my own control, were filled with spiritual and soothing visions.

At the end of the week, suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I was strongly impressed that my young cousin was with me. I said, "N——, are you here?" "Yes," was written in large swift writing. "Do you wish to speak?" "Yes." "Will you try to do so this morning (I had usually had the writing in the evening), and very calmly, so that I may not be disturbed by it?" "Yes, yes ; pray." So, as soon as I was likely to remain quiet and alone for a short time, I took the pencil, and, in the usual rapid writing, received the following, dated—

JANUARY 5TH, 1865.

* "My dear cousin F——, I want to write through you to my dear earthly ones, from whom I was taken so early and so suddenly [my cousin was only seriously ill two days]. I have never been able to write to them, as I do not know any one but yourself, to go to them. I hope they will soon be able to enter into Spiritualism ; it would make me rejoice ; and they would not then feel that I am far away. It was not from any particular cause that could have been averted, that I passed on so soon. I mean, it was not, as you

* This was published in the *Spiritual Times* a few years back.

all thought, from taking cold, the day I went on my pony. It was the disease that had gradually gained ground from infancy, that at length touched a vital part, and in an instant I lost all consciousness, so that when I awoke again to spirit life, I hardly knew what had happened: but I was happy. Dear papa need not reproach himself that his lessons to me on religious subjects had not been given more directly. Indirect teachings, the insensible influence of a holy life, the ignoring of wilful evil, the deploring of the presence of sins in our humanity, and the gentle training of a pious beloved mother, did far more for me than any direct lecturing would have done. But my spirit was very young; more so than many who live sixteen years on your earth. Therefore I awoke in the beautiful gardens of the Spirit Land, where all the happy spirits suited to my capabilities were thronging around me. I lay where I was brought by the spirit, on the couch of flowery essence, yielding forth refreshing and supporting perfume, and my ear was aroused to spirit life by thrilling songs of welcome and of love! Oh! I did not wish for earth! I forgot it all for some long time (in your earth measurement). I was revelling in joy! Surrounded by all beauty—all music! Even my favourite animals in life were there, to delight me. The most beautiful horse, with a bright shining star over his eyes, was at my side, and I mounted it to explore the surrounding gardens. I was not absolutely conscious that I had passed the gates of death. I had

not thought of dying! So young, and with so much home happiness, and joy, and love, earth was to me very lovely and attractive, and the influence of my life there is still with me, and I long to communicate to them my happiness. Leave off now."

"Will you come again soon?"

"Yes; if I can."

Later in the day the writing was renewed.

"I told you I was unconscious of earth-life from the instant death struck me, in the early morning of that Saturday, sad to you all, but not to me! Pain deadened consciousness; but I remember, as it were in a dream, a few of the last incidents, especially at the last hour, when Jesus took me in His arms, and then I did not come to spirit-life knowledge until I awoke on my couch in Heaven. I had very much to learn; but from my spirit youth and purity, from the joyous surroundings of my happy earthly home, and the protection by my parents' prayers, I had not to linger in the lower sphere, but came direct. This has been taught me since I came. I progressed rapidly. I found cousin P—— to welcome me, and many whom I had not remembered on earth, but recognised by spirit intuition on meeting them here. Your sister, dear F——, was so like you all that I knew her and spoke to her; and she had by her side my dear aunt, your precious mother, who told me that I could, if God saw fit, open a communication through some

medium of earth. She told me much of the truths of Spiritualism, and all its holy light was opened to me. For what God permits must bring good to those who seek it by the aid of His Holy Spirit."

I asked, "Is it possible for our sister who has been so many years in the spirit home, and must be a high pure spirit (having passed away in infancy), to resemble us on earth?"

"Yes. The resemblance in feature is retained for the purpose of recognition, but the beauty of the heavenly form may still increase and become wondrous to behold. It is so with all good spirits: they are resplendently beautiful in form, in feature, in expression, in gesture, in their every movement and look, and in every turn of their limbs is grace. Leave off—I will try to come again. I am striving to open communication with my mother in dream life."

JANUARY 6TH.

"My spirit-life was at first but the continuation of my earth-life in this respect: all my favourite pursuits of out-door pleasure and animal pets were still about me; and as I had never thought much about the future world, and had never pictured to myself any approach to the reality, I was greatly amazed and thought I was in fairy-land. I was told by your sister, dear F——, who saw my wonder and ignorance of the fact, that I had indeed passed from earth, that the terrible gates of death had been passed through, and that whilst

young, I was transplanted to the gardens of our heavenly Father. She told me it had been God's pleasure and will to spare me a life of pain, and also, by my removal, to awaken in the hearts of my dear sisters the idea of the earthly separation, and the need of preparing to be taken away also. For all you who live on earth are apt to live as though life on earth were every thing, whereas it is but as the very first rudiment of spirit-life, to be brought to perfection here. You can form no adequate conception whatever of the extent of the universe of God's world of spirits. It is beyond human power to conceive. Therefore the gardens of our infancy, to which the word "garden" in your earthly sense, conveys a limited idea, are in reality of immense extent—a high and complete sphere separate from, but on an equal degree with, the third sphere of spirit-life. This is from the purity of the infant mind, consequent upon its short contact with the earth sphere of evil. Remember the fact of the vast number of spirit-babes brought here, and bear in mind the presence of all the pure spirits whose loving office it is to watch and guide our steps, then you may in a measure comprehend that the infant spirit-land is wonderfully extensive, whilst diverse and separate from the higher and more advanced spheres of spirit-life. Thus it is with *all* spheres of every kind and degree. I have learnt much, but very, very little to what still remains to learn. I am still a child in the garden of the Lord of Hosts, but I have been taken to

see the habitations of other advanced spirits. I have been with dear Aunt ——” (Suddenly the writing stopped.)

When the term “fairy-land” had been used in the preceding message, I had a passing thought that it was rather a frivolous word to use in connexion with such a sacred subject. On taking the pencil on the 8th January, that thought was thus answered:—

“Truly, cousin, no human mind can possibly conceive of the beauties of spirit-land. But our childish imagination pictures to itself a bright fairy-land, seldom if ever realised, and certainly all scenery that contains the most grace and beauty will always, by the human mind, be called fairy-land.

“When I first awoke to spirit-life I was not conscious that I had passed away. I found myself surrounded by all delightful things. Lovely forms were around me, lovely harmonious sounds filled my ears, and all things were beautiful. But beautiful as they presented themselves to me on my first awakening, they were not perceived by my eyes (hardly aroused to the fulness of spirit-sight power,) in the very fulness of their beauty. I was not capable of assimilating to my senses the full extent of the grandeur! That comes gradually, and belongs to the training of the spirit. My perceptions were as yet dull; therefore as the idea of fairy-land had always been the *beau-ideal* of all things charming, although I could not put the expression of this *beau-ideal* in language, still I thought

myself to be in fairy-land. Nothing else could I think of. So suddenly removed from earthly belongings, and so entirely without thought of the *reality* of a future state, by which I mean that, whilst thinking of a future state—in the way in which men think of distant places and things, giving no specific form to their thoughts, so had I passed on in life and had not definitely thought of heaven or spirit-land as a *real locality*,—as real, in truth, as any place in your world. Living around you, as the spirit-world does—around you and yet separated from you—not to be reached by any earth-locomotive, but to be attained, in a degree even on earth, by giving up the spirit to spiritual things and seeking after all good, I see that those who thus seek to bring heaven to their hearts may do so in spite of earthly evils, by maintaining a spirit of prayer, and thus building around them a strong shield and defence from the evil pervading influences. + Leave off.”

I asked, “Can you describe to me Jesus as he showed himself first to you? The answer was given that same evening—

“YES. As far as human tongue can tell, I may attempt to tell you my opening into spirit-sight—such I now know it to have been. At the time, overpowered by the body’s illness, I did not think of what it was, because I was incapacitated by the weakness of the frame, dying.

“I was first conscious of an overpoweringly soothing

influence, lulling, soft, and tender. My room became, to my earthly vision, invested in a cloud as of the purest downy appearance, which gradually gave place to ineffable brightness. All things earthly had receded. I found myself alone with one resplendently beautiful figure. It was in human form, and yet it was formed of dazzling whiteness—whiteness and brightness such as can proceed only from Divinity. He was gazing at me; his hair was flowing, showered over with brilliant gems of star-like form and wonderful radiance. This star-like appearance also pervaded the atmosphere of the beautiful form. + A star-like halo was around His head, and His eyes were radiant in lustre and beauty, full, *full* of love and deep compassion. He looked at me, and thereby was my spirit drawn to him: it gave me spirit-birth. I was gathered to His arms and slept in Jesus; for I remember no more until, as I have told you, I awoke where I was laid on my flowery couch. Leave off."

Is this all really true?

"Yes, O yes! Thank God for giving me the power thus to tell you of Jesus, the Well-Beloved, the Altogether Lovely."

(I have been told by my spirit-guides that the *crosses* as given in the messages are a sign of the truth of the message and the holiness of the spirit. An evil-spirit cannot give the sign of the cross).

On the 10TH JANUARY I again received a message

from my cousin, when a passing thought that had occurred to me whilst receiving the beautiful description of Jesus, as to the possibility of so much variety being given in the vision of such whiteness and brightness, was answered :—

“I see, dear F., you are thinking how an altogether white appearance in vision can convey forms without variation. I will try to show you.

“The atmosphere around the pure dazzling whiteness proceeding from the body-form of Jesus, and thus proving his divinity by its intense, glorious whiteness, —the atmosphere never quite lost the cloudy, downy, soft hue, and the gems of star-like form shone out in various degrees of brightness, but with a soft, rosy light, denoting love. This light, as it were, softened the glorious radiance to the spirit-sight, for it was with spirit-sight that I beheld it. It was too radiant to have been received by my weak frame otherwise.

“Dear Aunt is always with me when I come to you, dear F., and she helped me to communicate to you, knowing that the gentle influence that we children can exert, from the gardens of the Lord of Hosts is frequently of a more soothing character, and thereby tends to prevent the clashing of magnetic influence. You were suffering from this source when I first came to you. Dear F., we young spirits bring an influence different from those higher advanced, and sometimes in consequence it is better suited to a weak frame of body. Do not fear the influence of spirit-mediumship,

only prayerfully and cautiously accept what is given; and when the influence is painfully exciting, be sure it is well to lay it aside by prayer, and seek earnestly for calmness."

The next did not come until the 7TH OF APRIL.

"Dear Cousin, I want to tell you much more.- I have lately been learning much of the infinite wonders and glories of this spirit-land, for I am now advancing and exploring to gather knowledge. This is what we all do when we leave the nurseries, the glorious gardens of the Lord of Hosts, for His little flock. It is the most beautiful scenery,—all so intensely spiritual, so ethereally lovely, so responsive with thrills of harmony! It is this—*it is this* that delights me so much, and gives me spirit-growth. I am happier here than I could have been in the weak earth-body; but my dear Aunt tells me that it is good and kind of our Father, God, to give a long earth-life, that the spirit in man may develop and reap the fullest benefit from all the discipline and trials of earth. This, I am told, brings more quickly to maturity the God-spirit in man, purifying even as gold is seven times purified! But that to me is wonderfully difficult to believe, as I so much rejoice in my early spirit-life, my birth into the glorious home of joy. All that dear aunt and uncle, *your mother* and *our* uncle have taught you is, I know, true. I have seen the City of Zion, and many of the other cities. But, as yet, I love to roam in the beautiful

scenery, to walk by the rippling, singing streams which flow around, taking their rise from *the* River of God, the River of the Waters of Life. Your thoughts can never picture the one-hundredth part of the beauties here. Nor yet can your earth-body fully conceive how truly *real*, how *spiritually material* all things are, and yet so entirely free from earthly coarseness, hardness, and materiality. I have so many loved ones with me who teach me and lead me on. The Holy, Lovely Jesus, the Divine Man, the embodiment of the Father, and the Spirit leads me, and tells me of high and holy things.”
(Signed) “N.—N.”

8TH.

“Cousins J——, M., and little A—— all live with Aunt N——, who has several homes. The one she most rejoices in is in the City of Zion, with her long loved and much mourned T——. But there is a lovely home in the country, apart from any of the societies and cities, surrounded by the most charming garden, such as she delights in ; and this home is the residence of her darling children, who had prepared it for her to suit all her earthly tastes, in so far as those earthly tastes were the germs of the spirit-love of the beautiful. Dear F—— and her little babe were here to welcome aunt when she was called so suddenly to spirit-life. Uncle T—— accompanied her from her earthly home, whither he had gone to fetch her waiting spirit. Joyously did he bring her to her home of rest, of joy, of re-union with her loved lost ones. Oh

dear F——, we are not lost ! That word should not be used to imply the departure of one of our happy spirits from its earth-body. Rather should *rejoicings* follow the unshackled spirit. Could you but have one glimpse of the blest abode of the loved one, your sorrow would turn to *rejoicings*. Leave off now."

9TH.

"Much have we young spirits to be taught. We have regular classes for instruction in all branches of knowledge and science, which is from us given to your earth philosophers. It is all originated here. All the human discoveries and signs of progress are taught or inspired into your earth-minds from those of us here who are deputed, to transmit that especial knowledge. It depends upon the sphere or society of spirits, capable of opening inner communication with the especial man, or medium, what kind of knowledge is taught by that man. He originates nothing himself. He may, by his own innate spirit-power, expand the germ of knowledge implanted by us from God, but nothing more. As we spirits here are taught, so do we in turn impart our teachings to the imprisoned spirit in the earth-body; and thus does God in his goodness cause man to alleviate his own condition, and to throw aside the uncivilisation wrought by evil.

There are vast assemblies of us. We have large pavilion houses dedicated to knowledge. But when we are taught of botany, and of all the wonders of

nature in which we live, we go in large companies, on many long journeys of exploration. This is truly delightful. The advanced spirits, those who are suited for such, and who desire it, visit all the varied planets of the whole universe. And it is *only* in your earth that such spirit visitations are not accepted as a most natural thing. No thought of *terror* is entertained, but rather of delight. This *terror* at the supernatural about you is the work of evil, being especially Satan's device to shut one means of opposition to himself. All the present materiality of your earth testifies to the *evil* wrought by the opposition to the communications, brought about by this very terror. This is passing away, happily for the spirit of man, and the door of communications by spirit-mediumship widens daily. We, children spirits, are taught of all these planets, by spirit-teachers from such planets—I mean, spirits who lived originally in the planet of which they teach. Their natures, habits, manners, and appearance vary very much. I will try to tell you, dear F. One teacher from one of these planets was most beautifully *small*, like a very small child of your earth, but with none of its materiality. Its form was the same, but the eyes far more lustrous, beaming forth such purity, for it knew not of sins, as an actual thing. The very knowledge of good and evil has given to spirits of earth a different appearance. They are far longer before they are so spiritual in all ways, but they are far wiser. Their intelligence, so to speak,

is of a higher order, and capable of far higher enjoyment and fuller appreciation of all the wondrous glories prepared for them *through Christ*. Their love to God is of a far more *intense* kind, always feeling, as they do, how great has been His love for them. No, I cannot tell you properly of these different natures, and yet how we all blend together in perfect, loving harmony. All unite in the great love to God, and his Son and Spirit. Leave off now."

"Is this message entirely from N. N——?" I asked (thinking it indicated the teaching of a more advanced spirit in many of the expressions).

"Yes, but assisted by Uncle T——. I cannot yet communicate without the assistance of a more advanced spirit—one of my guardian spirits."

"Can you explain to me the manner in which this assistance is given?"

"By a spirit *inter-communion* corresponding to your mesmeric influence. Mesmeric influence is *spirit-influence*, emanating through the physical body. But we, having *spiritual* bodies, have a far more refined, and a far subtler mesmeric spirit-influence. A single glance or a touch will communicate volumes of wisdom and thought. We can, several together, thus, in perfect harmony, hold one communion with a spirit medium on earth. It is the way in which whole societies commune through one representative. It is the element or law of spirit-communion, from the highest to the lowest sphere; the influence drawing upward and onward."



PART SECOND.

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THE first message received from our group was given on September 3rd, 1867. My brother, with his wife and family were staying for some weeks, for the benefit of the sea-air, at the place where I was living. By this means the necessary *rapport* was established between the mediumship given to me, and their little circle in the spirit-home.

It came unsought, and taught us what we had not thought of, or at least what had never assumed a tangible form in our minds, that is, that *no germ of spirit-life is lost*.

"Louisa" was the name given by the one writing. I did not recall that name as having belonged to any niece of mine, but that was explained when my sister, E. T., said that had their first-born lived long enough to be named, that was the name they intended to give. She would have been about ten years of age then. She wrote—

“We form a group around our mother—a group of youthful spirits, for we grow more rapidly here than on earth, not being embodied. We still belong to your family group, although on earth we never joined it, but were called from our birth on earth, a birth of which we knew not, but have been told. We came to be nourished and fostered in our Father’s garden, and our Happy Home. No germ of life is ever lost, but if it dies on earth is transplanted, germ-like, or in its spirit larger growth, to our home. We are taught to watch over our little brothers and sister of earth, and are brought to see you.”

My brother and family left me, and we did not again meet until the following year, when I went to pay them a visit, and was there when dear little Horace was taken from them to join our little ones in the spirit-land. He was born, June 15th, 1868, and died on 15th of August, just two months after; having lingered his short earth-life in a continual state of suffering, from water on the brain. The day after he was taken the following was written—

AUGUST 16TH, 1868.

“We are near. We have your little Horace, so different, now that he is freed from his suffering little body; you would none of you recognise him. He is a germ-spirit, not having at all developed whilst on the earth, through the disease which warped his spirit

power of expansion. I will tell you how he grows; as yet he is sleeping. Leave off."

AND AGAIN ON THE 17TH.

"We are all connected together by a bright cord of light, and we are told it is *God's love*. We saw the dear little germ-spirit come to us on the cord of light. God has given him to us, your little children in the spirit-home. Rejoice evermore."

This was all that was given to us at that time, for with these exceptions, I had not had any spirit-writing for three months, having, by the desire of the spirits, abstained from it.

In September we were again separated, and although I was continually receiving messages from many loved ones in the spirit-home, none came from our little group until the evening of October 18th, 1869, when, on my return from my successful visit to the healing mediums, to whom I have referred before, I was able to visit my brother and family frequently; and during these visits the remaining messages have been given. Little Percival, referred to in the following message, was born, July 18th, 1869. Only my brother, M. T., his wife, E. T., and myself were present. I had been up stairs for something, and on entering the bed-room where dear little Horace used to lie at night, had been greeted by a *shower of small rays*, which attracted my notice much, as I am not a medium for that kind of manifestation. On rejoining my brother and sister I

named it to them, and E. T. said, "Take the pencil, perhaps Horace can give you a message." As soon as I did so, came, rapidly written,—

"Let not your heart be troubled, for all will be made very clear for you. Little Horace is here. He is growing rapidly, as are all M—— and E——'s dear little circle. I, your beloved and ever-loving mother, my dear M., am with them, and help to train their little gentle spirits. Your household is large, both here and in your earthly home, and it is my joy, my dear boy, to see that you seek to train them in the pure religion of Christ, the religion of *true love*. Let that be your great object always, for then the good seed will be in good ground, and grow. Dear R——, my beloved husband in true spirit-love, is with me, and together, we are around you all—*all*, W—— and his little one, and R—— with his household and many cares. Ah! my dear ones, do seek to cast your cares, however trivial, as well as heavy, on One who careth for you. The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Be very sure that if you seek guidance, you will be led aright. You would like to know of your little ones. Sweet little Horace is our pet, the last one from our earthly flock. He is sweet, gentle, angelic, lovely in form and in spirit. Would you could see him! He is by you now, looking over his little earthly brother, whom you have named Percival. The infant spirit, whilst quite infantile, has more powers of understanding than your earthly little ones of the same age, or

dear little Horace could not, as he does, watch over you all, and speak to me of you. You need not think of your lives as separated, because he had so short a stay on earth. This is not God's will; for the family magnetic circle is complete, and ever united, even whilst some are on earth and some are here; and your prayers help them as they help you. Prayer is helpful to spirit-life everywhere, not only on your earth, but here. My dear M——, we would write through you, if you had but time to give us, but to seek the writing in power, you must be calm and passive."

Two months passed after the above was given, before I was again with them, and then our little ones were home for their Christmas holidays. As soon as I entered the house, they came running to me to know if little Horace had sent any more messages, and I promised that if they would sit quietly for a short time, we would have a little séance. As soon as tea was over, they hastened to put away all their little games, and play-things, and sat round the table whilst the following came, in reply to their questions.

JANUARY 3RD, 1870.

(Present—F. J. T., E. T., and the four children—Teddy, Ernest, Franky, and Nellie, ages varying from eleven to six years.)

We asked, "Is Horace here?"

"Yes."

Teddy—"What is it like up there?"

"Little Horace's love to his dear little brothers and sister, and he says, tell them it's so pretty here. It is prettier than with them. And we have such pretty flowers, and I sit in the flowers, like a chair that rocks ; it is such nice fun !"

Ernest—"Did you suffer much when you were here?"

"I don't know about earth, because our good God does not let me suffer. He kept me free from pain. It was a dream of sadness ; for it was sad, what little I did think, because of my bad head. It's well now, and none of the little children are ill here ! I'm so happy. I want you all to be very good boys and girl, and then I can often come and see you. But when you are naughty, then you have very bad spirits near you. Don't do so, for it's bad for me, and you love little Horace. My name now is Buttercup. Is not that very funny ? It's because I like to sit in the buttercups best of all ; they dance about, and look so lovely. I wish you were all here, but be good where you are, and then you will come ; only not yet. I love you all very, very much. We all love each other here, never feel angry or naughty, because God keeps the naughty spirits away from us. I must go now. When you are going to be naughty, you must say, "Please, God the Father, take care of me, and take the naughtiness away," and then he will, and I can see you then. Dear little Horace told your loving mother what to say."

Teddy—"Have you seen Jesus?"

"Yes, dearest Teddy; I will tell you of him another time."

E. T.—"Have you seen your little cousins who died in America?"

"Yes. We are together, because you are all bound together by a bright string of flowers. It reaches all over the world, where all you love are together."

Ernest—"I wonder whose name is Daisy?"

"Louisa, my sister and yours, is Daisy."

4TH.

(Present, the same as before, and also M. T.)

"Are you here to-night?" we asked.

"Yes."

Ernest—"Ask Horace if he has wings."

"Louisa is here, with all your little spirits, such a pretty group. We are standing around you, over your heads, because then we breathe down upon you all, and love you much. We have no wings, such as you think we have; but we can use our limbs much better than you can; and when we wish to rise up, we can do so, but we don't want to fly, as you think we do. You like to think of flying high; but we have such beautiful grass to roll on, and such lovely flowers to sit in, we don't want wings, and have not got them."

M. T.—"How can you sit in the flowers?"

"Our flowers are so large, many of them; we sit in, because we are little spirits; and then the big, clever

spirits can form all sorts of couches and carriages of the flowers, in which we are carried about. You would be so very happy here, as we are. I, Louisa, am writing, and dear little Horace is holding my hands, and he says, "Let me love them all, because I was with them a little before I came here." He is not very wise yet, but we are teaching him, and we all live together. And Uncle E——'s little ones are here with us, and we go to see them often."

Ernest—"Have you any dahlias?"

"No ; but lots of roses, and flowers, more lovely in form and scent than you can think of ; and they *sing* ! When the air moves *they sing*."

M. T.—"Can you tell us under what conditions, if any, we might be able to see you?"

"I don't know what you can do, as it looks to me as if you did see us all. It's only the strange hard body you are in you can't see through. We don't see your bodies much, only your spirits. Some people look at us, and when we speak, they don't answer. I don't know why ; but I see that Aunt F—— says it's because they have not their spirit eyes open. You must ask clever spirits that. Ask dear grandmamma, whom we love. She knows so much, and is so good."

E. T.—"Can't you tell us more?"

(Written very joyfully and largely)—"No ; good-night. Not any more now. We all kiss you. Don't you feel it? WE GO."

M. T.—"Will mamma answer my question?"

"Dearest M——, I am hoping as the time goes on, and the blessed truth of Spiritualism extends, that the materiality that divides us from your sight will be removed. I can't tell whether you might have the power of seeing, but I am sure you might have the writing very soon, if you would but trustfully let us guide you, not thinking it is your own writing. This is often a hindrance to beginners. My precious boys, we are as near as we can be, for we live in one complete magnetic circle. Leave off."

JANUARY 7TH.

(Present, the same as before.)

Franky—"What is God's throne like?"

"You want to know of God's throne. I don't know quite what you mean by this, my dearest Franky. God is everywhere. We know Christ, but not God."

E. T.—"Is Christ God?"

"Yes."

E. T.—"Is there any difference?"

"No difference. Christ is our God, our Brother, our Teacher. God is in the higher and wiser heavens. We little spirits go to Christ, and He nurses us, and loves us very much; and so He does you. He is very sad if He thinks you are naughty, because He told me so."

E. T.—"Who writes?"

"Little Horace partly, but not alone, he is so very young."

Ernest—"Do you have any lessons?"

"Yes. We all do; but little Horace only plays yet. But in play we learn. God is our Good Father, and He sends Christ to come to us. We have lots of music, and sing always, and all we love come to see us. Dearest Ernest, you do try to be a good boy, and I do want you all to be very loving to each other, for you should remember what Christ said, 'Do to others, as you would be done by.' This is what He teaches us all, and we always love each other. Do so too, and then you will be happier."

Franky—"Do you learn Latin?"

"We may come and help you to learn your lessons; but we don't learn any languages here, as you do. We learn to talk by looking at each other; and our talk is not like your talk on earth. Little Horace has to be taught to speak through Aunt F——."

Ernest—"Can you help us at school?"

"Yes; if you are good; and do all of you pray God's prayer He sent you, by me. You must be kind to all. Not tease, because then God keeps me from you."

F. J. T.—"Won't you give Franky a message: he is so wanting one?"

"Yes, we love little Franky, and tell him we all want to help him. Sometimes he won't let us! But we all try, and he'll soon be a good boy. Leave off now."

JANUARY 8TH.

Ernest—"Who is called Primrose?"

"None of us."

Teddy—"What do you see there?"

"Very lovely trees, and fields, birds, and flowers, and pretty horses and dogs, and all that is very pretty."

Ernest—"Who is writing now?"

"Little Horace. We should like to see you all here very much, but you must be all very good children, and then you can do good on earth, and prepare to come and live with us all. We are so happy, and live in such a pretty house, in a very lovely garden. We all play and sing music. Pretty songs about God's great love to us little ones, and His goodness to all the whole lot of worlds He has made."

Teddy—"How does Jesus look?"

"Teddy asks me to tell him how Jesus looks. I can't at all find any way of telling you how very pretty His sweet loving face is to us all. We do love Him very much; and by Him we grow good and wise. He is our God. He comes to teach us all we want to learn, and then we may teach you by talking into your little hearts. When you are going to be naughty, please, dear brothers and little Nellie, remember that that will keep our voice from being heard. We want to whisper in your ears, and tell you all beautiful thoughts that we see here. For we *see* things here that you can only think; but we may

tell you the thoughts that come, and that teaches you, and if you are good, you will go on so happily, and so shall we."

Teddy—"What sort of place is the moon?"

"We little spirits don't know."

Teddy—"Ask grandpapa if he will come and tell us something."

(*The influence changed*)—"Yes, my dear little creatures, I am so glad you like to hear of our home. What do you want grandpapa to tell you?"

Ernest—"Did you suffer very much when you were ill?"*

"Ah! yes, my dear boy. My life was so sad, so very hard to bear: but I used to tell you that it was God who helped me to bear all so patiently, and so He will you all. You will often feel sad if you live as long as I did, but you must always pray to the Good God to help you, and he is always ready to do so. And then, if you pray for Him to keep you from bad, wicked spirits, and try to be good, this will always make you happy. I was very glad to get out of my poor suffering body, and now I can see you all, and your little cousins at B——, and dear Uncle W——'s little one. We love you all so very fondly, and should like to draw you all up, up to see us, and live with us. I can't explain to your little minds, but if you are good, you can, even while you are living on earth,

* He had been very ill and a great sufferer for many years before he died.

be always with good spirits, and we, your loving grandpapa and grandmamma, and all your little brothers and sisters, love you all so much. Do be good, and pray every day, and very often, and don't tease each other."

Ernest—"Could you tell us all the names in heaven?"

"No, my dear child, that would not be possible."

Teddy—"What are your crowns made of?"

"Very precious and beautiful stones, or what is like them. But the dear little children in God's Garden, are crowned and dressed in flowers all over! They are God's flowers, little blossoms from earth."

Ernest—"Are we likely to be mediums?"

"Yes, very likely; but not till you have learned your school lessons. You may listen to our voice when we speak into your hearts, as dear little Horace has told you. Leave off. Good night."

12TH.

(This evening four little cousins joined our séance; their ages corresponded to our little one's ages, and we will call them by the initials, A., B., C., and D.)

We asked,—“What spirits are present?”

“Six of us— all your little brothers and sisters.”

Cousin A.—“Have you any birds in Heaven?”

“Yes, very lovely birds. When we pray to the Good God, the Father, the little birds take our prayers on their wings. As I told you, all our

thoughts here, are real things, and so our prayers are real things, and taken to God's throne, of which I cannot tell Teddy, because I don't know much. There is so very much for us all to learn. And when you say your prayers to God, if you *mean* what you say, then God's bird takes it up to Him; and if you are thoughtless, and only say words, and have no thoughts, then it is not prayer at all, and does not go."

Cousin B.—"Has my pet canary that died, gone to Heaven?"

"My darling little Cousin B., I do love you very much. I love you for loving your pretty bird. You would find it here if you came, because its little life is always near you—because, by your love, you made it a little part of your own life; and when you come to us, all these little loves, that are part of your atmosphere, will become embodied as a bird. This is how it is, birds and pet animals can come; they come in your lives, and are embodied."

Cousin C.—"Will mamma be a medium?"

"Don't know."

Teddy—"What lights have you there? Any candles?"

"No night is here. No gloom. No shade. That is all belonging only to your earth. We have always the Light of the Dearly Beloved of the Father. God's Life is our Light, as it is the Life of Heaven, and of your world. We have always brightness in our

heavens—but such lovely trees and flowers, in which we sit in the shade, when we wish to do so. And we have lovely and sparkling rivers, and springing fountains of the waters of life. You on earth can never know how very beautiful it is here. Although your earth is very lovely too, and will be more so when the naughtiness is out of it. And for this purpose, each of you little ones must be good, and not tease each other, or say things that are not true, because if you do, the bad spirits are around you, so that we are separated from you.”

Ernest asked mentally—“Who writes?”

“Louisa writes. Good-night, my little cousins all, and all my brothers and Nellie, and papa, and mamma, and also dear Aunt F——, who lets us hold her hand to write. If you could see us, we are all kissing you. Good-night.”

The following morning I received a message for a dear friend, and will here insert a short extract from it, thinking it will be of interest, taken in connection with the teachings given to little Cousin B., respecting bird and animal life in the Spirit Land.

“I saw the message given to Miss T—— last evening by her sweet little niece, about the pet canary. I know this will be pleasant to know, upon the subject of the mystery of spirit-life in the animals of earth. The dear little spirit knew very well, and expressed it very well.

“The loves of pet animals or things become incorporated with the life of the atmosphere surrounding each individual. This would be visible to any eyes sufficiently spiritual to be able to embody these spiritualities that are floating, so to speak, in the atmosphere. But when this individual goes to the Spirit Land, the deeper the love, the purer, more complete, more actual becomes the embodiment.”





PART THIRD.

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T was whilst I was visiting with some friends in Norfolk, that I received the intelligence of the removal of our dear little Percival.

He was born on 28th July, 1869, and was taken to join our spirit group on the 8th of February, 1870, aged seven months. Tubercles of the brain, and at the last, continual convulsions, was the cause of the dis severance of his dear little spirit from his earth body.

During the few days that he was lying hopelessly ill, although I was not at all aware of it (as his illness was developed, at last, very rapidly), I was thinking much of him, feeling a strong impression that he was ill, or likely to be so. On the day he died, my spirit guides told me, impressionally, that he was with them; but I had no opportunity of receiving any communication by the writing.

On the 9th of February, I received the letter containing the account of his removal. Feeling much in sympathy with dear M. and E., I feared quite, that the necessary condition for receiving the influence would be disturbed, and that I could not be sufficiently calm or passive. It was therefore with unexpected pleasure that, on taking the pencil that same morning, I received the following sweet words of comfort for them.

9TH FEBRUARY, 1870.

“My very dear children, we were, for your sakes, very much grieved to take your precious darling from you. But, be very sure, this blow is dealt with true love. Love for you all on earth, and love to the dear little one, whom we rejoice, with joy unspeakable, to welcome to our home of love, joy, and infinite beauty. Fix your hearts on your treasures *here*, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt; but, where free from the enshacklements of the weak brain and earth body, the spirit will grow in beauty. *Not separated!* No! but within your circle still.

“The sweet one is still asleep, resting so peacefully in dear little Louisa’s arms, for she would take it herself, and dear little Horace rejoices that he is here to play with him. But as yet he is unconscious, in the first sleep of the spirit, ere arousing to the consciousness of its early spirit-birth. My dearest M. and E., cease to grieve as far as is possible. I do not say

don't weep, for Jesus wept over the grave of Lazarus, whilst conscious that by His word He could yet restore him. It is nature's *sorrow* to part. It is nature's *trial* to be borne *submissively*. This we will, by God's power, aid you to do. Leave off now. Your ever tenderly loving parents write."

On the 13th of February I asked,—“Can I have a message for M. and E.?”

“Yes. We are here, and Louisa is now with dear little Percival, by the side of their dearly loved circle at ——. His (Percival's) presence is needed for them spiritually, and she is trying to write through her papa and mamma. Let them yield passively but *entirely*, and the power and great inestimable comfort will then be theirs. A visible sign shall be established between their circle on earth and that in the spirit-land. Let them not reproach themselves for neglecting any means for dear little Percival. They did all that could have been done, but it was not for him to live, for he was, even as was dear Horace, born with the disease of brain that would have prevented the development in the earth-life. So is their present sorrow indeed dealt in mercy, and to save them future grief. For now the little one is in joy, and growing in God's home for his little ones, free from the pain of life, and weakness of body. Leave off now.”

“Are you going to ——?”

“Yes, I go to join them. Leave off.”

About this time the promise that the writing

mediumship should be given to M. and E. began slowly to be fulfilled. Dear little Percival's presence seemed to be the last link required in the chain to establish the communication between the parents and their little spirit-group. I will here give a few of their first messages, as they are all connected with those that have been and will yet be given.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

(Present only M. and E. T.)

"You will write."

E. T.—"Who helps us?"

"Louisa, Percy, and Horace."

E. T.—"Who is easiest to influence—papa or mamma?"

"Mamma, because she is weakest and more believing in our power of mesmerism."

20TH.

"Is any one present?"

"Yes, Louisa and Percy. Our lovely Buttercup is behind you, looking at dear papa asleep. We all live nigh you."

21ST.

"Is any one here?"

"Yes, Louisa."

"Is Percy with you?"

"Yes, Percy and Horace are always with me."

"Is Percy awake yet?"

"No, he is still asleep in my arms."

"Do you never get tired?"

"No, we never do get tired in this world, because Jesus is our strength."

"Can you tell me when Percy will awake?"

"Yes, to-morrow he will know us and will —— "

Suddenly the writing stopped.

22ND.

"Dear little Percy is awake now, and knows us. He was waking last night, when you wanted us to write the end of the sentence. He is playing with Horace on the grass. He can walk now. Jesus teaches him and gives him strength. Dear little Horace is so very glad to have him to play with, in the beautiful gardens of the Lord."

EVENING.

"Yes, we are all here, a group of seven. We like to come and help you to write."

E. T.—"Does Percy know or remember any thing?"

"Percy does know you, but does not remember any thing about his sufferings while on earth."

E. T.—"Did he suffer much?" (having had convulsions five days).

"No, he was unconscious."

E. T.—"Does it not draw you away from heaven and its happiness when you come to us?"

"No, we are your guardian angels, and Jesus tells us when to come to you."

E. T.—"Does it ever trouble you to come?"

"No, we like to come. We like to comfort our dear ones in time of trouble."

"Who will help M. to write?"

"Louisa and Percy."

M. T.—"How can Percy influence?"

"His mesmeric power is stronger than ours, because he lived last with you, and was longer with you."

E. T.—"Do the other four little ones influence us?" (These four had never breathed in the earthly life.)

"No, they do not know any thing about earth-life."

E. T.—"Do they know us as their parents?"

"No, they come with us because they like to be with us. They are all brothers and sisters, and live with us in the gardens of the Lord. Good-night, dear papa and mamma; we kiss you."

E. T.—"Who writes?"

"Louisa, Percy, and dear little Horace. Leave off." (Here the influence changed.)

E. asked,—"Is it Louisa now?"

"No, your loving mother. Louisa is gone away with all her little brothers and sisters to their pretty home in the gardens of the Lord."

M. T.—"Is it my mother? If so, you are not with F—— as usual."

"Yes, dear M——, your own mother. We are

with you all, but you want our help most just now, as you are trying to write. Louisa is gaining power over you rapidly, and will more and more."

At about the same time this was given to M. and E. I was much wishing to receive a message for them, (I was still far away in the country,) but felt impressed that my spirit-guides could not give me one. I took the pencil and asked—"Can you give me a message?"

"No, not now, we are going to M. and E., they want us to help them write."

By the end of March I was again with them, and on the evening of April 1st we had a short séance. Only M. and E. T., a cousin K., and myself were present. First was written,—“My very dearly loved ones, we, as a group, are always near. We are all joined in one magnetic circle, which little Horace saw as a chain of flowers. By this chain we can communicate at any time when the conditions are favourable.”

M.—“Can you not make me see you?”

“We have very little power beyond using what power we find in any of you. All of you are more or less mediums, because you are all in such strong sympathy with the unseen and the spiritual. We all mesmerise you to draw you to us.”

After trying to get some table-moving and tilting, for the sake of our cousin, who had seen nothing of the kind before, M—— took a pencil and asked, “Who helped us to move the table?”

“Many are here, not your usual group.”

I then took the pencil and received at once—

“We, your group, have been looking, but were not allowed to join, as it is quite a different class of spirit-power that is given to move material objects.”

E. remarked,—“I would much rather have the writing.”

“Yes, but some need to see the power over the heavy articles first, then they can go on to believe more firmly in the fact of the presence of unseen agents.”

Cousin K.—“Shall I try to write?”

“Not yet. *Pray*, as I told you last evening. Give your mind and soul to all good, and then will the good spirits flock to your aid. This is God’s aid. This is God’s agency, for I would that you all would let me come and talk with you all. I have seen you all. I was with my dear J—— when he was forced to part with his beloved S——. She is always by his side, and near her dear little ones.”

M—— now took the pencil and received—

“Christ rules the spirit-land. Prayers of faith keep the influence pure. Good-night, dear papa, mamma, and all.”

APRIL 3RD.

(Present M. E., Cousin K., the four children, and myself.)

After a helpful message to Cousin K., our little ones asked,—“Who is present of our group?”

“Horace, Percy, Louisa, and Mamma, the other little ones are near, but not in this very spot.”

M.—“Are there any other spirits?”

“Yes, many; for we have many who love to come.”

Ernest.—“Please give me a message for myself?”

“We would have you, dear little brothers and Nelly, to live always in love, never quarrelling or feeling unkindly. Please to remember that text, ‘Do to others as you would be done by.’”

On the evening of the sixth of April, M. and E. T. and I were together. I received—

“My child, we all rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Ah! my dearest F., we are behind the veil that conceals us from you, but we can see you far more thoroughly than you can see us. *We can see that the dark cloud that is heavy over you all is but a passing one, and is fraught with spiritual blessings.* Just seek to be more implicitly trusting. Live on in faith and prayer.”

We noticed the reference to the “dark cloud,” and observed to each other that it could hardly refer to any circumstance of which we knew. Like most of the spirit-messages, the explanation came a few days afterwards. The three boys returned from school (where they are weekly boarders,) on Saturday, the 9th of April, two of them evidently not very well. In the evening, as usual, they were most anxious for a spirit-message, but only a few words came, as follows, for little Franky:—

“Let my dear little brother Franky be very good and kind as he is wishing to be, and we can be with him. Never tease your little school-fellows, then they will all love you.” Then a little medical instruction was given.

On the next day the “dark cloud,” foretold by our spirit-guides, appeared. Ernest was very ill, and on calling in the medical attendant to see him, he pronounced him to be in a very critical state, suffering from suppressed scarlet fever. Dropsy had set in, and decided symptoms of serious organic disease had developed. In the evening all our little ones were present, except Ernest, who was in bed. Our little spirit-group wrote—

“We like you to sit round in love and harmony, then we help you all. Now; at this moment, Percy and Louisa are with dear Ernest, because he can’t sit here with you, but our circle is not broken, as we have the chain of flowers between us, and this also comes from our lovely spirit-home, from whence we come to see you all—you, little Nellie, and Franky, and Teddy, and Ernest, and mamma, and papa. Christ loves us all so much, and He loves you all just as much. He loves you more and more, the more you try to be good. My dear little brothers and Nellie, do love one another, and never be unkind, because that is not good for you nor for us. It shakes the chain of flowers that joins us, and we like it to be still, then we can communicate better. No jars, no clashings, as dear grandmamma

calls them. We call her grandmamma because you do, but she is a very young and beautiful spirit, and has now gone to a still whiter and brighter home than ever, and dear grandpapa looks so happy. You must not be sad, dear Aunt F——, because you are in the shade all of you. Little Horace writes through grandmamma.”

Little Nellie wanted to know if there were any dolls in the spirit-home?

“Little Nellie would like our little fairies, they are our dolls, and they can talk and walk !”

One evening, Ernest saw bright lights dancing about his bed-room, like stars, and flames of light. He watched them with great pleasure, as he said he knew they were some of our little spirits trying to show themselves to him. When amusing himself by writing on the slate, he wrote, “I like the dear little spirits to come to me.”

On the evening of the 13th, we all sat round the table to receive a message. Ernest was still very ill, in bed, but sent word down to us to ask the spirits whether he really had seen them? The pencil moved rapidly, giving the following in reply:—

“Little spirits are drawn to all the little spirits in the body, and as dear little Ernest lies so patiently in bed, tell him we all are so near. We saw him write of us, and he did see us, for we tried to show ourselves, but we can’t often, and never shall, if you don’t want us. We like best to speak by Aunt F—— and dear mamma,

when they write. Dear Ernest is much loved here, not only by us, but by lots of our dear little play-fellows, and they love you all, if you try to be good, and kind, and loving. Never, never speak an unkind word to each other. The flowers of the chain fade then, and we lose sight of you ; but when you are good, and loving, and pray to our dear Jesus, then it's so bright, and we seem quite near to you. Dearly loved Ernest, pray to-day, 'Let me get well soon, dear Lord Jesus, and then make me very good and loving,' then you will feel so much better in the morning, and the medicine is the means of doing you good. Uncle R—— is thinking of you in true love. We all send love. We all kiss you. Good-night."

The following day, another doctor came to see Ernest, and entirely confirmed all that the first medical attendant had said about him. That he was very ill, and likely to be in a critical state for some months. We were all feeling very anxious about our dear little patient, and in fact I was almost afraid of taking up the pencil, lest some saddening remarks should come.

On the 15th, in the evening, I was sitting with him alone in his room, and, as usual, he was most desirous of receiving a spirit message. To my great delight, the following message came, written so joyfully and decidedly, that I could not help hoping that the spirits would be able to accomplish all they desired to do:—

"My own dear little brother, who used to nurse me

when I was on your earth, I am sorry you are ill ; but we all are going to bring you a clever spirit who will try to cure you very quickly. We think he will, because he often does"—(here the influence I felt change decidedly, and the childish language also was changed). "The healing mediums on your earth, who are beginning to get so much power to receive the spirit fluid, have different spirits from us, who go with them to sick people. The healing spirit attending upon each medium does not cure all. Very often, the one who is ill is, by the aid of a healing medium, placed *en rapport* with *his own* healing spirit, who could not otherwise assist him. My dear little Ernest, Horace and Percy wrote part of the above, but I, your grand-mamma, have told you about the healing power"—(the influence again changed). "Will you pray to be made well, dear little brother?"

Ernest—"What shall I say?"

"Lord, the good Shepherd, the good Physician, cure me, please, and help me to give all my life to help people to love you."

Ernest—"May I see you again?"

"Yes."

Ernest—"When?"

"We can't tell when, as it is not always Jesus likes you to see us. But you may be sure we are always near you, and we do mean to bring this clever spirit this very night, when you are sound asleep. Pray, and be very glad, as we are."

Ernest—"What is the name of the good healing spirit?"

"It's a very hard name, like *Harnemen*"—(this name was written with difficulty; it is, no doubt, intended for Hahnemann, the well-known founder of Homeopathy).

During that night, M. and E. T. each, on waking up, at different hours, imagined they saw a faint halo of light, directly over their dear little patient's bed. And, certainly, from that time a marked improvement took place in his state. It is true that he was skilfully treated with homeopathic medicines, which are often surprising in their effect; but, with our experience of the power of the spirits to heal, we feel that we have full reason, in this case, to believe that they were really able to fulfil their promise—to bring the clever healing spirit to *assist* the cure. There was a remarkable alteration in an incredibly short time. Both the medical men called in were skilful and clever in diagnosis; they both found him suffering from organic disease, and expected it would be a long and critical case; but, by the end of the week, the one symptom that proved the presence of the disease, was *entirely removed*; and, with the exception of the delicacy that would naturally follow such a serious attack, he was pretty well.

The next day (April 16), he was able to be dressed, but not to leave his bed-room. Whilst playing about the room, he suddenly laid down on the bed, saying,

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"Aunt F——, the room looks so very light, I think the spirits are going to show themselves again. So I shall watch for them." In a few minutes his countenance changed (as I was watching him), and he looked as if he was going into a trance state, but some disturbance in the house occurred before he had been quiet long enough to go quite off. I have mentioned this, because in the message given to us that evening, the spirits refer to it.

When we were assembled for our séance, Ernest asked if the spirits would tell him whether he might leave his bed-room on the morrow?

First was drawn a plain cross, encircled in a sort of ornamental vase, then was written, "That is the cross dearest Ernest has to bear. For some days longer it will be wisest and best to keep to his own room. We can concentrate our mesmerism upon him best then, for we are doing our best to cure him very quickly, and if he takes cold, we might not have the same power again. Our love to him; and we were really with him to-day, and did pour mesmerism upon him, and nearly put him to sleep. That cross is symbolical, for you see it is in a vase of curved beauty, which means that all the crosses given to bear, are rounded off in beauty by the love of God who gives them. The vase would be filled with the spiritual flowers, but through Aunt F—— we cannot draw much yet, because we like best to write.—Your loving GROUP."

18TH.

To-day the spirits told Ernest what would be best for him to do, to get better, answering several of his little questions, as to when he might go out. Then came, "Dearly loved Ernest, we want you to pray to-night, and just say, 'I thank the good Jesus, the tender, kind Shepherd, for sending a good healing spirit to cure me. I will try to be good, but, please, dear Jesus, help me.' You must *all* pray this, dear ones."

F. J. T. —"Is he then cured?"

"Yes; but mamma says you must be very careful for a month yet."

22ND.

One of Ernest's playfellows had told him that it was *not wrong* to cheat when at play. This evening when we were all assembled the children decided to ask our spirit group about it, *i.e.*, Is it wrong to cheat in play?

"Yes, my dearest children, we are always very sorry indeed, if in your games of play, you are not Christ-like; that is, that you should always do to others as you would be done by.

"Your little playfellow would not like to be cheated, and so he must not think of cheating. It is very wrong, as much wrong for you to cheat in your games, as it will be dreadfully wicked to cheat when you grow up to be men of business.

"It is the trick of cheating, carried out in all kinds of different ways, that brings evil upon evil, misery upon misery. Above ALL things, avoid it as you would touching poison, and teach all your little school-fellows this lesson; then you may be the means of sowing good seed—seed that will spring up in future years.

"Remember, that in all your future life, your school-life actions will influence your character. Be very, very careful in your choice of companions, and shun evil, in all possible ways. I, your loving grand-papa, tell you all this, because our little darlings here, know nothing of the sins of earth; and we shall not let them see that side. It is not of use to them, as they are safely here.

"Pray this night, 'Oh, my dear Jesus, help us all to be good and loving, and teach us to walk in the paths of truth and love.'"

Ernest—"Cannot Horace give us a message?"

"No, my dearest Ernest, go to bed, and we will watch over you."

Little Franky found the prayer given this evening, rather difficult to remember, because, "the words were hard," and he wished to know if he might use his own words.

On the 24th, when we again assembled, our little spirit group remembered this, and wrote, "*Seek with prayer.* Yes, my very dear little ones, God and Jesus know your thoughts always. You may pray your own

little words, and God hears them and answers them, as much as if any great clever man said very clever prayers. It is not the words we use that our dear Jesus thinks of at all, because He, as a Spirit, looks at the thought, so it is of no use, at all, for you to say words of prayer, and not *think* and *mean* what you say.

“The room now is very full of loving spirits. All our group of little ones, and also dear grandmamma and grandpapa, who is well now, and getting brighter and whiter every day, as dear grandmamma gets also. But she always has been such a bright beautiful spirit. She always lived very near to God, by prayer, and so her robes are very white. Pure heavenly light shines in all her features. There is a bright group also near your dear kind nurse, who are bending over her in love. We all love each other very much.”—(*Influence changed.*)

“T. F., your loving son, am with you, mother, very near. We are near you when you think of us, and dream of us at night. Leave off.”

This message was concluded very abruptly, for the presence of our kind nurse (who had joined the children in the absence of M. and E. T.) had produced a conflicting influence. Her group of little ones were as anxious to communicate with her, as our little spirits were to come to their little brothers and sister; thus the two influences, combined, were overpowering to me physically, and produced a severe

headache, which, however, passed quickly away when the cause was removed by the breaking-up of our séance.

All these messages (with one or two very trifling exceptions) are given exactly as they were communicated to us; and in offering them, with all their child-like simplicity, to bereaved parents and little children, we sincerely hope that they may prove to be of as much help and comfort to them, as they have been to us all.

All spiritualists will understand that I, as the medium of communication between our earthly and spiritual groups, know that all that is given to me, through the writing mediumship, is as distinct from myself, as is the pen with which I write these words. We do not take the spirit messages as infallible—(infallibility belonging to *God alone*)—a disembodied spirit is not necessarily wiser than an embodied one. We must judge of the truth and purity of the spirit communicating, entirely by the teachings given. Surely the pure teaching given to our little ones on earth, from their spirit group of brothers and sisters, may lead any who read them, and who perhaps have not known much of Spiritualism, to see that if we seek into it prayerfully, determined only to take the good, and to shun all evil, good will be given to us.

We also hope that these communications may help

to remove one erroneous idea in the minds of many Christian people, which naturally deters them from looking into the subject of Spiritualism at all.

This is, that the denial of the Divine Authority of Christ, and of the Holy Scriptures, is a result of spiritual teaching. *This is a very great mistake.*

It is true that many prominent spiritualists hold these views; but a *far greater number*, equally prominent, men and women holding high positions in the literary world, and known as earnest Christian people, seek into Spiritualism in the receptive spirit of little children, under the guidance of CHRIST AS THE GREAT TEACHER, for "*never man spake as this man.*"

We need fear no evil, if through the various phases of mediumship, we can reverently bow as in the very presence of Christ.

Better indeed, will it be, never to follow Spiritualism at all, if it does not create another link in the chain, between this and the future world, drawing us upward and onward, THROUGH CHRIST, towards communion with the GREAT FATHER OF SPIRITS.

The following interesting little narrative came too late to hand to be incorporated with the foregoing remarks. It will be found to contain a description of the appearance of Jesus to a dying person, and of His reception of spirits into their new state.* The initials

* See page 13.

will be recognised as those of a valued correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

S. E. DE M.

“A dear relative of mine has written down the following interesting experience, related to her by a friend in 1857. She says:—‘When I was at H—— in 1857, I called on our old neighbour, Mrs. J. G. She was a truly religious woman, who had been a widow for many years, and, like Tabitha, devoted herself to deeds of charity. I inquired after her husband’s brothers and sisters, who, like himself, had most of them died young. She said, “They are all gone now but William, and he is left alone; first his wife died, then his daughters. The mother and daughters were seriously inclined, and were very tenderly attached to each other. I never saw people who lived so entirely for each other, and apart from the world. After the mother’s death the two sisters were never separated for a single day. At length the eldest followed her mother, and the youngest soon showed symptoms of decline. I was much with her, and had opportunity of knowing how fully she was prepared for the change. One thing alone perplexed and troubled her—the questions, ‘Should she in Heaven see her mother and sister? should she *know* them, and be *with* them? Is it wrong,’ she would say, ‘that I should feel that Heaven would not be Heaven without them?’ The clergyman could not satisfy her. He said, ‘You will see your

Saviour, and that is happiness enough.' Truly, but still her yearning heart was not satisfied, and she often prayed that God would clear up her doubts, and give her some indication of His will in that respect. I had been with her," continued Mrs. G., "the whole of one day; the next was Sunday. I sent early to know how she was. The maid returned, saying that she was gone, and that Mr. G. her father, had sent to bid them toll the passing-bell. Taking a hasty breakfast, I set off immediately with a sad heart; for I had hoped to have been with her in her last moments, and knew that this had been also her earnest desire. When I entered the room, she lay as one dead, her eyes closed as though she had passed away in sleep. I felt her hands; they were not cold. I laid my ear to her chest. I could perceive a sense of warmth, and felt sure that she was not yet dead. So, ordering the maid out of the room, sat by the bed and waited. Time passed on, the church bells began to chime for service. Gradually her eyes opened as from a long sleep. Seeing me, she said, with a smile, 'Oh, dear Aunt, I am so glad you are here; I have been taken into Paradise; my Saviour came for me and led me there, where I saw my mother and sister. Oh, they were so beautiful! He told me I should be with them shortly. Farewell, dear Aunt!' Then laying her hands together, and closing her eyes, she passed away without a sigh."

"A. M. H. W."



Remarks on the Foregoing Messages

BY S. E. DE M.

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FOR those who have been used to receive spiritual communications, the description of their home given by the happy little children in the spirit-world will have very little novelty. To such readers, too, the style of the messages, full of love but wanting in power, will need no explanation. But a few words touching such messages in general may be of use to those who, while they do not question the good faith of the writer, suppose that she allows herself to be deceived by what is called the force of imagination, into the belief that the writing proceeds from a source external to herself.

There have been many accounts given of the first heaven of the young, quite independent of, and unknown to the medium through whom this little book has been written, and these independent accounts corroborate the statements made by the little spirits. Many years ago descriptions were given through a medium quite ignorant of Spiritualism, of the new

state of a spirit taken early from earth; and on comparing these descriptions with the present one, and also with many others which have since been given or reported to me, I find a very marked similarity among all. Here are a few instances. The spirit referred to went first into a field of flowers or a garden. Another young spirit, quite unconnected with her, told of waking gradually in the "Garden of God,"* surrounded by young and infant spirits, and by gentle animals and birds. Two little spirits, seen by a clairvoyante, and described so as to be recognised by friends, were found "in the children's garden" wreathing a lamb with flowers.

In a short time, when the first-named spirit had been for a few days in the garden, she described "a delightful ride over a beautiful country" on a pony,† which had a star on its forehead. On this spirit's entrance into "the third state," which in *her* case would appear to be the first change in which a consciousness of spiritual life and progress became distinct, she says that she saw the Saviour, who "spoke to her, laid his hand on her forehead and left a star there." "He had a most beautiful voice, and was all over stars."‡ I have purposely mentioned the "laying his hand on the forehead," although it is not referred to by the young spirits, because it is often spoken of by other mediums, and because, according to some of

* See page 7.

† See page 7.

‡ See page 13.

the later Egyptian discoveries, it is found that one of the supposed processes gone through by the spirit after death is that of receiving *the Word*, which is conferred by deities* or spiritual beings, in the way described above. It is a magnetic touch by which a higher spirituality is conveyed, and is represented on earth by the "laying on of hands."

The little spirits, writing through F. J. T. describe a cord, which appears like light or magnetism, and binds the family groups together. I have heard a clairvoyante, describing the union between a baby brother left on earth, and his sister in the heavenly garden, say, "a long chain of light goes from him to her, nothing can break that chain." †

It is said by one of the little ones through F. J. T., ‡ "What you think on earth, we *see* here." There is a deeper philosophy in this than may at first appear. According to the principle of correspondence, by which alone spiritual statements can be interpreted, that which is internal or spiritual on earth becomes externalised in the next state. As the spiritual body, internal, and only felt here, becomes the outward and tangible form of the spirit, so that which to us is thought, or the operation of inner light, becomes in the spiritual world vision. Language, having its origin in a spiritual source, is more or less correspondential

* Book of the Dead. See page 13.

† See page 22.

‡ See pages 30 & 32.

according to the spiritual instincts of those by whom it is used. Much of every language is thus clearly correspondential or symbolical. Warmth is predicated love; coldness of enmity; knowledge is enlightenment; and we talk of a spark or ray of Wisdom. I believe that all writing purporting to come from spirits may be tested by the truthfulness of its symbolism. In the case of pure infant spirits this test is easily applied, for the feelings which a young spirit takes into the next life are very simple, and all babies and young children probably feel very much alike. This simplicity and community of feeling makes the imagery of the infants' heaven nearly the same to all its little inhabitants, and if we were to compare many descriptions, we might find, as in the instances here given, so much similarity as to lead to the idea that one material locality, like our own world, receives the baby souls on leaving it. As people grow older, and characters develop into well-marked varieties, the spirit-world of each will assume a different aspect, and the descriptions given of entrance into the new life will have fewer points of resemblance.

It is most important to each and all of us to remember that the "house not made with hands" is the perfect and undeviating outbirth of the Spirit that is to dwell therein.

S. E. DE M.

WORKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT: The result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations. Intended as a guide to inquirers. By C. D. With a preface, by A. B. London: Longmans. Price, 8/6.

* * It is now generally understood that this able and favourite Work is by Mrs. De Morgan, and the preface by Professor De Morgan.

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