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DEATH

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THE AFTER-LIFE.

EIGHT EVENING LECTURES ON
THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY

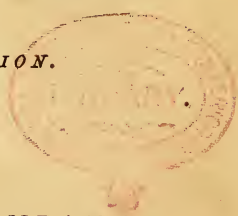
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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ALSO,

A VOICE FROM JAMES VICTOR WILSON.

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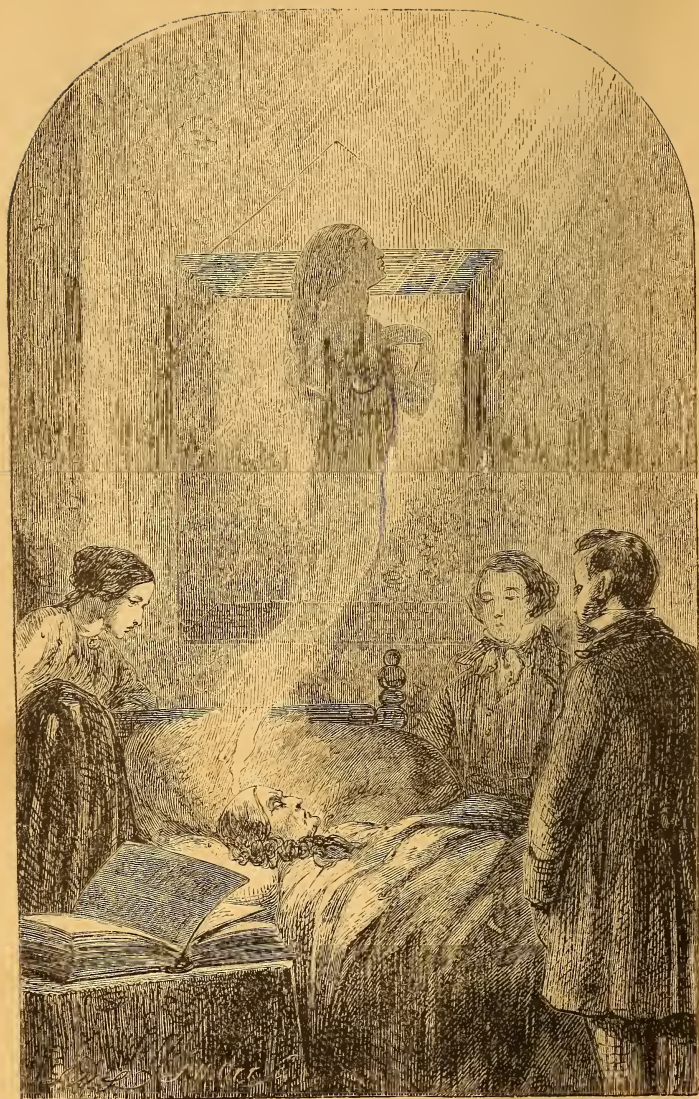
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FORMATION OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

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DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door, to show us those we love."

I find myself somewhat embarrassed in speaking on a subject which, though it is not a stranger to human hopes and aspirations, is nevertheless quite foreign to most people's habits of thinking, opposed to their educational bias, and which conflicts with popular methods of reasoning on the resurrection.

I find three classes of persons who have read, and studied, and investigated the truths of this discourse. One class of minds are prepared for many spiritual things that I do not feel impressed to utter on this occasion. I am to address more especially a second class who have heard a large variety of opinions expressed concerning this subject, and are favorably inclined towards it, yet who have no practical knowledge so far as the general question of immortality is concerned, and who are, therefore, in the rudiments of spiritual education respecting the processes of Death, and scenes in the After-life.

Then I find that there is in society a supercilious class—I might say a *super-silly* class, (if this is not a dictionary word, it ought to be,) who fancy and profess that they know *all*—a band of intellectual finishers—persons who have an unhappy conceit in the perceptive powers—that they are thoroughly "posted." These

last named persons are accustomed to the newspapers, to the genteel Weeklies and orthodox Monthlies, and to the trans-Atlantic Quarterlies, but are not at all accustomed to think upon the spiritual, practical, and progressive questions discussed from the Harmonial platform. And yet these same persons have a conceit that they cannot be further informed. Every such mind has a social center, and will exert his or her magnetic influence upon others.

Now finding the public divided into these mental conditions, it becomes necessary that I should express something which would at least seem measurably familiar to the intuitions and religious education of the people. To speak upon a strange subject, and to describe scenes that are wholly transmundane, and to link such subjects and descriptions with nothing analogous or known, would, to many minds, be building a temple without any basis in either Nature or Reason, and hence, utterly imaginative and unprofitable. For this reason I shall speak to the world from the position of religious conviction and general experience, going on the supposition that all rational men are interested in questions pertaining to the life after death.

I begin by asking your attention to the Spiritualism of Paul—the most learned of the Apostles, who, in giving descriptions of death, said: “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;” not that there would be, but there *is* “a spiritual body.” Now there are individuals who think thus: “Paul says so; he is our authority; we do not question his testimony; but it is all a great mystery.” But the spiritual philosopher cheerfully and unprejudicially takes the testimony

of Paul, stands it by the side of the organized human being, and asks, "Is there a spiritual body?" Paul did not refer to something outside of human nature, but pointed to *facts* in the organization of persons in the world before him. The question is not whether Paul said it, but does Nature sustain the assertion? All truth must be in harmony with the perfect system of Nature.

There are persons everywhere who accept Paul's affirmation as final authority. There need be no controversy between Orthodoxites and Spiritualists on this question. We can shake hands over the subject; we can lock arms and walk together. If, with Paul, you believe that there positively is in each man's organism, not only a natural body, but also "a spiritual body," then you are as much committed to the fundamental teachings of Spiritualism as I am, and I am on this point no more of a Spiritualist than you Christians are, and henceforth we can happily "walk together," because we are "agreed" on the basis of a true spiritual philosophy. So far, then, we are friends.

But may I now ask your attention to some correlative questions which we inevitably encounter on the accepted basis of this spiritual reasoning? If, with Paul, we believe that there is a spiritual *body*, must we not also believe that there is something *inside* of that body? To believe differently, would be like saying that a jug is designed merely to have an outside and an inside, the inward space being filled with nothing. Most persons would ask "Is that all? Is the vessel not designed to *contain* something? Was it not made to hold, against all parts of its inward surfaces, some-

thing besides the interior of a jug? The thought of inventing and owning a jug merely for the purpose of holding a jug, is an imbecility. And it would not be less absurd to believe that the "spiritual body" is destitute of a more interior substance. A *body* is designed to hold something called "spirit."

If Paul was right, then he stood at least in the vestibule of that spiritual temple which we have entered and searched through and through. We have investigated and mapped down the "experience" with as much gratitude and truthfulness as can be found in any ancient Testaments. I make this affirmation with perfect calmness of pulse, and with no heat on my brain; and I know that I shall be ready at any time to reconsider reasons, uttered by persons who feel themselves not yet satisfied, why positions here taken may not be sound in science and philosophy.

Your attention is asked to the logical conclusion that, if there be a spiritual *body* in every man, as Paul said, there must be a fine invisible something treasured up within it. Let us see, now, if we can ascertain what that treasured "something" is.

Man is a triple organization. This fact is established in two ways—(1) by the concurrent observations of all seers, sensitives, and mediums, and (2) by the phenomenal developments of individual men and women. Man's external body is a casing, composed of the aggregate refinements of the grossest substances. We will name the physical body "iron," merely to give it a just classification and position in relation to mind and spirit. Next, we find that there is an intermediate organization—which Paul called the "spiritual body —

composed of still finer substances, the ultimation of the coarser elements which make up the corporeal or "iron organization." The combination of the finer substances composing the *intermediate* or spiritual body, being so white and shining, may be called the "silver organization." The inmost, or *inside* of this silvery body, (which interior Paul definitely said nothing about,) is the immortal "golden image." I use the term "golden image," because that metal is just now exceedingly valuable in commerce, and goes directly to men's uppermost feelings and interests. Yes, a golden image! You cannot obtain it from stock-jobbers in Wall street. And yet it is there when you find yourself there; you may also see it deep down in the spiritual vault of a brother speculator; for whomsoever you meet, and wherever you meet, *that* person, like yourself, contains, against the lining surfaces of his spiritual body, the "golden image," which, let us thank the Eternal, *cannot be bartered away on 'Change!*

Paul did not directly speak of what we have been philosophically taught to call "the spirit." Fully persuaded am I that you cannot escape the conclusion that there must be something *within* the "spiritual body;" and, if so, you Christians might as well "agree" with our classification of the different parts of man, as to take any other. We call the inmost "spirit"—signifying the finest, the super-essential portion of man's nature, composed of "all impersonal principles," which flow from the Deific center of this glorious universe, taking a permanent residence *within* the spiritual body which they fill and exalt, just as the elements of the spiritual body live *within* this corporeal or "iron

organization," which is composed of mineral, vegetable, and animal atoms and vitalities.

Now you may be prepared to take some other steps in the path of spiritual discovery. What are they? Take care now where you step—because, if you are in reality a believer in Paul's authority, then you are on the high road to what is termed "Spiritualism." If you are not a Bible-receiver, then other reasonings and evidences will be necessary to promote your progress. Now, mark! If you be truly a receiver of Paul's beautiful spiritual statements (which we accept, not as revelations, but because they agree with the facts of the spiritual body,) then you stand upon so much of our platform as regards the philosophy that a *body* is a substance. No substance is no body. Nothing cannot exist. Existence and substance are convertible terms—one means and necessitates the other. Something—*i. e.* substance—always exists. If Paul was right, then the spiritual *body* is a fact not only, but it is a *substantial fact*! That is, the spiritual body is a substance—the under-fact, the "silver lining" of this physical and cloudy organism. If it be an under-fact—a real and substantial body—it is no fiction.

Now, let us take another step in this logical path. You accept that the spiritual body is a substance. But do you not know that *substance*, on the simple rules of science and philosophy, implies the associate properties of both *weight* and *force*. Substance cannot exist without *weight*, however inappreciable; and weight involves force, however fine and unimaginable to man's physical thought or touch. All this follows if Paul told the truth.

Now, take one more step. If the spiritual body be a *substance*, and if a substance possess the property of *weight*, it follows that such weight can never be moved without *force*. The finest substance, with the least weight, requires the highest force. This principle is plain and simple as the common school-boy's logic, and yet it supports the granite basis of the whole Harmonial Philosophy concerning "spirit," which the churches everywhere are stealthily accepting and promulgating as their own long-entertained doctrine of immortality!

If there be a spiritual body, which is a very attenuated substance, and if this imperceptibly fine substance have a delicate weight, and if *force* be required to move the aerial weight, then I ask "What will be your next and most important conclusion?" This is your next step: That a body so organized, so essentially substantial, and so inseparably linked with a fine force, must exist somewhere and occupy *space*! If any lawyer among you can escape this last conclusion, if any materialist can go through another orifice in logic, why, I am ready to "skedaddle" through the same remarkable opening. I want the "whole truth" as much as any one else can want it. Therefore, if you can make a philosophical retreat from this military line of logic, I will promise to throw down my arms and run with you.

Do not let the simplicity of the philosophy grow weak in your thoughts. If the spiritual body be anything, it is *something*; if something, it is *substantial*; if substantial, it occupies *space*; if it occupy space, then all of our revealments with reference to a "Summer-Land" in the bosom of Space, will be inseparable

from your convictions of probability. Thus while we are crushing and "pulverizing creeds" in God's mill of Progressive Truth, we do vastly more labor to secure the "fraternization of the spiritual affections of mankind."

Again let us look into the Apostle's logic. Paul says of the spiritual body, "Sown in dishonor"—in imperfection, in corporeal impurity—but "raised in glory." The familiar word "glory" means "brightness." Raised in brightness! Christians! Do you believe it? I believe it in my heart. Do you? Let us know who *is* the "infidel." I have an extensive reputation for being an *infidel* in the bad sense of the word. To me this reputation is very amusing; because I believe *so much*! Why, I am utterly discarded and disfellowshipped by the infidels of the old school. The foxes have more holes than I have pillows among the skeptics. But do not misapprehend my meaning. My whole soul shrinks from contact with sectarian Christians or with so-called Christian Spiritualists. Christians, so styled in the newspapers, are the most stupid in spiritual principles, and the most unmistakable materialists I have yet met with in society. Infidels, on the contrary, are accessible and decently fraternal. They can and will *think*, although they sometimes look very sullen and seem over-much disappointed, because they have been too long reasoning wrong end foremost—have logically consigned themselves to a total death when they lie down to die—and, of course, they unanimously consider that their long-cherished views are tenable and incontrovertible. Hence they reject Spiritualism. I have a friend, however, who, although

a confessed skeptic, said that, on the whole, he "guessed he would rather not be annihilated at death." "Why not?" I asked. With spontaneous simplicity he replied, that he was afraid he would "regret it *afterwards* !"

In that response I saw the inborn remonstrance, the intuitive protest, which the Divine source puts up through the human consciousness. Miserable, limping, materialistic logic can do nothing against Intuition. It does not want to be annihilated, because there is for it no such destiny. It conceives of it as possible only to what is ponderable and perishable. Converse with a sensualist to-morrow, or talk with persons who live a materialistic life, who are immersed in quadruped habits—ask them, and they seem to know nothing concerning "spirit" and the "After-Life," simply because they have not been awakened to the subject. But a true soul-born conversation invariably touches their organs of hope. I have never met men or women, though buried in the mud and mire of circumstances, but would, when spiritually and affectionately approached, respond like the strings of an *Æolian-harp*, to the doctrine that the "Summer-Land" belongs to them as much as to the finest, most respected, and most beautiful person on the globe.

✓ The spiritual doctrine teaches that the inmost man is "a spirit," which flows through these nerve-sensations; which easily contracts and expands these sturdy muscles; which causes the blood to throb throughout the frame; which thinks and reasons; which feels better, nobler, and purer than the forms, forces, and things about it; which teaches the intellect and the heart to recog-

nize something *higher* than the fleeting circumstances to which it is harnessed, and by which it is constrained to assist in drawing the burdens of society. *That* is "spirit." It is the invisible presence of the Divine in the visible human. It is the only and all-sufficient Incarnation. Degradations and depravities never reach that which lives within the "spiritual body." Discords and great evils are arrested at the surface; they cling and adhere; they unhappily besmear, cover up, disfigure, and sometimes almost break down the citadel; but they never get inward far enough to kill the proprietor!

Let us not forget our major-proposition. If this human inmost be "spirit," (comparable to a golden image); if on the outside of this spirit there be a "body;" if this impalpable body be a "substance;" if this inter-affinitized substance require "force" to move it; if *space* be necessary for such a personality to exist in—then, I ask, why may there not be something *beautiful* in the idea of Death? Not dreadful and appalling, but really beautiful? Not heart-chilling, but truly genial and warming? Not annihilating, but uplifting and encouraging to every organ and function of the soul? If this spiritual doctrine be a fiction, then you are shut up to atheistical extinguishment when you lie down to die. But the opposite road is open before you. On this highway you meet your personal apotheosis; you rise up and expand; you go onward and Godward through the illimitable space; and you seek a Summer-Land—a place, in which to *be*! I have no ambition to make proselytes. It would not increase my private joys to have you believe my cherished

thoughts. Better be converted and guided by your own Reason and Intuitions.

The Apostle says there is a "terrestrial" and a "celestial." Do you believe it? I do; not, however, because Paul said it; but because I find it in the Book of Nature. "We are sown in corruption." Everybody's spirit knows that to be true. But at last the chemistry of death approaches and begins its work—then oxygen, and nitrogen, and hydrogen, and magnetism, and electricity, and the resultant heat, and all ponderables that make up our corporeal existence, bid "good-by" to each other—then the eyes sink back, and the outside senses are closed, and all the elements which formed the body bid "an eternal farewell." This is real experience. If we exclude the air, by placing the body in a hermetically-sealed encasement, you can bend over and look upon the yet undecomposed figure. That is all; nothing more. The confined atoms and elements have no further interest for each other. The pulseless hand is no longer extended to grasp yours; the once beaming eyes do not open; the ear will not again vibrate to your heart-stricken appeals or loving accents; the stiffened nose can no more feel the touch and enjoy the perfume of the favorite plant. Appalling silence! All is closed forever. What a spiritualizing and holy solemnity is that which pervades the chamber of Death! What a dark, fearful, haunted room is that where Death is—to those who know not this glorious Gospel of the After-Life!

But what a blessed roseate atmosphere fills all the heavenly spaces—from the death-room onward to Summer realms beyond the stars—to those who *know*

that this basis is established in God's truth! Such mediums and fortunate reasoners have *joy* and *peace* within. Their inmost hearts are filled with emotions of thanksgiving; and why? Because to the seer of spiritual truth, "Death is swallowed up in victory." The Spiritualist has nothing whatever to do with Death. He is emphatically alive—alive and happy throughout. Women and men past the "meridian of life," who receive these new spiritual teachings, are kindling and blooming up into youth again! They see that this pathway of truth is paved with perfectly beautiful scientific facts and doctrines—Progress, leading from man's inmost "spirit" to the Summer-Land.

And now, having disposed of these general considerations, I will tell you what *I have seen*. I will not give descriptions of phenomena from my supposition or imagination. I suppose that I need not repeat that I have had the peri-scope and clairvoyant ability to see through man's iron coating for the past fifteen years; neither need I again remark that, within the last twelve years, the result of the exercise of this faculty has come to be to me an "education." I have stood by the side of many death-beds; but a description of manifestations in one case will suffice for the whole.

I found that the physical body grew negative and cold in proportion as the elements of the spiritual body grew warm and positive. Suppose a human being lying in the death-bed before you. Persons present not seeing anything of the beautiful processes of the interior, are grief-stricken and weeping. This departing one is a beloved member of the family. But there, in the corner of the room of sorrow, stands one who sees

through the outward phenomena presented by the dying one, and what do you suppose is visible? To the outward senses the feet are there; the head on the pillow; and the hands clasped, out-stretched, or crossed over the breast. If the person is dying under or upon cotton, there are signs of agony, the head and body changing from side to side. Never allow any soul to pass out of the physical body through the agony of cotton or feathers either beneath or in folds about the sufferer.

Suppose the person is now dying. It is to be a rapid death. The feet first grow cold. The clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. The body is now cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips, and the arms to the shoulders, and the *emanation*, although it has not arisen higher in the room, is more expanded. The death-coldness steals over the breast, and around on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position nearer the ceiling. The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form! Beneath, it is connected the brain. The head of the person is internally throbbing—a slow, deep throb—not painful, but like the beat of the sea. Hence the thinking faculties are rational while nearly every part of the person is dead! Owing to the brain's momentum, I have seen a dying person, even at the last feeble pulse-beat, rouse impulsively and rise up in bed to converse with a friend, but

the next instant he was gone—his brain being the last to yield up the life-principles.

The golden emanation, which extends up midway to the ceiling, is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. Then appears something *white* and *shining*, like a human head; next, in a very few moments, a faint outline of the face divine; then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then, in rapid succession, come all parts of the new body down to the feet—a bright, shining image, a little smaller than this physical body, but a perfect prototype or reproduction, in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free! and prepared to accompany its guardians to the Summer-Land. Yes, there is a spiritual body; it is sown in dishonor and raised in brightness.

There are persons in the room of mourning; they gather around; they close the sightless eyes, and friendly hands commence those final preparations with which the living consecrate the dead. The clairvoyant sees the newly-arisen spiritual body move off toward a thread of magnetic light which has penetrated the room! There is a golden shaft of celestial light touching this spiritual body near its head. That delicate chain of love-light is sent from above as a guiding power. The spiritual being is asleep—like a just-born, happy babe; the eyes are closed; and there seems to be no consciousness of existence. It is an unconscious slumber. In many cases this sleep is long; in others, not at all. The love-thread now draws the new-born

body to the outside door. A thought-shaft descends upon one who is busy about the body. This person is all at once "impressed" to open the door of the dwelling and to leave it open for a few moments. Or, some other door of egress is opened; and the spiritual body is silently removed from the house. The thread of celestial attraction gathers about and draws it obliquely through the forty-five miles of air. It is surrounded by a beautiful assemblage of guardian friends. They throw their loving arms about the sleeping one, and on they all speed to the world of Light! Clairvoyants and mediums see this; and they know it is true. Many are the witnesses to these celestial facts.

Again, I remind you that if there *is* a spiritual body, it must be *something*; if something, it must have an existence and a position somewhere in *space*; if in space, it must follow the laws of space, including *time*, and have a *relative* as well as an absolute consciousness.

At the battle of Fort Donelson I saw a soldier instantly killed by a cannon-ball. One arm was thrown over the high trees; a part of his brain went a great distance; other fragments were scattered about in the open field; his limbs and fingers flew among the dead and dying. Now what of this man's spiritual body? I have seen similar things many times—not deaths by cannon-balls, but analogous deaths by sudden accidents or explosions. Of this person whose body was so utterly annihilated at Fort Donelson, I saw that all the particles streamed up and met together in the air. The atmosphere was filled with those golden particles—emanations from the dead—over the whole bat-

tle-field. About three-quarters of a mile above the smoke of the battle-field—above all the “clouds that lowered” upon the hills and forests of black discord, there was visible the beautiful accumulation from the fingers and toes and heart and brain of that suddenly killed soldier. There stood the new spiritual body three-quarters of a mile above all the discord and din and havoc of the furious battle! And the bodies of many others were coming up from other directions at the same time; so that from half a mile to three and five miles in the clear, tranquil air, I could see spiritual organisms forming and departing thence in all directions. First the face, then the head, then the neck, then the shoulders and arms—the whole smaller than the natural body, but almost exactly like it—so that you could instantly recognize the form and features of your old friend, only you would say, “Why, James, how improved you are! You look brighter and more beautiful, don’t you? Your countenance has more quiet and love in it.” So entirely *natural* is “the spiritual body” which the good God has wisely planned and caused to rise out of this terrestrial filth and corporeal corruption!

The man so killed—what was his sensation? It was for the time suspended. To *him*, existence was nothing. Just think of the case. He was a healthy, stout, strong Illinois mechanic, who had bravely gone out with his loaded musket to do battle for the “Stars and Stripes” which shall *never* go down! His sudden death was to his consciousness what the hammer is to a piece of flint. If a hard flint is struck quick enough, it will fly into impalpable powder. If struck with less

speed, it would not be crushed nor destroyed. It is the *suddenness* of the stroke that surprises "cohesion" in the flint, as the cannon-ball for the moment annihilated the "sensation" of individuality in the man. Individuality usually returns, in cases of sudden death, after a few days in the homes of the Summer-Land. They are usually guided to some Brotherhood, to some Hospitalia, or to some open-armed Pavilion, and there they are watched and tenderly cared for, as are all who arrive from lower worlds. When the time approaches for the spirit's awakening, then celestial music, or some gentle manipulation, or the murmuring melody of distant streams, or something like breathing passes made over the sleeping one, causes "sensation" to return, and thus the new comer is introduced to the Summer-Land.

So Professor Webster was eight days and a half unconscious. You know that, in Leverett street jail-yard, in Boston, he was hung according to law and gospel. As soon as he was pronounced good enough to live, they legally and religiously killed him. The *sudden* concussion struck to the soul of the strong, healthy man, and he was instantly jerked out of his individual consciousness. For days he was spiritually watched. I was at the time stopping at the Brattle House, in Cambridge. Mount Auburn was my daily walk; the only academy, the only college I sought in which to learn these lessons. I went thither every day. I witnessed the execution of Professor Webster; yet I was not personally present. I saw the organization of his spiritual body in the air, and watched its ascension. I saw his situation every day between the hours of ten and twelve.

I wish now to call your attention to the arrival and appearance of different persons in the Summer-Land. We find on investigation that all the inhabitants of the immortal Spheres were born on Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and upon the other planets which have gone through the process of geologic growth.

Spirits themselves nearly all refer to terrestrial beginnings. But spirit itself is only manifested; it never came out of terrestrial sources. Spirit, *per se*, is the universal, ever-present truth. The *organization* of the spiritual body is another question, which may come up for consideration on another occasion.

It is a well-ascertained fact that persons always take places in the Summer-Land in accordance with their moral *status*, and not in accordance with their intellectual tastes, inclinations, or social condition. Place *there* is always a question of morals—that is whether the person has been, or is, spiritually loyal to Truth, Justice, and Liberty, and the divine laws that regulate social relations on the higher planes of being; or whether the person has, by circumstances, or by the impulse of organization, been unfaithful to principles, and *particeps criminis*; or whether he is really innocent, having been the victim of a combination of unpropitious circumstances, or a sufferer from the fortuitous concourse of physical and spiritual accidents. In either case, the moral *status* determines the position and gravitation of the person in the Summer-Land. It is found that persons who go there with memories of conscious wrong-doing, carry with them just so much gravitation—so much personal density and moral darkness, and persons who have committed involuntary

wrong, although partly as the victims of others, yet have the same density ; but they do not suffer from the *internal oppression* which the other feels as a part of his own conduct.

The accusing angel, is Memory. The theory that all people will sometime go before the bar of God, and that there is a systematic heavenly tribunal, is the sheerest fancy of a materialistic theology. Both God and Nature are with you at all times. The interior principle of Justice, whether you know it or not, is the ever-present "bar of God" at which you are arraigned and tried, and deathless Memory is "the accusing angel." It gives you the document setting forth your exculpation; or else it explains to you, beyond controversy, the all-sufficient grounds for your condemnation.

The Summer-Land is vastly more beautiful than the most beautiful landscape of earth. Celestial waters are more limpid, the atmosphere more soft and genial, the streams are always musical, and the fertile islands there are ever full of meanings. The trees are not exotics. The birds are literally a part of the celestial clime, every one having its lesson of divine significance. That which is nothing to an idiot is a great deal to an intelligent man. That is true in common things on earth, and it is true to a wondrous degree in heaven. *

When a person enters there by suicide or by murder, whether legal or illegal, or however else he may be introduced, the question is not, *how* he came there, but *what* brought him? A man who was not strong enough to keep another from doing him a wrong—to say nothing of one who was not strong enough to keep

from doing a deliberate wrong to others) is a subject of philanthropic care-takings and discipline. According to the heavenly code I ought to have something more than the power to be loyal to Justice and Right. I must be strong enough to keep any brother from injuring me, and that without ever lifting a physical weapon before him. My spirit should keep *from harm* the soul of my brother who may be yet encased in bad circumstances, and moved by a propulsive organization.

In the Summer-Land these delicate ideas and finely-shaded moral distinctions are recognized. And you will find yourself under a new Government—a God-code, instead of the laws of earthly Judges and Legislators. You will be surprised, and yet, most likely, you will say, “It is about as I had supposed.”

Religionists are highly astonished because they are not taken immediately into the presence of the great Jehovah, or cast down in the low places where they fry souls in cheap brimstone. Some people who have been in the Summer-Land for years are still prayerfully expecting that the “great day of judgment” will come, and that they will either be “caught up” to a higher glory, or “snatched down” to some lower depth. When these persons communicate to mediums, they teach the notions of orthodoxy, even in the old Calvinistic and perpendicular style, and you would be constrained to exclaim—“What contradictions! Am I to believe in Spiritualism when the mediums tell all sorts of contradictory things?” And popular newspaper men say: “These Spiritual things should have no conflict in them.” “Spirits should understand their own world as accurately as earthly minds understand

common affairs." So says my political friend Horace Greeley, and so say others who reason in that superficial way. Now, look at earthly reports about the details of this war! Behold what contradictions!

Is it reasonable to demand universal sameness? Is it natural to suppose that the man who went up from Africa, and the native of Turkey should each report from the next Sphere exactly what an American would who died the day before yesterday, with all the twists and advantages of education in his memory? Sameness is what men demand who call themselves "reasonable!"

The point now is, the evils of general society and the evils of individual passion, the unclean spirits and human demons, originate in the mud and mire of outward circumstances and hereditary organization. These mold and fashion mankind according to their own image and likeness. Sweet and good circumstances, however thickly they may cluster about, amount to almost nothing to a bad mental organization. I have heard worldly men say that they would be happy if they could have *this* and *that*—carpets, flowers, pictures, fast horses, and a great house in the city. Such men have something wrong in the head. They were born in bankruptcy and social discord. Society, to such persons, is merely a fleeting rush and a momentary flutter. "Circumstances" do not much control such characters, because their fathers and mothers gave them propulsive mental organizations, which no combination of circumstance has yet been able to fashion into better shapes. But this discord in character simply *adheres*; it does not inhere; hence on this point we

differ with the whole religious world. Modern liberal clergymen are almost with us. Total depravity has gone down in the market, notwithstanding all the city evils and the tremendous civil war. There is scarcely a minister who will reaffirm the old doctrine of Baxter, Calvin, and John Knox. They get quietly over it. They somehow feel ashamed of having accused "the golden image!" It looks like an unprovoked slander against the finest piece of work that ever came from the heavens to mankind. I do not wonder that clergymen are "ashamed" of total depravity. They will presently be ashamed of many other things.

We hold that these evils, these errors, these sins which arise out of the abdomen, from the region of physical phrenology, from the region of conditions, and out of social circumstances, will increase the spirit's gravitation beyond the grave. By your *status* you elect yourself at death to the *place* where you will be at home—be it good, bad, or indifferent—you will be in your own proper and congenial "place," as are the fishes in the water and the birds in the air. If you feel mentally satisfied, like the sightless fish in the Kentucky cave, to dwell amid truths without eyes, the good Father and Mother will have no objection. So in the Summer-Land, where there are infinitely more truthfulness and freedom. If a spirit choose to be foolish, there is no arbitrary law against his choice. But, ever and anon, he comes under the genial influences of celestial teachers, and thus, slowly, he is brought out from his interior hiding-places, and his mind is at last fully awakened. Randall's Island, near this cit , gives

off youthful candidates who receive the attentions of very sweet and beautiful celestial missionaries.

Happiness very slowly comes to one who persists in the states of discord. Beautiful music, the fragrance of flowers, the luxurious melody of singing birds, and the musical voices of many waters, come only when you internally *deserve* them. Ten thousand years may pass before one's internals are sufficiently pure and bright. Some will find on their spirit-surfaces a shadow, a feeling of unrest, and an appearance of nebulous blackness. And there are persons in the Summer-Land who have an atmosphere surrounding their spiritual bodies that similar characters would be ashamed to wear in this world. It is all the logical consequence of wrong and evil conditions in which the persons lived and died. But there is no despair among the leaders and members of the celestial Brotherhoods.

Of these, and concerning domestic scenes in the After-life, I shall hereafter speak.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

It does not as yet seem to be a part of human belief that the race should make progress as rapidly, as broadly, as completely in spiritual realities as in science and the common concerns of a very common world. The idea generally prevails that the race must repose on "faith," and stand eternally still in all matters pertaining to the mysteries of God, while it is esteemed right to grow and improve in all things else and in all other directions. This subtile absurdity has crawled all the way through every creed in the religious world.

All progress in science and general education within the last century points toward the discovery and disclosures of the Summer-Land. All the important and refining sciences, which verge on the spiritual, have come up within the last quarter of a century. Our navigators have within the last hundred years plowed through all the seas of the globe, have sought knowledge of the obscure, sequestered rivers, in remotest countries, and many of them have returned to tell us faithfully of their scenes and experiences. Only now and then a man has fallen upon the altar of discovery. Every such spirit has been carried through the North-West passage to a world of grander dimensions. The interiors of the earth have been evoked. In answer to

practical prayers they have divulged their arcana, and their inmost secrets have become our every-day facts, "familiar as household words." Great mountains have been scaled, and distant heavenly planets have been measured; the expansiveness and perfections of the universe, above us and around, have been searched and mapped by our astronomers; and the familiar "sun" has been induced to become party to the finest pencilings, so that when we stand before the photographic magician, coming within the field of his camera and at the focus of his mystic glass, we seem to be facing a supernatural realm. The light instantly projects a shadow, paints your picture, and perchance also that of a departed friend, on the susceptible surface of an insensate plate. Thus all human progress in the imitative, in the speculative, and in the absolute, demonstrate the practicability of further discoveries with reference to the great future home of the spirit. We find, in searching history, that human nature has been blessed, ever and anon, with inspirations that convey the elements and rudiments of truths that bloom in higher degrees of life. Instead, therefore, of rejecting the germs of mythology or the teachings of poetry, we are learning rapidly to receive them as essentially significant. Instead of impoverishing ourselves by a ruthless rejection of the multitudinous productions in the art, and science, and poetry, and music of the past, we secure to ourselves great opulence by learning that human genius, in every age, when at the moment of its incubation, projects the germs and foregleams of great truths which live beyond the tomb; so that poetry and music more especially, and the singing of beautiful birds, and the

breathings of flowers, and the loving songs of laughing rivulets—and the great thoughts that come pouring into your ideality from these sturdy and grave mountains—all enter into the rudiments of that higher education which is designed to be completed beyond the stars.

(I affirm, therefore, that there is no absolute imagination—that a total falsehood is an impossibility; that the finest imagination is, in its spiritual essence, the nearest approach to an actual truth. However grotesque, however absurd, yet divest the inspiration of absurdity and grotesqueness, and lo! you find the sweetest whispering of the eternal God.)

If you will permit me to speak with reference to myself, I will say that I have never read a poet in my life; not, I think, more than three pages of any such writings. (I have had an object in this.) But I do not expect that this will be true of me eight or ten years hence; for I now intend to cultivate some acquaintance with the externals of these inspirations. For, as I grow, I desire more and more to know, in the external, what the great writers and thinkers of the world have done; and already I feel grateful for what I have interiorly seen and clairvoyantly learned in the great human sphere about me. I have not read "The Epic of the Starry Heavens," by the imaginative and inspired Harris, fearing that, should I read his production, it might enter into my memory, and thus become a portion of some subjective apprehensions or objective visions of the future.

As many of you know, I have had a peculiar experience; and it is well for a moment, in justice to what I shall hereafter say, to allude to it. There is positively

no imagination in what I shall disclose, but I leave the philosophy and the science of the experience to some future occasion. My reason for affirming that it is not imagination is, that I started with the conviction that the kingdom of heaven was a beautifully walled-up city, paved with gold, with a vast throne in it somewhere; on the topmost throne the great "Father" and Creator of men, to the right the "Son," and on the opposite side the "Holy Ghost;" while in the front, and all around, extending as far back as the limited population of the "saved" could extend—an amphitheater with no galleries, but all part of one immensely great proscenium; and that the enjoyments and occupations of the saints and saintesses consisted in an everlasting Methodist protracted meeting! No eating, no sleeping, no drinking, no amusements; but praying and singing; next singing and praying again; and lastly, just for a change of the programme, *praying and singing!* While over the parapets, near the resplendent embattlements of the golden wall, one could see rolling and curling up, not the torment of the condemned segar-smokers merely, but the accumulated black clouds of unmitigated misery from the over-populated regions of the "Devil and his angels"!

I think this orthodox picture, or something akin, has been in your thoughts many times. This notion was started early with me. But when the time came to pass into the "interior" by the inductions of the magnetic process, my thoughts soon changed. Very rapidly I lost all interest in everything that I had heard on the subject of religion; and thus I remained, not desiring to acquire further external knowledge.

This condition lasted for some four years. At length the time came to divulge, in book form, what had been accumulated by the visions of clairvoyance. / Clairvoyance is the mind's telescopic-power of bringing distant objects close to the mind—a positive and perfectly certain faculty—a natural power of bringing the details of a distant scene as near as the flowers in the garden just beyond the window. / However distant it seemed at first, the object or scene could be, by cultivation of the faculty, brought so near as to invite your footsteps. At length I became *proprietor*, so to say, of this cerebro-telescopic faculty, which before had only been loaned to me for occasional use, as by an artificial process. When I came into full and intelligent possession of this mental instrument, then began a series of private visional experiments, which I have continued from 1847 to the present time.

And now a word concerning my habits with reference to these things—for my physical methods, I think, have a direct and important bearing upon the question. Whenever I wish to obtain these visional results by voluntary telescopic clairvoyance, I do not seek opium or hasheesh; neither Arabian, Hebrew, Bohemian, or Gipsy incantations; nor do I clog my digestive organs, nor highly stimulate my nerves; but there comes (as Daniel expresses it,) a period of “fasting,” and of constant, though not over-urgent desire. Sometimes I have been obliged to continue this from four to six weeks before my nerve-system was perfectly still, my blood cool, my senses indifferent to the outer world. Then I could concentrate the perceptive faculties and bring into action all the requisite organs, and, under

the control of intuition, direct them upon remote earthly objects or scenes super-terrestrial. If I had taken for food what is called a "generous diet," or habitually engaged in these mental exercises at night, I should in either case have distrusted my discoveries. But I almost never have such an experience as a *dream*.

I never attempt to get visions in the night, "when deep sleep falleth upon men." My exercises, on the contrary, are between six o'clock in the morning and twelve o'clock of the same day. If I do not obtain my clairvoyant or other experiences during those hours, they do not come that day; for I do not then seek them. But if the spirit-way is widely opened, and I am warmed and made enthusiastic by what I have seen during those hours, and feel, in my enthusiasm, that the after part of the day would be a luxurious gratification if it were similarly appropriated, I always say to myself, as a law, "Thus far, and no farther; never infringe upon the afternoon or night." Consequently I do not write anything, or dream anything, or think anything of great consequence, during the after portions of the day; but live in a common social way from twelve o'clock, M., to six o'clock on the following morning. This has been my mental and clairvoyant habit for years. I have found it to be an orderly, cool, philosophical, successful way of getting the best results, the largest amount of spiritual happiness, and the true secret of keeping free and healthy and young in heart and body and head. I can truthfully say that it has required more self-control to repress the waves of heavenly joy and enthusiastic happiness that have rolled through my mind, and the effort has more taxed my

mental powers, than have all the disappointments and inevitable trials which have come to me in the course of my history. Sometimes I have been powerfully tempted to indulge the state of clairvoyance a little too long; but never have been able to sustain, with profit and happiness, more than *three* hours of such occult investigations and exalted contemplations. During those mysterious hours, however, I have acquired facts and knowledge of things that would make an extensive volume, even if written out in the fewest and poorest words; and yet, when attempting to record the scenes and facts from memory, the expression would be the coarsest shell—the mere physical precipitation—of the spiritual realities that were thus born in the mind—beautiful scenes and great principles struggling through the incarcerations of language to come in contact with the memories and to become part of the judgment of my fellow-men yet in the ordinary condition. I mention these things simply because they are psychological facts, and should have important bearings upon the general question of bodily and mental habits in connection with the exercises of the mind.

I have met persons who said to me, “Why, Mr. Davis, are you not *all the time* conscious of the presence of the spiritual world?” And my answer has been, “No; I could not be and live.” Others have asked, “Are you not personally and frequently in contact with spiritual beings?” And I have replied, “No. I could not be frequently in contact, and yet keep physically healthy and be mentally able to attend to the ordinary duties of my life.” And again some ask: “Are you not constantly and consciously associated with ideas,

and thinking of great principles?" And others seem to think that I should appear uniformly abstract, and look ghostly, like the last remains of an evangelical minister. Far from all these opinions are the facts; for I very substantially feel my feet within my boots, and my bodily sensations are strictly normal—are as solid and natural as those of any person in this assemblage, and I am generally free from disease and abnormal conditions.

And yet my cerebro-telescopic experiences of the super-mundane world have been an unbroken epic—the grandest spiritual poem! Indeed, it may not be safe to contemplate the celestial picture in its boundless affluence. For now, while reverting in memory to these things, I feel a *heat* gathering on the brain and quickening the thoughts, like one who has realized the focal concentration of the rays of immortal light, and felt their sublime breathings upon and within every fiber and faculty of his spirit.

I will speak to you, therefore, as an *observer* to-night, and not as a "Seer." I will give you, in my own way, an account of things and places seen beyond the stars. Bayard Taylor would in like manner testify (though I shall not, perhaps, be able to use as good language as he) concerning his travels and discoveries in foreign climes. I shall discourse to you somewhat as does Von Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, giving you accounts of great mountains and valley scenes, of streams traced to their sources, of distant lands and temperatures, of different peoples, climates, and soils. And what I shall relate is as strictly in harmony with the facts of science, with the laws of philosophy, and the

developments of astronomy; and I hold myself ready to reconcile what I may utter to-night with all scientific and philosophical discoveries in astronomy, or in chemistry, or in the laws of light or color, or in the nature of substances, or in the secrets of growth, or in the properties of material organization; for I do not think that spiritual truth is irreconcilable, incompatible, or out of harmony with the real laws and discoveries of science. I will leave all this, however, for another time and more fitting occasion.

The Summer-Land is a world every way as actual as this. If you had clairvoyance enough to see *into* a person when very sick, and observe when the process of recuperation begins, and if you could also understand what is really meant by "recuperation," then you would instantly obtain a philosophical conception of how the Summer-Land could be developed. I believe all educated physicians know (at least all spiritual physicians receive the incontrovertible doctrine) that what we term the "physical substances" which make up the physical *avôirdupois* of the body, are exuded, so to express it—fabricated and emitted from the innermost of the nervous system—put out from *within*, and not laid on from without; that when a person is recuperating from disease (all day-exercises and bodily wastings result in disease, or in broken-down blood and tissue which sleep removes,) there is always a thoughtlessness of the brain and also a perfect stillness in the voluntary organs. Only in such moments is the nervous system under the recuperating and up-building action of the innermost. In such moments of physical repose, the spirit, working through the life of the nerves, makes

and multiplies the *tissues*, out of which the strong and heavy parts come. The tissues are built up out of the invisible life of the nervous system. But what makes the nervous system? These physical physicians can trace the nerves. But there is some hidden principle *within* the nerves, *within* the electricity and dynamic life of the nerves, *within* the mellow magnetism which covers the fine electricity—something *within* everything in you that is human and interior—a principle of recuperation known only by the *power* you feel, and by the occasional sense of immensity in your personal existence! This hidden principle lies sequestered in your least nerves, in your finest points of life and sensation. It gives you all your prodigious power of will. From it flow all your moral feelings. It throbs through all parts of your being; it cleaves through its magnetic and electrical vestures, acts on the nerves, out-breathes and condenses the tissues, and ultimately and successively elaborates all the physical organs which make up the corporeal system.

Now, the principle of growth is identical with the unfoldment of the Summer-Land. I do not wish to detain you upon this point, but merely desire to fix your thoughts on the terrestrial dynamics of the planets. Terrestrial magnetisms, terrestrial electricities, and whatever else men call “imponderables,” constitute the nervous system of this physical universe. The universal nervous system holds the same relation to matter as the nervous system of the spirit to the physical parts of the body. Every physician knows that the first beginning of a human being is a *point* of nerve wrapped up in matter. This point of nerve is the starting-point of

life. Next come the tissues, the fine thickness on the outside, then the blood begins to flow, and so on, more and more concrete, until the full equipped outer body itself is formed and ready for parturition.

The spiritual world is made from life-points sent out from the chemical coalitions of the planets. Thus the Summer-Land becomes a literal truth in harmony with the nervo-astronomy of the universal system.

It may seem to your imaginations that this spiritual world is afar off—that it must be a vast and remote existence, because astronomers have not peered into it. But it is my belief that astronomers, with their physical instruments, will, one of these fortunate future days, recognize the Summer-Land, and I believe, furthermore, that astronomers will see landscapes and physical scenes there more clearly than those vague images which are now revealed through telescopes, as existing upon the moon and different rolling stars.

No, the spirit-world is not remote. We move every moment in its presence. This earthly planet itself rolls in its orbit under the observation of the inhabitants of the Spirit-Land. The vast includes the little. The Summer-Land is the comprehensive sphere. Astronomically speaking, the earth is on one side of that vast galaxy of suns and planets termed “the milky-way,” and directly across this great physical belt of stars, we find the sublime repose of the Summer-Land; and this is but the receptacle of the immortal inhabitants who ascend from the different planets that belong to our solar system. These planets all have celestial rivers which lead from them toward the heavenly shores. As each organ in the human body holds its physical rela-

tion to the brain by means of nerves and blood-rivers, so these different planets in the physical universe hold a currental, magnetic, and electrical relation to the Summer-Land, which corresponds to the brain. How is it that strength rises to the brain of a man from what he eats? It is by means of circulation. And this circulation is regulated by the law of attraction and repulsion? How do spirits travel from these physical globes to their homes in the Summer-Land, and reversely, from the Summer-Land to persons and places on the planets?

Answer: By circulation. And here, too, magnetic river-circulation is regulated by attraction and repulsion! Thus the analogy may be extended *ad infinitum*.

I did not particularly notice until 1853, that different seasons of the year, and different positions of our planet in its orbit around the sun, yield a different clairvoyant vision of the Summer-Land. I found that an observation made in mid-winter afforded a very different aspect of the Spirit-World from that which would be obtained in May, July, or November; and furthermore, in the same year, I first noticed that the *condition* of the observer made a difference in what was visible; therefore it became necessary to adopt methods and conditions which would enable the clairvoyant to mark the particular *sections* of the Summer-Land that came within the range of vision in accordance with the different months of the year. From that time to this, I have been regulated by the discovery that the rolling of this terrestrial planet, in its orbit around the sun, affects the sweep of the clairvoyant sight in many in-

stances, furnishing unexpectedly a new conception of a familiar scene, and bringing to light other territories in the heavens before unknown. The Spirit-Land has a firmament. It is circular, and its vast firmament is filled with stars, suns, and satellites. It rolls in the blue immensity. The sky there is not without its clouds. They change very much like the clouds of our tropics; yet they do not much resemble them. The changes are like those in southern skies; but the clouds themselves are very different.

Among my first observations in the direction of the Spirit-Land, I discerned a river which seemed to flow across the open aerial space and pour into the far distant bosom of that heavenly world. It was a river made of various streams that flowed out from planets, which blended and widened and expanded into a great sea, and thus became the flowing element of perfect beauty in the land of spirits. That celestial river is as visible to the clairvoyant perception as the Hudson, the East River, or any other water that can be seen by the natural eye on the globe. It flows away far beyond any distance that I have power to trace. It seemed like a celestial Gulf Stream, "but whither it goeth I know not." I only know that it is one of the sources of unutterable melody. It seems to give out music from all its variegated margins, and to yield lessons also, because on several occasions, vast congregations were visible on the shores, learning something beautiful concerning its harmonious sounds. What they learned I cannot tell. I only saw that after listening and conversing and reposing for an hour (or what seemed to me to be that length of time,) they rose all at once;

they seemed to be many thousands—a vast assemblage—and then also arose their songs, and those songs, blending with the music of that wonderful water, seemed to me to fill the whole universe with melody! So full of joy was my heart that I lost all spiritual power either to see or hear; and so suddenly did I return to the common state that I could not but ask the person who just then entered the room, whether he had heard that *music*! “No,” he replied. “Indeed!” said I. “Didn’t you hear anything?” “No.” So real and so distinct was the sound I could scarcely believe my friend’s denial.

In 1854 I had an opportunity, for the first time, to contemplate a celestial garden. It was unlike anything I had ever seen in this world. The Garden of the Hesperides, of which we dream, only vulgarly represents the beautiful fact. When I saw the immense landscape and the innumerable beauties that come up from the soil, and the labyrinth of leafage which gathered upon the vision to the right of the scene, I could not but ask, “Will some one tell me the extent?” After a few moments a cerebro-telegraphic dispatch came into the mind, whispering distinctly, “It would reach from here to Scotland—near four thousand miles in length—five hundred miles in width.” It seemed to be a far-extending avenue of flowers and beautiful trees, and there seemed no limit to the number of persons that were walking leisurely, lovingly, arm-in-arm; and oh! the thousands of beautiful children that were at play through the devious labyrinths of that vast heavenly park!

Now let us reason for a moment. Christians be-

lieve, or profess to believe, that, "In our Father's house are many mansions." This faith is based in reality, or else it is false, and there is, or there is not a mansion or a house "eternal in the heavens." Is that Scriptural language figurative, or is it literal? Does it mean anything? You, who so strenuously believe the Bible, say that I am an infidel. But I now ask you who is the infidel? Your Christian poetry says:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Now I ask every professed Christian, Do you stand prepared to repudiate the fact affirmed in your poetry? Who is infidel to-night? Your highest authority in the Church and in the Bible said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He said also that *that* house was built without hands. Do you believe it? Do you believe anything on the subject? If you do, then you have at least the *rudiments* of an education which you ought to have perfected by this time into some reasonable comprehension of what the Father has, "without hands," spanned out for you beneath the unfolded heavens.

But to return. In the trees of that vast celestial Park I heard the songs of birds, such as I had not heard from any species of birds in this world. In 1855 the songs of these birds first caught the clairaudient ear. This power of hearing, superadded to the telescopic, gave all the more perfection and actualness to the observation. These birds resemble, to some extent, the birds of this planet under the equator. In plumage,

However, they were unlike. I saw celestial birds that excluded all rays except the *yellow*. They were singularly, wonderfully yellow—quite different from the hue of the canary. It seemed as though composed of yellow crystalline air. I could see the nervous systems of these birds—their whole physical interior—they were so transparent. They were, I observed, swift in their flight. I also saw a bird which excludes all rays save that of *blue*, and that looked like a diamond cut out of pure, ethereal immensity. I never could have imagined anything so marvelously expressive of pure, immense, heavenly love! This particular bird was a representative, I saw, of universal private affection. The yellow bird was also a representative. It had a great meaning—the mellower affection which comes from wisdom. The songs of these birds echoed from the Concilium—a place where minds who had gathered from the past, occasionally meet as in a Brotherhood for deliberations.

I inquired concerning the flowers, of which there were innumerable varieties, different from any that I had seen on earth, except one, which somewhat resembled the violet. All others were new and wonderful. There were also curious vines that grew all over very lofty trees; instead of leaves, the vines gave out countless throbbing flowers. Each corolla pulsated like a harp, and when I looked more intimately and carefully, I saw that every flower *seemed* to be conscious that it was part of a Divine life and plan.

Along the River, of which I first spoke, I saw what appeared to be *grasses*, but they were not such as I have seen on earth, and yet they were emanations from the

heavenly soil. They were what might be termed mossy-grasses, but the fibers were silken, and reflected the rainbow-colors of the diamond. The exquisitely fine fibers, composing the mossy grasses along the margin of the aerial Gulf Stream, gave off a *purple* brilliancy which was mellowed softly down, until it seemed to lose itself in a sort of atmospheric immensity of its own! As I gazed, it seemed to blend and lose itself within *innumerable seas of color*! I have tried to get some repetition of the effect of that color by visiting our Galleries of Painting; but I have seen nothing like it on canvas in the pictures of any earthly artist. Church's "*Heart of the Andes*"—the deep, rich, immense colors of the Cordilleras, and the infinite repose expressed in the marvelous depths of that picture—seem to be the merest physicalism compared with that which, in 1855, was first reflected upon the cerebro-telescopic eye! And then, to make sure, twice in that year it was sought and seen again, and also several times since; and in every instance it only became more perfect, different only in additions—no disappearing, no transformations, no "shifting scenes."

Sometimes I have visited the scenic transformations, as exhibited in the New York theaters. I once went to Laura Keene's, to see if I could, by witnessing the representation of fairy lands, &c., get something like a hint of that better country. The display was unsatisfactory, though brilliant and successful. In those dramatic representations of spirits, and in attempted supernatural exhibitions on the stage, I have never seen anything at all to be compared with what is positive reality in the other world. The dissolving views, which

are exhibited on the stage as best illustrations of the spiritual, I have never seen in the Spirit-Land. The magical opening and closing of flowers, for example, and spirits coming out of unfolding plants, and the elves and little sprites which are dramatically represented, as in the myths and superstitions of Ireland and of the ancient Britons, are nothing like the permanent representations of the Spirit-World. Flowers never magically open there, and plants do not give off little human beings. I never saw trees changing their location or leafage; never saw anything that looked like transmutation or enchantment; but instead, solid, sturdy life and progressive growth in the "house not made with hands."

There is an Island, which I first saw distinctly in 1857. I was in Buffalo at the time. I found by conversing with a Brother who had gone there—James Victor Wilson—that they called it the Island of Akropanamede. It takes its name from the purposes to which it is devoted. It is situated in a very vast body of what would be called "water" in the earth-land. There is a spring on that island which they call "Porilleum," and there is a beautiful cluster of springs some distance to the west which they name "The Porilla;" and every one of these springs gives off exceedingly sweet musical sounds, which are full of unutterable significance. Those harmonious notes blend with the streamlets which lose themselves in a beautiful river that flows along by the flowery paths of the Hospitalia. This name is given to one of the temples where persons who had become attached to some particular thing in this world, so that it had become an infatuation with

them, are taken to be cured. It is one of the many attractive sanitary temples of reform on that beautiful Island. The infatuation of a person is named "Toleka." When a person from earth has an infatuation so strong as to preclude his taking interest in anything else, he is invited to these springs and to the temples. The teacher-physicians who are appointed on that Island are called "Apozea." I never heard or saw such words before, and do not know whether they correspond with any earthly language. I obtained the orthography of the words from Brother Wilson, who pronounced them over and over again in my listening ear. [See end of this volume.] There are many spirit-physicians on the Isle of Akropanamede.

In a very different portion of the Spirit-Land, seen in the year 1856, I saw an island called "Rosalia," which is a region of great splendor in the midst of islands of less attractiveness. On that island dwell persons who had never lived upon the planet Earth. It was said that there were on that attractive spot persons who were from the just maturing planets of Mercury and Venus. The description of that island, which I cannot now give in detail, would interest you, since it was so different from everything else that was then visible.

One of the attractive islands near Rosalia is called "Batellos," because some educated Greeks sought its retirements, soon after their arrival in the Spirit-Land, as a suitable place to celebrate the advent on earth of Plato's doctrine of the Deity, including his theory of "Ideas."

"Poleski" is an island, seen for the first time in

1857, situated in another part of the Spirit-Land. It is frequently visited by former inhabitants of this earth, especially those who are still searching for "ancient wisdom," and who believe not at all in the theories and education of the moderns. They think that God's truth must be learned from those who lived in the remote past. To such that island is a favorite haunt—not the "haunt of Poets," but of those who still seek for wisdom through ancient views and old opinions.

There is another island called "Alium," intimately related to the one just mentioned, where certain ancients went to form themselves into a Brotherhood, composed of persons who were born long prior to the origin of the Old Testament.

"Lonalia" is the name of an island, seen for the first time by me in 1859, which is inhabited by young persons from the earth who died as Orphans. On this heavenly spot they are introduced to those who are their parents in spirit, but of whom they were not always physiologically born on earth. In this behold a mystery.

In the Spirit-Land countless families are visible. It seems that certain spirits are even more gregarious than are people in this world. Many have strong attachments of consanguinity at first, and then, forgetting or losing such earthly attachments, they seem to dwell, like old persons, in memories, and particularly enjoy revelations from and conversations with those who have lived in the Spirit-Land for many centuries.

If you should get a communication from any one of these spirits, telling you that he lived in a particular house, in a certain street, you might be considerably

misled, because, although they live in the Spirit-World, and in plain sight of this earth, yet they believe in memory only, and do not take interest in present actual things and circumstances.

The royal circle of the Foli is a Brotherhood very much resembling our American Shakers. On one occasion it was observed that the members of this Brotherhood corresponded in spirit and faith with the Shaker communities, and that these were really baptized thus with the presence of what men call the Holy Ghost, making them feel more deeply assured that they were right in religious and communal matters. From this circumstance you see that people after death do not become instantly endowed with wisdom and freedom. The Spirit-World, in short, is just like this world, on a higher plane.

There is a temple called the "Concilium," which, I believe, means the temple of affectionate thought and practical wisdom. In this Concilium are frequently and mostly heard the voices of women. They believe and teach principles different from those peculiar Greeks who gathered upon the distant islands. In this temple very cultured spirits assemble for the purpose of acquiring information concerning what is *best* to accomplish upon the planet Earth, or upon Mars, or Jupiter, or Saturn—for all these planetary populations need to be frequently visited—and there, in that beautiful temple, are gathered the wisdom, intuition, affection, hopes, love, poetry, and music, of multitudes of the sweetest, happiest, truest, most earnest and philanthropic women that have lived on the planet Earth. These women,

with their companions, gather there occasionally for information and deliberation.

There is a class of persons in the Spirit-World who are great travelers. They are almost like our gipsies. They form themselves into affinitive groups, and, harmonizing with the circulating rivers between the different planets, go on protracted journeys through innumerable scenes, and do not return to their pavilions for many years. Katie, my former companion, came to me, (as reported in the "Penetralia,") and said that she was then to start upon a journey; she knew not whither, nor when she would return, and she immediately began the journey, and has not yet returned, or I should have heard from her. She had joined the group of excursionists, without knowing whither they were going.

Mothers have inquired to know concerning their little ones; whether children born before perfect maturity become persons in the Summer-Land. It is found that infants born from six to eight weeks before Nature's time, continue on in the Spirit-World, slowly and surely acquiring the personal growth they would have attained had they lived in the body the full number of years. Mothers, therefore, who go to the Spirit-World to meet their little darlings, must be somewhat intuitive to know and recognize the child that was spirit-born without a moment's earthly life. Again, there are women who have had many children, who have, nevertheless, *never been mothers!* I was amazed when first I learned this, and I looked into the subject day after day, and persistently inquired with the greatest particularity, in order to ascertain the exact truth. In

1858 I found, to my astonishment, that there were on earth certain women and men with families *who have never yet known maternity or paternity*. I found that real mothers conceive with the whole life and love of the heart, and that real fathers produce from the vitalic energies and magnetisms of the whole brain; and that no blood-and-passion relations amount to anything to the progenitors beyond the tomb. So, as a consequence, it is seen that all the offspring of your legalized debaucheries, your blood-and-passion, are likely to be strangers to you, and the *real children of others*. And the legalized marriage, unless it coronate the spiritual fact, melts, like all temporary error, at the door of the tomb. Your offspring, unless they be of and from your spirit, and therefore from God, *are only physiological productions*, so far as you are concerned—for they find *their true parents* in other homes in the eternal heavens. Thus those who were unmarried in this world, after death meet both their true mates and their spirit-families.

I wish to speak a few moments more with reference to social life in the Summer-Land. I found, on inquiry, that certain kinds of idiots die like blossoms on trees that produce no fruit; children who are hybrids in their phrenological organizations—having not even the germs of a mind, but only the sanguine propulsions of the blood which give them the instinct of the animal, causing them to open their mouths to eat, and to drivel in sign of a desire for drink; such are but the vestiges of a worn out, miserable, passionate, but legalized marriage.

These useless offspring come from those who are permitted to be debauched by the rum-holes, cesspools

of intemperance on earth, with no law or civil regulation positively to prevent the evil. Much of this agony of child-bearing results in nothing; only so much organized clay that must go through the chemical hopper again, and be wrought up in the combinations of the physical world. Such is the fate of certain kinds of idiots who come from passion and intemperance. But in the Spirit-Land I have seen hosts and groups of beautiful children that were gathered to learn lessons from birds, and trees, and rivulets, and flowing streams. These happy children were each gathered according to a name which represented the group, and over each assemblage was appointed an "Apozea." That is just what, in a very crude way, we shall endeavor to represent in our newly-organized Children's Lyceums. If possible, we will have a little of the kingdom of heaven on the earth. Let us try in our "Lyceum" to make some human progress like that which is rolling in beautiful groups beyond the stars.

In the Spirit-World I noticed a vast congregation of persons who were in this world known for their philanthropy. Age is not represented in the physical aspect of a person in the other life, but wholly by the expression of the eye and the temper of the mind. "Age," as we call it, is not seen or known there. Those philanthropic persons receive delegates from the battle-fields of America. For ages those celestial Samaritans have gathered the soldiers as they came, in large parties at a time, direct from the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's point. The new-comers are slowly introduced to a new and a different life; and this is done with such gentleness, with such beautiful and graceful methods!

But those of both sexes, who are engaged in these philanthropic labors, wear clothing of various appearance and of wondrous fashions, different from anything you would or could imagine. I have never yet seen any silken gauze or gossamer fabrics to compare with the garments there used. Many wear a peculiar flowing dress, which, in a moment, can be either wound about the person in graceful folds or taken off. This garment, for either man or woman, is appropriate and beautiful beyond all imitation.

And then the feasting which is sometimes visible in the Summer-Land, would give you a great joy to behold. I verily believe that never a man or woman would partake of what is called the "Lord's Supper"—never partake of the crude elderberry wine and the very carefully prepared unleavened bread—if they could see the feasting of hundreds of thousands at the Lord's Supper spread out on those islands, and along the fringed margins of those beautiful and musical rivers! I never before so well knew what was meant when *your* authority and our Brother, the great Spiritual Reformer, said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The beautiful truth contained in that passage was exemplified to my mind in my first vision of the scene of a great feast in the Spirit-Land. Verily, no man, or woman, or child, in the higher life, careth for the immediate source—that is, they do not give themselves thought and great care for the food they receive and enjoy at appropriate seasons. What was called "manna" in the Old Testament is there a literal manifestation, dropping like snow

from the bosom of the heavenly realm; and as it falls it covers those beautiful and mossy fibers, and slowly becomes like the purest honey distilled from the depths of the upper air. The beautiful substances made from this manna are in all possible forms and shapes, and each form and shape possesses a flavor and an odor of its own; out of the *one* substance all forms and varieties of food are made—an art in chemistry which men will discover in this world one of these future golden days. For be it remembered that the immense riches of an *apple* are not yet known, much less those of a peach or a berry. Mankind are but just learning to preserve their fruits and common berries. When we get where aerial *emanations* are granted for food, and when we know how to gather and “bottle up” the spiritual particles that float in the invisible ether amid the heavens, then we shall live the life of the “lilies.”

The Spirit-World is thus brought into our actual experience, and the very life of it is seen and realized. Many of these visions of things would require most delicate descriptions to make them acceptable to the common sense of the world. But I tell you that the existence of the Summer-Land is not more mysterious than the formation and existence of a man's body out of the invisible life of his nerves. You may not see the philosophy of what I have here uttered, but it is as positive a science and is as literally true as that twice five make ten. And I fully believe that the existence and actualities of the next sphere will become a part of science, and that its philosophy will be as plain as the existence of such planets as Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

SOCIETY IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

“That was not first which is spiritual, but the natural ; afterward the spiritual.”

If you will permit a little autobiography, I will again refer to my own past. There are persons who, I think, know nothing of my personal investigations with respect to the existence, circumstances, and scenes, of mankind's future life. They have only heard. Those who do know, will, I trust, excuse me for speaking to those who do not know concerning my personal relations to this subject.

It is known and it can be demonstrated (the witnesses are nearly all living in this world,) that this subject of the future life came upon me years ago. I stand before you educated, to some extent, by that advent. It has made me acquainted with questions which are not common to merchants, and men who work, and think, and have their whole being parallel with society, and with the laws of ordinary business enterprises. The realities and scenes of the future came to me more silently and gradually than the flower unfolds from its earliest germinal beginnings. There was no shock in the advent. I was very much of a child in mind and body, and in years also, when the Spirit-World was first opened to my vision. So far as I myself was conscious, it came without any preparation, without any expectation, without any theory whatever,

and without any imagination with reference to what man's future state was, and would be. And not only so, but I was for years shut out from any external memory or other acquaintance with the wondrous facts that were delighting and intellectually enchanting the witnesses who were present when these things were delivered at 252 Spring street, New York, in the winter and spring of 1847. (See "Introduction to Nature's Divine Revelations.")

Now, if I stood before you as an intellectual speculator, a *theorist*—as a person who had pre-determined to wrest historical facts, to twist them, to mold them, to fashion them by the legerdemain of an anti-conscientious intellect, and by the force of imagination shape my facts to suit a foregone conclusion—then indeed I should not be for one moment worthy your respectful attention. Because, in such case, I should be an imaginationist and a perjured witness, self-condemned, and I could not longer speak; the words of my native tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I should be internally forced to breathe in the midst of self-consternations, and I know no power that could extricate me from the terrible embarrassment that would overwhelm my whole soul.

But I do not stand before you in any such capacity. I am not a theorist; not an imaginationist; not a lawyer. My position is that of a person, who, without forethought or intellectual preparation, became slowly acquainted with realities and scenes that were transmitted, or "impressed," day by day, from a higher sphere, until two whole years had transpired; and then, at the end of those two years, by a blessed mental

unfolding, which only the spiritual metaphysicians can truly explain to your understanding, the beautiful memories which had been thus gradually deposited within me came out and stood in the foreground, and said, "Rememberest thou these things?"—instantly my external life, with its memories, was blended and married sweetly at the altar of the "superior condition!" So well do I remember it! In the city of beautiful Poughkeepsie, vividly, indeed, like a conscious flower, pulsated the clear facts of that new birth. And I stand before you as one who has continued these sublime investigations *every forenoon*, whenever my physical and external conditions were favorable for an entire cerebral abstraction—*by which the physical world is shut out, and the spiritual senses opened*—and then pictures and scenes of immortal beauty have been painted on the spirit's retina, such limpid realities as no pencil can possibly imitate on canvas, nor poetry transfer in language, to the mind of man.

I appear before you, not as testifying in support of a *theory*, but to relate what I have seen as literal celestial verities. No theory can long exist which does not walk in the track of these indubitable facts. Nor can any philosophy long stand unless it comes to you just as these celestial facts came to me, in a logical sequence, following like flowing water along the unchangeable channels of Cause and Effect. Pardoning so much self-history, you will, I think, allow me now to ask your attention briefly to a philosophical basis for what I shall relate.

In the year 1850 I began a chapter by asking the question: "*Is human nature immortal?*" The same

question is before me now. Who is the *infidel* among you? Christians! you who profess to believe so much *better* and *finer* and *truer* things than I do, you who pass current in the outward world for being "orthodox" in your persuasion, I ask you: "Is immortality a part of your conviction?" If it is not, then some other method, and some stouter proof, will be necessary to implant it in your judgment. But if it is, then I ask you: "Is immortality possible except on the supposition that *you are to continue forever to be yourself*?" Is human nature, the individuality, to be changed in the twinkling of an eye? Can your personal nature be supernaturally changed and converted into something different ten minutes after death, or at the moment of the Resurrection?—can such a metempsychosis take place and *you* still continue to be *yourself*? What kind of an immortality is that? For you, James and Mary, to be immortal, it is immutably necessary that you should continue to *be* James and Mary, and not others. When your neighbors, relatives, and intimate acquaintances arrive beyond the grave, they must be to *you*, and to *themselves*, the continuation of the individual life-chapters here commenced to be written, otherwise they are utter strangers to each other—in all logical effects they would be *new* persons—and thus the doctrine of immortality would be nothing, although individuals might forever dwell in the higher realms.

If immortality be a truth, then Christians cannot with reason say to me that I am uttering one word contrary to the divine system of the celestial, spiritual, and physical universe. If they repudiate immortality, then I am the Christian—that is, *the believer*. I do not wish

to arrogate the former term; for, as the so-styled Christian world now goes, I do not think the name is either much of a compliment or recommendation. The doctrine of immortality is in the world's religious faith. If it be accepted by the intellect, it must be on the principle that mankind *continue* the life begun in this world. How can a man be after death what he was on earth, unless he be distinguished by the *same* structure, unless the *same* general mental conformation continues, unless he remains possessed of the *same* general physique, and the *same* general arrangement of faculties and dispositions of temperament, which give him individuality and a marked personal position with reference to others in this world?

This reasoning I take as the first layer of basis, which may render the idea of immortality somewhat philosophical.

Again I ask you who are openly avowed "Deists"—I mean those Unitarian Christians who believe in God—whether, if there be a God, who, as they say, is "without variableness or shadow of turning"—is He to be, or appear to be, an entirely *different* Person or Power in another state of being? Can an omnipotent, unchangeable, deathless Deity, be something entirely *different* when mankind ascend beyond the present, "nearer to God"? You know that Deity, in the world's theologic conception, is a perfect, single man—large, vast, beyond all measurement, yet a man! and that the emanation from his holy spirit goes out to fill, and thrill, and vivify the illimitable spaces of the universe. This last diffusion of the holy spirit is what some Christians call "the Divine proceeding," the om-

nipresence of the spirit of God, taking the name of the "Holy Ghost."

Now I ask you whether, in your honest opinion, it be possible for an unchangeable God to *change* his nature and his balance? If he does not, it being intrinsically impossible, then would it not be natural and reasonable to suppose that *another* existence adapted to mankind would be simply another *section*, or a higher degree, of the existence begun here? Is it not logical to believe that what is primary here would correspond to something primary there—that what is here meant by "justice," and "truth," and "liberty," would there be represented by something exactly the same, perfectly identical? If things begin here with roots and grow to summits, then, God not changing, and the vegetative laws and systems being the same, would you not suppose that all future growths occur in harmony with the inspiring principle? Otherwise, with a different philosophy, you are all afloat! You can have no common sense in matters of religion, unless you take the basis which is here given: it gives solid, fertile soil, and strong, firm roots, to all your ultimate reasonings and contemplations.

You send your children to the primary schools. What for? So that when they are old enough to take a *higher* position in the scale of learning they may be prepared to take all their rudiments of thought up into a more practical mental development. For this end the primary schools are established, and that is why you consent to send your children to them. Now, what is this earth? It is a primary school. It is primary in the physical as in the spiritual; just as much in the

social as in the intellectual. The universe changes not, because God is unchangeable; therefore what you begin to learn here in the rudiment, you will be certain to ascertain there in the ultimate life; what is GERM *here* is FLOWER *there*; and so you can trace upward all the consecutive and unbroken links by which germs reach onward to fruition, and thus bloom out naturally on the summits of the great trees of Truth. Otherwise—that is, with a different notion—you have no philosophy and no science in your religion—only a dumb, shallow, idiotic heathenism, blundering and stumbling headforemost into the absurdities of Supernaturalism. Mystery and fear are what the olden ministers consider the best stock-material in their stupendous trade. The high calling of every Reformer is to make Truth a simple Unity and a sublime Reality! We have science and philosophy beneath our feet, truth in our principles, and reason in our propositions; and nothing is true to our minds because any particular individual has “said it”—no authority to us in a “thus saith the Lord.”

I appear before you to testify to celestial *facts* that came to me without a theory or a philosophy, without foregone conclusions, without any logical points to make out, or any favorite positions to affirm and maintain. If you can demonstrate my personal history in these particulars not to be real, publish it in your papers, and I will agree to pay you one hundred dollars for every line of such demonstration. The witnesses can nearly all be reached, and probably with the expense of from two to five dollars. These external remarks are for the lawyer and for the man who can't believe except he steps on solid ground. Therefore I

say to *such* minds, try, and see for yourselves whether these things be not as I have told you from the first. Prove these declarations to be utterly unfounded, and you shall be forever thanked by the sectarians of Christendom.

After ten years' acquaintance with the Summer-Land, I made the inquiry, on one occasion, why it was that so many names of places there had Latin roots and Greek terminations. I had learned, on frequent interior occasions, to know what a Latin or Greek word meant, and how it was originated by scholars. By writing from the interior, I found that there is a kind of immortality in the Greek and Latin Languages—more than there is in the Hebrew, the Arabic, and some other tongues more oriental and ancient. There is a great root-vitality in some of what are called the “dead languages.” It seemed very curious to me that the Asiatic and Chaldaic languages were most represented in some of the spiritual brotherhoods; also the language spoken first on the American continent by the earliest inhabitants, by the Aborigines, and those more singular people who preceded them—that there are communities in the Summer-Land which really do continue to hold the words and memories of that language as precious. And hence it may be remarked that the Shakers, when under their peculiar inspirations—the celestial afflatus which pervades a congregation of worshiping Shakers—speak fluently in what are called “unknown tongues.” (Of course on this point I need not stop to argue with and persuade Christians, because they have all read Paul, and know from such authority that such singular things used to be done—that all

kinds of persons, in Pentecostal times, were uplifted and made to speak in "unknown tongues.") And it seems that the spiritual language of the Shakers is characteristic of the speech of certain brotherhoods in the Summer-Land, composed of minds who yet retain their "first love" for the words which characterized their nationality—in which all their national history and religious developments were written. They affectionately linger in it, and dwell in it, as bees in hives by the roadside. Why? Because human nature is human still: death not radically changing either the heart or head.

There is, as I have before said, a beautiful mount called "Starnos." A brotherhood of affiliated souls is seen upon the west of it, situated near a celestial pavilion called by the beautiful word, "Connilium." This wondrously beautiful pavilion is not to shelter persons from the tempests and storms, as we design and use buildings on earth.

There is there no occasion to prepare for winter nor for great heat of summer. Different portions of the Summer-Land have different temperatures, but no such climate as we have in any part of the earth, because that Land is made by the fine material contributions and gravitation of atoms of all planets in the solar system. Hence it is the product of many, and not of one: the earth being but one atomic contributor to the material formation of that existence. Only *portions* of that Land, therefore, can retain the peculiarities of the earth, of which such portions are naturally more perfect representatives.

This Connilium is a structure of exceeding beauty.

It seems, to look at it, like a building made of trees, flowering shrubs, and countless vines. To the clairvoyant eye it is full of undescribable, beautiful colors. It seems to be composed of flowers that cast rays of lights and shadows like precious stones. And I wonder not that John, when standing on the Isle of Patmos and gazing into the upper sphere, seeing this marvelous Pavilion, called it "the New Jerusalem." Such gorgeous beauty, resplendent with what seems to be precious stones, is not often painted upon the upturned eyes of the clairvoyant.

Flowing along this side of that beautiful Pavilion is a river (I obtained the pronunciation of this word with great care) called "Apotravella." They sing to its tides. There is in that Brotherhood a piece of music written to the life of the Apotravella. And there are times when the vast multi-arched Connilium throbs like a harp, responsive to the historical musical revelation of that beautiful celestial stream.

"Ali-Nineka" is the name of the Turk who is chief in that temple—still a follower and a believer in Mahomet. One would suppose that by this time he had outgrown his creed, but he has not. He often sees and adores the gifted man who represented Mecca. The dwellers in this temple still believe that the populations of other portions of the Summer-Land will yet take great interest in Mahomet, the prophet of God.

Thus, heathenism, (as men call it,) continues after death, and missionary workers, and even Spiritualistic meetings, will be necessary in the Upper-Land; because human nature is not supernatural, but continues to be human—outgrowing its errors either slowly or rapidly,

in keeping with motives and temperaments. Some immediately improving and progressing in free truth; others remaining unimpressible and conservative for very long ages.

“Martillos” is the young, bright wife of Ali-Nineka. Martillos, who has lived centuries in that world, is “Morning Devotion,” which is the significance of her name. She is filled with the spirit of the master-mind from whom they get their musical education. The doctrine of polygamy, which was so popular in Turkey and throughout all Mahommedan countries, is not practiced in this Brotherhood. This beautiful girl seems to have been the savior of Ali-Nineka. They constitute the central objects of talent and beauty, and are the host and hostess of that vast pavilion.

In 1855, when I was writing something concerning that Christian sect which flourished in the second century, called the “Gnostics,” I realized a warmth and observed a little purple ray that was spread and trembling over the paper on which I was writing. It signified that there was some person present in spirit who would testify; and so, casting down my pen and yielding to that invitation, I received testimony from a man who called himself “Ephelitus.” He said that he was a scholar and a propagandist in that early sect. He remarked that the race of Gnostics is almost extinct, but that there are a few of them remaining, who still believe that they had “the truth,” and they accordingly continue to advocate it. Ephelitus himself lived in a very different section of the Summer-Land. “Ori,” he said, gives the sound of a word which signifies the name of his lovely valley—the Ephelitus region—where

still a few Gnostics, like the Quakers of earth, meet to exchange civilities and to hold social conferences or religious conversations.

Is it strange that persons who go across the ocean into Europe should meet and talk over American affairs? Is it strange that when the old man walks down into the twilight of his personal history, he loves to sit and tell over to younger persons what happened to him three-score years before? Always keep in remembrance that human nature *is human*, both in this world and in the Summer-Land.

In the valley of Ori, the oldest Gnostic, Ephelitus, holds his levees, and gathers about him those who wish to hear him tell of scenes and toils in Rome seventeen centuries ago. They listen to the "tales of a grandfather," and learn of the eventful century when Gnosticism first gathered its followers, when it grew, and became, for the time, a religious and local power.

"Zellabingen" is a vast German Association, which was also seen in August, 1855. This Association in the Summer-Land was located, when I first observed the assemblage, parallel with the rings of Saturn with reference to the path of the sun. That is, if you were at that moment a member of the Zellabingen Association, and stood in its location, pointing northward at the time I mention, this way from the Summer-Land, you would have indicated a point in space directly parallel to the situation and plane of the rings of the planet Saturn. To have pointed earthward would have nearly reversed the direction of your vision.

This vast Association is musical throughout. It is composed wholly of persons who had not, before death,

acquired the power of song, but who yet possessed enthusiastic and ardent love for music—souls whose desires for song had not been gratified in the earth. The Zellabingen Association is to them the glorious actualization of what here was ideal and perpetual disappointment. They each one said, “I have now no voice for song, but I will yet sing; it is in me; I can silently sing; my spirit sings; and time will bring me song.” How many German maidens, and how many German young men, have become members of the Zellabingen Society! There they are, in the Upper-World, some of them centuries old, as our almanac would make it, yet younger than any grown person on earth. To them every morning is the beginning of a new day. By which I mean that every change in the cycle of their lives is to them the beginning of a new age through which they have never passed. They are fresh and new, spontaneous and beautiful.

It was this Zellabingen Society that first adopted the beautiful movement called “The Children’s Progressive Lyceum.” They began, as we have, by the distribution of twelve Groups. The Groups were designated and regulated according to the ages of their members; that is to say, according to the ages of those who love music and song, and not according to ages kept by the almanac. For if you were measured and classified according to your spiritual age, you would, perhaps, be not more than two or three months in some things; others among you, though past life’s meridian, are *just born* to a sight of spiritual things; and some of you, although voters on election days, are not yet born in wisdom and true faith; while others, years old

in spiritual faith, are not a month old in matters pertaining to true knowledge. No—the soul is not to be measured by the almanac, but by its development from a state of darkness to a state of knowledge. In the Summer-Land there is no other account of time. A young man may, perhaps, know nothing of chemistry, but the same mind may be more than a century old in music. Youth is so perfect a principle in spirit that decay cannot come upon it. Every spirit, in the Upper life, becomes a spontaneous spring of ever-recurring youthfulness.

The Zellabingen Society, I again observe, originally adopted the Children's Lyceum Groups in the Summer-Land. The Groups first represented notes of music. Then each Group was an octave. At length the Groups multiplied and numbered up higher and higher, until they constituted an orchestra with a thousand octaves! The master-spirits, standing among the musical Groups, so that every one could be reached, evoked such magnetic inspiration, that when a splendid piece of historical music rolled out from those accordant voices, the heavens seemed for the moment to be only music! It seemed to me, when I first heard this celestial concert, that the people of Brooklyn, where I then resided, could not shut their ears against it. At the time I was in clairvoyance on the corner of Fulton and Franklin Avenues, in a room on the third floor, and it seemed that the busy inhabitants of New York, and all the cities round about, did certainly hear every note that was sounded. The lowest, the highest, and grandest notes were heard, and then the deep, *deep* bass, which seemed to come up from the profoundest starry

depths; so that it seemed as though the harp of old ocean was attuned to perform a part of the melody. It seemed as though, had I had paper and pencil by me at the moment, I might have traced many parts of this wonderful historical music of the Zellabingen Society.

But let us now speak of others. Lindenstein and Moraneski are Russian and Austrian Associations. The Lindenstein Association is more remote from the Zellabingen Brotherhood than is England from America. It is situated very far away to the right. The Russian Association seemed to be immersed almost wholly in matters of history with reference to races of planets, no matter whether of this earth or others in space. They have lost a great deal of their attachment to their native globe. They are peculiarly truthful, unselfish, and disinterested. They are almost Teutonic in their studious methods. They often associate themselves in large assemblies. And when I first saw them, on a particular occasion, it seemed to be their time of meeting. They were interested in, and debating upon, historical questions. The uses and lessons of such celestial conventions and deliberations will be seen at some future time.

"Moraneski," the Austrian Assembly, or Society, is a very different Brotherhood. They were, at that time, concerning themselves almost entirely with the formation of the best governments for the different tribes and peoples of the earth. They are politicians in their methods, but do not seek to exert political influence over kings and emperors.

Monazolappa is the only exclusively African realm that I have ever seen in the Spirit-World. And here,

for the first time, I saw that progeny of parents, of whatever race, not born perfectly organized in the formation of the inner brain, do not obtain an individualized representation after death. It seems that there was a very large percentage of the progeny of the early inhabitants who never attained to immortality. According to the testimony of the Monazolappa Association, myriads of the progeny of the semi-humans, who prevailed in the early ages of the globe, went down out of sight into the vortices and laboratories of matter. There was there no voice of lamentation. They said that their true children were not lost; for every human child naturally born is there; only those, who, taking on the shape of man, but not yet internally organized up to the human, were excluded from the upper spheres.

Two years previous, in 1853, I was led (by a very beautiful incident which I may not now relate,) to see for the first time a Brotherhood on the north of what I first called Mount Starnos—a beautiful Spanish Association, more numerous than the population of America, called “Acadelaco,” or “Eco del Eco”—the name as near as I can remember to pronounce. And there was round about that beautiful Starnos a lake that seemed to be of pure limpid amber! It was flowing, yet not heavily liquid as is our earthly water. It seemed to be more like flowing liquid atmosphere than like water, and it had the peculiar property of giving off a refreshing fragrance instead of a suffocating fog. And once, soon after this vision, in crossing the East River to New York on the Brooklyn ferry-boat, I saw a painful contrast; for there we wandered, and floated, and

steamed about for three-quarters of an hour, in a *fog* that had a remarkably bad smell. And I had just arisen from the studio in which that entire spiritual truth had been developed, with the recollection of the emanations from the amber-like river to the north of Starnos! What a contrast between the two worlds! Hovering over the bosom of the heavenly river was a fragrance from countless flowers.

A gentleman who is an expert in science says that he can demonstrate that the photographic instrument can photograph invisible substances. Thus mankind are getting ready to *take the spirit form*, to establish the beautiful fact, by photographic developments. Art has made the nearest approach to painting unsubstantial shadows, so that the human eye can, with admiring satisfaction, look upon them. Perhaps, in this manner, one of these days, Art will catch the fragrance of a flower, so that you can take the likeness of an odor to your friends! Men will then say, "Is it possible that for centuries and centuries immemorial we have been only able to smell without seeing, while now we can see what we have known only by the olfactory nerves?" Now, I will again say that the odoriferous emanations from that beautiful amber-river were *visible*, and that they constituted, above the stream, what Fourier, in speaking of the ultimate of this planet, called a "Boreal Crown." It aromally rose up and swept over for thousands of miles both east and west. What a magnificent rainbow was that, with colors to which no human eye is accustomed! Here there were, in colors, new developments, rich, splendid! And do you suppose that a Brother of the Acadelaco Society could look

upon that scene and not worship the Infinite Mind? Every human mind would in one moment be moved to feelings of purest devotion and highest adoration. Our rainbow here is a philosophical fact, unless the system of Nature be a fraud; and the spiritual counterpart is a continuation of this on a grander principle. The fact exists in science, and you cannot dodge the conclusion, that, in other spheres, similar phenomena may occur.

“Miantovesta” is an Italian Brotherhood, in a very different section of the Summer-Land. This Brotherhood is distinguished by some of the most beautiful women that ever lived on the face of the earth. It is one of the most celestial and attractive. And behold what hospitalities the Miantovestaian receive when they visit the Zellabingens! They journey to the latter Brotherhood from time to time; and there the sweet singers of the Miantovesta join the anthems of the Groups, and their voices rise up and blend like drops of dew in the air.

I wonder not—having heard the music of this great Association—that many Christians conceive the kingdom of heaven to be a perpetual singing-school—a protracted Methodist meeting—continuing years and centuries, while they adore God, with hymns of praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving, in this manner occupying their time throughout the infinite periods! And this is the orthodox Christian’s conception of heaven! Human nature must be entirely changed at death to make it possible to realize such a conception. Nay, nay. It is a philosophic, scientific, phrenological, affectional, logical, spiritual, religious absurdity. Yet, remembering the effect produced when the Zellabingen Society joins

its wondrous, magnificent melody with the Miantovesta—then I sometimes think that, from this celestial fact, the early Christians may have obtained their conception that the eternity in the kingdom of heaven is devoted to the cheerful works of music and praying.

“Pialoleski” is another Russian Association. It is peculiar, and distinguished for its musical properties. Having heard the songs of these musical gatherings, I feel the impulse to urge our Brothers and Sisters to open their mouths and bring forth the joyful hymns of progress and praise. No wonder that I would have song poured from everybody’s mouth! It has almost lifted me up to the thought of having nothing cultivated in this world save music. When I first heard the Anvil Chorus, it seemed after all as though the multifarious sounds of noisy cities would one of these days be “set to music.” I had no appreciation of such a combination of sounds and parts as constituted an “opera” until these celestial sounds came through the clairaudience of my own spirit, thus educating the mind to breathe in the significance of music, as well as to comprehend somewhat of its physical vesture.

Senelocius and Helvetius are celebrated even in the Summer-Land for their logical peculiarities and intellectual endowments. Baron D’Holbach, too, and those who believe in his doctrines, seem to think the time will come when men’s minds will wholly outgrow any idea of God—that there is no necessity and no philosophy for such an impossible Being. They believe and teach many about them that God is a supernatural absurdity; that there is no supernaturalism. They sometimes think the absurdity itself is absurd, and they advocate among

themselves, and fearlessly in the presence of those about them, the same fundamental thoughts that ruled the affections of the earthly society which they formed before they left the earth.

Professor Webster, of the Dr. Parkman history, went among such minds, not by invitation, but in association with others who were going to see and to listen. And when he first appeared to a circle in Springfield, Mass., he there reported a peculiar doctrine which the medium was afraid to write or have reported. It was really the doctrine of the Helvetian School, much modified, but essentially the same.

Swedenborg truly says that, in the Spirit-World, the different associations, nationalities, tribes, and religious sects continue. The philosophers of the Atheistical school—especially Senelocius—make these notions a matter of society, so that the children of parents who think as they do, and the wives of those men who so think, and persons in other Brotherhoods, have large sentimental gatherings, where they enjoy festivities and conversation. Human nature here is human nature there. We have here a New England Society, the Western Association, or the Knickerbocker Association, &c., and the different Clubs. It is the same thing there, only on a grander and more harmonious scale.

“Archilarium” is the name of an open pavilion where these teachers gather the multitudes who want to listen. When this assemblage was witnessed by me in 1858, it seemed like a vast convention; not, however, characterized by the turbulency of earthly gatherings. They all seemed to take a great deal of interest in everything said and done. It was a celestial Conven-

tion held out in the open fields of heaven—beautiful, fair, mossy, and bedecked with every variety of flowering plants.

“Vivodario” is the name of that Oratorio—of that beautiful section of river—to which I referred in the early part of this discourse. And the beautiful Octolonia is the angel-writer and poetess—a gifted lady in the Summer-Land—who developed and arranged the sublimest piece of music in the whole Brotherhood of Zellabingen. It was written long after death by this beautiful German lady-spirit. Octolonia is the name given to her in consequence of her great attainments and accomplishments. Her name is her coronation; it shines from her brow; it sparkles and shimmers through her beautiful locks. She seems to be radiant with the music of which she was the authoress.

“Ulcemira” is the name of a traveler who had arrived just at the time when this clairvoyant observation was made. Ulcemira, too, is a most beautiful woman, who, in this world, had desires for journeying which had never had any gratification. But when she felt her feet free upon the green fields of Paradise, she openly declared and made an oath that “she would have her soul gratified with excursions.” And verily, this beautiful woman, Ulcemira, has traveled twenty times farther than from here to the sun. She had just arrived from one excursion, and, with the poetess, stood where the music was just about beginning: and that was the glorious scene, and the time, when I heard the grandest music possible to imagine.

The social scenes in the Summer-Land, which I was enabled to see two days after what is above mentioned

and which included the enchanting festivities, were beyond all verbal description. I will not detain you by a single word upon them; they may come up, perhaps, in a future reference.

“La Samosata” is the name of a Convent, or what would here be called a Monastery. There are persons who still verily believe that the Roman Catholic faith is God’s exclusive religion. Such spirits hover over their congenial earthly congregations. Therefore the Roman Catholics do experience real inspirations—not *revelations*, remember, because revelations open and enlighten the judgment, whilst *inspirations* excite, vivify, and warm our spirits to action. Many persons are truly inspired who have not common sense. In fact, they may be very highly inspired, and still be *very unwise in their externals*. On the other hand, when a man has a real *revelation*—which gently expands and opens the faculties of thought, and which also brings proportion, and depth, and solidity—then inspiration becomes to that man’s faculties what sun-heat is to the flowers, and grains, and grasses. It is a cause of growth and of steady fertilization.

Now these Catholics of our earth really *feel* the hovering indorsement and benedictions of the La Samosata—the tenants of a vast Convent. It is a place shut in by mountains that fill the distance away off, like Alps upon Alps (only not with those abrupt and pointed summits,) but like innumerable oceans they seem to roll down to the garden of the Convent.

If the earthly astronomer could but gaze upon this scene with his telescope, it would seem to him as though he was contemplating new star-fields in the heavens, in

beauty and magnitude far beyond his ability to transmit in language, or to map down for the longing eyes of his waiting fellow-men. The La Samosata, instead of being a place where a few thousand can gather, may contain all the Roman Catholics who have gone into the Spirit-World for many past centuries, and hence it is vastly larger than the States of both Illinois and Wisconsin. You ask, "Do they all live there?" I answer by asking, "Do you suppose that there is *coercion*? Is the internal government of the Spirit-Land more arbitrary, more despotic than this? Will you not there be more, instead of less, generous and kind to all forms of faith? Will the good Father and Mother send policemen or missionaries armed with rods and whips to drive men who do not believe the exact letter?" No, no. Human nature continues the same. Therefore Roman Catholic Associations in the next sphere are just as inevitable and natural as anywhere on the face of the earth.

I will speak of other things. A great white flower was seen in the same month. It is called the "Archibulum"—a beautiful word, meaning the *white temple of the children*. And there, near the garden containing these flowers, are persons we read of in the Bible. There I observed those who would not be comforted—Rachel, and also very many beautiful Jewesses, and the Israelitish women who were called heroines in the old Hebrew Scriptures. The Archibulum is a vast white flower, so constituted as to represent the image of beautiful children grouped directly at its center. It seems to grow full one hundred feet from the earth. Many admiring spirits seem to think they see in the flower's center a

beautiful representation of the son of Mary and Joseph, when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It is the divinest flower of all that section of the Summer-Land. And the early Hebrew women look with great delight upon the Archibulum, with the picture of an assembly of children at its center—one of the most marvelous floral developments in the garden of God.

Do not forget, friends, that I am speaking to you of scenes in the Summer-Land—the next-door neighbor to all this circle of planets, of which the earth is a member. What would you say if you should hear somewhat concerning the third Sphere, of the one beyond that, or of another and still higher? I have seen mediums who think they receive communications from the innumerable upper places! No. Many of them have not heard from the gifted in these Brotherhoods. Now and then some one of them says, "Oh, that is nothing, the next spirit-world is nothing! I get communications from the *seventh* heaven—away up out of sight!" That is all ecstatic inspiration, without any analyzing judgment—no revelation to balance the mind in truth. Men and women get more humility when they get more wisdom. Pomposity of intellect is the best proof of its shallowness. When a truly sublime idea comes to you, then, "expressive silence" is alone natural and worthy. Words are an impertinence.

"Aurealia" is the general name for a class of pulsating lilies. These golden and graceful plants grow by the peaceful homes of those pure souls who wish them. Aurealia represents "new hopes," or freshened hopes. It grows by the heavenly homes of many good, high-born

souls, in the spirit-world. Some persons who have lived in New York, and some who have departed from among our households, have been seen where these beautiful pulsating indications of "freshened hopes" vibrate in the soft, beautiful zephyrs of the immortal sphere.

"Oahulah" is the name of a brotherhood of Sandwich Islanders, which I saw almost by an accident, when I was looking for something very different. The circumstance may interest you. I took up a newspaper and saw the name of Aaron Burr. I had never read anything concerning him. I had heard that he was a peculiar man, a politician, &c. I had also heard some conversation about him. I said, "I wonder if I cannot get some information with reference to him." This was early in the first year of the HERALD OF PROGRESS—about three years ago. The question occupied my thoughts for three different mornings, and, on the third session, clairvoyance was complete, and the vision opened, but I did not see Aaron Burr as I expected to, but I saw a much smaller man, with a brow that was not yet clear of a singular shadow, which immediately drew my attention, and I said, "I wish I could know what it is that so *shades that man's brow*." I saw nothing above him that could cast a shadow, nor had he anything upon his head. He was surrounded and conversing with a great many others. They were seemingly interested in something pertaining to the war then approaching on earth, and with reference to some persons who were their earthly relatives, whom they knew would soon be among them from the battle-fields. But above all, this man's shaded brow drew my clairvoyant attention. I wished to know who he was, and to learn what

the shadow meant. At length I saw that he was Alexander Hamilton. In his company I saw none of the early American statesmen; but there were many intelligent persons with him, and of different races. Soon Mr. Hamilton unvailed his memory and began to think, and I could see the thoughts roll out at the front part of his mind, and each was as clear to my inward vision as is any object to the physical eye.

I saw in his memory a place that I had seen on earth. At first I could not recognize it sufficiently to locate it. But presently it grew more familiar. I had seen the trees, and the walks, and the grass, and the mountain, and the Hudson River! I looked again, and thought for a while, and then I remembered that it was Hoboken! In a few minutes some eight men appeared, and he among the rest. And now I saw in his thought a *regret* that he had been weak enough, low enough in the moral scale, so actuated by pride and a false code of honor, as ever to have permitted Aaron Burr to send him, "before his time," into the Summer-Land. And I could see distinctly the figures 1804—the year in which Burr shot him: twenty-four hours afterward he passed, a duelist, to the After-Life. For days he was in a deep, dreamy slumber. When he awoke, he found upon his brow this *shadow*! The cause of his regret dates back half a century; still there is a *shadow* just over his brow and upon his head.

The lesson is impressive and easily learned. It is best for all to *be right* and to *do right*. No man or woman is wholly innocent; no one perfect. If you are not good and strong enough to save and prevent another from doing you a wrong, the weakness goes with you,

and its effects will *shade* you somewhere, either in person or in spirit, and you cannot conceal a weakness so perfectly as you can in this world.

The Oahulah is the association of Sandwich Islanders where Alexander Hamilton was temporarily sojourning, which I saw by an accident, so to say, when trying to find Aaron Burr. Oahulah was constituted of persons who had passed on from those earth-islands into the spirit-world.

“Wallavesta” and “Passaeta” both are realms of various peaceful and affiliated tribes of Indians. The hatchet is really buried, and the pipe of peace is smoked. At last the red man has found his hunting-grounds. The sachems and the wigwams, the great forests and the regions of beauty to traverse, and the shining lakes for bathing and fishing—these ideal *dreams* of the old Indians are more than actualized in the Summer-Land. The immortal Indian,

“whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,”

is just as good a Christian as they who sat at the feet of Jesus, because the Eternal breathed infallible instinctive truths into his unfettered mind. In the depths of intuition he obtained foreglimpses of the beautiful immortal realm, not like these barren wastes and rude territories granted by government, but a land given by the Great Spirit to the “red man,” who is as much a child of God as is any member of the Zellabingen, as much as the highest archangel who dwells in yet higher spheres in the spiritual universe.

SOCIAL CENTERS IN THE SUMMER-LAND

“If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?”

It appears to me that the foregoing words are peculiarly applicable to the subject-matter of this discourse.

The third chapter of John opens one of the richest mines of Platonic Philosophy. You remember that the doctrine of the “new birth,” or what is theologically called “regeneration,” is there introduced in behalf of persons who were imperfectly generated and badly born to start with—minds only half or two-thirds made up, “sent into this breathing world” full of physiological mistakes and psychological errors; which must be either voluntarily outgrown, or else involuntarily agonized through to a successful issue—“regeneration” being theologically prescribed as the true medicine, the only Divine plan, projecting over immense sins, shortening the road to Abraham’s bosom, economizing or transcending the methods of justice, and saving the sinner from the pit of eternal and well-merited punishments. But I believe that all who voluntarily leave the world, the flesh, alcohol, tobacco, and the other devils, practically set their spirits and their bodies sailing toward the immortal Future. Such pay the genuine

coin at the ticket-office of repentance ; they comply with the conditions, and are guaranteed a safe and happy voyage to the heavenly kingdom.

But look at the Church plan. From the many probations that are granted and accepted, and judging from the many false steps and moral mistakes made by the converts, it is probable that multitudes run off the track. Notwithstanding the fact that they voluntarily enlisted in the spiritual army, purchased tickets in the pew-department, and started with all the best sympathies of the brothers and sisters in Jesus, with the combined prayers of a mighty congregation to keep their souls steady toward the goal ; still great numbers switch off and run for years in the world's popular tracks.

Nicodemus could not properly understand the mysterious simplicity of a spiritual birth. I never saw a Nicodemus that could. A materialist, a man who believes only in the obvious, in weights and measures, who acquires his knowledge through the external, is a man whose thoughts extend only to the question which was put by Nicodemus. One of the most beautiful Sons of the Infinite Father replied to him in astonishment : " Art thou a master in Israel"—that is, art thou a learned lawyer, a doctor of divinity, a responsible public man, a governor over many people—" and knowest *not* these things?" Think of a leader of the people, standing up in authority before multitudes, influencing their feelings and conduct, and yet knowing not that " that which is flesh, is *flesh*, and that which is spirit, is *spirit*."

To be born of " water" as well as of " the spirit," is

too much like the hydropathic system of cure to be congenial to most persons. It is supposed to be more pleasant and less laborious to be "born of the spirit"—of sentiment, of good endeavor, and of the conscious possession of high motives. But it is quite too practical to be also born of *a clean body*, which means "water." I am rejoiced and grateful that some such man as John the Baptist—the "forerunner"—perceived the beautiful emblematic induction, and made the demonstration that the *physical* temple is the basis on which the intellectual and spiritual superstructure must be erected—that a true "new birth" begins in the body department.

"If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" That is to say, if a person, when testifying of common earthly things, is known to be *as truthful* and unimpeachable as others who believe a very different creed—known to be as reliable in his speech and in character as his orthodox neighbors—why can you not as readily believe the same person when he soberly speaks of elevated things, which exist out of and beyond the sensuous sphere? The question is very simple. Nicodemus, not being acquainted with the science of electricity and meteorology, could not understand what caused the wind to rush from one place and blow into another. Inasmuch as he could not comprehend the law of the blowing tempests, nor the wafting of the gentle evening zephyrs, how could he understand the simple mystery of the "birth of the spirit"? The progressive growth of the spirit in truth and right is more mysterious than the coming and going of terrestrial

winds. Inasmuch, therefore, as most men are yet ignorant of the common phenomena of the physical world, is it not presumptuous in them to stand up in the midst of this temple of God and proclaim their superficial skepticisms concerning profounder, deeper, vaster more elevated things? Hundreds pompously denounce spiritual things while they know little or nothing of the underlying laws and refined conditions by which these marvelous visions and rich experiences are obtained. Such minds arrogantly presume to sit in final judgment upon the spiritual experience of others. The Nazarene when answering Nicodemus, was compelled to raise the question of personal veracity. "If," he said substantially, "I am worthy of being believed when telling you of ordinary things—if I am entitled to be trusted in earthly things—why should not my testimony be accepted when I speak of things elevated, supersensuous, celestial, and heavenly?"

Every mind intuitively recognizes the eternal value of pure purposes. The converse of the proposition is as self-evident—*i. e.*, the eternal disadvantage of immoral purposes, nesting and breeding in the centers of individual life. We should urge this statement of the question, were it not true that the divine constitution of the material and spiritual universe so works, that out of darkness light is born—out of evil, good—out of lowest imperfections the flowers of purity bloom on the high summits of all things, principalities, and principles. Were this progressive redemptiveness not true, it would then be true to say—as do the orthodox, who see only absolute and irreconcilable *opposites* in the structure and method of the Divine government—that,

inasmuch as eternal value is stamped upon the soul with pure motives, so is there "eternal condemnation" written upon the soul that is moved with immoral motives. In all statements, you perceive, there are *some* items of truth.

The material point of the present discourse is now reached—viz., the influence which immoral motives and impure purposes exert upon man's interior—upon the centers of his life, character, endowments, and faculties of his inmost, deathless spirit. High purposes invariably expand and exalt the best powers of the immortal mind—giving harmonial roundness, symmetrical beauty, and celestial completeness of inward growth. Pure motives go before the individual like a divine magnet—drawing the impressible spirit pleasurable onward, over all surrounding evils and prevailing embarrassments. There can be no defeat in that spirit which is actuated every day and in all moments by the largest, highest, purest purposes of which it can conceive. It has been clearly shown that the rich and powerful Jews, who persecuted and finally killed the body of the poor divine friend of humanity, supposing themselves successful the while, were really and totally *defeated*—bankrupt and overthrown in every exalted sense; but the Man, who passed so completely through the terrific ordeal, was *victorious* every instant of time—outriding the temptations of passion, quelling the storms of the ages, and stilling the tempest of cupidity and selfishness. The Jews, successful in worldly matters, were in all other respects utterly defeated. Behold the effect of that martyrdom upon the world. It is teeming with beautiful sentiments of love and charity—with glorious civil

and educational institutions, that have cropped out and blossomed from the fertile influence of that one example of a good Man dying that his truths might live.

High purposes alone presided. If the Infinite Father was so moved from the interior—this is the orthodox proposition—as to prepare and send to earth his only begotten, then the Father was actuated by the highest, deepest, and most heavenly purpose. He intended good to all and harm to none. Orthodoxy makes a sad theory of it. But the spiritual thought, within the crude doctrine, is not destitute of truth. The theory of the flowering out and incarnation of the Divine Spirit in a human being, exhibits love infinitely higher than force, and broader than intellect, and more influential—subduing enmities, overcoming evils, and banishing from the earth, passion and strife and war. This is the spiritual picture within the theoretical incarnation. In this light the incarnation has been a success. Practically and philosophically, he alone is truly successful who is capable of embosoming and exemplifying those high motives which Mary's Son felt, inculcated, and manifested in the far distant past.

The infallible history of each person is written in the Summer-Land. A man who lives for himself, *loses* himself. If he wishes to gain the world, he as certainly loses it. The death-dealing immoralities of his purposes demoralize all parts of him, curtail his beautiful powers, paralyze his natural energies, and defeat him every step of the way, from the cradle to the coffin.

But a consolation is at hand. Death is a chemical screen—a strainer, a finely-woven sieve—through which, by the perpetual flow of the laws of Mother

Nature, individuals are passed on to their *true* stations in the Summer-Land. The squares in the death-sieve are so exceedingly fine, that only finest particles and certain powers and principles can go through; while on the earth-side is peeled off and cast down a lifeless mass of bones and fleshly corruption.

A process of refinement is this wondrous chemico-sieve death-experience. The spirit with the encasing soul, hidden centers of life, all the characteristics that have distinguished, and all the motives that have influenced the person—all these easily pass through the death-strainer, the screen or sieve; while the physical body and its particles, which cannot pass through, are dropped; and what is more gratifying, with the physical body are left behind many of those hereditary predispositions and abnormal conditions which gave rise to discordant passions and false appetites, called demons and unclean spirits. The *causes* of these demons and unclean spirits remain on the earth-side of the death-strainer, while the *effects*, which those causes exerted on the soul, being so fine and so mixed with the soul-substance, pass through, and remain with the individual long after he has attained to his social center in the Summer-Land.

Persons, or, rather, individualities, are not therefore destroyed by death. Nothing is changed save the dense physical form and the low material world in which they live. This chemical screenage, this extraordinary refining process and preparation, is one which all have to submit to at the end of the present life. The effect there is like the birth of each into the present world. Much is elevated to the world into which we come at birth;

while, at the same moment, and by the same process, much is left behind in the reproductive sphere.

In the temperaments and characteristics of the individual are laid the foundations of the different "Social Centers" that exist in the different mansions of the Father's house that was not built with hands. Those mansions, or, to continue the figure, the different rooms, are inhabited by classes of persons who have taken with them, through the death-strainer, different intellectual, spiritual, and social characteristics—integral attributes and temperamental individualities of character—ruling affections, and the effects of propensities that have been generated and strengthened by long-continued practices in this world before death.

Regeneration is a spiritualizing process, the same after death as it sometimes is before. If the person starts from earth interiorly cleansed, he will arrive at the next sphere in a corresponding condition. If the persons start from their death-screener with the earth, the flesh, and the demoniac influences impressed upon their souls, they will arrive at and sojourn in appropriate "Social Centers," with the accumulated effects still influencing the inner life and the manifestations of the affections. Thus radical differences in men and women cause different societies in the next sphere. Are there not many persons about you, perhaps dwelling every day in your homes, who have "no part or lot" in *your* cherished sentiments and happiest experiences? You sit at the dining-table, you look into the eyes of a person on the opposite side, and lo; you are strangers by leagues, perhaps you are whole ages asunder. Different sentiments, different attractions, and different social

habits, give rise to different societies. Perhaps husband and wife, or brother and sister, though living in this world in the same house, eating at the same table, will become members of spiritual societies as far apart as the poles asunder. Society would be everywhere monotonous, both on earth and in the succeeding sphere, if individuals were all alike, all cast with the same combination of temperaments.

You begin plainly to comprehend, I think, that if these things are true on earth—about you and *in* you—death not destroying you, there must be great “diversities” among the inhabitants in the Summer-Land. These various super-mundane societies are predicated upon the continuation of the radical distinguishing characteristics of men and women. There are, consequently, societies embodying many of the effects of the immoral motives and degrading purposes by which women and men have been actuated and made miserable in this world.

This is an important and momentous truth. The Summer-Land is a *natural* state of human existence—growing out of the universal system of causes and effects, laws and ultimates, just as logically and scientifically as to-day grew out of yesterday. Are you not to-day, in all parts of your being, the legitimate result of what the laws, conditions, and experiences of yesterday made you? You are dead to yesterday. Your life is here and now. All you know of yesterday is remembrance. No man or woman can live in any *past* hour, except in the chambers of intangible memory. You live now, and thus it will be innumerable ages hence. The universal verdict of reason will be this ever-present con-

sciousness of existence—the Past a ghost of the memory; the Future an unfinished picture, illuminated by the inextinguishable lights of eternal hope. Throughout innumerable ages, the Past will appear like a dream; while the Future will be a subject of curiosity, of surprise and attractiveness, in the succeeding ages of eternal life. To-morrow is new and attractive to those who live truly in the Present. None can tell with absolute certainty what will happen to-morrow. There is, nevertheless, an universal confidence in its coming, because of the immutable and perpetual flow of Nature's laws, causing the revolution of the planets and the rising and setting of suns—thus all men believe that to-morrow will surely come.

Now I will put a question: If your common reason tells you so clearly of earthly things, why can you not believe your wiser intuitions and their superior logic when they tell you of heavenly things? If ye believe that the progression of months and years will surely bring you up to the chemical *screen* called Death, why can ye not also believe that the shining river which flows skyward, in harmony with the noiseless rotation of this planet, will float you through that screen to a Social Center in the Summer-Land? All men go forward with their thoughts and anticipations—believing, with the simplicity of very young children, that to-morrow will come. This, I say, is the uprising voice and irrepressible logic of Intuition, aided and confirmed by experience, and made practical by the constant, habitual exercise of the reasoning faculties. All men naturally expect to live over the present, into To-morrow. Thus mankind buy lands, and hire carpenters, and build

beautiful houses, and nicely furnish their new-made homes, as though everything, including personal existence, was vouchsafed to last forever on earth. But this is the usual experience: After all is completed and fully prepared—the house garnished and swept, and everything put in order for a long, luxurious physical life on earth—then the death-screen drops, the interior person passes through “in the twinkling of an eye,” and the rich, lawful heirs are left to weep, to put away in the ground what the screen refused, and to live as long and comfortably as they can upon “the property of the deceased.”

It is easy for the human mind to fix its imagination upon a long life in this world. So common was this inverted testimony of the fancy, that the ancient Jews supposed “the kingdom of heaven” was certainly coming “on the earth.” Mankind, they thought, were not to ascend a progressive Jacob’s ladder. The heavenly kingdom was to be drawn down out of the supernatural realm and made literally manifest here—a fancy in religion to which Adventists are strongly attached—so that great wildernesses would blossom, animals internally opposed to each other would become harmonious, and lions and lambs would, in peace and friendship, lie down together. Christians, with more Ideality, put a *spiritual* interpretation upon the literalness of the Hebrew Scriptures, and thus made tolerable common sense of what thousands of Jews believed to be true from a very different standpoint. In the Lord’s Prayer, which contains many Jewish thoughts and expressions, we find this double-meaning allusion to the kingdom of heaven. Now what, think you, was intended by that prayer?

This answer seems correct: It was designed to float the mind out of materialism into spiritual thought and holy aspiration. "The kingdom of heaven," to the soul that uttered the prayer, was a condition of intellectual, social, and spiritual harmony; in which mental condition pure truth would reign triumphant, even as it prevails in every beautiful and harmonious family in the Summer-Land, with whom dwell harmony, peace, and eternal happiness. The Lord's Prayer is a conception which, interiorly viewed, does fully harmonize with the deductions of philosophy; but it was as legitimate a development from the Jewish basis of literalism as flowers are natural growths from the germs which precede them. The prayer was constructed with a literal "kingdom of heaven" in it, so that the Jewish mind could grasp it, and adopt it in its rituals, and thus pray for the down-coming and universal expansion of the spirit's beautiful truths.

Now this is my testimony: The Summer-Land, as to the origin of the social centers, is made of persons from all parts of this inhabitable globe not only, but populations also from far-distant planets that are constituted like this earth—each globe producing an infinite variety of radical personal characteristics and temperamental differences. All these individuals carry upon the life within their faces, as well as in the secret chambers of their affections, the *effects* of life on the globe that produced them. If the person has been moved and governed by high and beautiful motives, he naturally and instinctively seeks association with those who have been similarly actuated and developed. If, on the other hand, the person has been led by low

and demoralizing motives, he as naturally seeks those, who, before death, had been correspondingly influenced. There a man can elect his friends and gravitate to his own congenial Social Center—in fact, he can tell before he goes, by looking through the death-screen, or strainer, with what manner of minds he will probably live; at least until the redemptive evangel of “regeneration” through repentance and progression reaches his affections, until perfectly pure purposes are born in him; the same in effect whether he starts from a Methodist prayer-meeting in New York City, or from the center of some spiritual society in the fragrant groves of the Summer-Land. Progression out of imperfection is a purely spiritual transaction, growing out of the same general causes and resulting in the same internal effects upon character. Societies, in general terms, are natural exponents of the interior realities of the societies of men and women on different planets.

There is there a society or province called “*Altolissa*.” Persons have returned from it and testified that they were, while dwellers of earth, almost wholly influenced by the idea of gaining money, position, power among men. And it would seem that these invisible characters are influential still among those who are similarly organized and influenced in this world. When persons are actuated by the selfish motives to accumulate wealth, power, position, and influence, they become mediums to some extent. As the violet absorbs all but the *blue* ray, or as a red flower absorbs all but the *red* color, so is the mind of man in its impressibilities and mediumship. He will take on all that for which he has affinity. He will absorb from each society in the Sum-

mer-land precisely such influences as are in accordance with his magnetic powers, and he will exclude all other influences, from whatever source.

Now if the death-strainer, or screen, was not perfect—if, when passing through the chemical change, we do not leave the *causes* of appetites and passions behind us—then, in truth, men in this world would really be injured and degraded by contact with the unseen populations. But men are benefited, and not injured, by such contact. Now and then men are stimulated somewhat in their course; but they are not degraded, are not made worse by the contact; only patted on the back, flattered by unwise spirits, and sometimes approved, as a too fond mother approbates her pet child even in its errors. So men, moving in very low and demoralizing circles in this world, will sometimes experience a sort of self-satisfaction and contentment. They do not have those “fine compunctions” of conscience, which so many pious people imagine they must necessarily have; these feelings are for a time laid aside, not by the use of tobacco, alcohol, and opium, but by sympathetic contact with those spirits who are not wise and grown in purity.

Such characters on earth absorb the rays of spirit-life that are congenial to them, and exclude all the others. Thus you see men moving as earnestly *against* the truth as for it. It is a matter of astonishment to many Northmen how the Southerners can have their religious meetings and political gatherings, appoint “a day” for sincere “prayers” to be sent to the kingdom of heaven, and do all things just like the “loyal” and “religious” people of the North. Do you suppose that

men who have gone from the ranks of Rebeldom, and who have passed through the screen of death, suddenly lost all religious and political notions on the death-bed? No. The rule works both ways. They have a political scheme and a religious experience, and both were to them genuine. These return to their brethren in the South. When earnestly engaged in devotion and prayer, the Southerner feels as heaven-approved as the Northerner. You know that the discordant man, who walks Broadway with murder in his heart, can *see the sun* as clearly as can the man of peace. A morally bad character can physiologically eat and drink and sleep just as well as can the best. The laws that operate in your physical being operate the same in his. He goes round with the planet, experiences the flow and recession of emotions; but he can only absorb those influences from society with which he has affinity, and he knows nothing of what others experience. Suppose, for example, that I should "exchange pulpits" with the evangelical Brother who lectures every Sunday in Grace Church. The ladies and gentlemen there would absorb from me only those thoughts and sentiments for which they have an educational sympathy. They would reject everything else. There would be between us no sympathy, no fellowship; yet they are constituted just like ourselves, and in ten years from this they may come to feel as we do; but it is not at all likely that we shall ever feel as they do, because souls cannot go back.

Hence those who go to the Summer-Land cannot return just as bad as they were before they started. Going through death cleansed them largely of *causes*, conditions, and temptations, leaving with them the

results treasured up in their affections, in their sympathies, in their antipathies, inclinations, disinclinations, loves, hates, attractions, and repulsions. Of course they have sympathy only for congenial associations in that better life; but such associations are, necessarily, on a higher plane than though they were of earth. The "higher plane," however, is so little removed, so slightly shaded off from that in which they lived while here, that it requires but little change to feel themselves "at home."

True, contradictory characters often go to the Summer-Land. Sometimes imagination gets the start of conscience. The youth feels, thinks, hopes beyond his powers to grasp or attain; but as the years roll through the spirit, he grows gradually solid, and strong, and practical. Conscience is not fully born in some souls until after death; that is, the idea of right and wrong is to them "a theory." I have seen persons, who, having a very large sense of right and wrong, wondered how their most intimate acquaintances could *do* things diametrically antagonistic to such sense without being surprised or astonished, and still live among folks just as though nothing had happened. It is because the conscientious part of the spirit had not yet been fully born. The person might have been born on three or five sides of his character, and yet there remain other parts not born from error and wrong, and hence the defectiveness; hence, also, the monstrosity which the character and conduct of such a person presents—deceiving, murdering, robbing—yet thinking nothing more of the self-condemnation of his crimes than most men do of transacting their ordinary business. It is because these

men have not as much light in principles as you; they do not yet perceive the white ray of pure justice; they cannot take it in, any more than a red plant could take in the red ray. So a man who cannot absorb the principle of justice is a man who cannot comprehend its requirements.

Society is constructed so as to require regeneration and progression. The Christian system prays for the better time. Nicodemus asked how a man could be taken out of his defects—brought out of the flesh and made as pure as spirit. Jesus did not answer him in common words, but told him that as he could not understand the ordinary phenomena of Nature—the blowing of the wind, for example—he certainly could not understand that which was interior and far more extraordinary, like the birth of the spirit.

It has been ascertained by multitudes of witnesses, by experiments, and by conversations with those who have returned from the Summer-Land, that those who have demoralizing motives in this life have the greatest density on their arrival. In Altolissa, the section where many persons go, who, in this world, lived wholly under the influence of selfishness, the population seems about as comfortable as general society on earth. Jews still believe in the doctrine of their fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: the Roman Catholics hold the same views they did before death; and there are other sects in Altolissa who think and believe in the same things and forms of faith they learned on earth. The sects will long continue in their various sympathies and educational associations. Of course, progressively and quite imperceptibly, this world will grow better and more

harmonious. Men will intuitively differ less and less upon fundamental principles. But in the "details"—in the ramifications of thought—this endless variety of convictions and affinities will prevail. The foundations for countless and various societies in the Summer-Land are thus laid and established. Death is largely a cleansing process, and is the hope of the world, not its point of darkness. So beautiful are its siftings, strainings, and other processes, that the active *causes* of passions and appetites are dropped and left on earth with the gross materiality. So beautiful is the law of Progress, that even the *active effects* that accompany the individual cannot be perpetuated (as evils and discords) throughout eternity. Why? Because in the center of the universe a positive power reigns, breathing its spirit throughout the illimitable spaces; and, and by the slow workings of its progressive laws, it cleanses all personalities of their transient imperfections. Only eternal GOOD can eternally exist. There is a universal gathering of all spirits and angels—not in one place, under the blaze of one heavenly central sun, but under the influence of musical distributions, of harmonious varieties, each adding completeness and happiness to the other. Many persons are harmonized in this world when they are "born again," and thus lifted out of their low motives and consequent imperfections. Hundreds and thousands of "things" that annoy, vex, and wear the spirit, before it is thus born, cease to exert any bad effect. Such minds grow sweet, and gentle, and loving, under the new life; before, the same persons were hateful, discordant, and full of consuming passions. The evil woman, who had "seven devils" cast out of her, is

an instance of what good can be accomplished by exchanging bad motives for good ones. How many hateful propensities, how many demonic habits, and how many unladylike characteristics were cast out of her by the psychological power, is left to every one's imagination.

The Catholics believe that each purified soul has "died" to the influences of this world. The Shakers hold a similar white banner over the redeemed—"Come in and dwell with us, put on the plain garb, renounce the world's evil habits and cruel customs, among other things the evils of marriage and marriage itself, and you will be saved; for thus you die to the world." Nuns enter convents under the psychological impression that before death they can leave the world and its sins, become spiritually sweet and beautiful, and acceptable brides for the only Son. There is a poetic sublimity in the thought.

Now there are persons yet in the world who know that they can put their crushing heel on the serpent's head. They have learned that *they can resist* striking a brother, in passion; and, what is far better, they can resist *the passion* which would suggest the blow. Strong, vigorous, full-blooded men, have conquered the demon of passion. Such conquering heroes would not go among the Heenans who live in sections of the Summer-Land, except as Moral Policemen, as philanthropists, but never in the capacity of associates. And yet you know that there are men, and women, too, who "hugely enjoy" the Heenan style of life; they like the very thought of it, the exciting manifestations of it, and the large, beautiful, abandoned animality which it displays

and indorses. If they enjoy it, *how* do they enjoy it? Do they by means of their physiological or phrenological organs? They enjoy it by means of those talents and faculties which live *within* physical organs, and which the screenage of death does not refine away and crush out of the person.

Therefore there is a great individual work here to be done. The ounce of prevention is wanted which will make the tons of cure unnecessary. Each person can start on the right track before death; this is the best place to get under full sail for a happier harbor. To-day is better than to-morrow. The sooner you begin, the farther you will find yourself in the path of harmonious life.

This is the doctrine which we are impressed to teach. I think all should commence at once to see what can be done toward preparing for a better, sweeter screenage at death, and to insure a beautiful entrance into superior societies. No one can hurt the Infinite Father nor the Infinite Mother—you can permanently injure only yourself. This being the truth, we have but to proclaim, “Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is”—next door, just beyond, on the other side of the death-screen, through which each must sooner or later pass. How many persons will feel, after attaining the elevation of self-control, that they have begun anew! But how many cross, sour countenances, there will be while going through the trial of trying to be good. If Nicodemus could have understood that to be “born of water” was a natural and indispensable forerunner of being “born of the spirit,” he would have first given attention to the correction

of his personal habits and physical appetites. Thus he would have had more harmonious, more sweet, and more beautiful bodily sensations. He would have become a better neighbor and a truer Governor in Israel, a more agreeable companion; and there would have been a cheerful, buoyant, juvenile flow of light, joy, and peace, within his lifted spirit; in short, he would have soon experienced the difference between a son of God and a son of Belial.

I know it is a hard doctrine to preach, that *now* is "the accepted time." But this death-screen, which hangs before us, is as certain to fix upon each the *effects* of habits and mental conditions as that to-morrow will be the natural result of the causes and conditions of to-day. Each person can in this world select his associations after death. It is, therefore, important to get a passport to harmonious central societies in the Summer-Land. You should feel no enmity toward any human being, however much you have been injured. The lion and the lamb lie down together only within the *purified* human spirit. The hidden, cave-like cerebellum, the back-brain, is a den full of untamed animals. Spiritual TRUTH is the only conqueror that can enter and still the passions, tame them to peace, and hold them in abeyance until the outward disturbance is gone. Motives, when high, lift up the soul, which is thus prepared to be a better neighbor and more successful in all the genuine enterprises of present life.

All true progress brings an immediate and glorious satisfaction. We discourse upon "life and immortality," not because it is a spiritual fact, but because it is the foundation and inspiration of immediate personal

improvements. It stimulates us to beautiful effort, and causes us to teach practical reforms. We can bring innumerable tests and mathematical evidences that these things, which we relate with respect to the other sphere, are true; but time will supply you with all necessary testimonies; many of them you have already heard, many of them you know by heart, and ask for nothing more. Now, therefore, the time has come for each to step upon the solid rock of Truth—of eternal principles—which will surely stand, while the spirit makes substantial progress toward higher and more beautiful societies which blossom beyond the stars.

WINTER-LAND AND SUMMER-LAND

“Open thy soul to God, O Man, and talk
Through thine unfolded faculties with Him
Who never, save through faculties of mind,
Spake to the Fathers.”

Portions of the New Testament are opulent with hints of eternal truths. They are parts of the unspeakable harmonies of God and Nature. In the writings of John (chap. xix., v. 2,) there is a beautiful, social, spiritual affirmation, which begins, “In my Father’s house.” Like a child he speaks of his father’s possessions in a pleasant and grateful spirit. “In my Father’s house there is one immense room—no separate chambers and no compartments—adapted to only one family of one mind and one faith.” Does it read so? No; but it would suit the orthodox sectarians if the verse were so written. The passage reads thus: “In my Father’s house there are *many mansions*; if it were not so, I would have told you.”

Yes, if there were not “many mansions” in the house of God, the intuitive Nazarene would have known the fact. Multitudinous human hopes and tender aspirations have sailed over the river on that beautiful barge—on that mystic affirmation—which, floating on

the flowing sea of the olden time, comes very near to our hearts to-day, not valuable because it is laden with priestly authority, but because it comes indorsed by the spiritual discoveries and positive facts of the last fifteen years.

“In my Father’s house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you.” How tender and beautiful, how simple and true, how childlike and sublime! The earth is the Land of Winter, of storms and sorrows; but the second sphere is the Summer-Land of repose and infinite blossoming. Many apartments in the Summer-Land for different peoples and races of men. Various localities and spheres for different inclinations. Provision is made for the complete gratification of the diversities of spiritual desires in human character, so that all races and all states of mind will be “at home” in the Father’s house which is eternal in the heavens—friendly brotherhoods all, though billions, trillions of leagues apart!

Whose heart does not beat in melodious harmony with that beautiful sentiment from the Intuitions of long ago—with that ever dear and lovingly sweet affirmation from the source of positive revelation? It comes clad with the majestic authority in which all truth travels to mankind. It stamps the spirit with an inward conviction of “eternal reality.”

On this globe there are high mountains yet utter strangers to human footsteps. Those grand old monuments of matter, with their tops perpetually cloud-veiled, have been for centuries innumerable unknown to human intelligence and contemplation. Storms are beneath their lofty summits. No man’s foot has pressed

their dizzy heights. The tempests are lower down. So our mariners report of storms on the vast oceans. But down deep in the waters all is still; high enough in the air, all is calm. The middle ground is where the fierce battles of the elements are fought. The conflicting powers meet and pass each other, never to meet again. Sometimes they meet and fight with such terrible energy as, for the moment, to shake the neighboring earth and cause the bending heavens to tremble as though they were to be rolled together as a scroll. And yet deep enough in the inanimate apartments of the physical world all is still and peaceful; high enough in the ethereal space all is equally silent and without commotion. Indeed, so perfectly still is the air above at a certain height, that the stroke of a hammer on a log's end could be heard from New York to California. The slightest accent of the human voice could be there heard for hundreds of miles. Persons might converse with the Atlantic between them, in a voice not louder than is usual, if they were high enough up in this ethereal realm. The sun that shines with such glory and splendor, distributing warmth and fertilization over the earth's bosom, playing so sweetly and tenderly with the flowers and laughing with the rivers that come flowing down from the mountains, exerts no influence upon this upper sky-region. Go up fifteen to twenty miles, and you find utter night, notwithstanding the noontide glory and blaze of the sun's rays on the face of the earth. The effect of the sun's rays is altogether terrestrial, not atmospherical; that is, the manifestation of its light and warmth is attributable more to mundane than to solar causes.

The wonders of the physical atmosphere, within the fifty miles, would be a tax upon any one's faith. And yet I ask you to ascend in your thoughts millions and billions of miles beyond our earth's atmosphere. In the physical world you find works and wonders inexpressible. How expressive of the spiritual grandeur and omnipotence of the Infinite Soul! How can you but be filled with adoration and most glorious contemplations when the celestial truth is brought to your mind, that "in the Father's house are many mansions." If it were *not* so, the seers and mediums would have told you.

Let us think of the physical aspect of the Summer-Land. Many persons have understood me to have said that it is a globe. I do not mean to be so understood. The beautiful Land, as I have frequently seen it, and as many have testified concerning it, is a solid *belt of land*, or zone, round in form like the tire of a wheel, but it is not a globe—is not spherical nor inhabitable in all directions. Imagine a belt extending above the earth two-thirds of the distance from the sun, and say seventy millions of miles wide. Imagine that belt to be immeasurably larger than the sun's path around Alcyone in the deep of immensity. Suppose this belt to be open at the sides, and filled with worlds and crowned with stars and suns, and overhead and all around a firmament just like these heavens above the earth. Look in that direction and you will see just what you see on earth, only everything further unfolded and more perfect. There is exhibited the perfections of the plans of the infinite temple which here is only fractional and fragmentary. Thus you may somewhat imagine the appearance and shape of the Summer-Land.

What is called the "Milky Way" is really a belt of suns, and planets, and satellites. There seems also to be branch-fields of stars, setting off sidewise from the body of the belt. Then when the telescope is pointed in certain directions, where the unaided human eye can see nothing, there are developed, first *nebulæ*-cloudy regions; next, if the telescope be strong enough, like Lord Ross's, it reveals the fact that what were supposed to be only star-clouds, are immense fields of stars, suns, and lesser bodies. Those star-fields open here and there and make a vista, and, looking through, there is revealed a black space which no telescope has yet been able to dissolve; but clairvoyance has made the promise that when the telescopic power is adequate, what now appear to be only empty portions of immensity will turn out to be as full of those orbs as the great meadow is full of spears of grass. There are large islands of atmosphere between the planets. These air-islands serve as silken cushions (so to say) to keep the rolling planets supplied with electricity and also to prevent the friction which would exist were all the spaces occupied with worlds. So that there are really "atmospheric islands" (as I am impressed to term them) as well as immeasurable star-systems, in the far-off immensity.

Now the Summer-Land is in harmony with this physical circle of planets called the "Milky Way." It is a belt, a zone, or girdle, of real, substantial matter. It is beyond the Milky Way only in the sense of its being far-off according to our habits of using language. When liberated at death, we do not move on toward the sun, nor drop downwards into some dreary depth of darkness; we embark on a sidewise voyage, directly above

the southern extremity of our planet, and thence onward until we reach the Summer-Land! What shore do we gain? We gain the shore of a land just like this earth, if this earth were a stratified belt composed of the *finest* possible particles that you can imagine thrown from all the orbs composing the universes. Pulverize and attenuate the finest particles of matter on this earth; then bring them together in chemical relations; make them coalesce and form into an immeasurable golden belt with all the visible suns and stars, and you have the Second Sphere in its substance, position, and formation.

Do you not comprehend that that Land is as substantial to those who live there as this earth is to its inhabitants? The proportions and the adaptations are the same. The Summer-Land, so far as the surrounding immensity is concerned, is bounded on all sides by aerial seas. Suppose you should go down to any of those high points of land along the coast, and look off on the watery expanse of the Atlantic ocean. What would you see? No islands are visible; only an atmosphere overhead; clouds are floating in the blue sky, and all the rest is water. Now suppose you had never seen, or read, or heard of such a spectacle. What would be your first impression? Your first sensuous impression would be that all the immensity beyond was water, as all above is sky, and that, if you should sail off on that dreary waste, you would be lost utterly to land and to human society. Such, I say, would be your impression or apprehension on the supposition that you had no previous knowledge of any such spectacle in Nature.

Now imagine yourself standing on one of those

shining shores on the margin of the Summer-Land. Looking toward the Earth, and Sun, and Mercury, and Venus, what would you see? If you were not a far-seeing clairvoyant, but was contemplating with the first opening of your spiritual eyes, you would see an illimitable ocean of twinkling stars overhead and zones of golden suns shining, and you would realize a holy, celestial atmosphere, bounding your existence on all sides, and from your feet the departure of an ocean without shore or island, without form, and void of all relations. If, however, your clairvoyant sight was opened—if your spiritual eyes had the light of far-penetrating clairvoyance in them—you would instantly perceive that the aerial ocean, which flows out into infinity from your feet, ripples off and divides into beautiful ethereal rivers, and that those rapidly flowing rivers lead away to the planets, even to this Earth, whence you departed, while another river flows onward to Mars, another to Jupiter, another to Saturn, and other celestial streams to other more distant planets belonging to other systems of suns; and so on, and on, throughout the star-paved regions of the firmament, you would behold, in every imaginable direction, streams running musically down these gentle atmospheric declivities, just as tangibly as the rivers that run down the mountains and flow through the spaces in the rough landscapes of this more material world.

I wish! oh how I wish! that I could picture to you the reality of these musical rivers of the heavenly spaces. They are musical to the ear that can hear them flowing between the constellations. Pythagoras and his school believed in the deathless "music of the spheres." Did

not the students of Pythagoras listen to catch that compound symphony? And was it not this very star-melody which caused them to be such enthusiasts in Music? Did not some of them in the far-off olden time have clairaudience enough to *hear through the physical*, and also clairvoyance sufficient to see that “in the Father’s house there are *many* mansions”—many happy and beautiful places—many apartments or spheres of human life—and that these different apartments in the celestial temple were so many local scenes and landscapes, belonging to the Summer-Land, which breathe eternal harmony throughout infinitude—“the music of the spheres”?

Now suppose you were this moment standing on the shining shore of the Summer-Land and looking this way, the out-flowing sea would appear about the same to your sight, without the light of clairvoyance, as would the Atlantic Ocean to the natural eye from the promontories of Nahant. It would, perhaps, at first, be no more of a startling spectacle of incomprehensible sublimity. Very many persons depart every day from this Land of Winter for the Summer-Land. When they are led through the celestial gardens and down by the shining shores, and when they begin to hear the lapping of musical waves as they ripple in from the very remote planets, bringing upon their throbbing, undulating bosoms, new persons who had but just died (left their gross bodies) on those planets—the scene operates upon them (because yet uninitiated) just as though you were to see spirits with beautiful forms suddenly coming from off the water by the seaside, or persons walking and riding upon the surface of the waters at Nahant, or down

here on the ocean near the rocky shores of Long Island. I say the first exhibition astonishes them as much as such a novel scene would surprise you of this world.

I will now relate a true story: A little girl, who had lost her darling playmate, dreamed about the Summer-Land. This sweet little weeping dreamer lived in Boston. I knew her well. Death had taken her beautiful mate away. The funeral procession went by the door of her father's house. Her mother owned a cushioned seat in a fashionable church, and of course the little daughter had a fashionable, religious direction given to her thoughts. What were her thoughts on death? She thought all of her little mate was put "into the ground"—laid low in the cold, loveless earth; and that when the insensate gravel, stones, and chilly soil, were thrown from the spades upon the coffin, they covered all that there was of her, and all there would be of her, until that mysterious "trump" would sound in the "resurrection morn," when Jehovah would call those long-sleeping "jewels" that were particularly his own, to himself.

Well, little Mattie stood weeping by the front-window as the pageantry went solemnly through the street toward the green retreats of Mount Auburn. She asked her mother what it all meant. Over and over again the mother answered that they were going to bury the little girl "in the ground"! This seemed to strike Mattie, for the first time, as something horrible to think of. She had, perhaps, never thought seriously of it before; the dread reality of this false view of death never touched her affections till now. She had seen funeral processions; but this particular funeral went

out of her saddened heart to the silent cemetery. Her mother said that God always did so; it was his own mysterious way. When people die they are put into the ground, then the ground is thrown over them, and the grass and the ages grow over them; when the time comes, they arise from their long sleep and hasten to God, if they are called; if not—you know the rest of the story.

Mattie sadly swallowed all this religious error, and shuddered. She was a beautiful girl then—a young lady now.

Two weeks after that funeral there was a fashionable party in Boston. Mattie received an invitation. Her parents were very rich, and she had gold rings and chains, and many beautiful dresses; but she now wanted another and a more attractive ring, which she had accidentally seen down in Washington street. It was a splendid ornament. She wanted it in time for the party. Her parents shook their heads and opposed her wishes. They said she had so many ornaments, was always so beautifully dressed, and so elegantly and expensively arranged in her person, she ought not to ask for anything more. It was difficult for parental love to deny her, an only child; but they did, nevertheless, refuse to purchase the ring.

Disappointed and grieved, Mattie hastened to her room and thought it over; and on the second day in the afternoon, as her mother chanced to be looking out of the rear window into the garden, she saw the child working away with a little flower-spade, digging a small, deep hole in the ground. The mother watched for a while, and then went down to her and said,

"Mattie, my child, what are you doing?" Mattie blushed. Already she had deposited in the ground a letter, and was throwing the fresh dirt upon it. She was embarrassed at her mother's question. She feared that she could not quite explain herself. In explanation she at length confessed that she wanted that "letter to go to God." She had secretly written, praying and entreating her heavenly Father to influence her father and mother so that they would consent to buy that beautiful ring for her. Her plan was, to send a letter "through the grave to God."

Now Mattie got the splendid ring; but I think she was never quite certain whether it came in consequence of having "buried" the letter or not. She did not then see why a letter could not go to God through the earth. But in the course of the same year little Mattie had impressed upon her mind a beautiful dream. She told it next morning with a full rose in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes. *She saw her playmate!* She was in a beautiful place, standing by the side of a great silvery sea. The water was shining and twinkling in every part like a lake of white light. She said it seemed that the sun was sending a golden shimmer through the vast space of glittering waters. Mattie described the scene very finely, and said that her playmate was standing up there and sending kisses to her way down that silvery river. She declared that she felt every kiss as it fell upon her lips! And then she added, "She told me that I need not bury anything to go up there, and that I would myself come there and play with her in that beautiful place."

Now this little girl knew nothing whatever of the

Summer-Land. I was at that time a great many leagues away ; and her mother, whom I knew, was very cautious to never so much as “whisper” the slightest word favorable to truths of the Harmonial dispensation.

Visions like Mattie’s have been duplicated and triplicated over and over throughout this new country. Of course they have been modified and varied in a large variety of ways, but the testimony from different minds is invariably the same—viz.: that there are up there lands, rivers, mansions in the Father’s house, temples of beauty in the home of the living God ; that countless people live there as naturally as they do here—with the difference that up there are not the earthly customs, nor this routine of daily fret and fight for physical necessities, neither a continuation of the vexations consequent upon men’s spurious desires and appetites. Yes, kisses have been sent down the shining rivers to the lips of many human hearts.

A little girl in Bridgeport, in 1853 was moved to utter words of wisdom which only an archangel could authorize. She spoke under a celestial afflatus from the Summer-Land. “Fools confound the wise,” when the former are under the inspiration of heavenly minds. Thus, sometimes, the most ignorant grow wise in ten brief minutes. All such mediums and spontaneous “sensitives” describe *rivers of light* ! This is supposed by materialists to be poetry. They are right. It is poetry. In essence all poetry is immutable truth, and essentially false imagination is a philosophical impossibility. Take the crudest and most grotesque superstitions of the past, and at their deepest heart you will find, if your own ability to discern is deep enough, reve-

lations "pure and undefiled" of the realities and inhabitants of the Beyond.

I have frequently called your attention to the naturalness of the Summer-Land. Its reality is among the philosophical discoveries of the present out-folding century. The most ancient Spiritualists, in the very earliest centuries, be it ever remembered, gave inspired sentences, and made intuitive statements, and wrote fine revelations of these same celestial wonders and post-mundane verities.

Let us now contemplate some of the "Scenes" in the Beautiful Land. Approaching the shining shore upon one of these silvery *rivers*, that sets out from the southern extremity of this globe, you behold thousands of "Piradela," or grottoes and natural temples of clustering foliage, vines, and flowers, closely resembling lace-worked chapels. In these peculiar pagodas, or family prayer-grottoes, you behold persons who still believe in Ammon Ra, the original Egyptian name and conception of the Supreme Being. I have already mentioned that the Egyptians had chosen a star, "Guptarion," and that they have long seasons of worship, of joy and festivity, equal to an hundred years of restful Sabbaths, or as long as the star of their choice, *Guptarion*, shines over that particular portion of the Summer-Land. When the great star (sun) of their destiny sinks out of their sight, they cease their worshipings and festivities and return to other and less religious interests. They are about the same people they were while living in the valley of the Nile; only they are now in a higher Egypt, clothed in spiritual bodies. Many of them con-

tinue their old-time worship just as though they would always remain Egyptians.

It is marvelous how immobile and persistent are some of the human temperaments! In some races they yield almost nothing in the course of a thousand years. The prevalence of other opinions, other thoughts, and other conceptions, exert no remodeling effect in some minds.

Now many persons think this statement is unreal. Well, look at the Jews of this generation. Are they not still the Jews that they were eighteen hundred years ago? The variations and improvements are very slight. The Rabbinites and the Talmudians are the same. Look at their physiognomy, too, and look at the combinations of their characteristics, their inclinations in religion and in trade, and you will find them the same unaltered people. Or, look at the Roman Catholics. You may think that they are greatly modified. No, they are not. There has scarcely been an alteration in them from the first days of their faith. Those who come to this country, are occasionally modified by Protestant influences. But the great Catholic establishment is characterized by a constitutional immobility. It is based in the fixed temperaments of those peculiar minds who belong to it. Protestants still revert to the Catholic Church. Such minds belong to the sphere of authority. They believe in religious system, and they seek and find it in the original establishment. They believe that Protestantism is all afloat; that there must be some "tying-up place," or there will come chaos and destruction in morals and religion. Such persons need some place of discipline and worship where they can "hire their

thinking done for them," according to authority extending backward over centuries to holy Saints and holy Fathers whom no Protestant ever undertakes to impeach. In this way this state of mind becomes fixed and immobile.

Now suppose such a person should die: what is the next step? Are such minds instantly changed? Are they ever suddenly re-molded from within? True, they are changed from a natural body into a spiritual body in "the twinkling of an eye." But are they not the same persons, with the same education, and influenced by their long-accustomed thoughts? Many such after death still believe that somewhere, beyond the bright fields of beauty, and even beyond the trials of purgatory, they will find the burning pit. They frequently think that if they should walk off but a few hundred leagues, they would find something worse than purgatory. They naturally enough understand that they are *in* purgatory, and thus the fact dawns slowly upon them, that they are in their appropriate private places, and are receiving the just discipline of Progress in the moral government of God.

So these ancient Egyptians, born in the valley of the Nile—strange children of a strange, sandy, symbolic country—erect countless little "pyramidalia," or temples of festivity and worship, dedicated to their long-chosen planet Sirius—sometimes called the dog-star; but up there they name it "Guptarion"—a large sun in the distant heavens, which our astronomers call a "star of the first magnitude." It rises and sets in the firmament over the Summer-Land once in twenty-seven of our centuries! Suppose a bright orb about one-tenth

of the apparent size of our sun, rising and shedding its rays over a particular portion of the Beautiful World, and you get a conception of the star of destiny in the Egyptian Brotherhood. The pyramidalia are natural vine-draped grottoes grouped along the shore of a deep river that branches from the one which flows thither from our globe.

You will keep in memory how this earth of ours sends off its main celestial river which flows off southwardly in the upper air, and which, being a magnetic combination of imponderable elements, ascends very gracefully in the channel of its flight, terminating and mingling with the silvery sea that bounds the Summer-Land. The planet-rivers flow through the vast expanse of sea as the Gulf Stream flows through the Atlantic Ocean. Thus through this vast celestial sea of magnetic atmosphere the planetary streams flow directly to the shining shores of the Summer-Land; but nearest to that shore which is nearest the earth, and along the inland lake called "Mornia," which is filled with attractive islands, you will find these embowered chapels and prayer-grottoes of the Egyptians.

In 1853 I was enabled for the first time to see them. I continued to investigate and to make inquiries until I got at the motive for the cultivation and continuation of these pyramidalia. They said that those fragrant floral structures are little statuettes, or miniature pyramids, dedicated to the celebrated dog-star, Sirius, or "Guptarion," being the accredited home of Ammon Ra.

I seem to be impressed with the desire to urge upon your understanding the entire *naturalness* of the next

state of human existence. It seems desirable that you should see that the inhabitants there live in harmonious accord with each other, because of the omniscient system which is adapted to the infinite varieties of human character and consequent diversities of destiny. When you arrive there—and you may embark thither before the end of this year—you will not be a stranger, for you will have cultivated some prescience of the “house” constructed with different “mansions.”

Have you not had fore-gleams and intuitions of what I now relate? Have you never had thoughts or impressions—in your dreams and visions of the night—of floating or flying through the air? If the thousands of seeresses and clairvoyants and true dreamers could rise up to-day and relate their “experiences,” I should have unimpeachable accumulative testimony, sufficient to overwhelm all the skeptical clergymen and logical lawyers in the wide world.

You occasionally read the New Testament, do you not? I suppose that you believe somewhat in the Pentecostal experience which is therein recorded. It seemed that, in that joyful day, they all arose from their seats—and then what? They spoke in “unknown tongues”! Of course *unknown* tongues were tongues not understood. The manifestation must have been gibberish and fanatical to those who witnessed and recorded the circumstances.

Suppose that in these days there should be a public *repetition* of that ancient spiritual “experience.” Instantly some mediums would begin to discourse in Persian, others in Indian, others in Chinese, others in Japanese, others in Latin, others in Greek—would it

not be "all Greek" to the most of us, and more especially to spectators and non-sympathizing minds? What would we say? And what would the people say? This: "Give us something that we can all understand." Yes, *that* would be the popular demand. But just step back into the New Testament and read the statement over again. In Pentecostal times or seasons there was a general uprising or condescension of the celestial spirit. "The spirit of the Lord" was poured out without stint. Of course you know that every sweet or powerful influence from the firmament was called the "spirit of the Lord." Influences from the concentrated minds of millions in the Summer-Land could cause the largest human audience to rise to their feet in an instant. Then would occur manifestations according to individual gifts. Some would exercise the magnetic power and make passes over the sick; others would hasten off on sweet missions of mercy; some would declaim in unknown tongues; while others would fall prostrate and swoon into a trance, and physicians would say, "Oh, that is only excitement and hysteria." And all this would be analogous—*identical*—with what you so reverently read in your Testament. Now if this Bible statement be true, it is interesting and applicable to us only just so far as it is known and corroborated by spiritual experience in the manifestations of these days.

If modern minds were consulted, many would say, "we have *seen* something of what you relate." "In the visions of the night, when deep sleep cometh upon men," many a sensitive soul would say, "I have seen beautiful landscapes." These visions come and depart suddenly. Sometimes, indeed, they are nothing but the

play of a fertile ideality ; but in most instances they are *real* glimpses of scenes in the Summer-Land. True, you might imagine a tree to be where there is no tree ; but your ideality obtained its first lesson from seeing a tree which was *real*. One man may be able to imagine in his dreams just what another man cannot imagine without first seeing. So that the one man would have an actual objective experience, and the other only an ideal subjective experience. And it is philosophical that there should first be an *object* outside to impress the surfaces of the mind with a correct notion of its existence.

Certain constituted minds go into the "superior state" in the natural slumber of the night, and never during their ordinary and waking condition. Never, during the day, can such minds be quiet enough. But at night, when all is very still, then the sensitive mind and soul for the first time have an opportunity to realize a sort of independence of material surroundings, then the person's spirit rises up from beneath and attains to a finer state of thought and feeling. This higher conception of spirit-life comes through a vision. But when morning comes, and the business of the world is resumed, the dream may not remain to cheer the weary heart. But if the same person should enter a corresponding state, even if it be after the lapse of weeks or months, the mind will instantly revert to and go on with the corresponding previous experience. The long time which may have elapsed between the two experiences, does not break the chain. To the spirit, years seem like fleeting moments ; for spirit, you will remember,

"Lives in *deeds* not years ;
In *feelings*, not in figures on a dial."

The spirit realizes *no time* between an experience of ten years ago and a corresponding experience of last night or to-day.

Once I stood, while in the clairvoyant state, by the overwhelmed brain of a large man in an apoplectic fit. I examined him both physically and spiritually. I watched by his bedside until he recovered from the apoplexy. Being in clairvoyance, I saw the working of his spirit, and could easily understand the state of his mind. He had, in the midst of his sufferings, a clear and truthful vision of the Summer-Land! When he recovered from the fit and came out of "the state," he knew nothing of what had happened. And I too, at that time, when I came out of the magnetic state, did not recollect what I had seen. (I remember everything now.) In the clairvoyant state, subsequently, I examined him a second time. He was then in a deep coma. I plainly saw what he was seeing, and might have felt what he was feeling. His mind was connecting the experience of six months previous with his present vision. He saw his heart's own happy companion—the loved wife who had gone before him—coming to welcome his spirit up the shining way. *He* saw the beauty of her coming, and *I* saw the beauty of her coming. The doctor put his ear down to the sick man's mouth to catch his whisperings. A joyful thought tried to gain utterance through his paralyzed physical organs. He wanted to tell his vision. But in a few moments he passed into the World of spirit. Before he went he did not realize the six months which had intervened between his first and second vision of the silvery rivers and the scenes of immortal beauty.

A traveler may suddenly turn a corner in a new road and see a house and bridge before him, a few trees, a stream pouring through the grassy meadow and some farm-houses in the distance, and, though the road and the country are really new to him, somehow the whole scene is familiar to his eyes. He knows that he never saw it with his physical eyes before, and yet he is not surprised. He is surprised only when he realizes that he was never in that region before. Now I find that the picture of that scene was perfectly transferred to the sensitive canvas of his faculties while his body was in a deep sleep in the night-time. While in *your* "superior state," your spirit takes on its impressions of distant objects and scenery. This experience has misled many into the hypothesis of pre-existence.

So the life of the spirit is natural. Your spirit does not realize any difference in feeling, whether you are dreaming or in a state of wakefulness. You travel about in the sleep-state just the same as though you were awake and in open day. You visit people, you go into houses, you cross rivers, or take a long voyage, just as satisfactorily as though you had your physical body around you. Now this experience arises from a projection of your consciousness into the open world about you. This will explain the wondrous phenomena of the whole interior life. It may not explain the private double-consciousness of some persons. One mind may see a real tree, another mind may imagine a tree to be where no tree is; but the latter is a subject of impression in which a tree is involved.

Some peculiarly organized minds have the most horrible dreams. Such dreams are reflections from the

structure and state of their minds. And there are persons who live rightly and abstemiously, who also have horrible dreams. Why is this? Because they have not yet outgrown or overcome the influences from the temperaments of their ancestors. They are representatives of branches of temperamental roots, which go far back and down in the ancestral soil. They still vibrate and pulsate in the living generations. This fully accounts for the "night thoughts" of many who are pure and beautiful, and who think beautiful thoughts during the daytime. These same persons sometimes dream the most repulsive dreams. Ancestors predominate in their personal consciousness, and they have not will-power sufficient to keep down the rising hereditary impressions, especially during the less guarded hours of slumber.

Already I have said something concerning the "battle between the spirit and its circumstances," showing how all may acquire the power of conquering the unpleasant inheritance from their ancestors. I have somewhat conquered the discordant temperaments of my ancestors. (I do not know who they remotely were, and I am not anxious to know.) I have a fair-minded, honorable father yet in this world, and I know that I had a true, and sweet, and beautiful, and saintly mother, who now resides in a celestial community. But there were certain hereditary influences and predispositions which I found absolutely in my spirit's way. Those inheritances stood sternly up in my presence sometimes when I wished most to be utterly quiet. When I would gather spiritual strength and restore my exhausted physical powers, then up would come some hereditary "imp of darkness," who would propose to

carry me into discordant thoughts and scenes. At such times I would dream that I was where strange, murderous-looking people were secreting themselves in dark passages, or some other equally unpleasant dreaming. It has been so with some of you. You need not claim that you have always had harmonious, splendid, and attractive dreams. Human nature is organized on identical principles. And the action of the human faculties, under a given set of circumstances, is the same, and the experiences arising from such action is the same in all structures of mind.

Some men think there is essential truth in astrology. Well, I once visited an astrologer, with a desire to test the possibilities of destiny. A distinguished professor described to me the influences of the several stars. He drew my horoscope, according to the day and hour of my birth, and then went on to tell when I was sick, or when I should have been; that certain planets were my ruling stars, both for weal and for woe; and that when certain planets came into conjunction with the body of Mars, &c., that certain things would be likely to happen to me—whereupon I concluded that I would *not* be steered in my individual career by the stars, and I have not been. The very star that was astrologically fixed to rule my private destiny I forthwith put out of my house. I would not have a star intercepting the orbit of my individuality. Therefore the events that astrologically were to happen to me, have not occurred in the slightest degree.

Thus I teach you self-possession, although I believe that every great soul will best succeed by steering and steadying himself by the stars. Keep down the disa-

greeable which you have received from your ancestors. Prune away among your roots and branches. Expel old discords from your minds, and you will then have the satisfaction of knowing that your dreams are at least your *own*. And from this starting-point you can go right onward to solid facts in your mental operations.

What is important to the speedy accomplishment of this result? First of all, physiology: correct habits of eating, drinking, working, and resting. If you eat this, that, and the other thing, it will, to some extent, appear in your nervous force. Wrong conditions in your nervo-vital energies will induce your faculties to produce unpleasant dreams. As soon as you know what is obstructional, you can and ought to remove it. My investigations are all between six o'clock in the morning and twelve o'clock of the day. At night I do not dream. I sleep then. If there are any persons present, who, as witnesses, heard the lectures given in "Nature's Divine Revelations," they will remember that though three or four days might have intervened between two discourses, yet sometimes the first words would finish a sentence which perhaps was left incomplete at the end of the previous lecture, and the thought would be thus fully expressed—showing that the spirit keeps no account of *time*, but takes cognizance only of events, feelings, thoughts, ideas, and principles.

Many have seen the places and the scenes which I have been describing. I hear mediums mention spiritual things and describe scenery, and I recognize them as things and scenes which I have seen. If a man tells you that he saw Central Park, and that he entered at a

certain gate, which he truthfully describes, then you say, "That is true, for I have seen it myself." In like manner I have had convincing testimony that others have seen the Summer-Land.

Auloania is the name of the island which was ages ago dedicated to those Greeks who steadfastly believe in many Gods—the polytheists. Auloania is still devoted to poetry, rhetoric, history, the ode, and to music. The winding, dancing, silvery river, which flows around this island, is named *Sil-Miral*, meaning a hymn, or an anthem. It sings songs like pine trees. In certain seasons, or under the influence of certain breezes, it gives off hymnal melody—rich, varied harmonies, and æolian, mournful symphonies. Myriads of song-birds live and sing in that region, as the birds live and sing on earth when the warm days of spring come o'er mountain and plain. The birds, of highest beauty, by thousands enter into the æolian symphonies and mournful melodies of the beautiful *Sil-Miral*.

Vivium is the name of a golden, fountainous spring, on the island of Auloania. I have seen it many times. You will see it in some of your spiritual dreams. Put down the errors in the temperaments inherited from your ancestors. Become natural, and substantial, and wholly yourself. You cannot enter the "superior state" by any way less straight. Become healthy in your inmost; *then* you will see the Summer-Land in visions of the night. You read in your religious book about "the Dayspring from on high," and you think it is a beautiful figure of speech. But I find that there is something corresponding to it in the fields and islands surrounding the house with many mansions. Suppose

I should say that "Innocence is represented by a lamb." Now you read about the "Lamb of God;" but is there not also an animal known as a lamb? And in like manner may not the fountainous Vivium—the dayspring on high—be something more than a mere figure of speech? Has not every figurative expression a corresponding literal side?

The scenes of the Second Sphere are reflected upon the human mind whenever it is accessible and impressible. It is accomplished either by our own clairvoyant powers to rise into sight and sympathy with them, or else by the artistic pencilings upon our faculties by those who are our invisible guardians. They either do it for us, or else they kindly clear the celestial way, so that our own impressibility may invite and secure the picture.

I would now like to tell you about the *Elgario*, as they call the plant of sorrow. In the Summer-Land there are melancholy characters, who seem disposed to remember and dwell upon the exceedingly hard times they experienced on the earth. They look like very badly abused people; were not appreciated before death, and are not happy. They are downcast and sad for a while, being indulgent of feelings of melancholy, like certain unfortunates in our lunatic asylums. But this wondrous celestial plant, which the botanists of that region call *Elgario*, is their sweet medicine and perfect antidote. The sad ones are led to it. They soon begin to inhale its fragrance. They breathe its atmosphere. They chew it a little every day. They soon know this flower is for the healing of God's heart-stricken children. They carry its petals and are

influenced by them. The plant exerts a mystic charm. They make bouquets of it, and it relieves them of their earthborn mishaps and long-cherished sorrows.

Is not this revelation also natural, beautiful, and simple? Your gifted guardian will bring the Elgario to you and say: "Take this, my beloved; smell of its holy breath; its odor will quickly relieve your aching heart." Why, a homeopathic physician, when treating a patient for a disease in the throat or lungs, may, perhaps, wish to administer phosphorus. He knows that the *odor* of phosphorus will sometimes relieve a severe stricture. Thus the higher physicians hand forth this beautiful plant to spirits depressed with earth-born errors and misfortune. They give it to their patients, and lo! its *odor* heals and translates them into a healthy, happy, and comparatively superior state.

Thus sometimes beautiful "births" take place—births out of states of confirmed despondency. A mother, for example, in order to feed and clothe her children, has been overworked. She has literally worked herself to death for the sake of her dependent family. She at last died from excessive bodily fatigue and heart-broken weariness. She is borne away on the silvery river to the Summer-Land; but she is still weary! This beautiful plant is brought to her, or she is conducted to the garden that is filled with it. Gradually it lifts her into her "superior state." After a time she realizes somewhat of heavenly comfort, sweet and pure; and in the flow of the ensuing seasons, she begins to believe that

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

From her refreshed memory she says, “I used to sing that song, when I was a girl, in the Methodist Sunday-school, and in our Bible-class meetings. Then it was only words; now it is all so real.” She looks about and sees her old neighborhood acquaintances and loved friends. She finds them in the “Father’s house,” where there are “many mansions.” If it were *not* so, the seers would have told you.

LANGUAGE AND LIFE IN THE SUMMER- LAND.

“Get but the TRUTH once uttered, and 'tis like
A new-born star, that drops into its place,
And which once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.”

The several languages called “dead” in this world, have certain roots which push themselves vigorously up through the memory-soils of the human mind and continue to bear fruit after death. Thus the Hebrews, Arabians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Grecians, Romans, Celts, even the Scots and Picts, and various other smaller tribes and semi-nations, continue for a long time to speak the educational language of their earth-life, and to cherish thoughts that flow through such verbiage; and often when such spirits have sought to communicate with impressible or congenial persons on the earth, they have succeeded in controlling mediums, so that the communication would be imparted in their native tongue. The celebrated Professor Buchanan, of Cincinnati, testifies that he heard in the City of Cleveland, ten years ago, an uneducated American lady discourse finely in French. And it was reported that Mr. Selden J. Finney, in the same city, and, I

believe, on the same occasion, uttered a glorious poem in the Indian language, which, it was said, was perfectly well understood by an Indian who chanced to be present.

I know how most people feel and think with reference to these trans-terrestrial questions—that after death “all is different with the individual.” There never was a greater mistake. You might as well suppose that Mother-nature, and God-nature, and Man-nature undergo radical transmigrations and reconstructions. Quite otherwise. There are no essential changes in the plan of ultimates. The *final* type of organization, remember, is the spiritual interior of Man and Woman. Both reason and intuition sustain the doctrine of no central change after death. The Bible says: “As a tree falleth, so it lieth.” That is, an oak tree does not become a peach, a birch, or a mahogany, the moment it falls. It is an *oak* tree still. Even so if man’s body falls, in sympathy with the chemistry and gravitation of the physical word, the spiritual man does not fall with it. Only the external casing is peeled off and rejected, while the personal-inmost, who thought and spoke and acted before, goes onward, unchanged and individualized, to the Summer-Land.

It is the lesson of the *naturalness* of the After-life, which the mind must fully conceive in order to *realize* that the other world is really a “home in the heavens.” Earthlings will not be orphans or strangers there. I must know and recognize my acquaintances, and they must know and recognize me, a hundred, a thousand, a million years from this, yea, an eternity hence, or immortality is nothing. The cessation of leading personal

peculiarities and the reconstruction or abolishment of the essential traits of the individual organization—the mergement of the person at death from substantiality into a vapory, gauzy, ghostly inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven, there to dwell and sing and adore forever in the presence of the wifeless Trinity—is a supposition too absurd to occupy intelligent minds, being a conception eminently suited to the brainless cranium of old-time orthodoxy. And yet there are ministers who seem to pride themselves upon their profound ignorance on this subject, saying: “It is an unlawful mystery; it is supernatural.” In other things those same pulpitarrians are just as sensible as fellow-sinners in general. But come to this subject, and forthwith, with a slam, the gate of investigation is shut, and you are driven to the authoritarian’s “faith,” which they invariably present as the best antidote for heart-bereavements and spiritual prostrations.

Now the after-existence opens before us as a continuation of individual progression. Instead of being a “discrete degree,” as Swedenborg describes it, it is seen to be another mansion, another story, in the same house “eternal in the heavens.” The heavens are not remote. The earth itself is situated and rolling noiselessly “in the heavens.” Do you not know that it travels from January to July about ninety-seven millions of miles, and directly *through* “the heavens”? Else how could the earth move in its path around the sun? You see, therefore, that the earth itself is “in the heavens”; and, reversely, that “the heavens” are about the earth. We float at the rate of sixty-four thousand miles an hour round the sun, which is not more really

in "the heavens." Now, I affirm that the Summer-Land is no more "in the heavens" than is our sun or this earth on which we at present reside.

The mind of man is stationed over his visceral organs, which are immersed in darkness within the physical body. But there is a constant communication kept up between all parts of his body and his sensorium. Consequently the mental person who resides in the upper parts of the brain is omnipresent through the physical organs and sensations. In like manner, the Second Sphere is so situated with reference to this earth, that we, its inhabitants, float under the constant inspection of its population. This earth is analogous to a ponderous organ in the perfect and symmetrical anatomy of the stars. I think you will agree that this planet of ours may be, in general analogy, an "organ" in the physiology of the sidereal system; and that the celestial brain, which is the Summer-Land, caps and coronates all these different planets, just as the mind of man covers and crowns the different organs within the trunk.

Earthly languages, perfected, carried out to their ultimates, and simplified to a fine, beautiful orthography, become the language of the other Sphere. But education still sways the mind and thoughts. Suppose your affections are wrapped up with expressions peculiar to the German language, then, on reaching the higher Land, your memory (which is a spiritual organ,) holds not the English language, nor have you attachments for any other save that in which you were primarily educated. So true is this, that persons who had been in the habit of using "profane language," as it is called,

find themselves over-accustomed to expressing their thoughts and emotions through those worthless viaducts and conveyances; and such habits become serious impediments and obstructions to progress, just as in this world, when the coarse, vulgar-word speakers would enter refined society, they meet embarrassment because they cannot use profane language with their customary freedom. If they use it constantly among ignorant men, they find themselves, when among educated persons, in a state of nervous trepidation lest the next moment they may stumble into the use of an oath. When thrown a little off their balance, they will involuntarily show that they are accustomed to very improper and very disagreeable words. This you know is true in this world.

Now look into the Summer-Land, and you will find that the memory of many is checked when they come into the presence of finer and more educated organizations. There is a tendency, even after death, to indulge in those mental habits in which the individual has been most strongly educated. Thus, the first form of speech is that which the person most used on earth. A friend, who recently died in the Union Army, took the first opportunity to make himself manifest, and expressed his thoughts in the peculiar language which he had been accustomed to use all the years before he went. Although he was situated in finer circumstances, and influenced by the example of finer associates, still his thoughts flowed along in their accustomed channels of conversation. His thoughts were finer and higher; but they came down through the old verbiage.

The second language used in the higher world is the language of Music. The spirit of this language is sepa-

rated from the educational tendencies of the different races. The language of Music is employed in the teaching of what we call "Science." The truths of science, the beauties of science, and very high and glorious lessons in celestial principles, are communicated by means of symphonies, melodies, songs, hymns, anthems, and chants. Hence the impression that heaven is a place of eternal song! This wondrous music fills the whole heavens and awakens echoes among the distant planets; so that, when the stars are touched and summoned to enter the orchestra and make the magnificent chorus full, then the very earth itself seems to vibrate responsively to that grand harmonious beat, which converts the universe into a harp of infinite perfection!

The third language used in the higher world is what we here call "the language of the Heart." It is, more properly speaking, the language of emanation. Every private affection throws out an atmosphere. Whatever your predominating love may be, it emits an atmosphere which winds itself about your person. And when the temperament is fine, sensitive, and susceptible, the odor and influence will correspond. If the individual is the victim of an inverted love—a love turned out of its pure, native channel—he throws out upon you a coarse, vicious atmosphere, which in these days is called a "magnetic influence." Mediums, sensitives, and clairvoyants *see* it, and many persons not so gifted, *feel* it, and they know not whence or why. "That person gives off a peculiar influence," you say; "I feel it." It depresses you; or, it makes you angry. Another person makes you feel "cheerful" and "happy" and "joyous;" and you are physically quieted or spiritually

aroused by mere contact with these more exalted characters.

In the Summer-Land this "language of the heart" is carried to an inconceivable degree of perfection. For instance, suppose you and your brother, or you and your sister, should meet—you who have not met for long, lonely years. If you have outgrown the necessity of external speech, and if you have been taught through the mysterious suggestiveness of pure Music, you then deepen into the language of impersonal and perfect LOVE! In the higher Spheres such language is alone the medium of communication. It is the language of absolute contact of personal love-atmospheres; by which is meant that two persons, meeting face to face, meet also heart to heart, and are forever friends. On earth it is but the hands, or eyes, or lips, that touch and speak. *There*, it is the indescribably sweet and perfect meeting of soul with soul. They thus inhale and thoroughly understand each other. For the first time there sweeps through the gladdened heart the eminent satisfaction of receiving perfect *appreciation* through the deathless wisdom of a brother, a sister, or a companion. Your most secret history is wordlessly told and forever known; the details of your earth-life appreciated, and with all their innumerable bearings upon the shape of your character; and so, too, are comprehended all the steps that have brought you to that position in the upper existence; so that the "communion" which takes place at that time extends through all the years, days, hours, events, and moments of your terrestrial pilgrimage. The delightfulness of this conjunction constitutes the beautiful, glorious happiness which diversifies, gladdens, and exalts the inhabitants of the Spheres.

This interior, unspeakable language, is sometimes called "the language of Communion"—the unutterable speech of the immortals—which poets try in vain to reach and express; which Music, with its unsearchable attributes and great powers, very nearly approaches. When your love is warmest and deepest, when you meet it in another, or when it meets you, then you catch the rudiments of this infinitely finer, this inexpressibly beautiful, this trans-mundane, this celestial, this heart-emanational conversation, which is so divinely-blissful, so spiritually-refreshing, and so exalting to all who dwell under its blessings in the Summer-Land. Let it be once more affirmed that words are not the most eloquent expressions of the Soul. There is no joy so intense as that which sparkles in the eye and crimson the cheek, yet refuses the aid of the voice; there is also "no grief like that which does not speak." Where the heart has a tale to tell, how poor are the utterances of the lips! Need we these ever to tell us that we are loved? Is there not something in arbitrary signs that breaks the spell of our sweetest feelings? There is a mental electricity more mysterious far than the subtile fluid that thrills through material substances. Its conductors are the soft light of the human eye, the smile of the human lip, the tone of a subdued and earnest voice. Pleasant, indeed, is the solitude that is broken only by this silent speech.

Concerning *Traveling* in the Summer-Land. Traveling there is, at first, just what it is here. Arrived, we use our legs and feet; we see with our eyes; hear with our ears; and we also touch, and smell, and taste things, just as the very young child does on being intro-

duced into this world. The mind of every one is interested at first in what is most external, and yet, what is called "external" there, is here even too deep for mankind's comprehension at the present time. When arrived there, you find yourself in possession of higher senses, in every respect similar to these, and with the same attributes and faculties, only more susceptible, and with the essential habits and inclinations of your character even more active. These all begin to call for their complete gratification. They lead you along the vernal margins of musical waters, or you traverse different beautiful fields, or away you go on attractive excursions—all in accordance with the most powerful necessities of the ever-active, never-dying, always youthful spirit. Now and then you meet persons who are still laboring with the effects of an earthly sadness. These undeveloped souls remain with organizations, or become members of Brotherhoods who have not yet arisen out of the depressions of terrestrial mishaps and imperfections. Every one goes to appropriate and congenial places.

Let your mind be duly impressed with the fact that "great minds," so called while on earth, often lose what was considered the properties of their great "reputation." It is instantly stripped off from some of them, and they are not known, named, nor bowed to as "distinguished persons." Great men, so styled on earth, are of no consequence in the Summer-Land; neither king nor queen, nor prince nor princess, are known as such; for all go there clad in their true peri-spherical garments, and not in the costly habiliments you procure at Stewart's. When arrived, you will appear dressed and adorned, plainly or otherwise,

in rigid accordance with your *internal* nature and status. Thus Henry Clay, when he reported himself in the city of New York more than ten years ago, said that his "great earthly (political) attainments had not availed him much." This distinguished American gave a message to a number of personal friends. His communication, which was perfectly verified at the time, shows the mental condition in which the statesman found himself soon after his arrival.

HENRY CLAY'S MESSAGE TO A NUMBER OF FRIENDS.

In July, 1852, the following, with much more of high significance, was delivered: "My worldly wisdom availed me not when my new life commenced. It is very beautiful to become a little child again; and now I understand the meaning of the words: 'Ye must be born again;' and in true sincerity and gratefulness I feel that I am born again—in a life where the vanities of earth have faded from my view, and the bright glories of heaven are opening upon my soul.

"O soul made pure, be thankful for thy high estate, and adore thy God who hath endowed thine eyes with light, and thy soul with the ability to enjoy the pure beauties which crowd upon thy new existence! And yet how I am overwhelmed with the foreshadowing of the glory which is yet-in wait for me! But now a form of brightness appears, and saith unto me: 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength increase; and thou shalt grow and wax stronger in the stature of wisdom and the might of love.'

"I am surrounded by those who are, like myself, exploring the wonders of this heavenly land. The realities become more and more transcendently sublime as we proceed. And the beauties of knowledge are increasingly unfolded; more vast and commanding becomes the wide-spread plain of glory, as we travel on in our heavenly path, guided by wisdom supreme and love unbounded."

The mind is "overwhelmed," as Henry Clay expresses it, with the unexpected *naturalness* of the *post-mortem* existence. Persons who read this, I think, will not be as much astonished as was the "Sage of Ashland," who ascended from the Old Kentucky State. He was not "astonished" in the Halls of Congress at Washington—he could easily grasp the great rising propositions before the Government of his country—but when he entered another mansion in the Father's house "not made with hands," then he became as "a little child, guided by wisdom and love."

Persons sometimes change their views rapidly, and they hasten to return, saying that they have experienced a "change" in their convictions. Dr. Emmons, who was a preacher of the old-school doctrine of eternal punishment, comes back after having thoroughly investigated the geography and government of the Summer-Land, saying that there is no place hot enough to suit his sermons.

A MESSAGE FROM DR. EMMONS, IN BOSTON, 1851.

"You of the earth may pretend and think you believe ever so strongly in eternal punishment; but when you bring it home to your own hearts, and those you love, the strongest terms you dare to use are: 'We leave them in God's hands. He doeth all things well!' Yea, verily, I respond to that with all my spirit powers—'God doeth all things well!' Amen and amen forever! saith the spirit of Dr. Emmons. Does not that very remark imply a doubt in the minds of those that thus speak? You could not better express your doubts, if you would; your firmest, strongest believer in eternal punishment, dare not say of the one he loved: He or she hath gone to *hell*! In plain words let us speak; for you that believe it may not shrink

from speaking it. I was one of the old-school, a strong, bold preacher of the *doctrine of eternal punishment*; would that those sermons were buried in oblivion! They are a curse to the world, a dishonor to the memory of him who could believe or utter such sentiments, a libel on the character of a just and holy God. And yet, as my spirit returns to the friends and scenes of my earthly days, often do I hear the words I uttered in life brought forth as the faith of a good old man; and by those, too, who cherish my name and memory with almost holy reverence. I long to make my voice heard in tones of thunder, that they may know the truth, and not grope in darkness longer."

Again, the celebrated American author, J. FENNIMORE COOPER, in the year 1850, gained access to an elderly gentleman in Western New York, and reported in brief as follows:

"I little thought, when, a few months ago, I was investigating the developments that were interesting some of my acquaintances, that I should so soon be seeking an opportunity to make my identity manifest. I was astonished at what I then witnessed, and was afraid to investigate, lest I should find true what others said, and what had been so marvelous to me, because I dreaded the scorn of those whose good opinion I valued. Hence, you see, I was not well prepared for a high mansion in the spirit-life; for I felt ashamed to seek the truth wherever it might be found, and such cowards are not fitted for high enjoyments in the Spirit-World. Yet I was introduced into a state far better than I deserved, for which I feel thankful; and that feeling of gratitude, as it is cultivated, I feel advances me."

Some spirits report themselves as they were, or as they appeared just before death, in order to satisfy their remaining relatives that they are still in existence, and

that death was not the extinguishment of their personality. A remarkable case is reported by Professor Brittan, eleven years ago, showing how entirely simple, yet terribly impressive, is the method which some departed ones adopt, to cause their identity to be fully known to acquaintances who yet live in the body.

CASE OF IDENTIFICATION.

Mr. S. B. Brittan, in the year 1852, put on record the following:

“Last winter, while spending a few days at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, Mass., I became acquainted with Mr. H. —, a medium. One evening H —, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and myself, were engaged in general conversation, when—in a moment and most unexpectedly to us all—H — was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when the medium said: ‘Hannah B — is here.’ I was surprised at the announcement; for I had not even thought of the person indicated for many days, perhaps weeks or months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child: I remained silent; but mentally inquired how I might be assured of the actual presence. Immediately the medium began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression.* He groaned in spirit, and audibly, and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer. He addressed men in terms of tenderness, and sighed, and uttered bitter lamentations. Ever and anon he gave utterance to expressions like the following:

“‘Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep—down—far down—I see the fiery flood! Hold!. Stay!—Save them from the pit! I’m in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There’s no light! How wild!—gloomy! The clouds

roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I?"

"During this exciting scene, which lasted perhaps half an hour, I remained a silent spectator, the medium was unconscious, and the whole was inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. *The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of the medium.* No person in all that region knew aught of the history of Hannah B——, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. The person referred to was highly gifted by Nature, and endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, and when I last saw her, the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scene I have attempted to describe, was present, in all its mournful details before me."

Now, the testimony of Professor Brittan would probably be taken as unquestionable and trustworthy on any other subject, and perhaps at this late day his word will also be accepted in this direction. In the whole realm of psychology, or of sympathy of mind with mind, there is no known law that will explain the effects he delineates. But those who have held communication with the Summer-Land, find that those who still earnestly desire to communicate, take the first opportunities to stamp the impression which would produce the strongest conviction of personal identity upon the remaining relative or friend. I suppose there are two thousand instances, all of them substantiated so far as human testimony can go, showing that spirit-communications are "literal facts" recorded in history beyond the possibility of refutation.

Some minds who on earth were intellectually inter-

ested in "Ideas," on entering the Second Sphere, begin to communicate, as soon as possible, to impressible persons remaining, the fact that, in their cogitations, they had conceived of something like what they now behold, and that they are so glad to find that the realities of the higher life are even more gratifying than they had dared to expect. To illustrate this point, I refer you to the testimony of Margaret Fuller, given in 1852—a year remarkable for the outpouring of this peculiar description of communications :

TESTIMONY OF MARGARET FULLER, OTHERWISE
COUNTESS OSSOLI, DEC. 5, 1852.

"My sojourn on earth seems now as an indistinct dream, in comparison with the *real* life which I now enjoy. And I regard the raging of the elements which freed my dearest kindred and myself from our earthly bodies, as the means of opening to us the portals of immortality. And we behold that we were born again—born out of the flesh into the spirit. How surprised and overjoyed was I when I saw my new condition! The change was so sudden—so glorious—from mortality to immortality—that at first I was unable to comprehend it. From the dark waves of the ocean—cold, and overcome with fatigue and terror—I emerged into a sphere of beauty and loveliness. How differently everything appeared! What an air of calmness and repose surrounded me! How transparent and pure seemed the sky of living blue! And how delightfully I inhaled the pure, life-giving atmosphere! A dimming mist seemed to have fallen from my eyes—so calm and so beautiful in their perfection were all things which met my view. And then kind and loving friends approached me, with gentle words and sweet affection; and oh, I said within my soul, surely heaven is more truly the reality of loveliness than it was ever conceived to be by the most loving hearts! Already are my

highest earthly impressions of beauty and happiness *more than realized.*"

Here you remark a vivid contrast between this communication of Margaret Ossoli's and that reported by Professor Brittan. In Margaret you see a mind retaining its characteristics in the transcendently ideal. She reports the intense gratification which came over her idealizing faculties immediately on her introduction to the Better Land. But the other lady came back purposely to impress upon Mr. Brittan's thoughts and feelings the fact of her presence—not through ideality, but through the frightful gesticulations and paroxysms of a painfully-remembered insanity.

TRAVELING in the *post-mortem* Sphere is at first just like pilgrimizing on earth. But the higher inhabitants have acquired what we shall never be able perfectly to imitate in this world. They have the power, without wings, to rise up and put themselves in harmony with the currents that sweep through the atmospheric spaces. With the spread of light they ride on those currents millions and trillions of miles. It is accomplished by the marvelous power of inherent Will. The ability of the will to check the pulse is a promise of ultimate achievements. It is possible to develop and educate this inherent power of Will. By it, in this world, we lift our heavy bodies from beds or chairs, and cause them to move on the ground through low space. It is a mental power holding insensate muscles to its rule. This executive energy of the arisen human spirit, instead of wings, is the secret of its lightning flight. I do not say that spirits travel by a continuous exertion of the will. They seek the upper currents by will, somewhat like

the balloon excursion which occurred some few years since between St. Louis and the northern part of this State. Professor Wise speaks positively of the existence of an unvariable current, and thinks that if the venturesome aeronaut could strike it, he would be rapidly and safely carried from west to east. His first experiment was a failure, as all *first* experiments usually are; but it sufficiently illustrates what is *the universal method* of traveling in the Summer-Land, when they depart on their far-away excursions. They gain that particular current which sweeps away through the spaces between the orbits of the planets, and which takes them "with the celerity of thought" to the destination which they desire to reach, however remote it may be from their point of departure.

We shall not obtain that method in this life, save by uncertain balloons. We see the lesson and the example in birds. But that is done by a direct exertion of the will, and by sympathetic contact of their swift-moving wings with the electricity of the air—part *float* developed by friction, and part *momentum* developed by Will. Just as a message of intelligence can be sent through space by vibrating the telegraphic current over thousands of miles, so the spirit-body and Will can, by the vibration of the celestial rivers which flow between the Summer-Land and the different planets, mount and float and ride upon them with inconceivable speed, and gain any desired destination. Traveling there is social.

In the New Testament you read with wonderment and with longing the report of the Pentecostal experiences. How could such things be unless there were spirits invisible, who gathered as in convention, and,

by one united effort, baptized with sublime zeal whole congregations of Spiritualists in Syria, in Palestine, in Rome, or wherever the upper Pentecostalians happened to be in contact with the lower assemblages of sympathizing and impressible minds. The spiritualistic congregations of the old time were supposed to be baptized by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit from the great Jehovah himself. That was the shortest explanation furnished by the converted Pharisees. They always furnished the most literal explanation of spiritual phenomena. Thus Moses imagined that he never could be visited by any power less exalted than the great Creator himself. That was the Hebrew mistake. Many of them have not yet unlearned the error in this world; and some in the Summer-Land have not changed their sentiments. But the truth is, that a combination of minds, just like ourselves, coming in contact with earthly congregations, pour out the spirit of real love, uplifting, elevating, giving inward gladness and unity of feeling "in the bonds of peace."

By permanent magnets I sometimes illustrate the law that spirits impart communications with whom they *can* enter into direct contact, and with none others. Hence some have passed all the way through life without receiving a single evidence that any such thing as a spirit exists; while others have *felt* it and known it from their earliest recollections. I well know that there are minds who have not felt the blissful influence of such spiritual contact, and of course, have no evidence whatever of the truth of these things. And yet such persons are many times helped and saved by proxies. Guardians cannot reach them, save through the agency

of other parties—a succession of intermediates—the way a great variety of special providences come to pass. As an example, I give the case of an African woman, to show that the benevolent in the beautiful Brotherhoods of heaven still watch over the lowly and unhappy of earth:

HOW A FAMISHING AFRICAN WOMAN AND CHILD
WERE SAVED BY THEIR GUARDIANS.

The case is cited from the *Moral Instructor* of 1850. It exhibits interposition, sympathy, and calculation, to a remarkable extent: “A lady medium in this city, whose name we are not at liberty to pronounce, while walking in the streets, in her usual physical and mental mood, was approached and controlled by a spirit, caused to enter a bakery and purchase some victuals, thence led out of the city by a circuitous route into the suburbs, where she met a colored woman sitting by the roadside, weeping, with a small child by her side. She was traveling to find friends, and, destitute and exhausted, she had sunk despondingly down to bewail her condition. Using the organ of the medium, the spirit said to the sufferer: ‘Sister, why weepest thou?’ The reply, in substance, was, that she was away from friends, and had no means of procuring food for her famishing child—making no mention of her own privations. She said she had knocked at the doors of those who appeared abundantly able to bless, but had been refused even the morsels that fell from their tables, and now despaired of succor. The spirit then gave her the bread, telling her that her afflictions were known, and that he was an angel sent to minister to her wants. Overjoyed, the poor woman fell upon her knees, essaying to offer the spirit a prayer of thanksgiving. But he said: ‘Thank not me, but God that sent me.’

“The medium was then conducted home, having been unconscious during most of the transaction, and retaining only an indistinct recollection of the bakery,

one or two points in her road, and the meeting with the woman.”

Many a man has been saved from committing suicide, by his guardians, by the intermediate method of approach. Why are not *all* men saved from their temptations and indiscretions? Because they can be neither directly nor intermediately reached. Of necessity all such must walk through great agony to a higher intellectual and moral condition. It is the impulse of their inward being. Guardian angels see that it is better for some children to fall down a whole flight of stairs than to be rescued; for the one sad accident or stumble may save them from the misfortune of forty other *worse* falls and blunders in the course of their lives. The saving and protecting arms are not thrown around some gentle natures simply because there is no contact. But what a beautiful law and system of providences are sometimes displayed! Here is an example:

A MAN SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY THE INTERPOSITION OF HIS GUARDIANS.

The following authentic case was reported by a New Haven gentleman, in 1852: “Many years ago a couple of gentlemen, who were room-mates, graduated at Yale College, and became ministers of the gospel. At an after period they settled in the ministry in different States, and carried on a friendly epistolary correspondence during a large portion of their lives. One of them was in the habit of receiving impressions upon his mind of that vivid character which usually constrained him to comply with the dictate of the moment, or suffer loss touching his wonted peace. And though he was seldom able to divine in advance what the result of his compliance would be, he was always obedient to

the dictate, and afterward saw clearly that he had only done what duty or interest would have demanded.

“Among the many occasions upon which he was called to act in obedience to this higher power, the following is singular and instructive, and shows, in the language of Cowper, after he had been foiled twice on the same day in his attempts at self-destruction, that ‘God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform’—that he accomplishes his purposes by ways and means unthought of by man. A vivid impression came over his mind that he must, without delay, get upon the back of his horse, and with all possible speed reach New Haven, a place which he had not seen since he left college, and one that was many miles distant. As had been his custom, he was obedient to the impulse, and reached the place at the midnight hour of a dark night; and finding it greatly altered from what he had ever before seen it, and not desiring any suitable place to stop at, he was induced to ride to the door of a small house, in which he discovered a dim light at the attic window. After knocking and waiting a considerable length of time, he heard footsteps upon the stairway advancing slowly; soon it opened, and a man with a lamp in his hand, and with a stern countenance, and corresponding voice, demanded: ‘What do you want here at this unseasonable hour of the night?’ The messenger of life, as he proved to be, replied: ‘I can scarcely inform you what I came for; I am a stranger here;’ after which a short pause ensued, and the man with the lamp, in low and quivering accents, said: ‘I will tell you what you came for—it was to prevent me from committing the atrocious act of suicide! When you knocked at this door, I was putting a rope around my neck to hang myself! Your knock broke the spell and I have now neither desire nor power to destroy my life.’”

Do you not read in the Testament that Saul, mounted on his horse and at the head of a vast army, was bent

upon persecuting the Spiritualists of that day? He was determined to ride them down and then exterminate them. When he had very nearly reached the point where the desperate conflict was to occur, the "scales" began falling from his eyes, and he tumbled from his horse to the ground. He was taken away by some friends, and remained in an unconscious condition for some time. When he came to "himself," he was a convert to Spiritualism. He felt ashamed, and said he had been entirely in the wrong—a short-sighted old sinner. Now what is the difference between a modern Spiritual case, put in modern language, and this ancient case related in the New Testament? The law is identical. A combination of truth-lovers in the Spirit-Land, who are loyal to the Divine principles that regulate the universe, directly accomplish these results which men call "special providences." The facts of the overthrow and rapid conversion of Paul are no more "mysterious," when analyzed in the light of modern Spiritualism, than was the modern transaction of saving the lone man from suicide. Neither can you say that the New Testament facts are better substantiated by witnesses than are the analogous facts of to-day. Here is another instance of special impression:

AN ENGINEER IMPRESSED BY HIS GUARDIANS.

The following statement was published in the *Caledonian*, January, 1853, and is, therefore, testimony from an editor not committed to Spiritualism: "Mr. Butterfield, who was killed by the late unfortunate accident upon the Passumpsic Railroad, for a week or two before it occurred seemed impressed with the idea of some impending evil. He mentioned his impression to his friends, appeared downcast, and did not wish to run an

engine any more. Indeed, he had gone so far as to say that after that week he should leave the place he occupied on the road. He was ready to do anything else but to act as an engineer. In passing up a few days previous to that on which the accident took place, before it was daylight, he whistled for the train to 'break up,' insisting that the fireman should go forward and examine the track; for he plainly saw the figure of a man moving slowly along. He also stopped at another, and about the same time, believing there was a man on the track. It turned out in both cases to be an illusion. If Mr. B. had been a timid and nervous man, these impressions would readily be accounted for, perhaps; but he was just the contrary—cheerful, cool, deliberate, and fearless—so far even as to be remarkable for these qualities. His impressions, viewed in connection with his well-known character and melancholy end, are certainly mysterious, and we do not know how they are to be accounted for, unless it be that evil is sometimes portended to man by a superior intelligence."

Spiritualists, instead of rejecting the Bible, find in its pages experiences that are identical with what in these days has become well-nigh universal. In the Apocalypse of John you read marvelous descriptions of events and awful things which would happen if there was a fair chance for such occurrences. Instead, why not take up some of the equally wonderful visions of Judge Edmonds? Why not read them and believe in them with the same unprejudiced eye and heart? If you look believingly back to Daniel or to Ezekiel to find prophecies, and if you next search the New Testament to find their fulfillments, why not also go faithfully back eight or ten years ago and find whether it be not true that Judge Edmonds had a vision in which the present American Rebellion was predicted and depicted with

wonderful clearness and exactness? He gave it out with the conviction that it was simply a picturesque representation of the great battle between Error and Truth. But when it is read in connection with the current political history and experiences of to-day, it will appear as literal a prophecy of what has occurred, and is occurring in this country, as anything prophetic-al within the lids of Testaments:

THE AMERICAN REBELLION FORETOLD IN A VISION
BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

In the New York *Harmonial Advocate*, published ten years ago, vol. 1., we find the following: "A vast plain is spread out before me, and far in the distance a crowd of human beings. Above them is a vast banner, outspread all over them. Its groundwork is black, and its letters still blacker—the extract of blackness itself. The words inscribed upon it are: '*Superstition, Slavery, Crime,*' forming, as it were, a half-circle. Many of those beings have smaller banners of the same material and device, which they hug closely to their bosoms, as if part of their very life. All have dark shades over their eyes. It is a sad picture—dark and melancholy!

"A broad battle-field is being spread. And dark beings, with their black banners, are coming out, arrayed for battle with brighter ones. The contest will be fearful. Those dark ones are confident in their numbers; for they are as a thousand to one.

"But see! there comes from that bright mountain a herald of light, and he cries aloud through all the nations, 'Which shall conquer—Truth, Liberty, and Progression, or Superstition, Slavery, and Crime? His words are heralded in the air. How beautiful are his looks! He is a spirit of light. His thrilling tones infuse new light into the brighter ones, and they rise with renewed energy, determined at last to conquer.

"It is a mighty contest, and is to determine the fate of nations. All the base passions that have degraded humanity are awakening in their might, and rush on in their fury, battling for their very existence.

"A more brilliant beam of light shines from the faces of the progressed ones, showing the light and the life that are within them, and that are cheering them to the contest.

"Now, lo! the view opens beyond the dark mountains, and behold there a glorious scene, where Love, Truth, and Wisdom are enthroned. I see the beautiful landscapes, dewy lawns, winding rivers, and rich pastures, and an atmosphere so sweet and balmy, that the spirit might dissolve itself in its loveliness. A race of spiritual beings inhabit there. An unearthly radiance flows from the brain of each, and is wafted up by unseen zephyrs to make the glorious light which shines from behind the dark mountains.

"It is the home of Liberty, Truth, and Progression, and has sent forth its spirits, holding up that glorious banner. It is upheld by their unseen hands, and it is their brilliancy which casts the radiance on the inhabitants below. From that beautiful place they send forth spirits that whisper, in voiceless tones, encouragement and hope to those who battle in that strife."

You will find nothing in the pages of Scripture, I repeat, more exactly descriptive of events which have occurred years after the vision was given to the world. But this is only one of five hundred prophecies, many of which are in my possession, sent for publication from Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois, and from different parts of New England. I know a gentleman who had rejected Spiritualism *in toto*—over five years ago—in consequence of these extravagant prophecies that there would be "a great war in this country," that "blood would flow," that the people "would have diseases,"

and that the "Government was to be broken," &c., &c. Prophetic communications of this strange character came to him very frequently. But the gentleman could not believe that we were to have "a war," in this peaceful country. He denounced the communications as unprofitable, and he would not further receive them. I met that gentleman not long since in this city, and he said: "I have repented. Those extravagant spiritual communications have all been literally fulfilled. There was no exaggeration in them."

A MOTHER IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

The gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, communicated, December 25, 1852, a picturesque account of scenes in the social life of the angels. The following is a brief extract concerning a mother and her child: "How lovely she seems! As she glides along, she holds in her arms an innocent babe. What holy affection and chastened love is expressed in her countenance! She pauses and speaks, and caresses her babe, and says: 'O spirit, I have left my home on earth, and I have met my beloved babe already, and how joyful I am. But will you not send back to earth and tell my dearly loved friends how happy I am, and how useless is all their weeping for me? Oh, tell them I am learning the ways of peace and happiness; that I am preparing to receive and instruct them when they shall arrive here; that, although a mother's form has left the earth, a mother's love still shares all their hopes and joys. And oh! bid them be hopeful and seek to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts on earth, that I may be able to approach them on their entrance into the Spirit-World.' Happy, happy mother! bearing her babe in her arms, who had been brought to meet and comfort her on her upward journey. But mark how she pauses to send back a word of encouragement and hope to those who are left behind."

On another point she says: "The spirit, on entering its next state, only becomes more awake—more sensitive to the realities which lie beyond its view; it but steps on another round of the ladder, which leads upward and onward to spheres of eternal love and unfolding wisdom. And by thy life here, O man, dost thou make thy heaven fair and lovely, or thy existence dark and gloomy, until thou hast overcome thy errors by earnest labor."

In conclusion, I wish to call your attention to persons in the Spirit-World who take great interest in exciting the hopes of humanity, and in holding up the banner of Progress and Reform. I have already given accounts of these public-spirited societies. I will give one out of hundreds of instances, of a communication to minds on earth, who were at the time somewhat despairing:

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF FREEDOM.

In November, 1852, Judge Edmonds reported the following from the Summer-Land: "This is the day when Freedom shall be known among the sons of humanity. This is the day when the chains shall fall from the oppressed spirit. This is the day when the pulse of humanity shall quicken with an inward life. And now shall the arm of man be made strong. Now shall the stream of truth brighten and deepen in its flow. Now shall the light of heaven grow clearer and brighter amid this glorious dawning. Prepare ye for the resurrection of humanity. Stand ye up in the strength and majesty of spiritual manhood. Let the scenes of earth no longer enthrall your senses and deaden the soul. A voice calls you to a higher destiny. It is the voice of Freedom breaking from the skies. Listen! not with your ears only, but with your souls. Listen! And in the deep silence of your inner:

being may ye find its earnest whisperings to lead you up beyond the vale of darkness, beyond the tumults of this lower sphere—to lead you up—up—far up in the pathway of unfolded angels, and give you strength to mount on high, as the eagle soars, to breathe the air of Freedom forever and ever.”

MATERIAL WORK FOR SPIRITUAL WORKERS.

"This world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven."

In relation to this subject it is deemed necessary to set forth three propositions :

First, that the material and spiritual universes are regulated by immutable laws. Law is the external manifestation of principle ; a principle is the external manifestation of an idea ; an idea is the thoughtful, loveful life of Deity.

Second, that man is endowed with a self-conscious power called Reason ; Reason is the harmony of all his faculties, including the elements of affection and intuition ; by the exercise of this power he discovers the laws by which those universes are kept in unvarying order and irreversible harmony.

Third, that he is endowed with abilities and attributes to apply his discoveries to all the common conditions from which he proceeds, and of which he naturally is the governor and supreme head.

The Infinite fountain is composed of ideas. Nothing could be more abstruse, more metaphysical and abstract, than the truth which is hidden within this statement.

Most persons use the word "idea" according to the dictionary sense. An idea, in popular definition, is the form or conception or image in the mind of anything which you read about, or which you are thinking, or of something which is being related to you. To catch "an idea" is to get a definition of whatever may be presented for your reflection. That is not the sense in which the term is used in this discourse. The common definition is applicable to "thought." A thought in the mind is derived from a description, or by means of an object, a sound, a flavor, an odor; in short, whatever may address you, through your senses, will evolve a thought among your faculties, and if that thought is coincident with and exactly representative of that which excited it, the result is a truth, or else a fact. From an accumulation of such facts and truths all positive sciences are developed and established.

But such truths and such facts are not Ideas. If you have an idea, you have the essential life out of which all things and thoughts spring. Clairvoyance is the ability to discern things afar off by coming in contact with the *life* of things, realizing their inherent essences, becoming instantly acquainted with the intelligent principles by which things roll out from unfathomable depths into the phenomenal universe. An idea within vegetation causes all this variety, not only of the form and growth, but also of the distribution of the colors and of the arrangement of the atoms which are inseparable from and coincident with those colors, and of the odors also which come with the colors and out of such an atomic arrangement.

There is in the fields no chaos; nothing is left to

chance ; all is system—harmony. Man's function is to learn the principles and ideas contained in the source ; to ascertain the scientific laws by which atoms, visible and indivisible, come into their present arrangements ; and thence obtain the secret of the harmonies which pervade all the ways and works of Wisdom. Having made discoveries his next business is to reduce them to what is called "science." Science regulates the perceptive and intellectual parts of his mind—gives system, proportion, and regularity of action—by means of which system of thought and precision of procession he makes all his progress and expands his civilization.

But the restless, progressive mind soon exhausts his discovery. He must go higher in the same direction, make further discoveries, and thence more beautiful expansions in Art, and more complete applications in common things. Having applied his new facts to things, he exhausts them, or loses interest in them, and thus it becomes necessary that he should sow a new crop of discoveries. So he charges the soil with new fertilizing thoughts, and puts the old land to other uses. His restless, progressive mind, needs it ; for he is endowed with a wondrous variety of powers and functions and attributes, which must be gratified.

The consequence of such awakening is that his mind is more than ever anxious for advancement. Humboldt could not rest in his study after having investigated the physical facts of a quarter of the globe. His discoveries were accurate, so far as they went ; but they were only doors to greater and grander things. Humboldt's mind is not at rest to-day ; he is still traveling and discovering sections in the "house not made with hands."

His immortal feet press other hills and mountains; his new-lit eyes see other landscapes; and his large mind is measuring new scenes of imperishable beauty and significance. Astronomers, too, do not soon rest. Having discovered one planet, they must discover another. The discovery of a hundred planets makes it necessary (for the feeding of such hungry minds) that two hundred shall be discovered.

The time comes for the application. Then millions invest in one discovery. All men buy and read almanacs, because the discoveries of a few earnest, truthful, scientific men have fixed the facts that regulate the seasons. Suns and moons and stars rise and set so mathematically and unmistakably accurate, that millions of people, without a thought of skepticism, purchase almanacs, regulate their business in-doors and out, and conduct nearly all their agricultural and commercial affairs, by means of the application of the discoveries of a few able, earnest friends of science.

Men must go forward in their work of progressive civilization; they have the grand example of the expanded universe ever before them. The physical and spiritual universes never fail in any of their functions, because they are regulated by laws that never fail to carry out the designs with which they were freighted from the heart. Principles are the *life* of laws; ideas are the *life* of principles; and GOD IS THE LIFE OF IDEAS. No man or woman is spiritually-minded until he or she has arrived at spirit. To be a spiritualist, is to nominate yourself by a mere term; to be *spiritual*, is to possess a great soul-stirring and progressing Idea. A spiritual worker is one who works from the essential

center—from Ideas, through the leverage of laws, using principles as the fulcrum over which the lever acts on any solid substance with which it comes in contact. Standing with the long end of the lever (a knowledge of natural law) in their hands, such workers can “move the mountains” which stand between them and the attractions and benefits of the future. Faith and works are inseparable. No soul is wholly destitute of faith in God. Truth and Love and Wisdom and immutable principles—these millions believe in even when they have no conception of a super-personal consciousness, God, or of an inter-personal love-essence called Nature. No man is destitute of faith in principles. Virtue and goodness and philanthropy, and whatever is high and noble, command the reverent love and respect of all mankind.

Those who possess Ideas are truly spiritual and progressive people. When they work, they work as flowers grow, from centers through their own organizations. Organizations come up here and there around them; they spring up and bring forth like harvests in the fields. Thousands, yea millions, are this hour waiting for such center-born organizations. The world’s busy millions do not get at Ideas; they need temporary organizations and supporting substances. When a building is in process of construction, a scaffolding is a necessary part of the work. The carpenter calculates for a scaffold just as carefully as for the various materials out of which the building is to be made. When the structure is perfected, the scaffolding is removed. Even so when progressionists elaborate an idea and get it into the world, let them take down the

no longer needed scaffolding—the organization by which the idea was attained. Let the temple of Truth stand white and immortally beautiful before the eyes of all men. Let it be based upon the solid rock of scientific knowledge; let it be seen and felt by all; let it be inhabited by every one who feels the essential attraction. Must a man wear the clothes of his youth forever because they fitted him once? Or, must men always cling to their creeds and doctrines because by means of them they attained newer ideas in religion and a few finer habits in civilization? Let creeds, doctrines, definitions cease, as, indeed, they finally do with men and women of ideas. Distinctions vanish like the mists of morning in the presence of ideas that burn with such unutterable, glorious effulgence. But before you get to Ideas, such scaffolding as forms definitions, doctrines, thoughts, creeds, theories, systems, are necessary.

I never stop to battle with the size of the clothes that children must wear. Little patterns are natural to little folks. But I will remonstrate, and pronounce an injunction in the holy authority of Ideas, when I see grown-up persons still trying to keep in the garments of their childhood. Behold sectarians! See the little garments with which they swathe themselves, in which they are bound and cribbed and cabined and confined, and dare not move—miserable, fashionable mummies, grown up apparently as big feeling as anybody with brains—great, handsome looking ladies, and great, beautiful men, going into the churches and taking on the old garments and sitting in sackcloth without ashes—all of it a part of the machinery of childhood in old-time religion! It is plainly a demonstration that they

have not ideas. They are not free. The children of light are free, because light is truth. Truth gives freedom, not only to your judgments, but also to your affections—just as true and as free in your externals as in your inmost. Freedom and purity are commensurate and inseparable. Pure freedom comes from pure spirit. License and unrestrained indulgence are the impulsive freebootery of the impassioned soul toward that to which it is directed. You can see lustfulness and licentiousness in their disguises all through the world—in politics, in society, and in the social relations. Democratic notions of freedom are but the uncouth prophecies of what one day will be the common experience of the people, accepted as divine, without any thought of impurity, and incorporated in the unwritten statutes of the universal heart.

But there are persons who, destitute of ideas, see merely the forms which restrain and circumscribe them. Such externalists think that the world is wrong, and must be brought to their standard of right. That is bigotry. Must I hate my brother because he enters the Calvinistic church, and shun my sister in the Church of Rome, because she does not think as I do? Ideas lift us out of thoughts, above forms, above creeds, above doctrines and systems, and breathe the spirit of unbounded charity and good will.

Man's power is to discover—not to create. Man can "create" nothing; he can only discover and apply. Now man is destined to discover the laws by which the Infinite has expressed imperishable harmony throughout the material and spiritual universes—the discovery of the laws by which all eternal harmony is established.

Succeeding this discovery will come the power to apply. This application will bring in new social, political, and religious relations, like that higher harmony which he beholds and worships in the physical universe. Thus man is endowed with a very vast mission of eternal uses to him. If men were destitute of ideas, they would be animals. If men were animals, they would be regulated by the harmonious laws of life and instinct which regulate animals. But mankind have ideas; therefore we are what animals can never be—capable of winging our way through the empyrean of light, through the universe of boundless freedom. I do not mean that we are free in any absolute physical sense. No man can fly outside of matter. No man can reverse or violate a principle; no man can mortally offend an idea; no man can disturb God. But man can by discovery bring himself into relation with ideas and principles and laws, and become physically healthy like the material universe, and spiritually healthy like the spiritual universe. Then, like them and with them, he is in harmony. Then he can bestow happiness, goodness, and divine strength on those about him. This seems to me to be as simple as any sum in the rudiments of arithmetic. No creations are made in music. Sounds exist through all the temple of Nature. Man can merely discover the laws of the Omnipotent by which sounds may be made to harmonize in different combinations. "Music" is the name given to the science thus discovered, and to the application of the science. But there is a central key-note by which all notes and chords are arranged and attuned.

Man's position with relation to all the kingdoms

beneath is the master chord, and the central key-note. If he is not attuned, his discords shiver through all the subordinate kingdoms. If he is in harmony, all the kingdoms of the earth feel, enjoy, participate, reciprocate, and justice reigns. Reciprocation is an expression of Justice. Distributive justice is seen in the equal expansion of natural reciprocation. From your own system outwardly into society send forth a good and just condition, and you thence and thereby expand into a state by which you can be fed and built up stronger and better.

It is necessary that many should be together in one place in order that all may be fed and nourished and made to grow by spiritual things. All persons testify against and naturally shrink from isolation, desolation, loneliness. They testify against those conditions because Nature, the Spirit-Mother of all intelligences, has determined that society shall be the form, the menstruum, the universal ocean in which all are molded, fashioned, and dissolved.

There is a social sovereignty which is just as obligatory as individual sovereignty. Some accept the doctrine that "individual sovereignty" covers and comprehends all—that a man is allowed by Nature to practice and carry out his individual preferences and decisions "at his own cost." But this doctrine is but *half* the story of man's relation to society. It is logical and true; but true only just so far as the half of anything is true. Social sovereignty is larger and grander, more perfect, more binding, and more divine; just as the ocean is larger, grander, more perfect and more divine, than the spring on the mountain's side or the

rivulet that starts from the quiet valley. The life of the individual is the stream that flows down through the valley. The ocean is made of all springs and all streams, and all the rivulets that flow down from the millions of hills hasten to seek their common social level. The ocean is the grand symbol of the Infinite Spirit in which all minds dwell, and out of which all things spring into manifestation and animation. Geologists tell you that all things came from the sea. First, the water was universal; then came the dry land. The first is society. Society is universal; then came institutions, organizations, dry land, solid places; but the individual life is inseparable from the universal society of mankind.

The spiritual worker is one who sees the *idea*, who catches the spirit within a *principle*, who works for the harmonious molding of whatever is about him, and not selfishly for personal advancement. For example, look at the question of "intemperance." The Maine liquor law, a matter of so much controversy some years ago, was passed to legislate alcohol out of existence. But the moment you ascend to the presence of an idea, you discover that men are not constituted to be driven into or out of existence. Their appetites and passions cannot be easily destroyed by legislation. It is true that good laws may hamper and destroy, to a great extent, the vices of society. But how do most of our best laws originate? They originate with legislators and governors who have Ideas. A few good men first proclaim the principle; then the office-seeking politicians grasp it and say: "There is success in that creed," and they take hold of it, and carry into politics what was

at first a glorious effort with a few philanthropic minds. In ten years the good thought, the good idea that was first promulgated, is degraded or obliterated. Then come organizations, scheming, wire-pulling, log-rolling, all these desperate and diabolical plans which selfish men without principle have instituted, in order to carry out what they supposed would be successful.

Then what is to be done? Why, the Moral Police, composed of men and women, must continue the work. They must go interior—close to the *life* of the law—to the Idea! They must stand upon platforms in public and in private places, and utter those divine thoughts which go deeper than the plans and policies of the world. They are commissioned to act just where and in proportion as they comprehend the idea of justice.

The spiritually-minded person is inspired. Justice is not a word; it is the name of a sacred principle. It does not mean that you must do what *I* think is right. It means that you must be *just*; first of all to and within yourself. Your justice to me will be like your habitual justice to yourself. Suppose you meet a man who has indulged largely in intoxication. It is useless to appeal to him with "What will people say?" He don't care what they say; he is, perhaps, lost to that kind of respect; he does not seek it; he has been too many times deceived and debauched. The sailor lies down in the hold of his ship, drunken as a beast. And the deserted, abandoned woman cannot be successfully appealed to from the social side of life. There is only one thoroughly practical way to reach those who have got so low in the bed of sorrow. It is by affectionately inspiring the hearts of such persons with the idea that

they are immortal, and not only so, but that they have in them the resources of sweet happiness, and that those resources can be opened, and that you will faithfully aid them in such opening and to their consequent happiness. First assure the person that no reliance can be placed upon such help from you, or from God's angels, or from spirits in the flesh or out, until there is basis in the soul's will and aspirations. You reach the heart the moment you ascend to this point of wisdom. It is bringing justice to the person. The sad soul feels it. "Bathe your body, my friend; you have a beautiful body. You have feet and can walk; you have hands and can use your arms; you have eyes and can see; you have ears and can hear; and a tongue with which to speak the words of truth. Do you disregard these parts? Can you carry them day after day and respect them not?"

To such teaching the soul will listen. I knew a person who at once abandoned the use of tobacco when he discovered that his fine teeth were being spoiled. You might have preached to him the "Sermon on the Mount," or any other sermon, but nothing would reach and reform so soon as the appeal personal. The selfish are touched when you appeal to that which is in harmony with their mental conditions. Plenty of persons are lifted out of the mud and despair, not by an idea, but by a pair of comfortable shoes. It is so much better to begin with people where you find them. Show that you are a genuine brother or sister, that your interest is not selfish, but of divine ideas, and the heart. You work from the life of God that is within, from the idea of fraternal affection and resurrection. Preach

resurrection to the dead, and tell them that the trump must sound. I believe that the trump is now sounding in the ear of every person in this wide world. The gospel of progress is the trump of the resurrection. The dead are all around you, and sometimes within yourself; that is, dead faculties, or thoughts "dead in trespasses and sins." If you are anywhere inert, you are to the same extent dead, and involved in this question of the resurrection. What portion of you do you feel to-day to be of no service to yourself or to mankind? That portion calls for the influence of some resurrecting mind. We should be to each other a thousand times more precious than we are; each should go out of self, and enter upon a broader and more glorious field of work. Do you wish to promote your own personal development? Then work for the personal development and happiness of others. Only on these terms will you advance. It is like the blacksmith unthinkingly developing his right arm. Does he swing the hammer with the intention of expanding and hardening his muscular power? He stands by his anvil, and you say "What a strong, brawny arm that working man has! What a deep, large chest! What great muscles about his shoulders!" "Yes," he replies; "I have continued at my daily work." He is healthily, muscularly, beautifully developed, because he has wrought with the iron for *others*, and not for the personal purpose of building upon his body.

Thus, if you work and pray for your own private spiritual development, you will not be developed very soon. If I unfold this lecture in your presence for any personal gratification, of the selfish kind, I shall be

neither gratified nor improved by what is uttered. Do a benevolent act for the express purpose of being publicly applauded for your organ of benevolence, and the result will do you no good. The motive would be selfish, and the action could not bring a blessing. If your existence needs expansion and your mind culture, then promote benevolence and culture in others. Go out of your selfish circles into the society of the poor. Never think that because you go to the bedside of the sick, you will yourself be cured. If you bestow healthful influences upon the sick, without undue exhaustion, you are sure to be personally benefited. Do good from a selfish motive, and you will find a chemical poison at the very heart, which will leave your nature as poor as a miser is with his full coffers.

The spiritual worker is one who, impressed with the idea of fraternal love, and feeling its holy warmth in the soul, goes right out into society with healing in his wings. Such a person goes and comes as a peacemaker. Natures of this stamp are commissioned from the heaven of heavens to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, and that, too, without a thought of the golden rule. They obey it because they are as good as it. They who so live and so act, are constantly dwelling in that state to which they would elevate all mankind.

Man is destined to bring about in society the harmony of all the passions which are demons, and of the appetites, too, which are unclean spirits, and the balance of all the various discords of his mind, which are his ever-present satans. Demons and unclean spirits are to be vanquished, but only by the power of spiritual work-

ers who start from the throne of IDEAS. No man can conquer a passion for tobacco, or destroy the force of any appetite, by merely acting upon it from his will. The soul and body are raised by means of an inspiration, toward health and purity, which reaches and buoys up the mind until the physical passion subsides and the besetting appetite departs. Some minds attain this state by a sort of change in their physical or chemical growth; others reach it by means of what they call religious revivalism, or conversion. But the cultured way to it is through the comprehension and application of Ideas. The principal idea which exalts and equalizes mankind, without filling the individual with egotism, is that each is supreme head of all the kingdoms beneath; that the high function of each is to discover the unchangeable laws which give harmony and perfection to the universe; and finally to apply the teachings of those laws to all the kingdoms, powers, functions about him not only, but also to all the passions, organs, demons, satans, or appetites and discords within the temple of private being. Mankind are destined to be "lords of creation," both materially and spiritually. What is possible to all, is possible to each, and *vice versa*. All may become gentle, and useful, and beautiful, loving their neighbors as themselves. None can live and work in this way, save the truly spiritual. I know that such souls are in the churches, at the bottom of all religious organizations. They are the *spiritual* men who first realized IDEAS. John Wesley, John Murray, John Calvin—these, and many who are visible all the way down the steep of time, wrought from the life of Ideas

Let us, therefore, concern ourselves not deeply with organizations and instruments of labor; for, with true Ideas, helpful organizations will inevitably come. Thus every wholesome organization comes up. An idea starts the principle; the principle divulges the law; the law dictates the method. An organization, consequently, is inevitable. Individual labors for mankind will bear "good fruit" when governed by the inspirations of Ideas. Such labors may be distributed and imitated throughout parts of civilization. Great philanthropists slumber here and there waiting for some occasion to resurrect them. Act well the part of a spiritual being; be faithful to what is true and good; the future will take loving care of both itself and you. This is the heavenly rest that comes from true inspiration of ideas. Think not of to-morrow, or next year; work *now*, living nobly in your day and hour. Be true to the life of truth. The life of truth is God. Be faithful ever, and true-hearted to all who love you. Years ago men used to say to me, "Well, Mr. Davis, if God is in this work, it will succeed, and if he is not, it will come to naught." Assuredly; nothing is more certain. It is the good, wholesome, old-fashioned notion about special providences in man's life. I like it. Yes, God is always in everything, and more especially *in the idea* of everything. You and your God may walk together. The Divine is not afar off, looking with a great eye to see whether you are doing the fair thing or not. An IDEA is from God. Work from its inspirations, and you and your God are ONE. Thus the inheritance of life becomes a perpetual blessing.

ULTIMATES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

“There are some qualities—some incorporate things,
That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinced in solid and soul.”

By the term Summer-Land is meant a sphere of perpetual youth, where physical disease, which is discord, does not, because it cannot, prevail; where the effects of moral imperfections and evils continue; where the consequences of bodily and mental infirmities are visible, not in the constitution and appearance of that existence, but wholly in the constitution and appearance of those who possess those infirmities when they go from the earth to that land. This lecture is concerning the existence and appearance of “ultimates” in the Summer-Land. In a future volume I hope to be enabled, by means of new astronomical and picturesque diagrams, to illustrate what I cannot impart through language. There are yet very important lessons to be conveyed in connection with this glorious question of man’s immortal existence. Word-painting cannot adequately impart to the mind what a few illustrations would beautifully and permanently impress. This question of “ultimates” in the Summer-Land in con-

tradistinction to primates and proximates, may be very plainly and briefly stated. In this discourse, however, I can do little more than lay out the work.

To properly prepare your minds to see the ultimates, it may be necessary first to speak of primates and proximates. Let us endeavor to strike the key-note to which the music of the world is set, so that every ear may hear and every heart understand the glorious truths of eternal existence. We must search the volume of Nature, because in its pages we find the gospel of death and of eternal life. "The firmament," which is overhead in the temple of Nature, "showeth handiwork." The firmament, therefore, is the open scroll of the infinite volume. Its contents are the true "scriptures" for mankind "to search." Everything in artificial bibles which corresponds to the teachings of the Scriptures in this expanded universe, is eternal truth. Everything, on the other hand, which conflicts with these natural scriptures, must fall among the tares and errors, and be swept away by the billows of the rolling years, with every other thing erroneous and outgrown by man in his onward march. Men never shrink from errors that are burnt up and gone. They only shrink from the mortification and "the pain" caused at the moment of their destruction. A new truth, like a dentist, puts his iron grasp upon the old-time and loved error, and pulls it out "by the roots" from its deep socket in the brain. Sometimes, indeed, the root of the error is deeper—in very sincere and delicate affections. Not many pains suffered by human souls can be more intense than the extraction of worshiped and costly errors made sacred by time and important by the pomp of

circumstance and occasion. I know tender souls who shrink from the pain and mortification inseparable from such reformation, somewhat as cowardly men dread the tender caressing of the professional dentist.

But the trial must come sooner or later. Errors, however beautiful and gold-enameled by time, must be extracted from the human mind by the archangel of eternal truth. Search the scriptures of Nature—the handiwork of the firmament—for in them you will find the holy truths of eternal life. To understand the apocalyptic glories of the universe, study the Genesis of this God-inspired volume. The Genesis and the Exodus of the book are the Primates and the Proximates. The Ultimates you cannot see in this world except logically from the force of philosophical principles. In this lecture I may not speak of the Ultimates as I have seen them, and as you will see them one of these days, because time will not permit, and justice to the question admonishes me to present only the fundamental lessons for consideration. Humanity is now divided, by scientific men, into distinct races. Whether such division be correct or incorrect, we need not now stop to consider. They commence with their classifications—down or up, as the case may be—first, the Caucasian; second, the Mongolian; third, the Indian; fourth, the Malay; fifth and lastly, the Negro. This order is tracing mankind from what might be termed Ultimates, down to their rudiments, or Primates. Let us commence with the roots—with the Negro—and come up through the Malay, the Indian race, the Mongolian, and halt at the Caucasian, which civil-ees have both the honor and the dishonor to represent. We leave this classification for the present, lodged in the mind.

Scientific men, whether correctly or not, have also classified the organic world into regularly ascending stages. No intelligent mind can long think chaotically. An intelligent mind, to make intellectual progress, must think as Nature compels him to think—from primates, on and up through infinite complications and endlessly successive combinations, to ultimates. Thus he makes progress both by the reflex action of education and by the legitimate and natural exercise of his faculties. Truly scientific men are constrained by Nature to think progressively up from the mollusk to full-blossomed humanity. They arrange the scale musically if they are inclined to music, or arbitrarily, if they are inclined to follow the routine of scholastic learning. They arrange it naturally and deductively if they have spiritual illumination. It is very much like the botany that is taught in the schools; there is the natural analysis of plants, and there is also the artificial method. Some commence naturally with the roots and go on upward, following the chronological order of its growth. The artificial analysis commences with the surfaces and works toward the basis. Nature compels man to investigate with system, because all is a perfect system. Whoso questions Nature aright, truly reads the scriptures which teach of God and eternity.

Nature, by scientific men, is studied and classified in her organic relations progressively. Commence with the lowest form of fish life; work up through the age of serpents; come to birds; study the marsupials; then the mammalia; then the quadrumanals, troglodytes, and the gorillas; then stop at home and investigate Man. I think the scientific world has not yet

taken its own position into the account; it has not yet ascertained its own relation and importance to the onward progress of the race. Not having done this, it is overlooking the very key-note to which all the music of the world's intellectual growth is set. I suppose that this blindness is right, because Nature makes science masculine, superficial, proud, exclusive, exact, always on the surface, yet necessary to the world's growth. But there is something more inspiring than science, *i. e.*—Art. Art is but Nature in her "superior state." Science is Nature reporting herself with material eyes and in "a common state"—always positive, never designing to confuse chalk with cheese, never intentionally calling a thing black when it is white. Granite is always granite in the eyes of science. It is natural, therefore, that science should decide that man's life goes out like his breath when he dies. Science very honestly, stoutly, sternly, godlessly says that man does not survive the decay of his organs. The religious world takes up the evidence not seen by science. So far as it goes, however, science is the world's grandest archangel—without wings, without a heart for humanity, with only a front brain, having no affections for theories, creeds, or philosophy.

But Art comes to our relief. She comes from the woman side of Nature. Art reports the most interior, and unfolds the ultimates of the life of things. Music can never be separated from art. Poetry and music have pure affections. Painting is but another expression of universal art. Science commences at the right side and works leftward; art commences in the left side and works rightward; thus they meet, and interlock,

and silver-chain together in their marchings. Art rises spirally toward heaven, but science continues horizontally with the earth; with its eyes upon the stars it rises not; for it sees only solid bodies reflecting light. Art alone interprets the light of the stars and gives the music to which all bodies are wedded. The magnificent beauty of the physical world is unfolded through art. Science respects art only so far as it will illustrate and develop the exactitudes of science.

Nature works in this wise and beautiful way. She starts her men, the masculine power, from the right, and her feminine elements from the left, and thence they work in opposite directions. Art moves upward until it reaches a certain elevation, and then it begins to draw its credentials from science. Then it lets down its buckets in the deep wells of exact discoveries, and draws up thence its best and most enduring lessons.

As spiritualists, as searchers for eternal life, we should become acquainted with both the right and the left hands of Nature. Let us contemplate nature in man and nature in woman; nature in God, and therefore God in nature. God commences with the right, and thence works leftward round and round, and circles over and over throughout infinitude. Nature commences with the left, and thence works rightward and reaches the ultimate center, and unites with the soul and mind in the fountain of all supreme excellence and glory. The two meet and flow through each other, returning and circling to and fro perpetually, the one being represented by Science and the other by Art.

The negro may be said to represent the left side of humanity. This statement certainly puts a new com

plexion on the subject. The negro starts from the left side, the Caucasian from the right, and the opposite races work leftward and rightward in all countries and in all history. The negro is artful and emotional. He represents nature in her senses; the Caucasian is nature in her brains and organs. The first manifestation of taste in the female nature is surface ornaments, display, colors, gems, eyes, teeth, personal presentation. This is the feminine power in the senses; the first manifestation of the left side attractions. The masculine commences with the brain and works into the senses, and scarcely ever gets out of them. If more men were out of their senses—in their superior condition—and had arrived at Art, “the world would be the better for it.” Woman commences leftward and works rightward. She begins in the heart of things and expands and reaches to the surface-plane from which man started.

The middle or neutral ground is occupied by the transition races—say the Malays, the Indians, and the Mongolians. The middle ground, therefore, is occupied by these bridges, which connect the two sides of humanity. These three types in the organic world, I repeat, bridge over between the feminine and the masculine in ethnology, and in the interior attributes of opposite races. You have often seen the beautiful concentric lines of work in the shells on the sea-shore. All sea-shells are made with spiral lines; they can be constructed in no other way. What does it mean? It means that they are illustrations of Art, which commences from Nature’s left side and works artistically. All the shells in the depths, caves, and grottoes of the sea are adorned with her glorious artistic impress and

handiwork. But Man's art is not like the art of Nature. His art is science, a thoughtful child of the brain. He studies and works to find out how Nature made her shell, and fish, and birds, and stars. His aim is to imitate such labors. An egg is one of the most simple, wonderful, and beautiful works of Mother Nature. By the fullness and undulations of the large end, and by the spiral crinkles at the small end, an experienced eye can tell which is feminine and which masculine.

All forces meet and conspire in the human organization. You will find that all powers of mind come out in the highest types of the human race. But in the negro you find what men call the sentiments and emotions. He fully enjoys his senses. Loving simple pleasure, he seeks it on the surface, but readily deepens by education. The Malay is very different. It is the Rhodent. It is the class of mind that seeks to live on others. It chooses a dark abode and burrows in the ground. The Indian, whether he be North American or Oriental, is very different. The squirrel and the raccoon, and the animals that live like them in the forests, represent the Indian, and they will live and they will die together. When Nature gets old enough to destroy all of the animals that live on nuts and acorns and berries and fruits of the field and the forest, and when she also destroys all that live upon the flesh of other animals, then will she be also old enough to seal the destiny of the Oriental as well as the western tribes of the streams and wildernesses.

But the system works onward. She next gets into the Mongolian. The Mongolian is represented by the quadrumanal. Horses, cows, dogs, wolves, and the

domestic mammalia, correspond to this branch of the human family. The Caucasian world is represented by the European and the American. This portion of mankind pursues all parts of nature by science, and lays all existence under heavy tribute. The Caucasian subjects the world to himself. No representative of any other race has such pre-eminence. He eats freely of everything, breathes all atmospheres, enjoys all possible shades of pleasures. He pursues happiness through progression. The negro pursues simple life and pleasure through the senses. The Caucasian aspires after happiness, which includes all pleasure and is the white flower of every kind of obedience. Nature contributes freely from all her departments, and constantly yields to his persistent encroachments and innumerable discoveries. The Caucasian seems to be representative of the higher race to come. He expands into the universal Yankee, which is a newspaper epithet of much significance, because he is destined to become the climacteric development of the antecedent races, to expand by means of his energy and encroachments and infringements, all over the inhabitable globe.

The American does not become Europeanized. The negro does not cause the white man to be Africanized, except so far as imitation and temporary association go, and the upshot of it all is, that the African becomes Caucasianized in his habits, tendencies, and aspirations. The African is a simple child of Nature, filled with the sentimentalities of Art. The Caucasian holds up to him the banners of industry, of science, philosophy, investigation—opens his eyes to behold the temples of

learning and of universal progress. When a man sits down to a table and partakes of beef, he does not become beef, but beef becomes him. That is true of the Caucasian world. The Negro, the Malayan, the Indian and the Mongolian are walking and working together—as none of them could walk and work singly. The Caucasian shakes hands with them all. Bayard Taylor is cosmopolitan, so also are other travelers who feel the blood of America fully developed in their veins. They go anywhere on the face of this planet, shake hands with the people, and affiliate with them all as brother associates with brother. The Negro cannot do this; the Malay cannot do it; no Indian can do it; only the Caucasian goes all over the world and makes it contribute its riches to his science. He travels by the map and the compass; he steers by the north star; and he makes friends with science and philosophy. He subjects all things around him in order to make of them so many new instrumentalities of his greater expansion.

What does all this mean? It means that the human family ascends, through the gradual development of the races, to the Caucasian world. It does not, however, mean that other races are cast down into the earth's chemistry, and thus lose their immortality at death. It would be as reasonable to teach that the superior faculties of the mind live forever, while the social and perceptive faculties, which ally him to the interests of creation, do not survive death. Man goes to the Second Sphere with the ultimates of all his parts, portions, and functions. So the Caucasian race goes into the future, not as the only regal and royal product of the organic world, but as a member of the family of races. The

ultimates of every race in the Summer-Land establish a community or a world of their own. So long as the individuality of a race can be extended through its organization, so long will that race continue to project itself into the history and experience of coming ages. The Caucasian man and woman can visit all the brotherhoods and mingle with all classes and families there.

Principles incorporated in his mind begin to develop themselves, and to link him sympathetically with all other races and brotherhoods. Thus extremes meet. The negro and the white man—that is to say, the African and the Caucasian, as left hand and right—are coming eventually together, and will friendly face like palm to palm. The star of empire goeth westward; will it not cross the Pacific, and connect itself with that eastern world whence civilization sprung? If the circuit is made and the connection perfect, it will be like a magnetic circle.

When civilization crosses from our Western borders and marches to the steppes of Asia, what then will happen? Europe will follow in the train, leaving the very place whence civilization started, to see where the Yankee is going to; but the old race never can catch him!

When this world is unfolded with a state of civilization all around it, it will then represent what is practically known to be the highest source of joy in the Summer-Land. Extremes and ultimates meet in the sphere to which we go at death. The left hand and the right—the male and the female elements of nature—are certain to meet there, if they do not meet before. Here they meet only on the surface; there they meet

from the interior. The Negro will never fully understand the Caucasian in this world; because the Caucasian will never fully understand the Negro; while the races that come between these extremes will be neither understood nor tolerated. Two races will have in this world a long parallel career—the left and the right, or the Negro and the Caucasian.

Nature insists upon having both left and right fully balanced in one body. No Indian prospers on this continent, neither does the Malayan, nor the Mongolian. Only the Negro can prosper in copartnership with the Caucasian. I do not mean to teach that the races will become affiliated and amalgamated each with the other. The moment the opposite races touch perfectly, that moment they take separate rooms in the Father's house. They work for each other and through each other without affiliation or loss of individuality. The Indian is nearly related to neither race, and because he does not affiliate with them as closely as others do, he drops outward and goes away from among the races.

The two opposite races meet again in the Summer-Land. Does not the Bible say that the "least shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven"? There are Christians who sincerely believe that the person who is here the most thoroughly "poor in spirit," will be the richest and greatest there. You will find that there is a deep meaning in this sentence. Does it not mean that the left-race will be equal to the race of the right-side? The greatest here will be the least there. They that superficially exalt themselves, are naturally abased, because the next step they take from a false exaltation, is certain to plant them upon a lower position.

The Negro, starting from this left side of nature, and the Caucasian from the right, will in the Summer-Land represent two great opposite races. Men do not take their complexions with them. They take only the facts, which are indestructible—the consequences, the ultimates, the realities—not the primates, the fictions and the falsehoods. Ultimates are fully developed after death, and they are so developed that what here corresponds to Indians, Mongolians, and Malays, are there visible and distinguishable by many radical characteristics.

• In the Father's house there are "many mansions," because there are essentially different modifications of the human family. Each wants a comfortable, happy place in the Second Sphere. In the Summer-Land there are localities for all divisions and shades of the human race. There are always wings to great palaces. Middle places too, but grand side-positions invariably. The Caucasian world moves all through one wing, and the African world is free to move all through the opposite wing of the infinite palace. Nature is just as powerful and beautiful and eternal as God. God and nature work together; so Science and Art work together. The male and the female go on through all eternity. Intermediates also long continue. The principles that are at work artistically making the tiny shells upon the sea-shore, are eternal principles. They are working as faithfully in the higher spheres as within and upon the earth. They round out globes and make roads throughout the universe.

On some future occasion it may be shown what has ultimated and blossomed-out in the Second Sphere from

the various kingdoms organized on the face of the earth. How natural and beautiful is what men call "spirit!" How rational and philosophical is all that men term "supernatural!" How entirely "at home," and not as strangers, will we all be when each has ascended to the Summer-Land!

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

ON the twenty-first day of August, 1859, while making clairvoyant examinations and writing upon the Second Part of "The Thinker," in the fraternal mansion of C. O. Pool, Esq., at Buffalo, New York, I realized a gush of thoughts, surcharged with inexpressible longings, regarding the pure nature and visitation of JAMES VICTOR WILSON. The wave soon subsided, however, and I was, as before, only occupied with the subject of my writing. The next day the same beautiful thoughts of him, and the same fraternal yearnings for his personal presence, pervaded my whole mind. But these meditations and longings, as before, passed gently and utterly away. This experience was repeated from day to day until the twenty-fifth, the early morn of which dawned with the person of my Brother hovering in its wings. He came with his accustomed gentleness, stood close by the open window at which I was writing, and we conversed as naturally as any two spirits ever did. Of this I need not speak, having, as I think, amply explained the method thereof in several preceding works.

But regarding the personal appearance of this un-earthed Brother, who has resided some ten years in the spirit-land, I may remark briefly. His form is more round than when last I beheld him, and his motions and gestures are characterized with more uprightness

and dignity. His bodily presence ennobled me at once, and I felt like one standing in the midst of royalty. His habiliments were artificial, evidently the work of more delicate hands than those of the finest terrestrial maiden, and he wore them as though he lived in a Land of sunnier warmth and glory. The outlines of his fine form were visible through his garments.

Of the following imperfect report of his conversation a few explanatory words are necessary. After luxuriating some twenty minutes or more in social commerce, during which he introduced the object of his visit, I then took time to write down all my memory of his communication. While engaged thus, my Friend would depart from the window. Whither I knew not. But he invariably returned in time to correct any mistake in conception or spelling, and to proceed with the narration. In every instance where strange words were used to designate places, persons, or things, my habit was, as it always is, to request the repetition of them, in order to make certain of the pronunciation and orthography. Many words of this class occur in the following report. And here let the reader bear in mind, that these *new* words are written just as Brother Wilson pronounced them repeatedly in my hearing. Each syllable is to be spoken *as* written, which will then yield the correct pronunciation; and the sound of each word, as heard from the tongue of the gentle Spirit, conveys the sweetest music and the highest impression. Regarding the contents of this communication, I have nothing to say by way of explanation; but cheerfully commit them to the reader's reason as a VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

"Throughout my last discourse there flowed a turbulent river.* My joy was unutterable, my delight ineffable, my perception of truth ecstatic. Much have I wondered what my friends would think of that imperfect report. Long have I wished to make a closer and a nicer revelation of the angel's home. The spirit-land is indeed a country of undying charms and positive attractions. Among the millions of conceptions which within ten years I have unlearned, there remains one which is more sublime and growingly-permanent than any truth I at first discerned, and that I gave you: the Universe is a musical instrument, on which the Divinity is perpetually expressing the infinitely-diversified harmonies of his nature, which is immeasurably deep and altogether unchangeable."

"Are you less joyous?" I inquired. "Have you less delight and less truth than when you last visited me?"

"All things are new," he replied. "I am less ecstatic now, because I am more happy. My joy is calmer because profounder. In the early months of my existence here, I was as a child over-excited with the worlds of immeasurable magnitude which rolled musically in every quarter of the firmament. I was wild with the ocean of attractions that throbbed round about my immortal self. No youth ever felt one-half of my enthusiasm. Every excursion-troupe sent me an invitation. I visited world upon world; walked upon planets twenty times larger and greatly more populous than Earth; meditated as I thought, studied assiduously as I believed, tested facts by analysis as I fancied, and made nice philosophic measurements of much con-

* See his communication in "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse."

secrated truth: yet I have inhaled, as I now know, but the fragrance of a few of those flowers which grow on the margin of the infinite ocean!"

"If the task be not unpleasant, my angel-brother," said I; "if this self-criticism be not ungracious and unworthy of your wisdom, will you contribute to earthly minds the occupations and studies of your past few years?"

A heavenly light beamed from his white brow, and a rich flood of love poured out of his large, earnest blue eyes, when he opened his rosy lips to reply: "As the sun unrolls the flower, so have I had my being unrolled by the spontaneous working of eternal principles. But while travelling and flitting, so to speak, from star to star, dividing my thoughts by a countless variety of new sights, I made no happy progress in heavenly knowledge. Socially, intuitionally, and perceptively, I had obtained and absorbed much; but when at length I wanted more than this, my reflective reason informed me that I was ignorant. Hundreds, yea thousands, have lived here thousands of years without visiting the surrounding worlds of space. Such are consecrated to the Father's service in healthful ways that are pleasant. Among these are Prodicus the eloquent Greek, Euripides the tragic poet, Socrates the ethical teacher, Hermogenes, Plato, Xenophon, Moschus, Anaxagoras, Crito, and unnumbered other old men on earth of vast superiority of mind, who, though brilliant with youthfulness now, and illustrious with a torrent of holy acts throbbing through their harmonious hearts, are fixed in their self-made orbits here, like the immutable stars of destiny in your stellar scenery."

"Do not these persons travel in the spirit-land?" I asked, with unrestrained surprise.

My angel-brother smiled with an awakened fervor spreading over his face, and replied: "They bring the whole universe down to their feet, and comprehend in truth every world and all the planets I have visited with infinitely more potent thought and spiritual accuracy than I can understand even now."

"You make a curious statement," said I. "Perhaps you can explain it so that I may get the image of your thought."

"Happy word!" he exclaimed. "Images and likenesses are but forms of ideas within the great minds of this existence. The realm of objects and forms is the educt of the world of ideas. The sensational sphere they regard as the sphere of effects; the causes being inherent to mind, or *Vasciel*, which is what you term spirit. Only he travels who knows not the contents of his own spirit. That every sun and fixed star, every world or heaven of worlds, that latitudes and distances, objects, forms, time, are contained in man, passeth as yet my highest understanding. Yet there is a symmetrical dawning of this truth over the horizon of my faithful reason. I never doubt it, whenever inspired by the discourse of those chief stars of immeasurable self-possession, whose intellectual powers sweep the unmapped empires of immensity."

"Friend Victor," I interposed, "can you explain how it was that your great thirst for journeying was satisfied?"

"That thirst is not quenched," he replied; "another attraction prevails with me now, and has governed my

thoughts for several years: I mean the study of Antiquity."

"Of Antiquity!" I exclaimed. "It seems to me that you are the last mind to be so employed."

"Let me relate an incident," he replied. "I was admiring the geometrical figures made upon the smooth soil by the shadows of a certain flower, when a member of the *Plana de Alphos* (a holy brotherhood) approached me, and asked: 'Which influence exalts you most, the sounds of the *Porilleum* (a musical spring), or the incense of the *Voralia* (a beautiful and fragrant rose), that blooms on the slopes of the *Pantrello*?'* No answer came to his simple question. He had many times witnessed the outbreaks of my boyish enthusiasm. A serene beauty and a brotherly compassion characterized his face and speech, for he had let me into the depth of my own ignorance regarding the most familiar objects in the spirit-land. My mind mounted to a higher level of emotion and labor, and tenderly did I pray in silence to know *which* of the two influences was most exalting to my feelings. Although I had much intuitive knowledge of the spiritual laws, had contemplated from the purple mountains of the Omniscient Spirit, had walked reverently beneath the stooping sky of many worlds in space, had studied as I thought the sculpture of Omnipotence in all the towers of the stellar universe, yet there I stood confounded by the noble Greek's simple question!—yea, rebuked a thousand times every moment by the unfolded voralia at my feet,

* This name is given to a group of graceful hills in the distance.

and equally by the divine melody of the ever-flowing porilleum.

“‘Can you not reply?’ asked the Greek, who was even more gentle and compassionate than before.

“I replied in candor that I could not, and added: ‘Allow me the informing advantages of your Brotherhood; attach me to your tender-spirited wisdom for a season, and I will promise to find the knowledge of God as he originally hid it in the least of things.’ The good man extended his hand as a token of agreement. The tidal forces of his love beat through my heart. Like the tenth billow of a majestic-flowing sea was the uplifting influence of his wisdom beneath me. In silence I accompanied him to the Brotherhood of the Plana de Alphos.”

Here I asked my friend Wilson if he would give me a description of that celestial Association.

He replied: “You remember the arcanum which I before disclosed, that those spirits which emanate from the earth, or from any other planet in the universe, are introduced into that society for which they entertain the most congenial sympathies and affections? This, like every other society or brotherhood, is thus organized. It is situated on one of an unnumbered host of islands, which mark and diversify the geography of the Spirit-Land. The name of this beautiful isle is *Akropanamede*, meaning ‘All-Sided Perfection.’ It is of immense proportions, but slopes on every side, wave-like, to the water’s edge, where the endless rows of flowering *Gandulea* (or fragrant trees) add their symmetrical glory to the scene. These *gandulea* grow in the glorious gardens. They cover with their shade a

musical porilleum here and there, and blend their perfume with the odor of the immortal voralia blooming in the courts ; or with the incense which stealthily floats down from the dreamy pantrello ; where millions of those fairy flowers perpetually breathe their holy prayers.

“The Isle of Akropanamede is shaped something like an earthly pear. It is more beautiful and heavenly than any terrestrial landscape can ever be. A brilliant river of vivid charms, called *Appilobeda*, flows like God’s grace and love around the head of the isle. The smaller river, *Atodyle*, glides down from the opposite direction, against the narrow point of the Isle ; whither it separates into two equal streams, and flows thence musically into the embrace of the ever-glorious *Appilobeda*. Birds of the most celestial song, and with plumage of the simplest beauty conceivable, fill the fragrant air with a mournful melody. The saddest singing-bird is called *Quarreau*, a native of the planet Mars, but brought here by the inhabitants of this Isle, who frequently visit the living population there, even as spirits now begin to hold commerce with the earth’s inhabitants. Ineffably sweeter to me is the varied and rich notes, yet ever-sad songs, of the *Baskatella* ; a forest-bird of the ivy-mantled trees of golden Saturn. These feathery songsters live and multiply here as they did upon their native orbs.

“The Brotherhood of Plana de Alphos are serenely active in the greatest wonders of benevolence and art. There is upon this beautiful Isle the grandest temple of treasured antiquities. The Brothers call it the *Aggamede* ; meaning ‘the Cabinet of Antiquity.’ Nothing

upon earth can similitude this wondrous combination of ancient architecture. There is, apparently, something of every absolute form of edifice in its mighty proportions. In extent, finish, and richness, it is overwhelming; it seems that ten years of ceaseless walking would not pass me through all its parts. My noble guide and beloved teacher, whom the fraternity name *Apozea*, in answer to my first question concerning the dimensions of the Aggamede, said: 'Compose a circle of twenty-one sevens. This will reveal the number of wings to the temple; also, the number of mansions contained in each wing. Multiply each seven by the whole number, and the total of the added amounts reveals the number of both the inter-linking avenues, and the surmounting domes. Place this number in the centre of the circle of sevens, multiply the central figures by each seven composing the band, and the total amount shows the number of square furlongs of spirit-land covered by the Aggamede. Multiply the last amount by the central figures, and the product will reveal the number of square English miles of the Isle of Akropanamede. Divide this number by seven, and the amount obtained is the number of Brothers who compose the Fraternity of Plana de Alphos.' Seeing many beautiful women— younger and older—walking in the temple and gardens, I asked my Apozea for information regarding their connection with the Brotherhood. He gently instructed me at some length concerning the balance and equal happiness of the sexes in the benevolent arts and labors of the temple. Many of the women, and as many men, were there under the Divine *vasciel* (or influence)

of the fraternity. Such are called *Opeathaleta*, meaning the patients and students within the temple.

“My Apozea’s lifted intellect seemed to shed sunlight, mingled with mystery, upon everything he alluded to or touched. Field, form, flower, bird, spring, tree, temple, even my fellow-beings, were both brilliant with uses and blurred with a sad-like shadow of undefinable mystery. He comprehended my condition, as I stood without the wing of the temple, and said cheeringly: ‘Advance, my baskatella (bird), for thou art our beloved *Opeathalos* (student), and the time future is thine to become whatso thou wilt; for thou art even now fit to stir within others the power of thought, and to meditate with the happy *Paralorella*.* The distant pantrello will invite and teach thee to comprehend thy God, hid within the fragrant voralia and the musical porilleum.

“‘Who are these patients?’ I asked. And my Apozea answered: ‘Seek to know them, and thou shalt understand; feel to do them divine service, and they will tell thee all their secrets. The day is long, and the field is vast down to the waves of the Appilobeda. Within the temple is the fountain of *Andomont*; beneath the Isle is the source of the sweet-flowing Atodyle; within thee is the all-wise, ever-loving *Arabula*, (meaning a divine guest); therefore, my baskatella, thou art with us at home, and thy feet will press the path that is pleasant; see to it, I tell thee, that thou becomest worthy to know all things heavenly and eternal.’

“So saying, he turned from me, and disappeared

* The name given to half-cured patients.

beneath the flowering glandulea, the beauty and fragrance of whose foliage surpass all tints and odors upon earth.

“My Apozea is a teacher of exceeding grace and power. There is an immaculate clearness in his beautiful eye; his loveful voice is both deep and round with power; impressive eloquence and modesty characterize his face and speech; his form is rounded and is as perfect as imagination can picture harmony of proportion; and when he walks, the celestial colors sprinkle his wavy hair with golden light, while his soft beard glitters with the highest ray of beauty. Demetrius, Tasso, Camoens, Theodorus, could not together form a person more physically beautiful. O my brother, the Greek is great and beautiful! His disposition is gentle as a mother’s love, yet there is the flow and fire of *thought* in his discourse; an effectiveness of imagery and loftiness of style which thrills every opeathalos who attaches himself to the class. The separate stages of individual experience, with their causes and significance, are the textual pivots of his powerful discourses. He is a metaphysician, yet *feels with* the opeathaleta who hear him. Hundreds love him, although they know not the import of his speeches. The multitude catch his geniality and power, but not his thought.

“The wondrous Aggainede now attracted me. I walked very near to the formation, put my hand upon its smooth sides, and began like an architect to examine the material and construction. The building substance used is called *Aureola*, but where obtained and how formed into a transparent wall eighty times finer than the finest earthly glass, I as yet know not. It is

wondrously strong, and can photograph itself upon any suitable substance in three hundred and twenty-four of your seconds." Here friend Wilson unrolled a light, gauzy substance, and showed me a curious painting of the temple, taken from where he stood when first he saw it. In grandeur, magnitude, and newness of structure, it exceeds everything I ever imagined. The likeness of the temple was limited almost entirely to a single section or wing. Yet from the uniformity of the sections, as indicated by his verbal descriptions of the palace, I could gather from this picture an image of the entire structure. The domes appeared like a sea of terraced mountains of something finer than, but as real as, glass; and like the Alps, they extended away toward the horizon, until, to my eyes, the temple was blended with and lost in the air. In my haste to take the gauzy picture in my own hand, in order to examine it more critically, he said: "Not yet, brother!" (and instantly withdrew it). But of the temple he continued: "It cannot be compared, either in material or construction, to any earthly edifice. The foundations and uprising walls appear to grow like trees from the Spirit-Land. Its many mountainous domes shed a mellow light upon the distant hills and countless streams. The palace of the Living God, to my earthly fancy, could not be more perfect and beautiful. It is surrounded by a reflecting atmosphere, with a power superior to that of the sun.

"Afar from the kingdom of earth I stood, my brother; and the palace-doors, like flowers in bloom, welcomed me. My joy was full of light like sunbeams, yet entered I there a sorrowful guest. 'The *Zona** has

* This name is given to a visitor.

come!' 'The *Zona* is here!' was shouted and echoed through the vast mansion. Words grew unfrequent and low in every direction. The wing of the temple in which I stood was immense, and subdivided into tented apartments like a fair-ground or festival, and in each alcove and grotto, as far as I could see, there was something artificial. Yet a mystic shade, like the shadow of autumn upon the brilliant bloom of summer, covered every person and place. The mansion was filled with people of every country on earth, young and old, who seemed to be examining and adoring the beautiful and strange articles on exhibition. In silence I walked among the thronging visitors. Many faces smiled sweetly as I approached, yet a mute wail of grief seemed to succeed. Many looked happy for a moment, but a shadow of unrest swept over their faces.

"My astonishment and perplexity increased every instant. The plaintive song of the baskatella floated through the temple, and the flowers, like myrtles in bloom, shed a fragrance of sorrow upon all. 'What can this mean?' I exclaimed. 'Is this in the Spirit-Land?' As I spoke, a hand touched me upon the shoulder; I turned, and beheld my Apozea, the teacher, who said: '*These are opeathaleta*; can you not do them much good?' I besought the Greek to instruct me in the causes of their condition. He answered: 'Speak to that young man [pointing to a person near us], and get from him his story.' Obeying the suggestion, I asked the youth to confide to me his secret grief. 'That I will do, my darling,' he tenderly replied, 'if you will promise to aid me to enjoy this beautiful world.

Crossing my hands upon his bosom, I promised to do all in my power for his happiness.

“ ‘Thanks, my zona baskatella!’ he enthusiastically exclaimed, ‘you will make me free as the flowing Apilobeda, and my happiness will be like that of the arabula!’ He grasped my hand lovingly, and said: ‘Follow me to my *Toleka*.* The good *Atolie* made it to instruct me for ever.’

“ Without hesitation I went with him through many avenues of the wing, and halted before a great circle of happy spirits, who were, like Chinese, busily constructing toys, as I thought. The young man called upon ‘Atolie,’ and a benevolent woman made her appearance. ‘This is my Apozea!’ said the youth, pointing to me as *his* teacher, and added: ‘Allow him to behold the *Toleka*!’

“ The fond-bosomed woman held up what resembled a common leather purse, filled with gold and diamonds and other jewelry. I wanted the good Atolie to instruct me as to its significance. She waved her hand negatively, but ~~the~~ youth said: ‘I will show you all.’

“ Unquestioningly I followed him beyond the temple, over the flowing Atodyle, away from the Isle, and presently I observed that he was guiding me earthward. The beautiful sphere was afar, and as we approached the earth, he said: ‘I am an Italian boy of much wickedness, and I must remain on the Isle of Akropanamede, must live and labor for the fraternity of Plana de Alphos, must visit the good Atolie once every day, and look at that purse of gold and diamonds, until I

* The name given to a thing of memory.

can overcome the effect of the evil I did before the day of my death.' Upon inquiring of his earthly home, he replied : ' Here we are just over the river Eria, in Italy, where my earthly body was lost in the effort to escape the officers of justice.' Immediately he drew my attention to a small Italian house, in a place called *Venestrella*, wherein I beheld a sorrowful and impoverished woman, looking at the likeness of her lost boy. ' That is my mother,' said the youth, sadly : ' she is very poor and wretched, for the king took all her property to redress the wrong I did an officer's lady, whose money and jewelry I one night stole from her casket.'

" Remembering the purse I saw in the spirit-land, in the hand of the good Atolie, on the Isle of Akropanamede, I suggested the return of the property by dropping it upon his mother's lap. The Italian youth smiled with pallor, and replied : ' Ah ! my darling Apozea, that leather purse in the spirit-land is nothing to me but an artificial image, bearing admonition and education. It is substantial and significant *there* ; but here, on earth, it is the same as an imitation, without weight and without value.'

" As he spoke thus, a new light dawned upon my yet more teachable and reflective reason. The Aggamede, then, is a Temple of Antiquities, a palace where *past deeds* or things are made to be *present*, until the right comes right upon earth, and until justice is fulfilled by the evil-doer. ' Yes !' interposed the youth, ' such is the temple. It is memory's crystal palace. Every artificial *toleka* is an image of some thing, or of some particular deed, accomplished or sought by the individual before death.'

“While he was yet speaking, I beheld the officer on the earth whose lady the boy had robbed, and by whose instigation the mother was reduced to wretchedness and beggary. ‘What would give you perfect happiness?’ I asked the youth. ‘To behold my mother’s property restored, and the officer’s lady forgetful of my theft,’ he quickly responded.”

Brother Wilson in conversation assured me that this particular journey to earth happened nearly seven years ago; and that, although several spirits had attempted to aid the mother, and to remove the trouble from her heart, yet the Italian youth is still a patient on the Isle of Akropanamede; and every day he is growing wiser and more beautiful, but the purse will hang in the temple until his mother leaves the earth for ever. The youth will not leave the Isle. Like the others there, his spirit is taking lessons of the least plants of truth that grow in the infinite summer of God, and preparing to reflect rays of light into dark minds in either sphere.

“Returning to the Aggamede,” continued friend Wilson, “with the youth, I was wiser and more helpful. One antiquity that next fixed my attention was a singular mechanism. A Hollander seemed rapturously fond of it, and besought to explain to me his ‘perpetual motion.’ His mind was dead, as it were, to every great truth. Nothing else impressed him as useful for his remaining fellow-men. One day I accompanied him earthward, and we looked down upon his brother living at *Hoevelaken*, in the Netherlands, upon another at *Krimpen*, and, lastly, upon the old homestead, and into the very tool-basket under the hovel, where the enthusiast had spent his days and dollars, at *Nider Kerschen*,

making his 'perpetual motion.' He urged upon me the feelings of his judgment with respect to the utility of his invention to mankind. Many times in the temple he would rejoice over the news that a 'medium' for machine-building had been found somewhere on earth. He said that he had influenced many such, but as yet to no purpose. My Apozea, the learned and beautiful Greek, calls him an *opeathelos*, or patient within the temple.

"On other journeys to earth in company with these spirits, I have visited and examined items of individual interest in Prussia, at *Hohenstein*, *Vausburg*, *Frische Nehrung*; in the land of Germany, the places called *Aichstadt*, *Rheda*, *Kohlberg*, and *Bingen*; in the empire of Austria, the places known as *Aclberg*, *Foldea*, *Leypa*, and *Brzezany*; in the country of Scotland, the places named *Freswick*, *Kintyre*, *Lanark*, and *Lammermuir*; in England, the places called *London*, *Llangower*, and *Frodsham*; in the country of Ireland, the places known as *Ganagh*, *Dublin*, *Kildare*, and *Evanagh*; in France, we have visited to effect the places called *Feurs*, *Paris*, *Bellevue*, and *Napoule*; in Russia, the places styled *Evanovsk*, *Navolok*, and *Ianisia*; in the United States, the places named *Peru*, *Boston*, *Waukeegan*, *Norwich*, *Hartford*, *Washington*, *New Orleans*, and *Portland*. Understand, my brother, that certain persons in these places have been effectually visited by the spirits of the Isle of Akropanamede. Good thus accomplished has made many *Paralorella*, or half-cured patients, who in due time will leave their love for 'by-gones,' and will then press forward to the things which grow about them in divine beauty. The devotees of antiquities,

either of evil or good import, are the most unteachable spirits in this existence.

“Students of the past, those who love images, and cling to the pictures of what has concerned them individually anterior to their departure from earth, are classified here as the *Etiogarella*. Many of them are great in learning. The artists who construct the keepsakes, the tolekas, are of both sexes, and of spirits from nearly all races, and are named *Atoli*. *Zangorilla* is the term used to signify ‘lovers of the Isle.’ Of this beautiful class of spirits there is an innumerable host. The cured become at first most devout and grateful inhabitants. Then they become gleeful, and the merriest singers and dancers that can be imagined. And such would not leave the Isle permanently if they could (as they can) find more attractions in other parts of the Spirit-Home. The merry dancers are called *Opiati*, and the singers, because of the beauty and sweetness of their songs, are named *Ibleammah*. If spirits are scholarly and learned, with a recollection of earthly honors and reputation for abilities which they have misused, and refuse to learn of the wisdom of the Apozea, and feel high-minded, they are called *La Prida*. But when such conceive a love for God as he is hid in the bird and the lilies of the fields, they are then classified as the *Uldia*, or the ‘no longer impenitent.’ Goethe and Stilling are here, and each claimed the origination of the beautiful image ‘Lady Lily Siona.’ My Apozea took these good and wise scholars to the musical porilleum. He next invited them to visit the voralia as they bloomed beneath the *gandulea*. Afterward they journeyed over the Appilobeda, and meditated among the fragrant pantrello.

And when they returned to the temple, they believed that the term 'Lily Siona' was of no value in the philosophy of eternity.

"About two years ago, as I was walking in another wing of this wondrous Palace of Antiquities, my Apozea illustrated a lesson by some (artificial) stone hammers and flint knives, which he said had been long cherished as sacred relics by the *Shoshonees*, a tribe of earthly Indians. The imitations were fading away like mountain mist in the morning, and I inquired if such would be the fate of everything within the temple. He answered: 'The useful is eternal. But *things* are temporary.' To my further inquiries, he said: 'Memory is frequently loaded with love for many things which do not exalt the spirit. Yet those things or images remain until the spirit hath outgrown the temple of the Antiquities. When morning dawns, the night and its shadows depart; so the evil is no longer evil to the good.' We stood near the central fountain of Andromont. Many-tinted flowers grew lovingly on the rounded margin. I touched one, and lo! it shrivelled and seemed to die in a moment! 'Behold, my baskatella!' said my teacher, affectionately; 'your touch is poison to the *mimosa sensitiva* of the spirit-land. The damp shade of the fountain is life to the plant compared with thy deadly touch. On earth the *asphodels* grow upon graves to feed the manes of the departed. Here the rose blooms to instruct and exalt the living. The *Arabula* [divine Guest or God] is within thee. Live true to *that*, every moment of thy progress, and no flower will shrink from thy approach.'

"With much sadness, I inquired to know what it was

in me that had poisoned the *mimosa*, and he replied : 'You are yet *impatient* to mount higher than you can see, and hasty to hold more wisdom than your spirit can comprehend. *This aspiration is poisoned with ambition, and this ambition is the tempter which prompts thee to appear to be more than you are, and to seem to know what you do not.* Rid thee of all this, else the flowers of Akropanamede will shrink from thy touch, and the arabula will steal the sunshine from thy heart.'

"All this happened some two years since ; and, at lengthened intervals, my apozea has repeated his lesson. During all this time, I have labored with the opeathaleta of the Isle. Among them are some of the mighty-minded of the earth ; nobles in government ; preachers in religion ; authors of self-aggrandizing books ; adherents to antiquated forms of thoughts ; but the merry dancers and the sweet singers are multiplying, and sunbeams from the eternal sun shine through many hearts. At first, it seemed that the universe had been narrowed down to an Isle of sad and gloomy experience. Birds, trees, rivers, hills, sky, my fellow-beings, seemed wretched and unpoetic. The Aggamede, with its multitudinous thickets of resplendent beauties, appeared unspiritual. Now, my brother, I come to tell that *all is changed*. The Isle of Akropanamede is heaven. Every object is consecrated to good. Birds no longer sing sadly on the gandulea ; trees no more shed a melancholy light upon the flowing appilobeda ; the temple is no longer a palace of sorrow ; for *hope* and *faith* and *truth* and *wisdom* shine out from every door and dome. All who dwell here are divine lovers, friends, sisters, brothers : 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will

dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.' Here, the mother's calm bosom veils the young child; the flying hours bring progress to its mind; and the warm wisdom of the apozea improves the restless spirit. Ignorance and discord are no more to those who crave for and partake of the granted blessings. God is hid in the flower and in the fountain; and I now know, my brother, which exalts my feelings most—'*the voralia or the porilleum.*' The fountain is my greatest teacher. God is IN IT, and it ever floweth, giving waters of life which all may drink if they have sufficient thirst and wisdom."

Friend Wilson appeared beautifully luminous, like an angel of the highest degree, when he spoke these last words. He was evidently very happy, and, as he turned to depart, I asked: "Can you give me some information respecting the Spiritual Congress which I beheld at High-Rock Tower?"

"You can mark me in the group of 'spiritual wisdom,'" he replied, with a beautiful smile; "for I am now counted in the class of Solon, the Athenian, who, with hosts, is a lover of the Isle, *a zangorilla*. The delegations have discharged sublime duties since the Sessions you witnessed. They have exerted influence upon almost every kingdom. Russia is opening like a blighted empire, revived by the principles of justice. The stars of the night and the morning of her people are brighter now. Her slaves are less in bondage. But still greater changes are breaking over the hills of her destiny. Austria is growing less cold at her heart; her weary sons will weep less in her fields; and the shadow of pit-

iless pride will lift from the throne of the empire. Japan pillows her head no longer on the bosom of her pale kingdom. She has felt our forewarning. Ignorance was her terrible foe, and she bore the cross without a crown. Her gates are open to the stranger. Angels have crowned the emperor, and the star of a better career is twinkling in her sky. And the other nations and powers, which have not yielded to justice, we are yet laboring to affect."

"Can you tell me whether the *twelve* teachers mentioned by Galen have been found?" (I asked this question because it has many times been put to me, and I have wondered much upon that point.) And he replied: "Part of that number are this day at work in the vineyard of spiritual truth and progress."

"May I know who they are?" I inquired. And he responded:

"Wisdom denies even that *they* themselves should know the cause and extent of their individual efforts. Such vain knowledge possessed by any one of them would be a serious disqualification. The spiritual *mimosa sensitiva* would shrink from them, and the pure truth would pale and depart before them, if they privately knew what and who they are." He now appeared once more disposed to bid me an adieu, and said: "*Arabula*, my brother!" I asked whether he had not something more for me or the world, and his valedictory words, as he was passing outward, were: "Tell mankind, my brother, that the Universe is a volume of holy writing, the title-page whereof not even the highest seraph has altogether read. Tell them that the Centre

of all formation is a holy-hearted *Porilleum*; a Fountain of eternal love and Wisdom ; that it floweth impartially throughout the encircling existences ; and that we drink from it as from an ocean of pure water."

HAS THE SPIRIT A FUTURE LOCALITY ?

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter, we should inquire concerning its circumstances here. On this point the reader will find the following statement in a volume by the author entitled, "Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," of the Harmonial series, commencing on page 57 :

"The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the 'spirit-world' I do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land.] By the term 'spirit-world' is meant the 'silver lining to the clouds of matter' with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man's spirit touches the material world solely by means of spiritualised matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter : 1. The eyes by *light*. 2. The ears by *atmosphere*. 3 The taste by *fluids*. 4. The smell by *odours*. 5. The touch by *vibration*. . . . By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in

contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner-life. Death removes the 'cloud of matter' from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell, and touch more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualised existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner-life. Instantly you perceive *the life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. . . . The Summer-Land is a vast localised sphere within the universal spirit-world."

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